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~~VOL. LXXII~~

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Color drawing by Anna Whelan Betts

NELLY CUSTIS IN THE MOUNT VERNON GARDEN

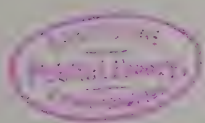
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THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1906

No. 1



THE GARDENS OF CORNISH

BY FRANCES DUNCAN



ARDENING in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country goes a-gardening in early youth. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden-writing body has repeated until Sir Francis in Elysium must regret he ever made the remark, which none the less is true. Gardening is essentially a middle-aged enjoyment, and America being, as nations go, still young, her garden-craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, inharmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.

We are frequently informed that "Mr. — is to have a fine place." And why? "He is spending thousands of dollars on it."

Yet when the rich man pulled down his barns and built greater, he did not necessarily improve the architecture; in fact the Lord said unto him, "Thou fool!"

It is at once the joy and the despair of a gardener that his work is never done; his materials are growing, changing,

ever-varying things. This is an endless delight to a man who lives with his garden and can watch his plans grow up; when he makes a garden for another it is a different matter. Then, after spending his best thought and skill, the garden must be turned over into the hands of the Philistine, who may—doubtless will—spoil his color effects, make gaudy what before was rich, introduce tawdry display where before was a sensitive delicacy. These are the things that try men's souls and will continue to try them until the owners of large places acquire some degree of sympathy with and understanding of art.

However, though in American gardening sin abounds, yet grace also abounds. There are many clients blest not only with intelligence, but with a willing mind; while, in spite of the client hanging like a millstone about his neck, many a landscape-gardener is doing admirable and enduring work.

Yet it is because garden art, more than any other, is at the mercy of the laity, that when one looks for signs of better times he looks not toward those places where the most money has been spent, but rather where the art instinct

is the strongest, and where desecrating and devitalizing standards do not obtain. For this reason one of the most hopeful spots which any believer in the future of American garden art can visit is the little New Hampshire town of Cornish.

It is now twenty years since Augustus Saint-Gaudens rented from Mr. Charles Beaman (of Evarts, Beaman & Choate,) an old, deserted brick inn standing on a bare tract of Cornish pasture. Three

Parrish. Of the Cornish elect are Kenyon and Louise Cox. Mrs. Frances C. Houston was an early comer; at the same time came Miss Annie Lazarus, sister of the poet. Later were Louis Saint-Gaudens, Henry B. Fuller, and his wife, Lucia Fairchild Fuller. Everett and Florence Scovel Shinn are comparatively new arrivals. Though artists predominate, there are also literary folk: Percy Mackaye, the poet;



SHRUBBERY ABOUT HENRY O. WALKER'S HOUSE

years later the sculptor bought both pasture and house. Since that time, one after another, artist after artist came and saw and settled likewise, until this bit of the New Hampshire hills is permanently linked with names that stand for the best in American art.

Among those who early left the Egyptian bondage of the city and followed the sculptor into his Promised Land were men of such worth and note as Herbert Adams, the sculptor, Henry O. Walker, Thomas W. Dewing, and his wife, Maria Oakley Dewing. Later came Stephen Parrish and his son, Maxfield

Louis Evan Shipman, the playwright; Norman Hapgood of "Collier's"; Herbert Croly of the "Architectural Record," and Winston Churchill of "Richard Carvel" fame. Garden-craft (professional, not amateur) is represented by Mr. Charles A. Platt, well known in architecture and garden art, and also by Miss Rose Standish Nichols, of the younger set of landscape-gardeners, who is doubtless most widely known by her scholarly work on "English Pleasure Gardens." Through Arthur Whiting and John Blair, music and the drama are naturalized at Cornish.



MAXFIELD PARRISH'S LOGGIA

Large as Cornish looms in art, known as the home of good architecture and good gardening, it is one of those New England towns through which one may pass without realizing that he has reached the town at all. The Windsor road stretches itself along beside the Connecticut in leisurely fashion. Now on one

side, now on the other, as the stream winds, lie meadows in sunny stretches; but the valley is wilder than the country farther south, where the land descends to the river level in orderly terraces. Across the river, reached by toll-bridge and ferry, is Windsor, the metropolis, post-office, and mart; for into the



THE OAKS AT MAXFIELD PARRISH'S HOUSE



Cornish of the colony naught that defileth has yet entered, and there are neither shops nor trolley cars. East of the river and the road are the hills and steep, rough pasture-lands, broken again and again by wooded ravines, where the white delicacy of the canoe birch and the warmth and color of tawny yellow birches light up rough oaks and shadowy hem-

locks. The woods are not so dense but that the boles of pale-gray beeches stand out clear-cut and sculpturesque against darker tree-trunks, and in the heart of the silence a little brook sings merrily to itself, content with the trees as auditors. Oh, the brooks! Never was there such a country for brooks. Every man has at least two within his



gates, and after each rain they spring up unexpectedly.

Except for Winston Churchill, Dr. Nichols, and the Fullers, who live on the Plainfield road, Cornish folk have wisely taken to the hills, and overlook the valley and Ascutney, each with a view of his own; for there are views and to spare at Cornish. There are acres and acres of pasture-land where, except for a chance

THE TERRACES AT "HIGHCOURT," OWNED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE GATES AT "HIGHCOURT"

THE GARDEN AT "HIGHCOURT"



THE PORCH WITH A BRICK FLOOR, THOMAS W. DEWING'S HOUSE

foot, Cornish cows are in mild possession of a wonderful sweep of country—wide-spreading valley, meadow, and river, and line upon line of deep-blue distant mountains.

Lovely as the country is, its rare, wild

beauty as yet unspoiled by the Philistines, it is not precisely what one might call "gardenable." The hills, in their picturesqueness and charm of outline, though strong in their appeal to an artist, are, as building sites, rather difficult to manage.



THE ENTRANCE TO THOMAS W. DEWING'S GARDEN

In the first place, Cornish hills are bare; and every one knows that any variety of hill-top residence, castle or cottage, should be "bosomed high in tufted trees," and that a house, well enough on a suburban street, when placed on a bare knoll, looks often no more at home than the Ark on Ararat before the animals passed out to enliven the scenery. For, set on a hill as a statue on a pedestal, nothing is hidden: the house must compose well from every point of view.

first house that ever he built, "High-court," erected for Miss Lazarus and now owned by Mr. Norman Hapgood, was almost perfect in this respect. Again and again one catches sight of the low spreading villa, its white walls, red-tiled roof, and tall poplars standing out against the sky, and from no point displeasing. One glimpse of it, for instance, from some three miles away, shows plainly the white curve of the road sweeping around the eastern end of the



THE GARDEN OF LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN

Now, in this matter of "composing" with the site, an artist, thoroughly familiar with the contour of the near-by hills and intensely alive to their beauty, may be less likely to go wrong in placing his house and garden than an office-bound architect. It is for this reason, doubtless, that Mr. Charles A. Platt's work at Cornish has been so satisfying. Mr. Platt was a painter when first he came to Cornish. He had the artist's acquaintance with the Cornish hills long before he took up landscape-gardening. His houses all compose well; in fact, the

villa, and the two groups of Lombardy poplars which stand on each side of the drive are in precisely the right position—almost as if the house and its setting had been planned from that point.

Lombardy poplars have more than once been used with excellent effect by Cornish gardeners, and, what is rarer, with reserve. Mr. Platt has shown great skill in the use of these. The single poplars, which, on Mr. Saint-Gaudens's place, stand one on each corner of the terrace, are planted solely for their architectural value. The house is rather nar-

row and high. These tall, slender "Lombardys" seem to belong to the scheme of the house and bring it into better proportion. The placing of two or three trees may appear a slight matter, yet, if instead of these poplars, there had been planted the usual assortment,—one or two Norway maples, a catalpa (probably the golden one), and a red-leaved Japanese maple, with *Hydrangea paniculata* on the lawn,—both distinction and dignity would have been lost.

This fitting of house and garden to the site has been accomplished in a variety of ways by Cornish gardeners. At Mr. Stephen Parrish's place, the house and garden extend along almost to the brink of a steep descent; yet by means of a fifteen-foot grass terrace west of the house, guarded by a tall hedge and chiefly by the single Lombardy poplar which stands at the extreme edge, the house is united to the site, while the extension from the house of a pergola one side of which forms the garden-wall

gives a reason for the wall and a sense of security to the garden.

Mr. Walker's house has not even this terrace between it and the steep ravine on the west. East of the house, however, is a level grass court, its borders gay with old-fashioned flowers, while the house itself is substantial and low-spreading, and the broad porch is almost level with the ground. On the west, the view-side, is an even broader porch, making the house seem securely anchored. Like many Cornish houses, this is of Mr. Platt's designing.

Maxfield Parrish's house, a long, low structure, stretching east and west almost at the top of a steep hill, is set far enough back from a group of fine old oaks to be in the right relation to them. Though the gardening is slight indeed, the broad grass path, bordered by snowy *Spirea Van Houttei*, is wide enough to give a sense of breadth and completion to the loggia. Lombardy poplars are wisely left unplanted; they would have marred the effect of the splendid oaks,



LIVING-ROOM OPENING ON THE GARDEN, KENYON COX'S HOUSE



THE BRICK-PAVED TERRACE AT KENYON COX'S HOUSE

for one thing, and been out of keeping with the style of the house, for another.

Aside from the good garden-craft shown in the harmonious fitting of house and garden to the site, good art is also shown in the almost invariable subordination of the garden to the view. Rare is it in Cornish that the garden runs an

would have seemed almost garish. But stepping from the reception room out into a garden, which is on the same level, with the scent of flowers coming into the room and the color of the tall larkspurs harmonizing with the hangings on the walls, one feels no jarring note.

At another place, although the view from the house is charming, for the best



THE POPLARS AT AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS'S HOUSE

opposition show, or challenges comparison with the loveliness of the mountains. At "Highcourt," especially, where, as one enters from the north, and looks directly through the wide doors to mountains far enough away in the blue distance to be seen in their dreamy, poetic beauty of outline, the wisdom of placing the garden at the east of the house is at once felt; for, after lifting up one's eyes unto such hills, the gay color of flower-beds

sight of valley and mountain one ascends several steps from the little, half-enclosed garden and follows a smooth, shrub-bordered grass path ending at a great pine, a magnificent old tree, gnarled and twisted with the stress and strain of more than a century. From this point one overlooks a wide sweep of country. Near the tree is a wooden seat, simple in design; and there is no attempt by decorative exedra or flower-beds to add a



A PATH IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

touch of mistaken prettiness to the noble, massive strength of the old tree.

Aside from the wisdom of showing temperance and occasionally abstinence in the use of Lombardy poplars, Cornish gardeners have made an exceedingly skilful use of material at hand. Mr. Dew-

stinct are plain to see in many a Cornish garden.

The climate of northern New Hampshire is no light thing to reckon with, and many a plant that thrives lustily in Long Island or Philadelphia gardens is very summarily dismissed by a single Cornish



WHERE THE HOUSE AND GARDEN MEET AT STEPHEN PARRISH'S

ing, one of the pioneers in Cornish gardening, did much in the way of horticultural experiments, proving which plants were possible or impossible. His own place passed into the hands of another artist, Mr. W. H. Hyde, and is being remodeled on a more elaborate scale, but the traces of Mr. Dewing's garden-craft and the rare quality of his artistic in-

winter. Therefore, it is interesting to note the skilful use made of those worthy plants which are able to endure severe cold. The usual stand-bys for hedges, privet and box, are impossible, but one sees hedges of the *Spirea Van Houttei*, a mass of snowy bloom in June, and, after its glory has departed, trimmed, hedge-fashion. In Mr. Parrish's garden it is

even clipped into a square shape after its blossoming is over, and makes a very creditable piece of topiary work. Mr. Platt has used *Berberis* with good effect. At "Aspet" the common white pine, which at Cornish grows serenely in the most barren of windswept pastures, is used as a tall hedge; in which station, having been closely clipped for years, it makes almost as dense a screen as the English yew, serving both as a defence against the chance sight-seer and affording a soft,

suckle and the crimson-rambler roses are impotent things beside so inexpensive a luxury as a wild grape-vine. Elsewhere in Cornish a house wall is completely covered by grape-vines, which afford an admirable background for the color of the garden. Yet another reversion to a simpler, less nurserymanic form of planting is shown in the use of dwarf fruit-trees for the strategic points in a charming garden where they are far more in keeping than bay-trees, which would have re-



POOL AND PERGOLA IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

dark background for the gayety of poppies and the daintiness of delicate sweet-peas. One doubts, however, its permanent vale. Here at St. Gaudens's, wild grape-vines run riot over the white-pillared portico of the studio with a gay luxuriance and a beauty of artistic effect that should make a crimson-rambler pergola, beautiful during only the few short weeks of bloom, feel like drooping its vines for very shame. In their purely artistic value, in their contrast of vine-stalk and leaf with white walls and pillars, such vines as the Japanese honey-

quired a more polished formality and a more equable climate. Cornish gardeners, like most formal gardeners, incline to hardy gardening and set out chiefly herbaceous plants. Daffodils, poet's narcissus, Scilla, columbines, phlox, and iris, hardy chrysanthemums, poppies, Michaelmas daisies, and larkspurs in perfection are what one sees. Roses, except the sturdy Japanese Rugosas, which even aphides in hordes like Egyptian locusts cannot dishearten, have a melancholy existence. One is a bit surprised that more use has not been made of the beautiful



IN THE GARDEN OF MISS ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS

native thorns, which abound in the pastures.

Many details of garden device are very interesting, such as the steps made of rough stones, with cement poured in the generous interstices, or of alternate diamonds of brick and cement, tile fashion.

Clever also are the brick gate-posts which should have been crowned with a stone top; but the artist's purse forbade, so he built a mold on top of his four-square post and poured in cement for his capital. The gate-posts of the Dewing garden are also of home manufacture,



THE POOL IN MISS NICHOLS'S GARDEN

the gates themselves are Mr. Dewing's design, executed by a village carpenter.

These are only a few of many points of skilful garden-craft, more deeply interesting to the gardener than to those engaged in less Edenic pursuits. Yet an incongruity in an apparently trifling detail, a single false note, has marred many

to site and prospect, yet the gardens themselves are individual. Mr. Cox's gardening is almost done in miniature. Here the most attractive part of it is hardly more than a strip outside the living-room windows. The long French windows occupy most of the wall of this room on its southeast side, and by them,



THE GARDEN OF HERBERT CROLY

a good garden, and many gardeners who have good ideas and think good thoughts, think them in English or Italian, in terms of yews and ilexes, and are utterly unable to translate their ideas into American horticulture and express their yews and ilexes in American plants which can thrive in a given climate.

Though Cornish gardeners have been of the same mind in showing deference

almost on the same level, is the garden. A narrow brick path runs between the phlox and the tall larkspurs, and the little terrace, with its low wooden balustrade, seems a very integral part of the room.

One of the most satisfying of all Cornish gardens, and one of the most individual, is Mr. Stephen Parrish's. Here house and garden are almost inseparable.

The pergola seems an extension of the porch, and between its outer posts is the garden-wall, with long, low seats making it a charming place in which to lounge or to read. The two house-walls which enclose the garden on the north and east are completely vine-covered. From the time of the earliest crocus



THE PORCH OF HERBERT CROLY'S HOUSE

to that of the deep-purple Michaelmas daisies the garden is a-bloom. Mr. Parrish has inclined more to the use of shrubs than most Cornish gardeners. Leaving the little formal garden and its quiet pool, one follows shrub-bordered grass paths which lead one to unexpected, charming retreats, for the garden has a delightful intricacy of device. Here, also, is the only satisfying planting of the Colorado blue spruce which the present writer remembers having seen. Usually it is to the garden what the plush album is to the parlor table.

There is an ingenious disposal of the "offices"—a studio and a workshop, a

charming little tool-house and a greenhouse. Instead of being objects which must skulk behind shrubbery, these, while not obtrusive, and not seen unless one happens to walk their way, are yet made a part of the scheme.

Very different from this, but very delightful, is the garden of Miss Nichols.

The house is not of the type to make the architectural accompaniments of balustrades and terraces needful; the garden, therefore, is enclosed in a low stone wall, not of smooth masonry, but built of rough, flat stones, and is separated from the house by a broad grass terrace. Although the paths are laid out with proper regularity, there is yet a charming, half-careless grace in the planting. The color schemes are lovely, and over the pool in the center bend the twisted branches of an old apple-tree, giving a touch of quietness and repose to the whole garden.

Much more closely united to the house



THE HILLSIDE GARDEN OF MRS. FRANCES C. HOUSTON



THE TERRACE OVERLOOKING CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

is Mr. Croly's garden, which, like the house, is of Mr. Platt's planning. It has far more compactness, with neatness and trimness of finish, as befits its nearness to the very doors of the house. There are delightful little borders of tiny, gayly flowering plants, and the whole place has an air of thrift and prosperity; for Mrs. Croly is a notable gardener, even among Cornishites. Different again is Mrs. Houston's garden. The house is of the English half-timber sort; the studio wall is radiant with *Clematis paniculata*, and against the porch grows a lusty gray-green honeysuckle with excellent effect; but the steep steps lead to the garden, lying on a little terrace some fifteen feet below and guarded by a low wall. At "Highcourt" the architectural arrangement is the garden's chief excellence.

Mr. Platt's own garden is thoroughly characteristic, especially admirable in its proportions in its relation to the house and in its treatment of the view; for by that rarely exercised privilege, judicious thinning, a vista is opened through which one sees the mountains to perfection.

Aside from satisfying the mere liking

of the eye, the Cornish gardens are livable, lovable spots, on very intimate terms with their owners. One sometimes sees rooms wherein art has been so breathlessly pursued that the position of each object is the result of the most careful consideration, the most intense and pious care, until one feels as if no chair or table would dare to move an inch for fear of disturbing the color scheme; and garden and grounds are done in like manner. At Cornish there is nothing of this strained and uncomfortable art. A garden is not sacred and a thing apart, to be gazed at from the drawing-room windows or strolled through occasionally with an admiring visitor. It is simply an outgrowth of the house, an out-of-door living-room, to be used and changed if one pleases, until one finds the best possible arrangement.

Perhaps the intimacy of gardens and owners is due to the fact that no Cornish garden is given over to the care of a hireling. Each is in the keeping of its owner, with merely such lay assistance as may be found in the average "hired man."

Formal gardening has suffered many

things in America. In the first place, any kind of architectural arrangement is eyed as rank heresy by the lovers of "naturalistic" planting. Yet to imitate nature is by no means as easy as it sounds, and a house, superimposed on the brown old earth is not precisely a natural object. It did not spring up like Jonah's gourd, nor was it deposited by a glacier, and to provide for it a suitable setting, to unite it with the site, to "frame" it by a slight architectural setting, does not seem so unlawful a thing even to a nature-lover. In America, divorce between architecture and garden-craft is woefully prevalent; or, if not open divorce, incompatibility of temperament at least is the rule; so that when, as at Cornish, the

two appear in public as a happily married couple, one is apt to wax enthusiastic.

There are other types of gardening in America; there are notable gardens which are well worth attention, and most of them are receiving it. These Cornish gardens are small indeed compared with the great estates; yet a miniature may be as admirable a work of art as that painting of the Primrose family which the good vicar was unable to bring inside the house, and in their adaptation to site and environment and owner, in their sincerity, their rare-found harmony and proportion, these gardens, unpretentious as they are, are yet blessedly indicative of a very definite and hopeful development in American gardening.

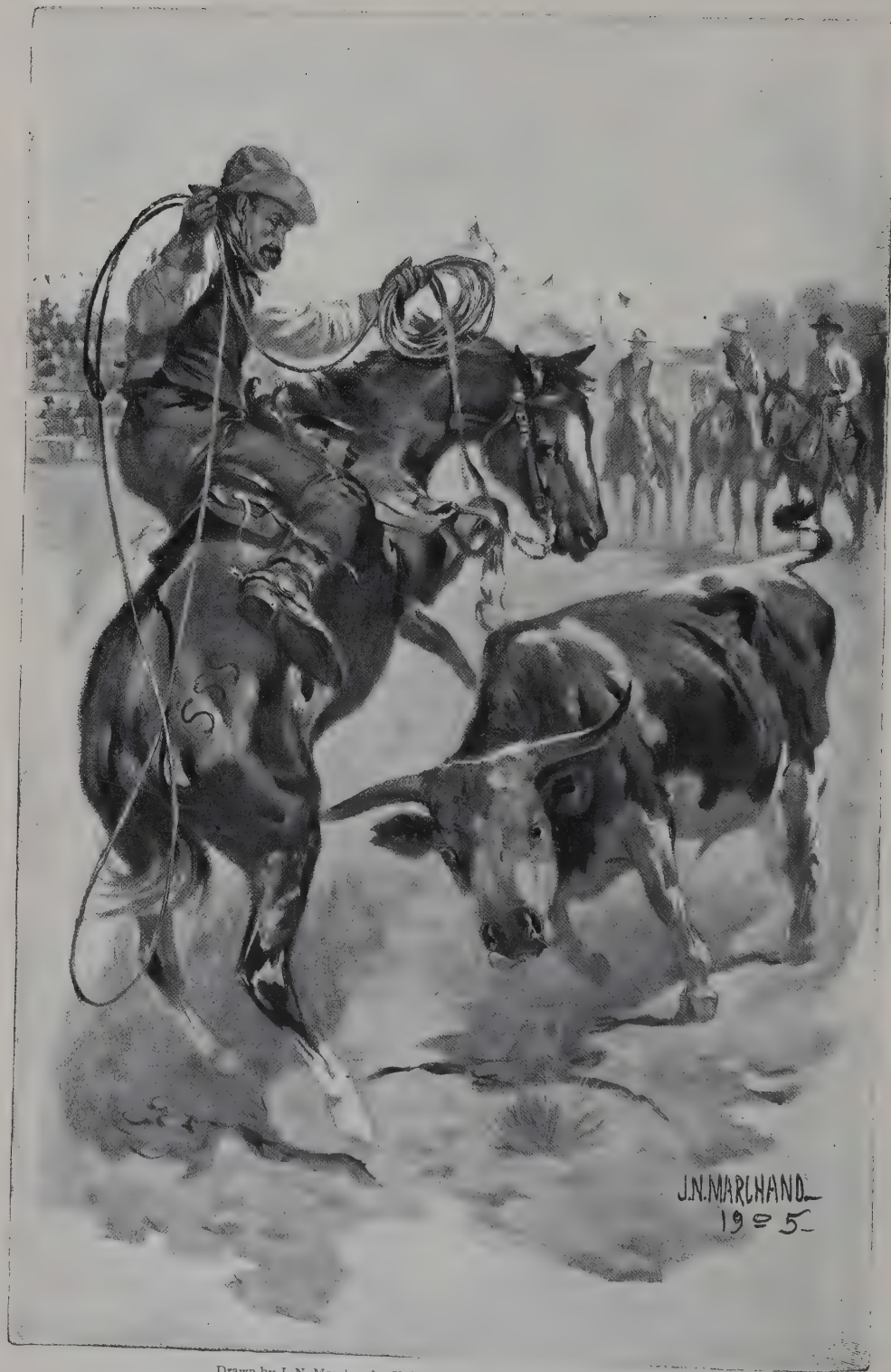


A VIEW IN CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

IMPERIALISM

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

AND is power all?—brute lunge of arms,
 The metal crown, the actual earth?
 A little country overseas,
 'Mid strife of tongues and war's alarms,
 Sits calm above the potencies
 And boasts, "To Homer I gave birth,
 And Plato, and Praxiteles."



Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"HE WHIRLED SUDDENLY UPON THEM"

THE ROPING MATCH AT ANTELOPE

BY ALICE MACGOWAN



UNCLE HANK'S blue eyes twinkled so brightly that Hilda, scudding past with two-year-old Burchie in tow, lingered to listen. The old man was not only manager of The Three Sorrows, and foreman and ranch boss as well, but he was also guardian of the orphan children left there by its last owner, poor Charley Van Brunt, sometime New York clubman, one of those lovable, helpless derelicts which the swift tide of Eastern civilization casts upon the hopeful coasts of the frontier. Hank Pearsall, seasoned cattleman, knowing the cow business, hoofs, horns, and hide, had come to the bewildered, inexperienced Easterner as comes the thing that we must have. Between little Hilda, newly orphaned of her mother, and the great-hearted, childless old cowpuncher, it had been love at first sight. So, when the father, too, was gone—killed by a fall from his pony in a roundup—and Miss Valeria, his maiden sister, the helpless fine lady, weepingly proposed to take the children back to New York and what she alluringly described as "beggary," the ranch manager's assurance that he could and would make a living for them all on The Sorrows was eagerly welcomed; and Miss Val rose to the occasion with the one memorable, sensible proposal of her life, which was that he become legal guardian of the orphans.

"See, here, Shorty," Uncle Hank was saying to his best cowpuncher as Hilda stopped, "they 's some things that ort to be did, an' they 's some things jest has to be did. This hyer 's one of the kind that has to be did."

Shorty O'Meara, perplexed, but ac-

quiescent, nodded his red head energetically. The ranch boss must know, and what he said went. "Sure," he agreed. "But—"

"They ain't no buts about it," Pearsall broke in. "You plumb p'intedly got to do it—you no-'count, wastful cuss, stravagin' round ropin' steers an' tyin' 'em down in forty-five or fifty seconds' time all over The Sorrows pasters any day o' the week!"

Taxed with his proficiency, Shorty looked embarrassed, and offered the safe reply: "Sure, Hank, sure. Anything you say. I 'll try to make better time, if that 's it."

"Your time 'll do—hit's the best in the Panhandle," said the old man. "Leastwise, that 's what I 'm banking on. You jest lope into the match over to the fair at Antelope next week. I 've got it fixed in my own mind for you to scoop that kerridge they've put up for the ropin' prize."

"Why, Hank," remonstrated the cowpuncher, dubiously, "I was goin' to try for somethin' else—sorter 'lowed I 'd take that silver-trimmed sombrero they 've fixed up for the best rider. I can rope better than I can ride, that 's a fact; but I hain't got no use for a family carriage— not yet, I hain't. An' that one don't go to the winner, nohow: it goes to the ranch that he works for, you know."

"That 's so, Shorty. You hain't got no use for the kerridge—personal; but I know some folks that has," Pearsall said. "Hit 's a-comin' right down to this, that Charley's children 'll have to ride broncs or hoof it around over this State of Texas 'less'n something's done pretty quick. Charley's old buckboard is a

plumb wreck. The ambulanch is all we 've got to take Miss Val an' the kiddies anywhere in, an' hit's a staggerin' cripple—one leg broke, one arm in a sling, both eyes blacked, an' one year chawed off."

"That's whatever, Hank," agreed O'Meara, accepting the other's description of the ambulance with entire seriousness. "You bet I 'll go for that carriage. I 'll ketch up Pardner now."

The two passed out of hearing, to put O'Meara's crack cutting pony into the home pasture and carefully prepare him for the great event. And Hilda, carrying Burchie pickaback, gained the *asequia*, the little irrigating ditch, which, on its willow-fringed way from the native spring to do good work in the alfalfa field, left its benignant trail of greenery—grass, tall cottonwoods, bird-haunted, and a charm of coolness and rest—on the face of the hot, open plain. A great limb, leaning low in cosmic gratitude across the little stream, the child pulled down, and with great care wedged the chubby, two-year-old brother into a stout crotch, fastening each dimpled fist firmly around a convenient upstanding twig. Then gently waggling and teetering the equipage, she whispered exultantly: "That's the way the new carriage will ride. An' Uncle Hank said Shorty was to get it for us. Shorty sure has to do it if Uncle Hank says so." The childish voices murmured on in an accompaniment to the lispng water. A king's coach of state would have shown a modest vehicle beside that which Hilda depicted; she had not seen it, not she. It was the radiance of her love for, her trust in, Uncle Hank which lent glitter to the varnish and an adorable softness to the cushions.

A dragon-fly darted out from the obscurity of the other bank, and hung above the water in all its burnished bravery, turning, wheeling, flickering, darting here and there, displaying dazzlingly the blue-black polish on body and wing. Hilda welcomed it as a providential illustration. Her eloquence, satisfying to her own ardent imagination, she had felt to be something short of convincing to the material-minded little male; but here was something concrete, visible, with which to clench her assurances, and she cried out softly:

"It looks just like that, Burchie boy,

only bigger. It's shiny that way, an' it can go 'most as quick; but it 'll go the way Uncle Hank wants it to."

Throughout the long, sunny, sleepy summer day, and for six days thereafter, as long and sweet and drowsy, the two happy children rode in that wonderful carriage, the beauties and perfections of which were dwelt upon till it was wholly theirs: they were only going over to the Lame Jones County fair to claim it publicly, formally to prove ownership.

When the wonderful morning dawned at last, the ancient, crippled ambulance was once more "toggled up," as Uncle Hank called it, a pair of quiet ponies put to it, and the old man drove his little household gallantly over the twenty miles of open plain to Antelope. Beside them or ahead, Shorty, Jeff, old Snake Thompson, and the other Three S cowpunchers rode in a brave squad, from which came the sounds of jingling spurs, creaking saddles, and that deep, satisfying music of big bass voices.

It was a customary caravan. Sometimes as Hilda rode so, she was a Persian princess in her palanquin, with her retinue of slaves; or a prisoner, torn from some indefinitely splendid home, her cruel captors galloping beside, exchanging callous jest and laughter across her delicious, silken-robed despair. And her elders never guessed that the quiet, dutiful child was riding in a world, splendid, hideous, marvelous, of her own.

But to-day all such imaginings were thrust aside by the more practical and specific appeal of the new carriage. She neglected to make sounds of pursuit or rescue out of the thudding hoofs of the led horses behind the ambulance, where trotted Shorty's "gilt-edged cutting pony," and a sober buckskin-colored mount from the back of which Uncle Hank purposed later to view the races and the contest. So, by natural and usual steps, they came to Antelope and to the fair grounds, where the little girl had eyes, ears, and thoughts for nothing of all the gay show—the horses, the cattle, the patchwork quilts, buttonholes, preserves, tidies, and hand-painted pin-cushions. Uncle Hank, guessing her secret, found a comfortable seat for Miss Val, and then, carrying Burchie, led Hilda to where stood the special prize

for the roping contest—the graceful, shiny, cozy little vehicle. Nobody knew that the carriage was Hilda's very own, and, with a good child's outward docility, she listened, mute, to the eager speculations concerning its probable fortunate winner. Grown people were curiously addicted to these transparent fictions. Perhaps they were the grown-up equivalent of Persian princesses, weeping captive, and the like. At any rate, the civil thing was to let them pass unchallenged; and now the time was at hand when, Shorty having roped his steer, they could openly take possession of their own.

Life went by with little flavor or meaning, while the many products of nature, and of man's and woman's skill, were sampled, judged, and the awards made. It still crept on feeble wing while the gentlemen rode for the bullion-trimmed sombrero, which Frosty McQueen won; and the ladies rode for a resplendent Texas cow-girl side-saddle, which fell to Miss Tommie Lee. It made little better progress during the races, and the bestowal of the purse and the cup, the giving of the various first, second, and third prizes. Yet it did pass. The moment did arrive when one said, and truly, that the roping contest was the only event now remaining. At the words Hilda's heart beat fast, then seemed to stop with a vicious buck. Her dilated eyes quested almost wildly for Uncle Hank among the groups of horsemen. He was gone. She slipped away in search, and presently found him at the corrals with Shorty. The young Irishman stood nursing upon his broad breast, with his left hand, something wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. And that something? Oh, no, no, it could not be, God would not let it be, Shorty's own right hand—the hand which could cast the swiftest, cunningest lariat in western Texas; the only one which could write, with the twirl of the looped rope, the children's formal deed to the dear little carriage! Yet it must be so, for Shorty, a grown man, was crying.

Yes, down O'Meara's sanguine cheeks the big tears of anger and humiliation and disappointment were following each other, and he groaned: "Oh, durn a fool—they ain't worth raisin'! Pearsall, just fire me; I wish you'd kick me, too.

Had to go and git a drink ahead. I'd never 'a' broke into that there scrimmage ef I had n't tuck a drink—ye know that, Hank. An' now—" he choked—"now they's no one to ride for The Sorrers; nobody to git that little carriage for the kiddies."

He gave up and wept openly, sheltered from the crowd by Uncle Hank's tall frame. The old man's back was to Hilda; unseen, unsuspected, the child stood there, paralyzed with dismay. Here, at one blow, all hope and delight were struck out of life. But upon the numbness of her despair fell the quiet tones of Uncle Hank's big voice, saying:

"Nobody to ride for. The Sorrers? Well, I don't hardly know; but—I—I guess they's a' old yap—hain't so very old neither—a' old yap by the name of Pearsall that's a-gwine to ride for The Sorrers. Them there kiddies of mine don't stand much show to git that ker-ridge now, I reckon; but I'm shore a-gwine to make a turrable set at it. Hit sha'n't never be said they was nobody to so much as try for my little girl."

Hilda's small frame had ado at all times to contain the great heart of the child, and Uncle Hank was the special object of that heart's worship. Now the carriage must, in the nature of things, be saved to her, since he said he should contest for it; and the revelation of that "my little girl" swelled the tumultuous heart till it threatened to rend its inadequate envelop. Quite blind with love and the rapture of relief, she crept back to the grand stand, squeezing into her place beside Aunt Val, carefully drawing her dusty little feet as far as possible away from that lady's voluminously flounced skirts, and breathed a long sigh.

At the corral Shorty was crying out: "My Lord, Hank, that's a fact! Why did n't we think of that before?" The "drink ahead" that had been his undoing still warmed his view of things. "Barrin' me, you're 'way yonder the best man on The Sorrers—ef you don't brag, nor make bets, and ain't never timin' yourself on a throw. Thank the Lord! Go on and enter, Hank—go right along! Take my pony—"

But the old man made answer: "I reckon I could n't rope nary lick on any other hoss than my Buckskin, Shorty."

So, very unexpectedly and very late in the day, another contestant was entered in the roping match—old Hank Pearsall, on Buckskin, a figure which had long been, and was long to be familiar in the new county of Lane Jones,—the birth of which the fair celebrated,—and through all the Panhandle country.

The preparations for this particular event, always a favorite, were complete and extensive. Across the plains there had been brought in, fighting, bellowing, protesting, every wild old outlaw steer from the ranches within a radius of forty miles. Within the oval race track they were confined in a large pen, out of which a smaller one opened by heavy bars. And now Colonel Jack Peyton, formerly of Kentucky, rode out upon his cream-colored pony and, lifting high his hat with a double-curved sweep, announced that the roping contest was about to begin. It was felt by others besides Hilda that the interesting moment of the fair had arrived. The crowd cheered him, as it always cheered the pictorial Kentuckian. Peyton bowed, flashed his white teeth in a smile beneath his dark mustache, and recited the terms:

Each man should have only one trial, thus making the struggle short and sharp, and tincturing it with the stimulating element, chance. For the battle was lost to him who failed to get a quick start after the steer at the outset, who missed his cast too often, or whose horse stumbled in a prairie-dog hole. A steer was to be loosed to each contestant from the mouth of the smaller pen, twenty feet from which a broad line had been chalked upon the ground. Close beside the bars of egress the candidate was to take his stand, and the moment his steer crossed the chalk-line he should be free to follow.

It was a fine-looking body of men who now ranged themselves in front of the judge's stand. In the early eighties one found examples from all classes among Texas cowboys; and here were also several business men, a deputy sheriff, two lawyers, and a doctor: for whatever else a man might be in the Texas Panhandle in those days, he certainly owned cattle; and it followed that to ride and to rope, along with the other items of a cow-puncher's business, were features of a

young fellow's collateral education. Uncle Hank was the only rider not under thirty; and when, amid this youthful assemblage, his grizzled head and smiling, wrinkled front appeared, there arose a breeze of bantering applause and friendly guying.

"Go it, Hank!"

"Hi, Pearsall, hi!"

"Say, Hank, whirl in and learn the boys how to rope a steer and tie him."

One strange, squeaking, falsetto voice, the mere sound of which called forth peals of mirth, piped:

"Well, I'll be hanged—from head to foot! If old Hank Pearsall ain't a-linin' out after that kerridge!"

At the ludicrous tone, and the merriment evoked by it, the great black eyes in Hilda's little peaked face flashed and her lip trembled. Could it be possible that they were treating her Uncle Hank disrespectfully—that they meant to ridicule him! She had never heard of the cruel Roman's wish that his city's entire populace had only one neck for him to wring; but as those big, tender, passionate eyes swept the faces of the chuckling, guffawing, giggling crowd, fiercely demanding its meaning, the capacity for that savage wish was in her childish soul—if they were guilty. But Uncle Hank beamed good-naturedly, and Hilda smiled again. He took off his sombrero in response to the familiar, hearty rallying, and waved it, displaying thick, crinkled curls of a wonderful black-and-silver sheen, temples and brows with their singular and characteristic calm, and twinkling blue eyes, placid and smiling. Even on horseback his commanding six-feet-two of stature made itself noticed; while his clean, athletic leanness, his long, straight, supple limbs, and his tremendous reach of arm, were unmatched amid that youthful band.

The riders drew back to station; the bars between the two pens were let down, and a steer was admitted into the smaller enclosure, a lean, sorrel-colored animal which plunged instantly to the farther extremity of the pen, found it closed, and turned to rush back the way he had come. A mounted man with a big whip held him in check till the dividing bars were up. The bony, yellow brute whirled, and leaped from side to side of

the little pen, attempting first one fence and then the other, to be opposed at each essay with whoops and yells, so that when the outer bars were finally withdrawn he shot forth, a tawny streak of maddened Texas steer.

At the pen's mouth waited Jim Tazewell from the Q K X, on his nervous little bay cutting pony, Pappoose. As the horse made after the yellow streak, Jim sitting easily in the saddle, his rope swinging about his head, over all the great assembly there was silence so intense that the soft noise made by the irregular thudding of those eight flying hoofs sounded curiously distinct. Tazewell had had a good start; Pappoose was swift and dexterous. After some galloping and several thwarted attempts, the cast was successfully made; then came the moment of suspense when the pony was straining every nerve to keep with the steer, while both horse and rider watched for a chance to throw him.

When they had succeeded, and Tazewell leaped from the saddle to tie the animal, leaving Pappoose to hold him, the steer, with a sudden convulsive effort, rose to his feet. But the pony's bright black eyes were upon his enemy; he instantly ran backward, and brought the quarry once more to earth with a slam. Tazewell threw himself upon it, tied its feet, sprang erect, and held up his hands, signaling that the business was done; and when the applause which followed its successful completion quieted down, the judge read out Tazewell's time—fifty-two seconds.

Throughout this spectacle, Hilda had sat bent forward, scarcely breathing. Her cold little hands were clutched tightly together. Her heart was torn between the very real demands of neighborly kindness—for this was Kenny Tazewell's papa—and her fierce loyalty to Uncle Hank. Even the imperiled carriage was forgotten in the new emotion—this passion of blind partisanship, this spirit of crude, savage competition, descendant of that instinct which, in primitive man, led him to slay his neighbor in order to tear from him the food he had secured.

But now the yelling and whooping were renewed; a white steer leaped over the lowered poles into the small pen,

and flung himself half across the outlet bars, refusing to be beaten back, bursting through them before they could be taken down, and galloping swiftly away, followed by the rider from the Matador, young Kedge Dawson, nicknamed "the Kid," a boy yet in the early twenties.

Kedge had ridden the range since he could remember, and was a crack roper, given, in his hours of relaxation, to the facetious shooting up of casual small cow towns. He made very sure, in his heart, of carrying the prize home to Velva Ortez of the Matador; and as Hilda looked piteously at him, her own child's heart foreboded that he reckoned not without some assurance.

When the white steer shot across the chalk-line, with Dawson, upon his black horse, Nigger Boy, close after him, tears rose and swam in Hilda's eyes; and when, with no mishap whatever, the Kid made his cast, and the noose settled as though predestined about the curving horns, the little girl's throat ached, and she murmured bitterly beneath her breath:

"But—but Uncle Hank's old. He—Kid Dawson ought not to—they might know—Uncle Hank can't—" Her chest contracted spasmodically, and cut the poor sentences in two with painful gasps. And the last choking, whispered cry was always, "He—Uncle Hank—he's older'n they are!" Never had mere youth seemed to Hilda so malevolent. It did not occur to her that she herself possessed much more of the offensive quality than any of these insolent antagonists.

Meantime the Kid had dropped into the carelessness of the cock-sure. As the steer fell heavily to the jerk of his staunch little pony, he took two or three dallies round the saddle-horn with an off-hand flourish, skipped smiling from horse, the wine of victory sending its fumes to his brain, and hastened, cord in hand, to tie his victim. But the instant the steer felt Dawson's hand upon him, he surged to his feet, casting the Kid into a somewhat unsightly wad on the dusty turf. Of Hilda's emotions at this sudden collapse of Kid Dawson's fortunes probably least said is best.

Nigger Boy would have saved the situation. Loyal, ready, he instantly ran backward on the rope; but the Kid's

hasty dallies had made it insufficiently fast to the horn. With the first impact it tautened, gave, gave yet again, and, at the final vicious lunge, came off the saddle entirely, the white steer going over and over sidewise, Nigger Boy falling backward, just as young Dawson was getting to his feet.

A roar of amusement went up from the crowd; for nobody was hurt, and it would have been hard to say which of the three looked most sheepish, the white steer, the vainglorious Kid, or the clever little pony, which had been nowise at fault. Hilda laughed and trembled and cried all together. She prayed, too, a little under her breath and doubtfully, fearing it might not be altogether respectful to approach God in such a connection; yet to refrain entirely she could not.

The next man was a rider of the C Bar C, Champe Capadine's ranch. He missed his throw repeatedly, and time was finally called upon him from the judge's stand. Hilda hastily, nervously protested to the Heavenly Powers that she had neither meddled nor made in the matter.

There followed MacGregor's rider from the Cross K, Lefty Adams, on a fine little blue roan. He was at the steer's heels in good time, and, after half a dozen of those quick, aimless-looking turns which cattle pursued will nearly always make, finally succeeded in roping him. But the pony was light, the steer heavy; Lefty failed to seize just the right moment for throwing him, and when the attempt was made, with a tremendous plunge ahead he jerked horse and rider forward, Blue Dick coming down hard upon his knees, Lefty striking on the top and back of his head.

Exclamation and cries of distress sounded across the big concourse. Sobs were heard from women, as pony and steer struggled to their feet, and the two animals, connected by the fifty-foot lariat, ran and pulled and dragged back and forth, seemingly all about and over the prostrate form. At sight of Lefty lying there, Hilda reproached herself for desiring failure for the others that the path of glory might be smoothed before the feet of Uncle Hank and Buckskin, yet pleaded that she had asked for nobody's ruin to upbuild that dear success, and

joined shrilly in the wavering cheer as several mounted men rode out to the rescue and Lefty was observed to rise first to one knee, then to his feet.

While they were bringing the defeated one in, all eyes were attracted once more to Blue Dick, who had by no means given up the fight. He manœvered shrewdly, ran forward, sidewise, and back. The big steer bolted; Blue Dick loped quietly at his quarter; then, watching a chance when the lariat trailed beneath the big animal, he suddenly "set back on the rope," and the steer went over in a somersault.

They had brought Lefty to the Cross K group, and the word had gone forth that he was not injured at all. Now, when Blue Dick made his play so gallantly and so successfully, delighted shouts greeted him. The air was full of relieved laughter, the clapping of hands and cheering. The pony meant to leave no room for unpleasant accidents; he continued to move slowly backward, keeping the rope taut, dragging the prostrate steer inch by inch, until, amid prolonged cheering, MacGregor himself rode out and tied the animal's feet. Here was a *succès d'estime* which the child could praise with a light heart. She clapped her small hands and shouted happily till Aunt Valeria fretfully bade her be still.

Zack Pardon of the Circle Six rode next; and there was much noisy enthusiasm at the announcement of his record of fifty seconds, which bettered Jim Tazewell's time by two seconds. After him, Billy Andrews of the A Bar K made it in fifty-five, young Snow of the Alamositas in fifty-three, and the two lawyers in fifty-seven and sixty-seven seconds respectively. Frosty Tadlock, a sort of local wag, having failed three times in his cast, plainly gave up trying, and set to work to play clown—a part in which he was well practised and eminently successful. The pony he rode, the very steer he pursued, seemed to catch the genial hint, and to lend themselves to his jocular purpose. Ludicrous postures, absurd threats, complaints, and adjurations, and all sorts of cowboy horse-play, kept the big concourse in good humor until the judges called "Time!"

Now, standing strained up on her tip-toes, looking over the heads of those in

front, Hilda could see that there was just one steer in the pen; she had already noted, with wildly beating pulses, that only one rider remained. In Lane Jones County's great roping contest, with Zack Pardon's time of fifty seconds so far the best, there remained only one round to be fought: old Hank Pearsall on Buckskin, the party of the first part; a lean, long-horned, wild-eyed, brindled steer of the original Texas type, fleet, savage, knowing, the party of the second part.

Pardon's record of fifty seconds was so good that the idea of this last contestant bettering it seemed almost a joke; and when the tall, gaunt, brindled steer, with a toss of the spreading horns, leaped from the open bars and across the chalk-line, Pearsall, a little delayed in getting his start after the animal, was received as a jest. It was undeniable that both Buckskin and his rider bore a touch of the antiquated, which, despite old Hank's heroic stature and his look of the thoroughbred cow-man, was irresistibly suggestive of humor in such a connection—a graybeard at the Olympian games.

Hilda's chest swelled and pinched in erratically. Her throat seemed to close up altogether. A dimness was over her vision as she watched Uncle Hank, who, with his long loop swinging free from his right hand, the rein hanging as free in the left, leaned forward, very upright and at an angle with his saddle, murmuring beneath his breath to Buckskin, while that worthy made for the flying steer.

"Hit's up to us, Buckskin. Hup! Hup! Eepy-up! E-e-eepy-up, here! Oop-a-daisy, now!" The big sombrero, turned squarely up off the forehead, revealed the deeply lined, kindly, weather-beaten face, and Hilda saw Uncle Hank's lips move in the recorded adjuration. She wondered if he, too, were praying.

This steer was a notorious outlaw, which had made more than one roping match interesting. As Buckskin and Uncle Hank drew toward his left quarter, he whirled suddenly upon them. Hilda cried aloud, and was not aware of it. She instantly trafficked with Heaven in a desperate panic of love and terror, proffering back all hope of the precious, much-needed, long-desired carriage, if Uncle Hank were only permitted to return safely to her. A carriage one might

forego; that any little girl could get along without some sort of Uncle Hank was not to her conceivable.

But Hilda had not reckoned with Buckskin, just as the brindled steer had not. If the latter was a survivor of numerous encounters, Buckskin was no less experienced a warrior. Seasoned cow pony that he was, trained by the ablest cattle-man in the Panhandle, and veteran of many a round-up, sagacious, alert, as quick as a cat, and of an indomitable spirit, able to whirl where he stood almost like a man, Buckskin, whose eyes had never left the steer, and whose subtle instinct had warned him in advance of the big brute's intended manœuvre, made of the apparent check his rider's opportunity.

The movements were too quick for the eye to follow, but when again Hilda saw the group clearly, Buckskin had evaded those long, sharp horns, and was once more upon the steer's quarter, well back of him. Uncle Hank's right arm lifted, the swinging coil of rope rose to the horizontal, sang round and round, and out of it a line darted forward, exactly as the serpent sends forth his length from the spring of his coil. The noose opened like a sentient thing, dropped, clutched, and fastened upon the savage, spreading horns. Buckskin swerved in behind the furiously running steer; Uncle Hank allowed the rope's length to drop to the ground, and the steer in his stride ran over it, so that it trailed back to the rider's hand from between the galloping hind feet.

Instantly Buckskin "set back on the rope," with crouched haunches and braced forefeet. The rope tautened; the brindled nose shot to earth; the galloping hindfeet cut through the air in a half-circle, and the beast, having turned a somersault, lighted upon his back with such a thump that it seemed his spine must have cracked.

Amid a hesitant cheering, Uncle Hank slipped from the saddle and ran to tie those four motionless feet. A sea of gratitude submerged Hilda. The steer, which had been stunned for a moment, recovered breath and consciousness just as the old man's weight was precipitated upon him, and reared tumultuously. But no cock-sureness had been Uncle Hank's.

It he failed this day, please Heaven, it should be because he could not possibly win through the best that he and Buckskin could do. The rope had been made firmly fast to the saddle-horn—the rope which, prepared for Shorty's use, they had tested and tried for this very exigency. With the creature's first wild plunge, Buckskin heaved himself backward, while Uncle Hank's strong hands grappled the big horns and all his weight was flung upon the rearing head, which once more went down flat upon the plain, the long bridled neck stretched out to Buckskin's zealous pull.

Once more the clapping and cheering broke out, but this time with no assistance from Hilda. She was past speech. The sudden relief had left her weak. To an accompaniment of friendly applause Uncle Hank tied his steer's feet, sprang erect, and threw up his hands. The cheerful noise held for a moment, then all was intensely still as Colonel Peyton was seen to half rise, stop-watch in hand.

Judge Eldredge leaned across and spoke to the colonel. There was a moment of uncertainty during which Hilda was sure she aged rapidly. Several voices were heard making unofficial statements, which cleft the child's heart like so many swords.

"Fifty-two seconds, I make it," announced one. "It's a tie with Tazewell's time."

"Better 'n that," declared another. "Pearsall made it in exactly—"

Old man Morrison broke in with: "Oh, no, you're 'way off. Hank's time is only sixty seconds—jest one plumb minute. My watch—"

"Sssh!" cried the crowd as one man, for Colonel Peyton was on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, as he advanced smiling to the rail—"friends and fellow-citizens of our new county, I think we have all been given a surprise."

A vague murmur arose. The smiling speaker waited a moment, then continued:

"I am proud to tell you that the best time made to-day is forty-eight seconds—so far as any of us present in the judge's stand know, the best time ever made in the Panhandle. The winner distanced all other contestants by just two seconds. Ladies and gentlemen—"

The speaker's dark eyes enjoyingly swept the mute, expectant faces before him. None knew better than Colonel Peyton of Kentucky how to heighten an effect by dramatic delay.


"Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing to you that the prize goes to Mr. Henry J. Pearsall, riding for The Ranch of the Three Sorrows."

Colonel Jack Peyton, smiling more than ever, sat down. The surprise and approval which he had bespoken, bubbling up in broken words and phrases, soon swelled to a deep-voiced roar. Hats were taken off, waved frantically, and pitched far into the dusty air. Uncle Hank, quietly leading Buckskin back toward the stand, old man and old pony seeming to wear a demure smile, was met by a shouting, laughing, gesticulating crowd, headed by most of the contestants over whom he had triumphed. They seized him, hoisted him from his feet, and bore him upon their heaving shoulders, as upon a troubled sea, toward the grand stand and a little black-eyed girl who stood up on the seat and unconsciously cried aloud her inmost heart.



THE STRENUOUS REFEREE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

EN DARWIN listened thoughtfully to the speech of the labor leader.

"We hold the balance of power," the latter was saying with enthusiastic confidence, "and if union labor acts as a unit, it can force any concession desired. Let us not be satisfied with glittering generalities and indefinite promises, but let us demand unequivocal pledges from the party we support. Let us unite and say to these people, 'Here is the solid labor vote, which goes to the party that makes the best bid for it. What will you bid?' That's the way to talk to them, men! We're not after a financial bid, of course, but we want to know what kind of legislation the next administration will give us and what use will be made of the police power. Are the policemen that we help to pay to be used to club us into submission when we are battling for our rights? Are they to do the bidding of monopoly when monopoly tries to grind us down? That's what we want to know, and we can throw our strength to the party that gives the right answer."

"We want an administration," declared another speaker at this meeting, "that will put the responsibility for any interruption of business where it belongs. We are tired of having capital, when it lacks the necessary men for its business during a strike, send out a few hoodlums to make trouble and then declare that riotous conditions alone prevent the complete resumption of operations. We want an administration that can't be bluffed, that has the nerve to enforce the law to the letter."

"It looks to me," commented Darwin, "as if the politicians were going to have

trouble in this campaign. The conditions are just right for a united labor vote."

Being deeply impressed with the importance of what he had heard, Darwin went to his club to find some one with whom to talk it over. Darwin was one of the younger members of a club that had a number of solid citizens on its rolls, although the young man himself had nothing except a reasonably good salary.

Finding none of his intimates there, he settled himself comfortably in the reading-room, and presently became aware of the fact that three influential business men were having an animated discussion near him.

"I tell you, it's time to act concertedly," said one of them. "If we don't, we might just as well turn our affairs over to the labor unions at once. For one, I shall not contribute a cent to the campaign fund of either party until there is a definite declaration of principles and policy that satisfies me. If capital would unite in such a stand, it would find that it held the balance of power and could compel local legislation that would protect its interests."

Darwin reflected idly that the balance of power seemed to be a very easy and popular thing to hold.

"Maddern is right," asserted another of the men. "We contribute the campaign funds, but the politicians cater to the labor vote. We are expected to pay for the election of a lot of demagogues. If we stick together, we can force one or the other of the parties to go on record unequivocally for the strict enforcement of the law."

The third nodded gravely.

"There is virtually no protection for us in times of labor disturbances," he said. "Officials are altogether too anx-

ious to please the unions. Let us agitate this matter and demonstrate our strength."

"The interests of labor must be protected," mused Darwin, "and the interests of capital must be protected, but where do I come in? Both hold the balance of power, according to their own statements, but what about me? I don't belong to either class, and I seem to be overlooked."

Then Darwin, having a sense of humor, laughed to think of the distress of the politicians; for the politicians of both parties wanted the contributions of capital and the votes of labor, and the conditions never before had been so puzzlingly unsatisfactory. Capital and labor had been disagreeing for some time. There had been numerous strikes, some of them involving public and semi-public utilities, and capital and labor accused each other of the responsibility. Each demanded the enforcement of the law, but each meant the enforcement of such features of the law as would bear hardest on the other. And now it seemed likely that both would formulate detailed demands that would have to be met by each of the great parties.

"This fight," remarked Darwin, "is going to be worth watching. I think I'll watch it a little more closely than usual. It's going to be a fight to find out who 'the people' are, and I'd rather like to learn that myself. I've heard a good deal at different times about what the people want, but it's been mighty confusing and conflicting. If I could just get that straightened out once, it might do some good. Anyhow, some wide-awake fellow ought to be on hand to act as referee."

In accordance with this plan, Darwin made a careful study of the situation, and the more he saw of it the more interested he became. Darwin previously had made a study of local politics in a quiet way, but he was not known as a politician, although he had occasionally been of some help to men who were thus known. Anything unusual could claim his attention, and he liked to understand things. Thus, curiosity had taken him to the meeting at which union labor first declared itself in the matter of the approaching mayoralty election. Then, keeping in touch

with the other movement, he had discovered that the existing conditions promised to make that a real force. Capital was very much in earnest. He fully understood this when he happened to see the chilly reception that was given to a solicitor for campaign contributions by the head of a great corporation.

"I have no desire to contribute to the election of a labor demagogue," he said.

"You have always contributed without question before," it was urged.

"Well, conditions are a little different this time," he replied. "It looks to me as if this would be a fight between capital and labor, rather than between Republicans and Democrats, and there are a few of us who would like to know where we stand before we put up any money. If labor is to control, we might as well quit now; if we are not to be allowed to manage our own affairs and to have the necessary protection to enable us to do it, we can't know it too soon. The efforts of the politicians to keep on the right side of labor, even at the expense of property, have cost us a lot of money already, and we are not anxious to pay any one for the privilege of making conditions worse."

"I think we have always shown a disposition to see that capital has fair treatment and all the protection that the law gives," persisted the politician.

"But you never before have been confronted by a solid labor vote to warp your judgment and force pledges that will be anarchistic in their effects," was the reply. "You'll have to go on record before you can do business with us this time."

Darwin, waiting to see the capitalist on a business matter, smiled grimly as he heard this.

"There's surely going to be a lot of fun," he told himself, "and there ought to be an opportunity to do something worth while, if a fellow keeps his eyes open. I can't get it out of my head that there is a point that's being overlooked by all these astute people."

Another incident, quite as significant, claimed his attention at a political meeting a little later. He attended meetings of both parties, and he did not fail to note that the speakers were having a hard time of it. The mayoralty candidates were of about equal merit, but the very nature

of the situation made them and the party managers unusually noncommittal and evasive, and somehow the "glittering generalities" that had so often proved effective did not bring the usual response. In fact, it was a very disconcerting interruption that Darwin heard and treasured for further consideration.

"Let 's get down to facts!" cried a man in the audience during a speech in a labor district. "If we elect your man, what is he going to do with the police?"

"Enforce the law," declared the speaker.

"Rats!" was the reply. "What do you mean by that? Will they be corporation employees as they are now?"

Darwin pondered this as deeply as he had other developments of this strange campaign, and he was sorely puzzled.

"It seems to me," he mused, "that there is a very decided difference of opinion as to who 'the people' are. Suppose that neither party to the controversy should prove to be right!"

As the campaign became more acrimonious and the lines were more closely drawn, Darwin found the problem becoming clearly defined in his mind, but he failed to find a solution to it.

"Capital demands its rights and labor demands its rights, but how about me?" he asked. "I don't seem to count at all. I just stand between capital and labor and— By thunder!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if I can dodge the blows, I 'm in a bully good position to referee the fight."

It seemed to him a happy thought, and he became even more interested than previously in the developments. Incidentally, he formulated a plan, which he later presented to a few men who were not allied with either capital or union labor. He said that "the people" at last had a real opportunity. For years they had bowed meekly to one master or another, because they did not know their own strength, but now they could assert themselves effectively. Capital and labor, fighting each other bitterly, were so evenly matched that the wise onlooker was in a position to dictate the terms upon which either could have victory.

"Nothing to it," retorted one of the men. "The situation naturally worries both political parties, but both will bow

to labor in the end. The contributions of capital are mighty convenient, but capital has n't the numerical strength to elect anybody in such a fight as this. Why, in the matter of votes, when the lines are drawn like this, labor can smother it."

"Don't you believe it," returned Darwin. "I happen to know something about the situation, and capital is stronger numerically than you imagine. The enthusiastic unification of labor has alarmed all local investors. The capitalists have secured the stockholders' lists of virtually all local concerns, including the street railways, and they have thus been able to reach the small investors. These are people that no one thinks about as a general thing, but they constitute a small army, and the possibility of further labor dictation has alarmed them. They don't figure very much in the world of finance, but the little money they have is invested in stocks of one kind or another. If you don't think this movement means business, come with me to the meeting that has just been called of those who have large or small financial investments that they believe to be in jeopardy. I tell you, labor and the politicians have made the mistake of thinking that only millionaires are in the ranks of capital."

The other parties to the conference were sufficiently interested to pursue the investigation, so they attended the meeting that had been called as an offset to the great labor demonstration. And it proved to be a revelation. The gathering was big and demonstrative, and the small investors, who never before had been identified with capital in the minds of the practical, were out in full force.

"What we want to know," one of the speakers asserted, "is whether we are to be ruled by law or by labor unions and walking delegates. Is our property to be wrecked whenever some dictator decides that wages ought to be raised? Are we to suffer because a lot of politicians want to get the labor vote? You know what has happened, for you have suffered. Your incomes have been curtailed and the value of your stocks depressed. You are not allowed to manage your own affairs. You are not allowed to employ men who are willing to work for the wages you can afford to pay, and when you try to do so

your property is destroyed, while the police stand supinely by. Labor has combined and will dictate absolutely, if you don't combine to thwart it. You will not even get the small protection that you get now; the police will be withdrawn from the scene of any strike, the mob will rule; you will be powerless in the hands of unscrupulous demagogues. If labor says, 'We want ten per cent. or twenty per cent. or fifty per cent. more pay,' you will have to grant it or go out of business. Are you prepared to submit to this? Are you, the small investors, willing to have the little you have accumulated confiscated?"

There was no mistaking the answer. These people would vote for the party that promised to protect their interests: they would not be sacrificed to political expediency. They saw the danger of labor domination, and they were prepared to act as a unit in combatting it.

"You are right," Darwin's companions admitted. "Capital is strong, and the fight is going to be a hot one, but where do we come in?"

"That's the question I've been asking myself for two or three weeks," replied Darwin, "and I've just got the answer. We're going to referee this fight. It's a foregone conclusion that the Republican party will surrender to capital and the Democratic to labor, for it is already working out that way. We'll just superintend the whole thing and dictate the terms. If they resent our interference, we'll do the strenuous referee act and whip both parties into submission."

"An impossible task," it was urged.

"Nonsense!" retorted Darwin. "There's a mighty big bunch of the population that lies between capital and labor, and I'll undertake to make it a cohesive force if you'll hire a hall for me. I'm just getting waked up to the job. I confess it puzzled me for a long time, but I see my way clear now. The referee class is so disgusted with this scrap, in which it receives no consideration whatever, that it is in the right humor to be harmonized. Talk it up and hire a hall,—a big one,—and I'll do the rest."

Now, the great middle class has no union fund to draw upon for expenses, and it has no one member who could pay the rent of a big hall without feeling it,

but in the aggregate it has money and lots of it. While it does not invest, except possibly in its own small business (when it is not on salary), it lives reasonably well and does not lack a little spending-money on occasions—that is, in most instances. Some there are who are fairly close to poverty, but others have incomes of very good proportions. So, when a few became interested in the experiment, the hiring of the hall was far from an impossibility.

"Make it a big one," said Ben, "the biggest in the city, and let me write the announcement of the meeting."

The details being arranged, this announcement appeared in all the papers for several days in succession:

LET US HAVE PEACE!

Capital and Labor Being Lined Up
for Battle, It Devolves upon the
Great Middle Class to

REFEREE THE FIGHT!

All who are Not Allied in Any Way
with Labor Unions and who have
No Investments to Color Their Views
are Invited to Attend the Great
Mass-Meeting to Be Held Saturday
Night.

STOCKHOLDERS BARRED!

To say that this created a sensation would be to put it mildly. But there was also laughter. It seriously complicated the situation, but it was amusing. There was something absurd in the great middle class daring to demand consideration for itself, but it might prove troublesome. It had played the part of the spoils of victory for so long that no one had thought to reckon with it, and no one was quite sure that it was entitled to any recognition now. Still, there was something disconcerting about the movement.

When the leaders of it were interviewed, they merely stated that a union card or a share of stock entitled the bearer to be summarily fired out of the hall. This meeting was for those who had no sort of personal interest in either side to the controversy that had raged for so long a time, to the great discomfort of all. But they wanted the pres-

ence of every man who was entitled to be there.

And so great was the interest created by the advertisements and the interviews that the hall was filled and two overflow meetings were held. Ben Darwin addressed all three meetings, and these were among the points he made:

"Capital and labor have been battling intermittently for a long time, and who has paid the bills? We have. When labor has won, who has paid the additional wages? We have. When capital has won, who has paid the cost of the fight? We have. We have caught it coming and going. If labor got a ten-per-cent. increase, capital has added five, and we have paid the bill. When labor and capital disagree in a little street-railway matter, they say to us, 'Walk, you tarriers, walk!' And we walk and try to pretend we like it. Our comfort has been nothing; our rights have been nothing: labor and capital can't see beyond their own little interests. Both sides make long statements of their grievances, but what about ours? With them there is a chance to win; with us the best we can get is the worst of it. Whichever side gains the victory, we will pay for it and pay high. We walk at one time, we tote home our own goods at another, our supplies are shut off at still another; we climb to our offices, we go without coal, we are turned away from our favorite restaurants; and then we pay the bills. Is n't it about time for this to stop? Just think over the conflicts, in which you have had no personal interest, that have resulted in great discomfort or loss to you, and then tell me if you are willing to stand it any longer."

There had been frequent interruptions, but at this point the audience, in every case, rose to yell its defiance at the warring factions and declare that its rights must be respected.

"Capital and labor are now lined up for control of the city government," Ben continued. "Shall we let them have it? If we do, what will be the cost to us? If either gets it, who will be saddled with the expense? There will be profit for the winner, but who will pay that profit? Why, fellow-citizens of the great middle class, these people are fighting for us: we are the spoils of war. We've thought we

were neutrals, but we're nothing but Korea between Russia and Japan: we're playing the insignificant rôle of mere booty. And now we have our chance to stop it, for we hold the balance of power. We can referee this fight between capital and labor, if we will, and we can decide on just what terms it shall be settled. Shall we do it?"

The answer was unanimously and vociferously in the affirmative in every case. Then the voters were asked to pledge themselves specifically to vote for that candidate or that party that went on record unequivocally and specifically to enforce the law to the letter against both capital and labor, and printed pledge-forms were passed out with the request that they be signed and mailed to Darwin's office. He promised in the meantime, with the aid of a lawyer, to put candidates and party managers on record in written statements that should cover every possible contingency that could be foreseen, and that should guarantee that the rights of the great middle class should receive first consideration in the future. Under this, there should be no dallying with capital when charters should be revoked and no dallying with labor when the law was violated: there should be absolute and impartial protection for all, and no more than that did the great middle class ask.

The politicians received the reports with dismay; the labor leaders began to wonder if they were "so many" after all; the leaders of capital looked solemnly at one another when they met at their clubs. All admitted deep down in their hearts that they had labored under a misconception as to who "the people" were. Here was a class that ordinarily said nothing, that ordinarily was used by warring factions of one kind or another, that never before had been cohesive; but it not only held the balance of power, it was the power: it could elect a candidate of its own without regard to those who always before had demanded the utmost consideration. It had been wheedled and ignored and spurned, as occasion seemed to dictate, but never really consulted. It was so unobtrusive that it had received scant attention, except when it was called upon to pay the bills.

Both Republicans and Democrats had

men on hand to see how much mail Darwin received. These men reported that it was brought over from the post-office in a wheelbarrow, and that more was coming. Darwin was promptly requested to call at both headquarters. He might easily have insisted that the Democratic and Republican leaders should come to him, but he was after results merely, so he went.

"What do you want?" asked the manager of the Republican campaign, whom he visited first.

"I want a statement from you, in your own handwriting, covering these points," said Darwin, laying some type-written sheets on the table, "and I want another from your candidate for mayor."

The manager scowled. There was no dodging the issue, for the thing was explicit on every point, covering every possible favor of omission or commission to either capital or labor. It would satisfy neither, and yet it asked nothing but the absolute enforcement of the law, to the end that the public should not suffer without punishment being meted out to whoever was derelict.

"Suppose I refuse to sign," said the Republican.

"Then I shall take it to the Democrats."

"And if I do sign?"

"I shall take it to the Democrats just the same. We're not playing politics in this: we're merely refereeing the fight and settling the terms of it."

"Take it to the Democrats first," said the Republican.

"If I take it to them, and they sign, I shall not come back," said Darwin. "I shall simply publish their pledges in

every paper in the city, in accordance with the arrangement made at the meeting, and that will be notice how the votes are to be cast."

"Suppose both parties make satisfactory pledges?"

"They will be published, and the referee party will split and vote as it pleases," said Darwin. "That was the understanding. But this is your only chance."

"I'll write out a statement that can't be misunderstood and have our candidate for mayor do the same," sighed the manager, "but it will lose us a good many of the votes of capital."

"Well, you'll get some of the labor vote, won't you?"

"I suppose so."

At Democratic headquarters capitulation was prompt, as soon as it was learned that the Republicans had surrendered.

"But it will lose us a lot of labor votes," grumbled the Democratic manager.

"Well, you'll get some of the silk-stocking vote, won't you?" asked Darwin.

"I suppose so."

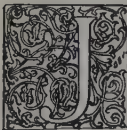
"Well, the split of these factions is one of the things the referee wants," said Darwin.

With facsimiles of the pledges he published this strange statement:

The fight was referred to a point where the antagonists have become so mixed up and entangled that it is no longer possible to tell which is which, so vote as you please. But don't forget that "the people" have been at last discovered, all previous claims to the contrary notwithstanding. And theirs is the power whenever they wish to exercise it.



THE ARCHITECTURAL TREATMENT OF A SMALL GARDEN¹

JOHN SEDDING, in pleading for the garden-rights of the architect, urged that "the house is his child: he knows what is good for it"—for its outer adornment as for its interior planning.

Yet it is not so long since, in America, that the architect's concern ended with the house walls. All without was purely the affair of the gardener; or of the owner who planted or did not plant as the spirit moved, and rare indeed is the architect who carries not with him as a thorn in the flesh the sight of some house of his own devising which lacks that balustrade or terrace or scheme of planting which, if executed as he had planned, would have united it with the site and made a complete and harmonious whole. But just here the client "balked." Thus far would he go and no farther. While the architect could only feel with Browning:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!"

If the garden be but small, or if the available land is only a strip of ground between house and street, a formal treatment is especially necessary, since, in such a situation, the house dominates the garden, and, in order to be in harmony, the lines of the latter must assume a certain architectural severity. In fact, the smaller the space, the greater the need that all its details be treated with a strict regard to proportion, the house and its surroundings being taken as one artistic whole.

The best examples that we have of such wholeness and symmetry of treatment are the Italian gardens of the early Renaissance, which were an outcome of the revived study of the classics. People then planned their pleasure-grounds accord-

ing to the hints found in Pliny and in the later Latin poets. With these, the garden was an extension of the house; in the smaller places, near Rome, where every foot of ground had to be turned to the greatest advantage, it was sometimes little more than an unroofed conservatory, where statues of bronze or marble were relieved against the somber green of bays, and rare flowers were potted about a fountain or banked in marble boxes, rank above rank, against the bounding wall. The wall itself was often painted with trellises and vines to give an effect of perspective.

Setting aside such extremes as the last, let us consider what may be done, first, with a small plot of ground separating a building from the street, and, next, with a garden of one or two acres. That it may be treated without regard to the scale of neighboring objects, the place should be, as far as possible, inclosed or framed in with walls or hedges.

The first consideration, however, is the site—its possibilities and impossibilities. If there is an undesirable view, a high wall is the obvious remedy. This need have no architectural adornments, but, covered with ampelopsis, wistaria, *Euonymus radicans*, or other creepers, will serve as a background for the flowers. If, on the other hand, the garden affords the luxury of a fine prospect, a low wall is naturally required, since its function is simply to serve as a frame to the garden without preventing a view of it, and a balustrade or cresting gives this boundary the necessary importance. If the ground slopes abruptly, every inch of it can still be utilized by means of terraces, which must be carefully planned that they be not out of scale with the house.

The treatment of the small "front

¹ This article was originally written by the late Roger Riordan, after conversations with Mr. Charles A. Platt. It has since been re-shaped by Miss Frances Duncan.

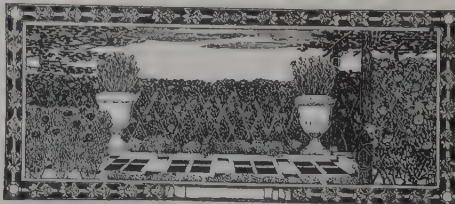
plot" should be, first of all, simple. Crowding or complicity of design is a thing to be avoided in a small garden, as in a small room. The paths, which may be bordered with low shrubs or with flowers, should lead straight to the house. The spaces between paths and wall will look best laid down with grass, which gives an air of spaciousness and freedom that a more elaborate planting, however carefully designed, cannot yield. The garden-wall should be clad with vines, the trellised portion may be gay with climbing roses or trumpet-creeper. In fact, the smaller the garden, the more should be made of this wall and trellis gardening, keeping the grass-plots open. The portico of the house may well be the principal feature of the plan to which everything should lead up.

Taking, now, the garden of an acre or two, a space still relatively small, but which may properly be dignified by the name of garden, here much greater variety is permissible both in the natural and artificial elements of the scene. Here the house is not so dominating an element, but the garden must be on the same axis as the house: it must also be in harmony with it. An elaborate Italian garden attached to a Queen Anne or "conglomerate" dwelling is no more natural than the gathering of grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The bounding wall, if low, may be topped by a balustrade, perhaps of wood, interrupted by low piers which will serve as pedestals for statues or vases. To add to the sense of privacy, there may be alleys, bordered by clipped hedges; for this purpose privet may be used, or, if the climate prove too rigorous for that, Japanese barberry or *Spiræa Van Houttei* will serve. Water adds greatly to the charm of a garden, whether in a simple pool, or in a more ambitious fountain. There will also be room for seats shaded by greenery, ("roosting-

places," in the Duke of Buckingham's phrase); statues and terminal figures may flank the entrance to a path or the foot of a flight of steps; for the garden may be as ornate as one pleases, and in the setting up of statues, the habit as costly as one's purse can stand. But the gardener must ever watch against the artistic sin of letting his garden, in richness of architectural device, outgrow his house. In Mr. Charles Platt's garden at Cornish, the terminal figures are of terra-cotta. Instead of these, the large water-jars, Spanish or Italian may be used, but if new, it will be well to subject them to the sand-blast to roughen the glaze a little and make it less crudely lustrous. Glazed terra-cotta, similarly treated is very effective for the capitals and bases of columns. The shafts may be of wood which, if protected at the extremities by the terra-cotta, will be virtually imperishable.

The plants suitable to such a garden do not enter into the purpose of this paper. Soil, climate, and exposure determine to a great extent the selection, and the gardener will experiment for himself. The architect's work is to furnish a suitable frame for an ever-changing picture. The chief delight of gardening is its vast variety. Even the shape and disposition of the flower-beds may be changed from year to year, the color schemes vary from month to month or even from week to week. It is only the permanent features—the walks, hedges, rows, and boundaries—that are here in view.

It is true that the first cost of a garden so laid out will be greater, but its cost of maintenance will be less. Also, a little care and expense in the beginning to secure a harmonious whole, may save the amateur much future labor and sorrow, and—what is of immense importance to Americans—loss of time.



THE GARDEN OF THE SUN¹

ROUTE NOTES IN SICILY

BY WILLIAM SHARP

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PART II



THE two great ruined glories of western Sicily are Segesta and Selinunte. The one can best be reached from Palermo, the other more conveniently from Marsala.

It would be easy to indulge in hyperbole as to the imposing mass and grandeur of these vast ruins: it is not easy to give the untraveled reader any idea of the magnificence, or any sense of the majesty and beauty, which must have characterized the forgotten cities which stood here. To see Segesta among the wild mountains of the interior, to see Selinunte in its desolate immensity by the lonely shores of the southwestern coasts, to see Pantalica, the City of the Dead, near the forlorn sources of the Syracusan Anapo, will impress the imagination as much as the greatest ruins of Egypt or of India.

Most visitors to Segesta reach the site of the ancient city by way of Calatafimi, a station on the Palermo-Trapani line some five and a half miles distant. Perhaps the Albergo Centrale is now more tolerable: till recently sojourn there and martyrdom would be interchangeable terms. Happy the traveler who can visit Segesta and other such outlying places in a motor-car. But most of us must be content with the railway as far as it will take us, and then do the rest on foot or on mule-back or in a rickety carriage.

No historian has yet revealed to us the date of Segesta's birth, and, what is more surprising, none has disclosed the date of its disappearance, though that happened between the fourth and eleventh centuries. Even its name as a great Elymian city is not known. To the Greeks familiar as Egesta, its first historical appearance is as the ally of the Phenicians against its lifelong rival and foe, Selinus, the city whose ruins now rival its own. That between four and five hundred years B.C. it was a place of great importance is obvious from the fact that the Athenians entered into alliance with it. After the collapse of the Athenian power subsequent to the disastrous war against Syracuse, Egesta was threatened with extinction, and so fell back upon the invariable ancient method by calling on the strongest available power to step in, smash the enemy, and make their own terms. As usual in all internecine Greek conflict in Sicily, Carthage was the power invoked. Hannibal, the son of Gisco, came with one hundred thousand men, and in eight days made a clean sweep of the city and territory of Selinus. The Selinuntians were made a memory. A hundred years later, however, and the equally usual turn of fortune happened to triumphant Egesta. The tyrant Agathöcles laid waste its territories, annihilated its troops, and sacked the city; then, having with fire and sword and indiscriminate tortures massacred or

¹ See the first paper in the CENTURY for March

driven out every inhabitant with a drop of Elymian blood, he repeopled it with Greeks, Syracusan and continental, and, in a whim of savage irony, renamed it Dicæopolis, the City of Righteousness. When, in course of time, the Romans became masters, they transposed the name to Segesta. Slowly the city shrank to a town, to a ruined village, to a hamlet among ruins, and for a long period is last heard of in the fourth century A.D. At the coming of the Normans in the eleventh century there was not a trace of Segesta.

It is still a lonely site, the hawk, the hill-wind, and the passing clouds being its most frequent visitors. The traveler coming from Calatafimi (the scene of Garibaldi's first victory in Sicily) will, whether versed in the classics or Bædeker-primed, be endeavoring to recall Vergil's words about Trojan Acestes and the second Ilium which was bidden to rise here in these remote Sicilian highlands, when suddenly all else will be forgotten by the sight of a vast gray temple rising in solitary majesty. Then in a moment all thought of the *Æneid* or of Cicero (and never was the great orator more eloquent than in the Segesta section of his famous indictment of Verres) will go off on the wind. If he remembers any words at all, they will not be those of Vergil or Cicero or Goethe, but of Cardinal Newman, who found here "the genius of ancient Greek worship." Although not the largest, this temple of Diana is the most complete and the most beautiful in Sicily. Its remote hill-set position, its great lonely strath, its superbly harmonious grace and strength, make it one of the finest of all Greek remains. Then there is the lovely Greco-Roman theater cut from the bed-rock, one of the finest in Sicily, though smaller than that of Syracuse, with views of noble, if somber, beauty. Altogether the sympathetic visitor is likely to echo the words of Cardinal Newman (in his "Correspondence," Vol. I): "In all Sicily the chief sight has been Segesta. . . . Oh, wonderful sight!—full of the most strange pleasure. . . . It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta!"

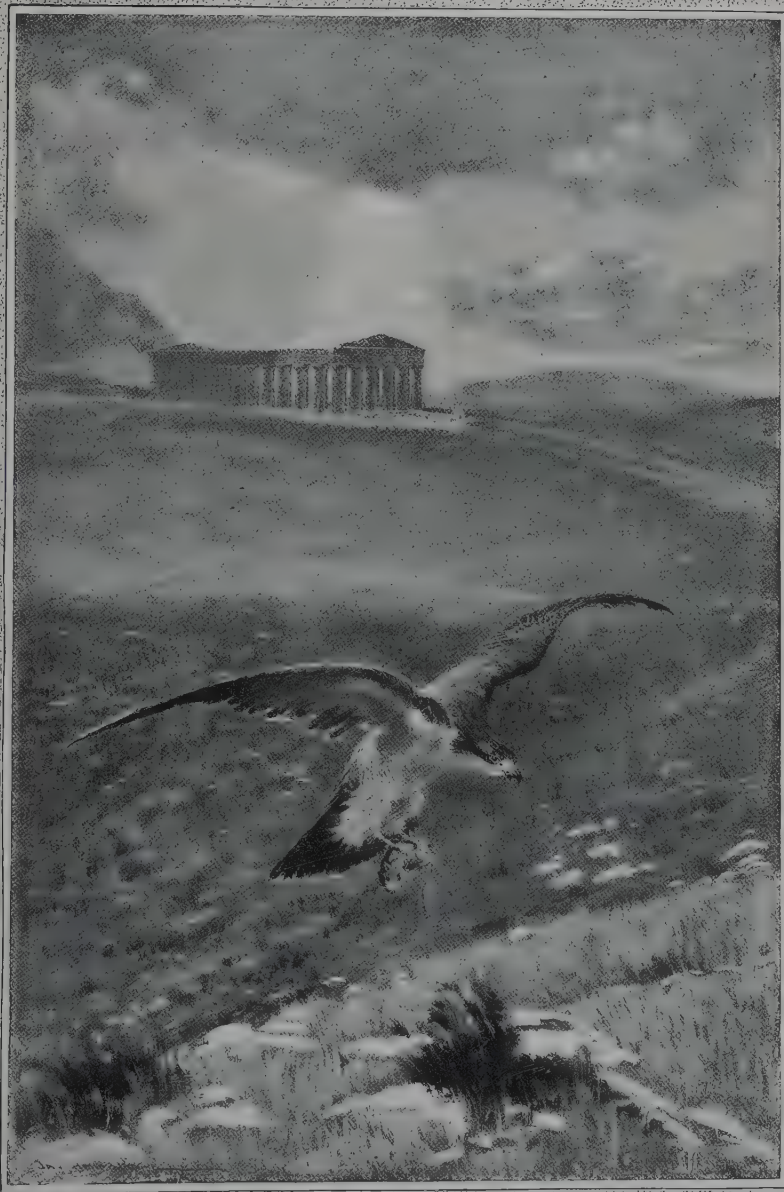
Not less impressive, though in a different way, is Selinunte. This vast ruin of the past, in actual area of fallen majesty, has no rival in Europe, perhaps in the world. Nor is any city of desolation more

impressive in approach, whether by the wild and barren valley of the Madiuni or from the malaria-haunted shores.

The traveler coming from Marsala or Palermo will find tolerable accommodation at the Albergo Bixio at Castelvetro, a town the extent and prosperity of which will be a surprise to him, for the city, though of over fifty thousand inhabitants, is little known by repute, and is situated in the least-visited part of Sicily. Carriages can be hired at the Bixio to drive the six or seven miles to Selinunte.

The City of Wild Parsley (for the name of the ancient Selinus, *pace* Freeman, who says it is the wild celery, is generally identified with this famous Greek herb, which to this day is found in great quantities in the vicinage of the ruins) has been referred to as the paradise of the archaeologist and the antiquarian. No idea is to be had of the vast extent and fallen magnificence of the ruins of Selinus from knowledge of other ruined sites. It is unique. I recall the deep impression of the buried city of Selinus in Tunisia, but there little is to be seen, as the grass and desert sand have covered most of the ruins. Nor is there any ruined beauty to excel that of Selinunte in spring. I have seen Olympia when spring is at its loveliest in the Peloponnesus, and a wave of flowers has spread over the ruins till they have broken like surf against the leafy walls of the Hill of Cronos: but the Greek wave at Olympia becomes a Sicilian flood at Selinus. In March and April one might well believe that, in the words of a Sicilian poet, here is the spot where every spring Persephone is reborn "in supreme beauty, in perfect womanhood, and with all the flowers of all the world." Some idea, however, may be had of the amazing wealth of antiquarian treasure-trove from such facts as that, on one occasion, eight thousand antique Greek lamps were dug up in a single day, and that over fifty thousand had been disinterred by 1900, besides great numbers of bronzes, busts of terra-cotta figurines, and even unmulitlated figures, ancient jewelry, Phenician beads and amulets, and so forth.

Vast in size as well as in extent these temples must have been. Professor Middleton speaks of the Apollonion, or, as generally called, the temple of Olympian



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT SEGESTA

Zeus, as the largest peripteral temple of the whole Hellenic world. "For vastness, magnificence, and solidity, it was excelled by only two temples in Greece, Italy, Egypt, and Asia Minor, that of Diana at Ephesus and that of Jupiter Olympius at Girgenti."

Unlike Olympia in the Peloponnesus, Selinunte will never become a place of even temporary residence. Malaria is its curse to-day, as it was of old, when the great Empedocles tried to improve it by constructing a sea-drain beneath the Acropolis. In summer and autumn, and on sirocco days in spring, the visitor will have to be very careful against chill from over-heating or hunger or fatigue.

From Selinunte one can reach Girgenti either by way of Sciacca (by carriage from Castelvetro or by arrangement from Selinunte) and thence, if preferred and if the sailing-times are opportune, by steamer to Porto Empedocle; or, as is generally done, by returning to Palermo, and by a fresh start thence through the vast, lonely, somberly beautiful highlands of central Sicily. The Girgenti line diverges at Roccapalumba, and enables the traveler to reach this famous city—with Taormina, Syracuse, and Palermo, one of the four goals of the great majority of those who come to Trinacria. The town, of course, is also easily to be reached from the south by express from Catania and its connections.

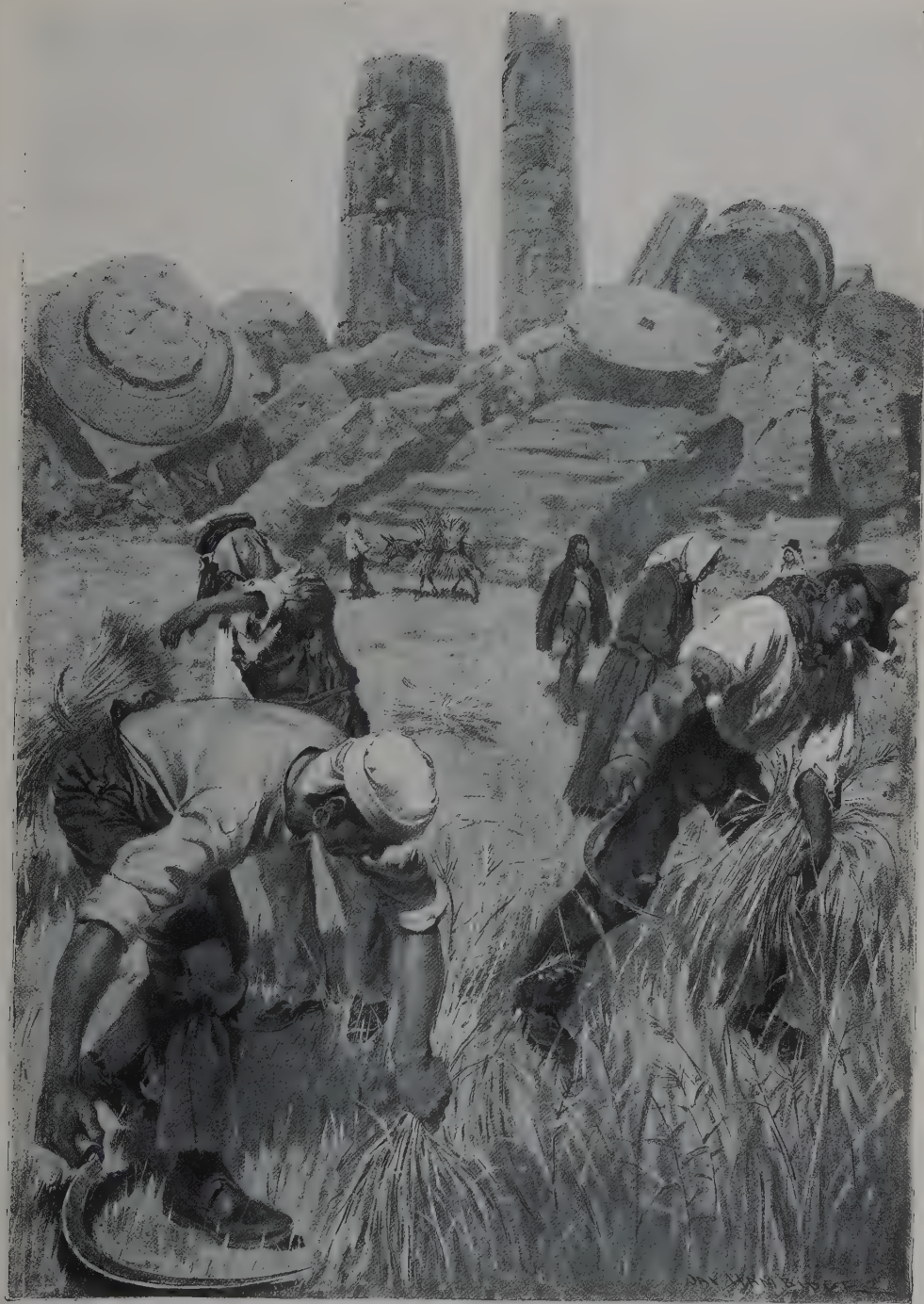
Very few travelers take the shore road from Selinunte by Sciacca. Nor is it to be recommended save to the fortunate few who can travel by motor, or who know Sicily and the ways of Sicilians well, and all the drawbacks to independent travel in the south and southwest. There is no place en route where accommodation can be had, and even at Ribera or Siciliana, the chief townlets by the way, milk, bread, or other provision is likely to be sought in vain.

The only place of special antiquarian interest to visit between Sciacca and Girgenti are the ruins of Heraclea Minoa, reputed to be the birthplace of Zeuxis, the most famous of Greek painters. Little is to be seen here, however, and the ordinary traveler will be more interested in the bold cliff and headland scenery of the coast, or in the small, picturesque village-town of Cattolica-Eraclea isolated among

gaunt gypsum hills on a height circled by the shallow Platani, or (one of the great possibilities for the first artist in Sicily who makes his way to this remote place) the village of Montallegro, or Angiò, as it is sometimes called, an all but deserted alabaster town, abandoned for want of water, and of which a French traveler has written as the skeleton of a town occupied only by aloes and prickly-pears, which lean from its cavernous windows and doors. After rain, the walls and houses gleam with iridescent light, and the blue-green of the agave or yellow-green of the spurge glow as though aflame.

No doubt Girgenti is most impressive when approached by sea. The Syracusan boat service, however, is neither frequent nor punctual, so that one should ascertain full particulars before leaving the port or joining the steamer at Terranova or Licata.

Every one has heard of Girgenti, as of Syracuse, before coming to Sicily. The most beautiful city of antiquity has left an enduring name, and if the Girgenti of to-day be far from the Agrigentum of Roman splendor, and still further from the Acragas of Greek beauty and magnificence, it is still nobly worth seeing. Even the least responsive imagination can hardly fail to apprehend some idea of what this town must have been of old, when Acragas, with its vast extent and over two hundred thousand inhabitants, looked out across the dark-blue waters of the Greek Sea, or Mare Africano, from a lordly wilderness of superb temples and magnificent buildings of all kinds. To-day it is worth a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth. There is perhaps no place of ruin in the whole world more beautiful than this. To see it, as the present writer last saw it, in a golden sunset glow, with the great temples gleaming like yellow ivory, and the town itself of a dusky gold, and the sea beyond, and uplands and mountains behind, irradiated with a serene glory of light, is to see what will be for life an unforgettable impression, an ever deeply moving remembrance. To localize the three loveliest views in Sicily (and I fancy that most travelers would agree with me), I should specify that from the terrace of the Hotel Timeo at Taormina, that from the monastery-hotel of Madonna del Tindaro over Tyn-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HARVESTING WHEAT IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS AT SELINUNTE

daris and the Æolian Isles, and that from the terrace of the Hotel Belvedere on the south wall of Girgenti, looking out on the lovely temples, the beautiful uplands and slopes, and the blue sea washing Porto Empedocle below. But there is one material drawback to Girgenti from which Taormina is free: the people are of a surly and often sullen and disagreeable temper, and the ill-bred boys are not infrequently a serious nuisance to travelers unfamiliar with Italian, or to ladies going about unaccompanied. No doubt the town-manners are slowly improving, though the Sicilian saying, "*Girgenti—male gente,*" still holds as disagreeably apt. Again, apart from a serious drawback such as this, Girgenti is not a healthy place for foreigners to remain in long, except from December till March. Even in the latter part of April, though a beautiful flower-month, malaria in prolonged sirocco weather, as may well happen at this time, is apt to attack the sensitive and the heedless.

A week, if possible, should be allowed here. It is a common mistake to suppose that there is little of interest beyond the Greek temples. The town has many attractions, and above all to the archæologist and student of art and architecture; and if only the city were somewhat more civilized and the people as a whole more agreeable, no doubt the day-visitors would no longer be in so overwhelmingly a majority. The time is not far distant when foreign loungers in the charming public garden of the Villa Garibaldi on the Rupe Atenea will be as habitual a sight as on the terrace of the Timeo or in the gardens of San Domenico at Taormina. The fine ancient Greek house; the Latomie, or great quarries like those at Syracuse; the Greek and Roman necropolis; the many churches (one or two of them, like S. Biagio on the Rupe Atenea, on the site of ancient temples); the tombs; the cave-dwellings; the walls; and many more objects of interest chronicled in the guide-books of Murray and Baedeker and Douglas Sladen (whose dictionary of Sicily affords the most convenient epitome of all that is to be seen here and elsewhere throughout the island), invite a more prolonged stay than that commonly allotted to the city of Empedocles—a city that even now does not seem a mockery when

one recalls Pindar's famous "the splendor-loving city, most beautiful of all cities."

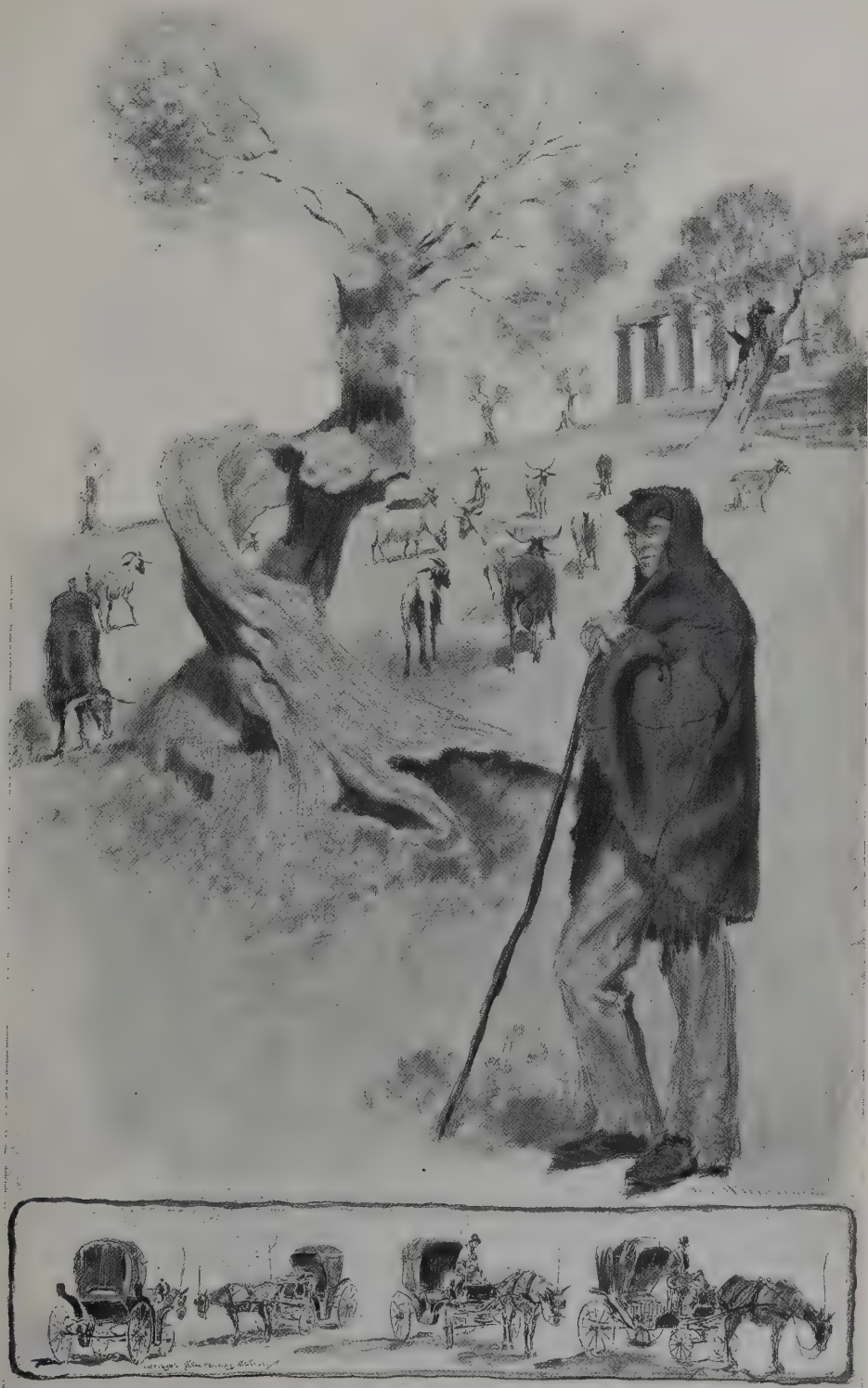
Of the superb temple of Olympian Zeus, which was not only the largest in Sicily, but in the world; the lovely temple of Concordia, admitted (apart from the Parthenon) to be the finest Doric temple extant after the Theseion at Athens, and, seen some distance off, much more impressive, dwarfed as the Theseion is by its position and environment; the many-columned temple of Juno Lacinia, or, rather, of Minerva; the rock-set temple of Juno, so nobly beautiful in design and so majestic in harmonious ruin (still bearing the marks of the fire when Gellias, the Vanderbilt or Rockefeller of Acragas, immolated himself and his household and treasures on the night, 406 years B.C., when the Carthaginians took the city); the temple of Vulcan, which tradition associates with orations and teachings of Empedocles (possibly on its steps the great philosopher uttered that famous satire of his on his luxurious fellow-citizens: that the people of Acragas had built their houses as though they were to live forever, but gave themselves up to luxury as if they were to die on the morrow)—of these, and the others, no need to write here. No one will go to Girgenti without having read up the essential part at least of what the guide-books have to offer, to say nothing of Freeman and other writers.

Few tourists travel by the slow, inconvenient, and, for the most part, monotonous and uninteresting south-coast line from Girgenti via Licata. Archæologists and historians will visit, or wish to visit, Terranova, the ancient Gela, the later home of Æschylus, who died here, and the city of that magnificent warrior-brigand, Gelon, Tyrant of Gela and Syracuse; but to the ordinary traveler the two days' journey would be a weariness with little relief.

Modica and Ragusa are of course well worth going to see, but they can conveniently be visited from Syracuse. Modica makes up in picturesqueness of aspect and in the cordiality of its citizens what it lacks in cleanliness and general pleasantness; and if it has few entertainments of the kind customary for a town of its size (it is a rival of Trapani, with its



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX AT GIRGENTI



Drawn by Jay Hambidge, Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

OLIVE-TREES AT GIRGENTI AND "THE MANY-COLUMNED TEMPLE OF JUNO LACINIA"

sixty thousand inhabitants), it can often manage a flood or an earthquake. It is worth while putting up a night at the Stella d'Italia if there is a *festa* imminent, for there is no place in Sicily to surpass Modica or Ragusa in picturesqueness of costume; and it is again worth while (barring plague, earthquake, or flood, which the country-people say are what one may expect at Modica, as in November one thinks a shower of rain likely) to remain yet another night here, in order to make a trip to the intensely interesting Val d'Ispica, a valley with great rock-walls full of the cave-tombs of troglodytes, the ancient cave-dwellers and later refugees, one of the vastest collections of prehistoric tombs in Sicily. Then, if possible, the short journey to Ragusa—to the two Ragusas, rather—should be made by carriage from Modica, as thus the traveler will have a vision of Sicilian towns such as Turner would have been impassioned to paint. Tens of thousands of people in London and New York have unwittingly



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

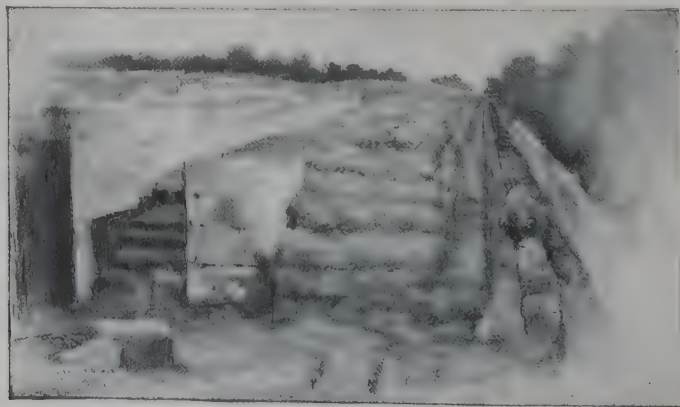
THE SO-CALLED TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES AT SYRACUSE

had cause to thank Ragusa, for from here comes the Pietra Pece which has revolutionized asphalt-paving. Many of us know the trade-sign "Val di Traversers." This great asphalt company has its headquarters in Ragusa, and asphalt, as politics with the Athenians and missionary-steak in certain South Sea isles, is the absorbing topic for Ragusans.

Between Modica and Syracuse there is no place of particular interest except Noto, which is very well worth seeing as an example

of what Sicilians of to-day can do when they set out to build a handsome city and make it a prosperous trading center as well. One so often hears that Sicily is too hopelessly poor to have any energy in its towns, except Messina, Syracuse, and Palermo. Let those who believe these statements visit towns such as Trapani, Marsala, Castelvetro, Ragusa, or Noto, and they will modify their opinions.

Syracuse calls itself the capital of the south, but it has no cause to dispute pride

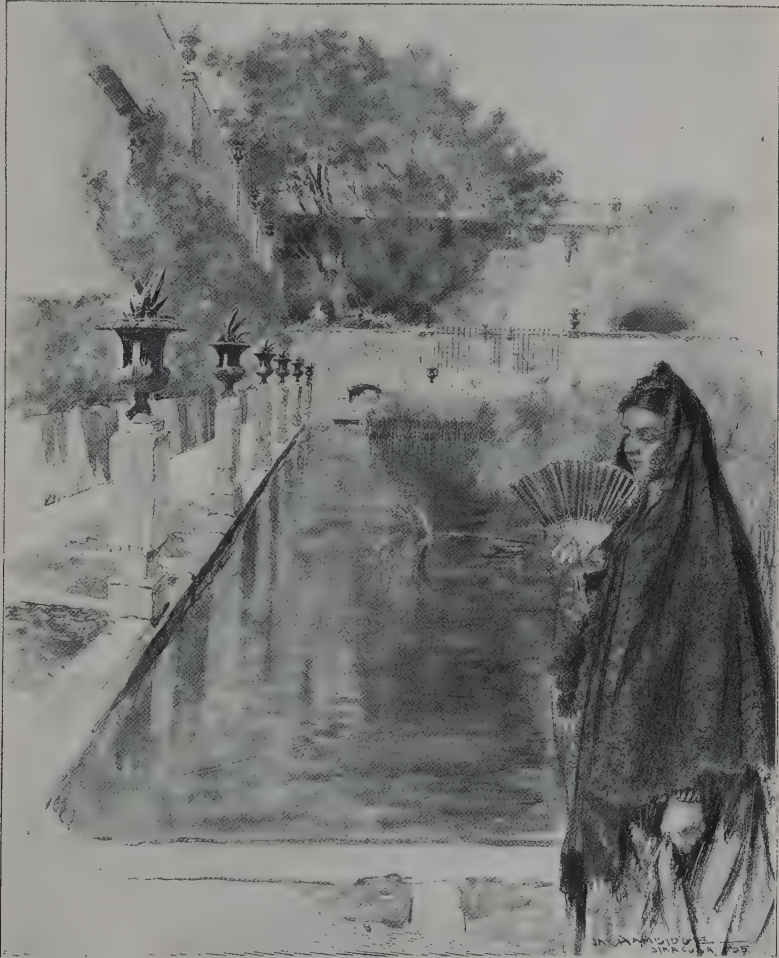


Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE ALTAR OF HIERO II AT SYRACUSE

of place with Palermo. The metropolitan city is superior in population, wealth, and much else, but it is deficient in what its ancient and glorious rival has in such abundance. For Syracuse has the supreme charm of Greece in a way that no other city except Athens has. Not even

Sicilian Greeks, a city as great in power and wealth and beauty as Athens herself, and victor at last in the long and fatal rivalry which indirectly involved the passing of the Hellenistic dominion of all the lands washed by the Ionian and Mediterranean seas.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA AT SYRACUSE

in Corinth, nowhere in Hellas from Messana or Sparta in the south to Thebes in the north, is there any Hellenic town to compare with "the Queen of Sicily." As a sanctuary, Delphi is far more impressive than anything in Sicily, as a national meeting-place Olympia has no rival; but nowhere except at Athens is a Greek city to be seen to-day which has the proud record of the marvelous metropolis of the

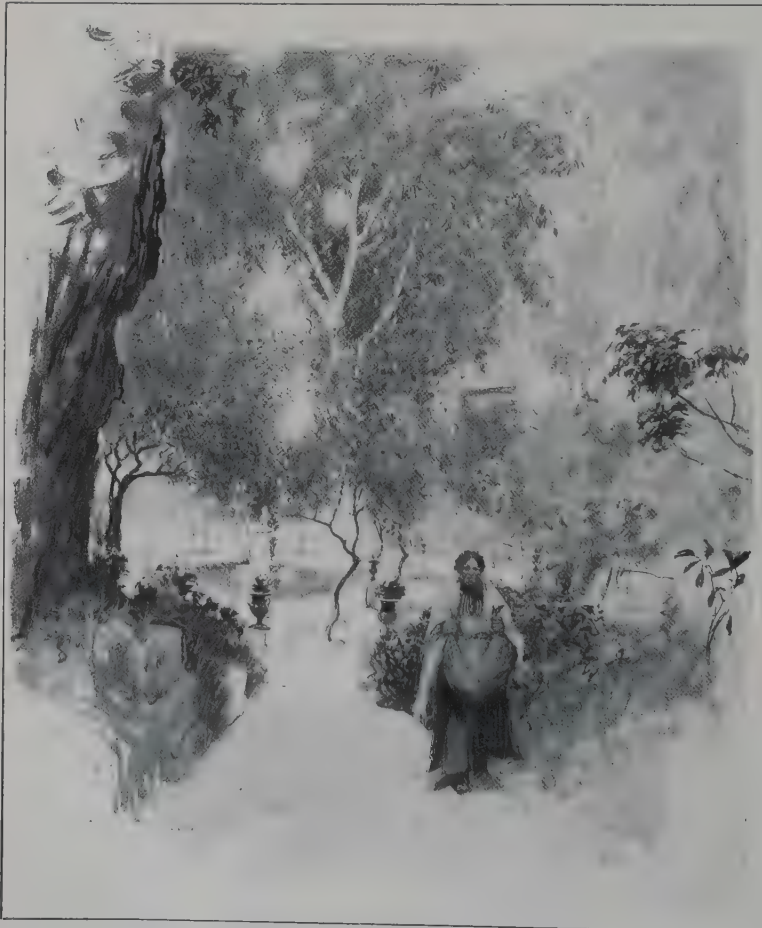
This city, which was great enough to found colonies in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., is still existent, is still a great town, with Syracusans busy sea-traders as of yore, and even taking their pleasure at times in the same vast open theater as that in which the plays of Sophocles and Euripides were so often heard, where Æschylus saw his own dramas produced, and where the great

Plato himself found reflected the light and genius of sovereign Athens. The chosen city of Pindar, greatest of Greek poets; the place where Simonides, that prince of the lyric, came to die; the city to which Æschylus voluntarily came from Athens; the beautiful town which gave birth to Theocritus—well it deserves its name, the City of the Poets.

To-day, however, Syracuse is a small place compared with the ancient city with its five quarters, Achradina, Neapolis, Tyche, Epipolæ, and the island of Ortygia.

With Freeman, Gregorovius, and a score of other authorities and eloquent writers down to those master-compilers, Augustus Hare and Douglas Sladen, the visitor will be sufficiently primed before he comes. He will know what a vast area

of divers interests lies before him, and what he does not bring with him in remembrance from the Greek poets and historians, and from Vergil to Freeman, he will find supplied in apt and illustrative form. These modern *ciceroni*, like their great prototype, have discovered so much that the wisest Syracusans are as babes and sucklings in wisdom compared with them. When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered here the tomb of the once famous Archimedes, of whom Syracusans at that date seemed to have no knowledge, and of whose tomb they had neither remembrance nor record. But the great Roman persevered, and at last convinced the doubters. "Thus," he writes, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and one at one time celebrated for learning, had known nothing of the monument of



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LATOMIA CAPPUCCINI AT SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SYRACUSE

its greatest genius if it had not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum." The Syracusans of to-day regard historians like Freeman and commentators like Hare or Sladen as "natives of Arpinum." They are convinced, are quite uninterested, but are very well content if it brings wealthy quæstors and amateurs and free-handed tourists to their good town.

How fascinating Syracuse is! What inexhaustible interest, if one cares for the history of the past! And what past is more wonderful than that of ancient

Greece, and, except Athens, what city of ancient Greece can vie with Syracuse? But amid this amazing, this almost paralyzing, wealth of interest, there is also a great melancholy. So habitual a sojourner in Italy and so enthusiastic an antiquarian as Ferdinand Gregorovius, that most vivid of all the historians of central and southern Italy, could not restrain the despondency which overcame him on Ortygia, that matrix of Syracuse. John Addington Symonds felt it even by the fountain of Arethusa; but

here it was the sadness of a mind filled with Hellenic dreams of beauty face to face with the somewhat sordid disillusionment of the unromantic actuality of the day. One of the chief living writers on Greek subjects told me that in the beautiful Latomie, those flower-hung, precipitous imprisoning gorges where happened one of the most harrowing tragedies of the ancient world, but which to-day are the delight and wonder of all who visit Syracuse,—whose fame, indeed, attracts strangers from every part of the world,—his depression was so overwhelming that he had to leave the Villa Politi and return to Taormina, where he was staying, because of the obsession of his imagination by the terrible events which had happened more than two thousand years ago in that lovely Latomia Cappuccini, whose flower- and heath-clad brows open within a stone's throw of the Villa-Politi windows. Freeman himself, for all his control, was aware of a pervasive melancholy when, on the ruined height of Euryalus, he looked across what had

once been beautiful and superb Syracuse, and saw at the moment no sign of life so far as Augusta itself—nothing but a hawk hovering in the still, blue air over against the white, dreamlike cone of Etna, seeming so remotely far. In truth, no imaginative nature could long be in Syracuse without in some degree yielding to a more or less acute, a more or less enduring, despondency. The contrast between what was and what is comes too clearly home to one. The sense of dust and ashes overcomes for a time the sense of eternal beauty, and the things of the spirit that do not fade, the remembrance of great names, great deeds, terrible

events, monumental heroisms, monumental sorrows. "I could not have believed," wrote to me a friend, "that the wild rose would grow and the thrush and nightingale sing in these divinely lovely but most undivinely horrifying Latomias."

Apart from those enthralling interests of the past, Syracuse is a delightful place to sojourn for a week or so. There are many excursions to be made; some near, as to Plemmyrion, still, as in Vergil's time, "surf-beaten Plemmyrium," and to

be reached either by boat or carriage, and interesting for its own picturesque sake and for the sea-plunge that can readily be enjoyed from one of its many rocky little bays, as well as for all its ancient associations; or the boat-trip up the Anapo, not to be confused with the short sail up the papyrus-edged Cyane. How lovely both the Cyane and the Anapo in spring, with the narrow river-course winding through slow-moving avenues of papyrus and the lofty donax or bamboo rising from wildernesses of clustered yellow iris! Again, those who do not



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS AT SYRACUSE

object to the slight swell which even in calm weather prevails off the sea-walls of Ortygia should take a boat to the picturesque caverned rock (a magnificent spot for a swim) known as the Due Fratelli, whence may be enjoyed one of the loveliest views of Etna to be had from the south of Sicily, sheer from sea-base to white summit. Farther afield are excursions such as that to Augusta, an ancient city with a magnificent harbor, the scene, in later days, of the victory of the French fleet under Duquesne over the great Dutch admiral De Ruyter, who was brought dying to Syracuse—not so ready or willing to lie there, poor man, as an-

other famous Teuton, the German poet Count von Platen, "the Horace of Germany, whose happiest thought was to die in Syracuse"; or as that to Lentini, the ancient Leontinoi colonized by Greeks as far back as between 700 and 800 B.C., with its immense malaria-haunted lake, whence one may drive in a day to and

voyage, this lava-desolated and lava-rebuilt town would no doubt seem a place both of beauty and charm. But after Palermo and Trapani on the north, Girgenti in the west, Syracuse in the south, and Taormina in the east, it has but indifferent appeal. To see it at its best, go there early in February, when the almond-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

GUIDE TEARING PAPER AND TOURISTS LISTENING TO
THE ECHO WITHIN "THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS"

from Pantalica, the City of the Dead, in whose wild gorge are thousands and thousands of rock-tombs and caves of the vanished troglodytes, a vast, indescribably impressive city of the remains of Greek and Sikel and Sicanian.

After Syracuse, Catania is a dull place, indeed. At its best, it is the least attractive city in Sicily. If one had never seen the island, and landed here after a sea-

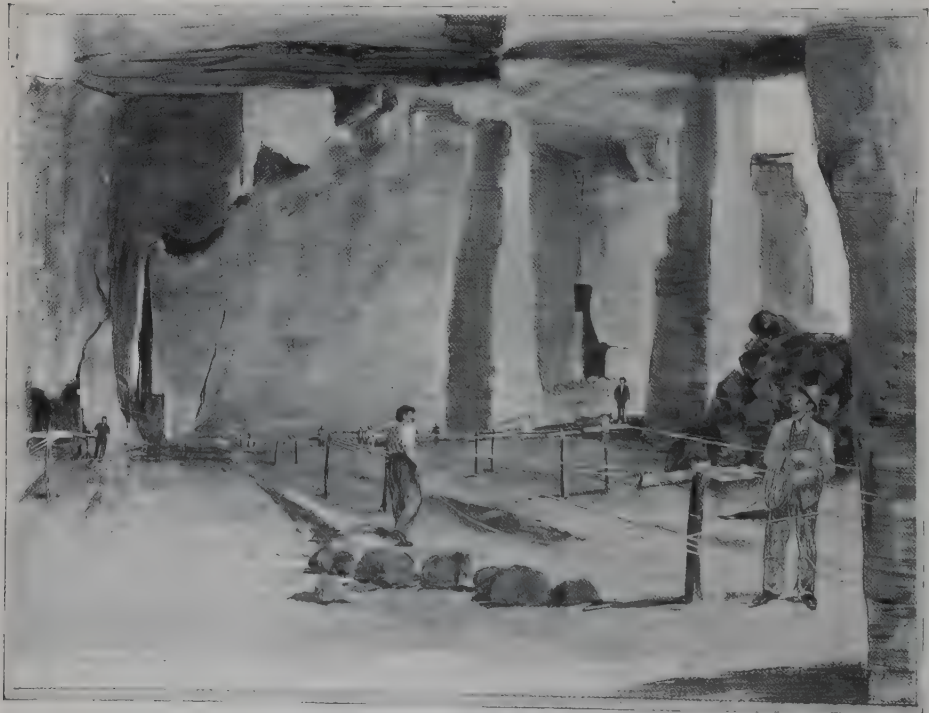
blossoms are out and in many parts cover the dreary bleak masses of lava; at, say, the Festa of St. Agatha, one of the most picturesque and delightful festivals to be seen in Sicily, when the townspeople and the countryfolk stream up the great street of Stesichorus, and a myriad colors gleam in the sunlight in brilliant relief against the immense snowy height of Etna rising gigantically at the far end. For the

most part the city is uninteresting, and the popular life here seems at a drearier stage, at a lower ebb, than in any other large Sicilian town. It can be drearily cold in winter and is always hot and arid and dusty in spring, and in summer is a blazing furnace. Having said all this, I am willing to add that I am prejudiced, and that both the town and its attractions may be as well worth a stay as indicated by Murray and other guide-books.

"I like Dublin better than London because I can get out of it more easily," said an Irishman of my acquaintance; and I like Catania best for this, that one can so easily get away from it, and by what avenues of escape! There is that southward flight to Syracuse, whence we have but just come. There is the northward flight through the lemon-groves and orange orchards of beautiful Aci-Reale, past the Rocks of Polyphemus and under the majesty of Etna, to hill-set Taormina. There is that unique, that unforgettable mountain journey, best started on from here, around the high slopes of Etna, up through Edens of blossom and golden

fruit and flowery paradises to Paterno and Adermò, where once was the great fane of Hadranum, guarded by a thousand dogs, and round by hill-set, semi-barbaric Bronte, and so through Nelson's wonderful duchy to medieval Randazzo and Castiglione, like a nested white eagle on a lonely peak, and down at last, from an elevation of over three thousand feet, through the terrible dead lands of lava, past Linguaglossa, to where Giarre lies by the shore of the great bay overlooked by Taormina from her spur of Monte Venere. Finally there is that westward flight through central Sicily to majestic, magnificently situate Castrogiovanni, the Enna so revered by countless millions of the Hellenic peoples in all ages, the sanctuary of Demeter and Persephone, the Enna so identified with much of what is noblest and loveliest in the literature of both North and South.

Still farther afield, and best perhaps to be reached from Adermò, are Troina on its mountain summit, and lovely Centuripe, where, after Selinunte, more "remains" are continually being found than



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

ROPE-MAKERS IN THE "GROTTA DEI CORDA," OLD MARBLE QUARRIES OF SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

VIEW FROM THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

at any other spot in Sicily; desolate Agira; and many another citadel of ancient renown and present beauty and interest.

It is to Taormina, however, when all is said and done, that one returns as the loveliest goal in Sicily. Here the worlds meet, and in eternal beauty. Naxos lies below, its dark fangs of lava churning into foam the Greek sea, although no longer is to be seen the white temple of Apollo Archagêtes. A railway-line bisects its site, and one does not heed it. The dream is unbroken. The lovely mountains of Calabria gleam from across the straits of Messina, and a steamer with a trail of smoke lies between Reggio at their base and the picturesque castle-crowned peak of Capo San Alessio. It seems as natural as though it were a Greek galley coming from Zancle to Tauromenion. Down in the lovely bay below the crags which support the Castello-a-Mare, beside Isola Bella, where the swallows dart above the clustered euphorbia and yellow-waving genesta, and around the tiny shores of which the green-blue sea breathes with a long, slow, drowsy breath,

lies a tourist yacht at anchor. What then? The tourists are scrambling among these lovely ruins of the Greek theater, looking entranced upon Etna, or gazing up at that marvelous background of Monte Ziretto and Monte Venere, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen; and from the great green-white yacht itself come siren screeches of recall. Again, what then? The boat will sail away, the tourists will depart, and Taormina will be itself again, the same unchanging, most lovely coign where Pythagoras himself once taught, where the dark, searching eyes of St. Paul wandered seeking for some sign of the Unknown God, where the Greek adventurers of old landed and founded a city and raised a great fane to Apollo, and where, in the dim, impenetrable past, a mysterious race worshiped a mysterious goddess of the sea whose very name has passed from the memory of man. As it was then, as it has been through all the changing years, so it is now. These things that people complain of do not matter. They are accidents. The railway-train, the steamer, the strident screech—they all go out upon the

tide upon which they came. Naxos itself is gone, drowned in the sea, swallowed up in lava. In the great silence of time, the Taormina of hotels and tourist trips and the inevitable *funicolare* is only a thing of the hour. Long ago the unknown town built on the scarps of Tauros merged into Tauromenion, and Tau-

its inexpressible, its ineffable charm. Here we may truly feel the soul of Sicily, the soul of Italy, the soul of Greece,—not, as in Syracuse, among the labeled remnants of a living sepulcher; not, as in Selinunte, among the silent wilderness of nameless ruin: but as a spirit, a presence, a Past that is the Present, a Present that



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

AN OLD BEGGAR AT TAORMINA

romenion has known the Sikel, the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, the Moor, the Spaniard, the Neapolitan, the Italian of the North. But the change is less than our history-books pretend. These races, these dynasties, these triumphs and disasters, pass away like the dust of storms. Taormina remains.

It is this meeting of the worlds that gives this most lovely of mountain towns

is the Past. But the eternal soul of Greece it is, above all else, that survives here, that soul whose name is Immortal Beauty. Gregorovius, watching the Syracusan panorama by moonlight from the fountain of Arethusa, uttered words which, with equal truth, one may say here in the very heart of "modernized" Taormina: "What one feels here supremely is love for Hellas, the fatherland of every thinking soul."

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

XI



AFTER a moderately bright morning, that after-breakfast fog which we owe to the British kitchen and the domestic hearth was descending on the Strand. The stream of traffic, on the roadway and the pavements, was passing to and fro under a yellow darkness; the shop lights were beginning to flash out here and there, but without any of their evening cheerfulness; and on the passing faces one saw written the inconvenience and annoyance of the fog,—the fear, too, lest it should become worse and impenetrable.

Fenwick was groping his way along, eastward; one moment feeling and hating the depression of the February day, of the grimy, overcrowded street; the next, responsive to some dimly beautiful effect of color or line, some quiver of light, some grouping of phantom forms in the gloom. Half-way towards the Law Courts he was hailed and overtaken by a tall, fair-haired man.

"Hallo, Fenwick!—just the man I wanted to see!"

Fenwick, whose eyes—often very troublesome of late—were smarting with the fog, peered at the speaker, and recognized Philip Cuninghame. His face darkened a little as they shook hands.

"What did you want me for?"

"Did you know that poor old Watson had come back to town—ill?"

"No!" cried Fenwick, arrested. "I thought he was in Algiers."

Cuninghame walked on beside him, telling what he knew, Fenwick all the time dumbly vexed that this good-looking, prosperous fellow, this academician in his new fur coat, breathing success and com-

missions, should know more of his best friend's doings than he.

Watson, it appeared, had been seized with hemorrhage at Marseilles, and had thereupon given up his winter plans and crawled home to London as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey. Fenwick, much troubled, protested that it was madness to have come back to the English winter.

"No," said Cuninghame, looking grave. "Better die at home than among strangers. And I'm afraid it's come to that,—dear old fellow!"

Then he described—with evident self-satisfaction—how he had heard, from a common friend, of Watson's arrival, how he had rescued the invalid from a dingy Bloomsbury hotel and settled him in some rooms in Fitzroy Square, with a landlady who could be trusted.

"We must have a nurse before long—but he won't have one yet. He wants badly to see you. I told him I'd look you up this evening. But this'll do instead, won't it? You'll remember?—23 Fitzroy Square. Shall I tell him when he may expect you? Every day we try to get him some little pleasure or other."

Fenwick's irritation grew. Cuninghame was talking as though the old relation between him and Richard Watson were still intact; while Fenwick knew well how thin and superficial the bond had grown.

"I shall go to-day," he said, rather shortly. "I have two or three things to do this morning, but there'll be time before my rehearsal this afternoon."

"Your rehearsal?" Cuninghame looked amiably curious. Fenwick explained, but with fresh annoyance. The papers had been full enough of this venture on which

¹ Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

he was engaged; Cuningham's ignorance offended him.

"Ah, indeed!—very interesting," said Cuningham, vaguely. "Well, good-by. I must jump into a hansom."

"Where are you off to?"

"The Goldsmiths' Company are building a new hall, and they want my advice about its decoration. Precious difficult, though, to get away from one's pictures this time of year, is n't it?" He hailed a hansom as he spoke.

"That 's not a difficulty that applies to me," said Fenwick, shortly.

Cuningham stared—frowned—and remembered.

"Oh, my dear fellow, what a mistake that was!—if you 'll let me say so. Can't we put it right? Command me at any time."

"Thank you. I prefer it as it is."

"We 'll talk it over. Well, good-by. Don't forget old Dick."

Fenwick walked on, fuming. Cuningham, he said to himself, was now the type of busy, pretentious mediocrity, the type which eternally keeps English art below the level of the Continent.

"I say—one moment! Have you had any news of the Findons lately?"

Fenwick turned sharply, and again saw Cuningham, whose hansom had been blocked by the traffic, close to the pavement. He was hanging over the door and smiling.

In reply to the question, Fenwick merely shook his head.

"I had a capital letter from her ladyship a week or two ago," said Cuningham, raising his voice and bringing himself as near to Fenwick as his position allowed. "The old fellow seems to be as fit as ever. But Madame de Pastourelles must be very much changed."

Fenwick said nothing. It might have been thought that the traffic prevented his hearing Cuningham's remark. But he had heard distinctly.

"Do you know when they 'll be home?" he asked reluctantly, walking beside the hansom.

"No—have n't an idea. I believe I 'm to go to them for Easter. Ah!—now we go on. Ta-ta!" He waved his hand, and the hansom moved away.

Fenwick pursued his walk, plunged in disagreeable thought. "Much changed."

What did that mean? He had noticed no such change before the Findons left London. The words fell like a fresh blow upon a wound.

He turned north, towards Lincoln's Inn Fields, called at the offices of Messrs. Butlin and Forbes, the well-known solicitors, and remained there half an hour. When he emerged from the old house he looked, if possible, more harried and cast down than when he had entered it.

They had had a letter to show him, but in his opinion it contributed nothing. There was no hope!—and no clue! How could there be? He had never himself imagined for a moment that any gain would come of these new researches. But he had been allowed no option with regard to them. Immediately after his return to London from Versailles he had received a stern letter from Lord Findon, insisting—as his daughter had already done—that the only reparation he, Fenwick, could make to the friends he had so long and cruelly deceived, was to allow them a free hand in a fresh attempt to discover his wife, and so to clear Madame de Pastourelles from the ridiculous suspicions that Mrs. Fenwick had been led so disastrously to entertain. "Most shamefully and indefensibly my daughter has been made to feel herself an accomplice in Mrs. Fenwick's disappearance," wrote Lord Findon; "the only amends you can ever make for your conduct will lie in new and vigorous efforts, even at this late hour, to find and to undeceive your wife."

Hence, during November and December, constant meetings and consultations in the well-known offices of Lord Findon's solicitors. At these meetings both Madame de Pastourelles and her father had been often present, and she had followed the debates with a quick and strained intelligence, which often betrayed to Fenwick the suffering behind. He painfully remembered with what gentleness and chivalry Eugénie had always treated him personally on these occasions, with what anxious generosity she had tried to curb her father.

But there had been no private conversation between them. Not only did they shrink from it: Lord Findon could not have borne it. The storm of family and personal pride which the disclosure of Fenwick's story had aroused in the old

man, had been of a violence impossible to resist. That Fenwick's obscure and crazy wife should have dared to entertain *jealousy* of a being so far above his ken and hers, as Eugénie then was; that she should have made a ridiculous tragedy out of it; and that Fenwick should have conduced to the absurd and insulting imbroglío by his ill-bred and vulgar concealment—these things were so irritating to Lord Findon that they first stimulated a rapid recovery from his illness at Versailles, and then led him to frantic efforts on Phœbe's behalf, which were in fact nothing but the expression of his own passionate pride and indignation, resting no doubt ultimately on those weeks at Versailles when even he, with all the other bystanders, had supposed that Eugénie would marry this man. His mood, indeed, had been a curious combination of wounded affection with a class arrogance stiffened by advancing age and long indulgence. When, in those days, the old man entered the room where Fenwick was, he bore his gray head and sparkling eyes with the air of a teased lion.

Fenwick, a man of violent temper, would have found much difficulty in keeping the peace under these circumstances, but for the frequent presence of Eugénie and the pressure of his own dull remorse. "I too—have—much to forgive!"—that, he knew well, would be the only reference involving personal reproach that he would ever hear from her lips, either to his original deceit, or to those wild weeks at Versailles (that so much ranker and sharper offense!), when, in his loneliness and craving, he had gambled both on her ignorance and on Phœbe's death. Yet he did not deceive himself. The relation between them was broken; he had lost his friend. Her very cheerfulness and gentleness somehow enforced it. How natural!—how just! None the less, his bitter realization of it had worked with crushing effect upon a miserable man.

About Christmas, Lord Findon's health had again caused his family anxiety. He was ordered to Cannes, and Eugénie accompanied him. Before she went she had gone despairingly once more through all the ingenious but quite fruitless inquiries instituted by the lawyers; and she had written a kind letter to Fenwick, begging to be kept informed, and adding at the

end a few timid words expressing her old sympathy with his work, and her best wishes for the success of the pictures that she understood he was to exhibit in the spring.

Then she and her father departed. Fenwick had felt their going as perhaps the sharpest pang in this intolerable winter. But he had scarcely answered her letter. What was there to say? At least he had never asked her or her father for money, had never owed Lord Findon a penny. There was some small comfort in that.

Nevertheless it was of money that he thought—and must think—night and day.

After his interview with the magnificent gentlemen in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he made his way wearily to a much humbler office in Bedford Row. Here was a small solicitor to whom he had often resorted lately, under the constant pressure of his financial difficulties. He spent an hour in this man's room. When he came out, he walked fast towards Oxford Street and the west, hardly conscious in his excitement of where he was going. The lawyer he had just seen had for the first time mentioned the word "bankruptcy." "I scarcely see, Mr. Fenwick, how you can avoid it."

Well, it might come to that,—it might. But he still had his six pictures, time to finish two others that were now on hand—and the exhibition.

It was with that he was now concerned. He called on the manager of a small gallery near Hanover Square, with whom he had already made an arrangement for the coming May—paying a deposit on the rent—early in the winter. In his anxiety, he wished now to make the matter still clearer, to pay down the rest of the rent, if need be. He had the notes always in his breast pocket, jealously hidden away, lest any other claim, amid the myriads which pressed upon him, should sweep them from him.

The junior partner in charge of the gallery and the shop of which it made part received him very coldly. The firm had long since regretted their bargain with a man whose pictures were not likely to sell, especially as they could have relet the gallery to much better advantage. But their contract with Fenwick, clinched by the deposit, could not be evaded; so they were advised.

All therefore that the junior partner could do was to try to alarm Fenwick as to the incidental expenses involved,—hanging, printing, service, etc. But Fenwick only laughed. "I shall see to that!" he said contemptuously. "And my pictures will sell, I tell you," he added, raising his voice. "They 'll bring a profit both to you and to me."

The individual addressed said nothing. He was a tall, well-fed young man, in a faultless frock-coat; and Fenwick, as they stood together in the office,—the artist had not been offered a chair,—disliked him violently.

"Well, shall I pay you the rest?" said Fenwick, abruptly, turning to go, and fumbling at the same time for the pocket-book in which he kept the notes.

The other gave a slight shrug.

"That 's just as you please, Mr. Fenwick."

"Well, here 's fifty, anyway," said Fenwick, drawing out a fifty-pound note and laying it on the table.

"We are not in any hurry, I assure you." The young man stood looking at the artist, in an attitude of cool indifference; but at the same time his hand secured the note and placed it safely in the drawer of the table between them.

He wrote a receipt, and handed it to Fenwick.

"Good day," said Fenwick, turning to go.

The other followed him, and as they stepped out into the exhibition-rooms of the shop, hung in dark purple, Fenwick perceived in the distance what looked like a fine Corot and a Daubigny, and paused.

"Got some good things since I was here last?"

"Oh, we 're always getting good things," said his companion, carelessly, without the smallest motion towards the pictures.

Fenwick nodded haughtily, and walked towards the door. But his soul smarted within him. Two years before, the owners of any picture-shop in London would have received him with *empressement*, have shown him all they had to show, and taken flattering note of his opinion.

On the threshold he ran against the academician with the orange hair and beard, who had been his fellow-guest at the Findons' on the night of his first din-

ner-party there. The orange hair was now nearly white; its owner had grown to rotundity; but the sharp, glancing eyes and pompous manner were the same as of old. Mr. Sherratt nodded curtly to Fenwick, and was then received with bows and effusion by the junior partner standing behind.

"Ah, Mr. Sherratt!—*delighted* to see you! Come to look at the Corot? By all means! This way, please."

Fenwick pursued his course to Oxford Street in a morbid self-consciousness. It seemed to him that all the world knew him by now for a failure and a bankrupt; that he was stared and pointed at.

He took refuge from this nightmare in an Oxford-street restaurant, and as he ate his midday chop he asked himself, for the hundredth time, how the deuce it was that he had got into the debts which weighed him down. He had been extravagant on the building and furnishing of his house; but, after all, he had earned large sums of money. He sat gloomily over his meal, frowning, and trying to remember. And once, amid the foggy darkness, there opened a vision of a Westmoreland stream, and a pleading face upturned to his in the moonlight—"And then, you know, I could look after money! You 're *dreadfully* bad about money, John!"

The echo of that voice in his ears made him restless. He rose and set forth again—towards Fitzroy Square.

On the way his thoughts recurred to the letter he had found waiting for him at the lawyers'. It came from Phœbe's cousin, Freddy Tolson. Messrs. Butlin had traced this man anew—to a mining town in New South Wales. He had been asked to come to England and testify, no matter at what expense. In the letter just received—bearing witness in its improved writing and spelling to the prosperous development of the writer—he declined to come, repeating that he knew nothing whatever of his Cousin Phœbe's whereabouts, nor of her reasons for leaving her husband. He gave a fresh and longer account of his conversation with her, as far as he could remember it at this distance of time; and this longer account contained the remark that she had asked him questions about other colonies than Australia, to which he was himself bound. He thought Canada had been mentioned—

the length of the passage there, and its cost. He had n't paid much attention to it at the time. It had seemed to him that she was glad, poor thing, of some one to have a "crack" with—"for I guess she 'd been pretty lonesome up there." But she might have had something in her head—he could n't say. All he could declare was that if she were in Canada, or any other of the colonies, he had had no hand in it, and knew no more than a "born baby" where she might be hidden.

So now, on this vague hint, a number of fresh inquiries were to be set on foot. Fenwick hoped nothing from them. Yet as he walked fast through the London streets, from which the fog was lifting, his mind wrestled with vague images of great lakes and virgin forests and rolling wheat-lands, of the streets of Montreal or the Heights of Quebec; and amongst them, now with one background, now with another, the slender figure of a fair-haired woman with a child beside her. And through his thoughts, furies of distress and fear pursued him—now as always.

"WELL, this is a queer go, is n't it?" said Watson, in a half-whispering voice. "Nature has horrid ways of killing you. I wish she 'd chosen a more expeditious one with me."

Fenwick sat down beside his friend, the lamplight in the old paneled room revealing, against his will, his perturbed and shaken expression.

"How did this come on?" he asked.

"Of itself, my dear fellow," laughed Watson in the same hoarse whisper. "My right lung has been getting rotten for a year past, and at Marseilles it happened to break. That 's my explanation, anyway; and it does as well as the doctor's.—Well, how are you?"

Fenwick shifted uneasily, and made a vague answer. Watson turned to look at him.

"What pictures have you on hand?"

Fenwick gave a list of the completed pictures still in his studio, and described the arrangements made to exhibit them. He was not as ready as usual to speak of himself; his gaze and his attention were fixed upon his friend. But Watson probed further—into the subjects of his recent work. Fenwick was nearing the end, he explained, of a series of rustic "Months,"

with their appropriate occupations, an idea which had haunted his mind for years.

"As old as the hills," said Watson, "but none the worse for that. You 've painted them, I suppose, out of doors?"

Fenwick shrugged his shoulders.

"As much as possible."

"Ah, that 's where those French fellows have us," said Watson, languidly. "One of them said to me in Paris the other day, 'it 's bad enough to paint the things you 've seen—it 's the devil to paint the things you 've not seen.'"

"The usual fallacy," said Fenwick, frowning up. "What do they mean by 'seen'?"

He would have liked this time to go off at score. But a sure instinct told him that he was beside a dying man; and he held himself back, trying instead to remember what small news and gossip he could, for the amusement of his friend.

Watson sat in a deep arm-chair, propped up by pillows. The room in which they met had been a very distinguished room in the eighteenth century. It had still some remains of carved paneling, a graceful mantelpiece of Italian design, and a painted ceiling half effaced. It was now part of a lodging-house, furnished with shabby cheapness; but the beauty, once infused, persisted, and it made no unworthy setting for a painter's death.

The signs of desperate illness in Richard Watson were indeed plainly visible. His shaggy hair and thick, unkempt beard brought into relief the waxen or purple tones of the skin. The breath was labored, and the cough frequent. But the eyes were still warm, living and passionate, the eyes of a Celt, with the Celtic gifts, and those deficiencies, also, of his race, broadly and permanently expressed in the words of a great historian—"The Celts have shaken all states, and founded none!" No founder, no achiever, this,—no happy, harmonious soul,—but a man who had vibrated to life and Nature in their subtler and sadder aspects, through whom the nobler thoughts and ambitions had passed, like sound through strings, wringing out some fine tragic notes, some memorable tones.

"I can't last more than a week or two," he said presently, in a pause of Fenwick's talk, to which he had hardly listened,— "and a good job too. But I don't find

myself at all rebellious. I 'm curiously content to go. I 've had a good time."

This, from a man who had passed from one disappointed hope to another, brought the tears to Fenwick's eyes.

"Some of us may wish we were going with you," he said in a low voice, laying his hand a moment on his friend's knee.

Watson made no immediate reply. He coughed, fidgeted, and at last said:

"How 's the money?"

Fenwick hastily drew himself up. "All right."

He reached out a hand to the tongs and put the fire together.

"Is that so?" said Watson. The slight incredulity in his voice touched some raw nerve in Fenwick.

"I don't want anything," he said almost angrily. "I shall get through."

Cunningham had been talking, no doubt. His affairs had been discussed. His morbid pride took offense at once.

"Mine 'll just hold out," said Watson presently with a humorous inflection; "it 'll bury me, I think,—with a few shillings over. But I could n't have afforded another year."

There was silence awhile, till a nurse came in to make up the fire. Fenwick began to talk of old friends and current exhibitions, and presently tea made its appearance. Watson's strength seemed to revive. He sat more upright in his chair, his voice grew stronger, and he dallied with his tea, joking hoarsely with his nurse, and asking Fenwick all the questions that occurred to him. His face, in its rugged pallor and emaciation, and his great head, black or iron-gray on the white pillows, were so fine that Fenwick could not take his eyes from him; with the double sense of the artist, he saw the *subject* in the man, a study in black and white hovered before him.

When the nurse had withdrawn, and they were alone again, in a silence made more intimate still by the darkness of the paneled walls, which seemed to isolate them from the rest of the room, inclosing them in a glowing ring of lamp- and fire-light, Fenwick was suddenly seized by an impulse he could not master. He bent towards the sick man.

"Watson!—do you remember advising me to marry when we met in Paris?"

"Perfectly."

The invalid turned his haggard eyes upon the speaker, in a sudden sharp attention. There was a pause; then Fenwick said, with bent head, staring into the fire:

"Well, I *am* married."

Watson gave a hoarse "Phew!" and waited.

"My wife left me twelve years ago, and took our child with her. I don't know whether they are alive or dead. I thought I 'd like to tell you. It would have been better if I had n't concealed it from you—and—and other friends."

"Great Scott!" said Watson, slowly, bringing the points of his long, emaciated fingers together, like one trying to master a new image. "So that 's been the secret—"

"Of what?" said Fenwick, testily; but as Watson merely replied by an interrogative and attentive silence, he threw himself into his tale—headlong. He told it at far greater length than Eugénie had ever heard it; and throughout, the subtle instinctive appeal of man to man governed the story, differentiating it altogether from the same story told to a woman.

He spoke impetuously, with growing emotion, conscious of an infinite relief and abandonment. Watson listened with scarcely a comment. Midway a little pattering, scuffling noise startled the speaker. He looked round and saw the monkey, Anatole, who had been lying asleep in his basket. Watson nodded to Fenwick to go on, and then feebly motioned to his knee. The monkey clambered there, and Watson folded his bony arms round the creature, who lay presently with his weird face pressed against his master's dressing-gown, his melancholy eyes staring out at Fenwick.

"It was madame she was jealous of?" said Watson, when the story came to an end.

Fenwick hesitated, then nodded reluctantly. He had spoken merely of "one of my sitters." But it was not possible to fence with this dying man.

"And madame knows?"

"Yes."

But Fenwick sharply regretted the introduction of Madame de Pastourelles's name. He had brought the story down merely to the point of Phœbe's flight and the search which followed, adding only—

with vagueness—that the search had lately been renewed without success.

Watson pondered the matter for some time. Fenwick took out his handkerchief and wiped a brow damp with perspiration. His story, added to the miseries of the day, had excited and shaken him still further.

Suddenly Watson put out a hand and seized his wrist. The grip hurt.

"Lucky dog!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You've lost them—but you've had a woman in your arms—a child on your knee! You don't go to your grave—*ἀπρακτος*—an ignorant, barren fool—like me!"

Fenwick looked at him in amazement. Self-scorn, a bitter and passionate regret, transformed the face beside him. He pressed the fevered hand. "Watson!—dear fellow!"

Watson withdrew his hand, and once more folded the monkey to him.

"There are plenty of men like me," he muttered. "We are afraid of living—and art is our refuge. Then art takes its revenge, and we are bad artists because we are poor and sterilized human beings. But you"—he spoke with fresh energy, composing himself,—“don't talk rot!—as though *your* chance was done. You'll find her—she'll come back to you—when she's drunk the cup. Healthy young women don't die before thirty-five; and, by your account, she was n't bad, she had a conscience. The child'll waken it. Don't you be hard on her!”—he raised himself, speaking almost fiercely,—“you've no right to! Take her in—listen to her—let her cry it out. My God!”—his voice dropped as his head fell back on the pillows—“what happiness—what happiness!”

His eyes closed. Fenwick stooped over him in alarm, but the thin hand closed again on his.

"Don't go. What was she like?"

Fenwick asked him whether he remembered the incident of the sketch-book at their first meeting, the drawing of the mother and child in the kitchen of the Westmoreland farm.

"Perfectly. And she was the model for the big picture, too? I see. A lovely creature! How old is she now?"

"Thirty-six—if she lives."

"I tell you she *does* live! Probably more beautiful now than she was then. Those Madonna-like women mellow so finely. And the child? *Vois-tu Anatole!*—something superior to monkeys!"

But he pressed the little animal closer to him as he spoke. Fenwick rose to go, conscious that he had stayed too long. Watson looked up.

"Good-by, old man! Courage! Seek—till you find. She's in the world—and she's sorry. I could swear it."

Fenwick stood beside him, quivering with emotion and despondency. Their eyes met steadily, and Watson whispered:

"I pass from one thing to another. Sometimes it's Omar Khayyam—'One thing is certain and the rest is lies—The flower that once is born forever dies'—and the next it's the Psalms, and I think I'm at a prayer-meeting—a Welsh Methodist again." He fell into a flow of Welsh, hoarsely musical.

Then, with a smile, he nodded farewell; and Fenwick went.

FENWICK wrote that night to Eugénie de Pastourelles at Cannes, inclosing a copy of the letter received from Freddy Tolson. It meant nothing; but she had asked to be kept informed. As he entered upon the body of his letter, his eyes still recurred to its opening line:

"Dear Madame de Pastourelles."

For many years he had never addressed her except as "My dear friend."

Well, that was all gone and over. The memory of her past goodness, of those walks through the Trianon woods, was constantly with him. But he had used her recklessly and selfishly, and she had done with him. He admitted it now, as often before, in a temper of dull endurance, bending himself to the task of his report.

EUGÉNIE read his letter, sitting on a bench above the blue Mediterranean, in the pine-woods of the Cap d'Antibes. She had torn it open in hope, and the reading of it depressed her. In the pine-scented, sun-warmed air she sat for long, motionless and sad. The delicate greenish light fell on the soft brown hair, the white face and hands. Eugénie's deep black had now assumed a slight "religious" air which disturbed Lord Findon and kindled the

Protestant wrath of her stepmother. That short moment of a revived *mondanité* which Versailles had witnessed was wholly past; and for the first and only time in her marred life, Eugénie's natural gaiety was quenched. She knew well that in the burden which weighed upon her there were morbid elements; but she could only bear it, she could not smile under it.

Fenwick's letter led her thoughts back to the early incidents of this fruitless search. Especially did she recall every moment of her interview with Daisy Hewson, Phœbe Fenwick's former nursemaid, now married to a small Westmoreland farmer. One of the first acts of the lawyers had been to induce this woman to come to London to repeat once more what she knew of the catastrophe.

Then, after the examination by the lawyers, Eugénie had pleaded that she might see her—and see her alone. Accordingly, a shy and timid woman, speaking with a broad Westmoreland accent, called one morning in Dean's Yard.

Eugénie had won from her many small details the lawyers had been unable to extract. They were not, alack, of a kind to help the search for Phœbe; but, interpreted by the aid of her own quick imagination, they drew a picture of the lost mother and child which sank deep, deep, into Eugénie's soul.

Mrs. Fenwick, said Mrs. Hewson, scarcely spoke on the journey south. She sat staring out of window, with her hands on her lap, and Daisy thought there was "soomat wrang," but dared not ask. In saying good-by at Euston, Mrs. Fenwick had kissed her, and given the guard a shilling to look after her. She was holding Carrie in her arms as the train moved away. The girl had supposed she was going to join her husband.

And barely a week later, John Fenwick had been dining in St. James's Square, looking harassed and ill, indeed—it was supposed, from overwork; but, to his best friends, as silent as that grave of darkness and oblivion which had closed over his wife.

Yet, as the weeks of thought went on, Eugénie blamed him less and less. Her clear intelligence showed her all the steps of the unhappy business. She remembered the awkward, harassed youth, as she had first seen him at her father's table,

with his curious mixture of arrogance and timidity; now haranguing the table, and now ready to die with confusion over some social slip. She understood what he had told her, in his first piteous letter, of his paralyzed, tongue-tied states, of his fear of alienating her father and herself. And she went deeper. She confessed the hatefulness of those weakening timidities; those servile states of soul, by which our social machine balances the insolences and cruelties of the strong,—its own breeding also; she felt herself guilty because of them; the whole of life seemed to her sick, because a young man, ill at ease and cowardly in a world not his own, had told or lived a foolish lie. It was as though she had forced it from him; she understood so well how it had come about. No, no!—her father might judge it as he pleased. She was angry no longer.

Nor—presently—did she even resent the treachery of those weeks at Versailles, so quick and marvelous was the play of her great gift of sympathy, which in truth was only another aspect of imagination. In recoil from a dark moment of her own experience, of which she could never think without anguish, she had offered him a friend's hand, a friend's heart,—offered them eagerly and lavishly. Had he done more than take them, with the craving of a man, for whom already the ways are darkening, who makes one last clutch at "youth and bloom, and this delightful world"? He had been reckless and cruel, indeed. But in its profound tenderness and humility and self-reproach her heart forgave him.

Yet of that forgiveness she could make no outward sign,—for her own sake, and Phœbe's. That old relation could never be again; the weeks at Versailles had killed it. Unless, indeed, some day it were her blessed lot to find the living Phœbe, and bring her to her husband! Then friendship, as well as love, might perhaps lift its head once more. And as during the months of winter, both before and since her departure from England, the tidings reached her of Fenwick's growing embarrassments, of his increasing coarseness and carelessness of work, his violence of temper, the friend in her suffered profoundly. She knew that she could still do much for him. Yet there, in the way, stood the image of Phœbe, as

Daisy Hewson described her,—pale, weary, desperate,—making all speech, all movement, on the part of the woman, for jealousy of whom the wife had so ignorantly destroyed herself and Fenwick, a thing impossible.

Eugénie's only comfort, indeed, at this time, was the comfort of religion. Her soul; sorely troubled and very stern with itself, wandered in mystical, ascetic paths, out of human ken. Every morning she hurried through the woods to a little church beside the sea, filled with fishing folk. There she heard mass and made the spiritual communion which sustained her.

Once, in the medieval siege of a Spanish fortress, so a Spanish chronicler tells us, all the defenders were slaughtered but one man; and he lay dying on the ground, across the gate. There was neither priest nor wafer; but the dying man raised a little of the soil between the stones to his lips, and so, says the chronicler, "communicated in the earth itself," before he passed to the Eternal Presence. Eugénie would have done the same with a like ardor and simplicity; her thought differing much, perhaps, in its perceived and logical elements, from that of the dying Spaniard, but none the less profoundly akin. The act was to her the symbol and instrument of an Inflowing Power; the details of those historical beliefs with which it was connected mattered little. And as she thus leant upon the old, while conscious of the new, she never in truth felt herself alone. It seemed to her, often, that she clasped hands with a vast invisible multitude, in a twilight soon to be dawn.

XII

A FORTNIGHT later Dick Watson died. Fenwick saw him several times before the end, and was present at his last moments. The funeral was managed by Cuningham; so were the obituary notices; and Fenwick attended the funeral and read the notices, with that curious mixture of sore grief and jealous irritation into which our human nature is so often betrayed at similar moments.

Then he found himself absorbed by the later rehearsals of "The Queen's Necklace"; by the completion of his pictures

for the May exhibition; and by the perpetual and ignominious hunt for money. As to this last, it seemed to him that each day was a battle in which he was forever worsted. He was still trying in vain to sell his house at Chelsea, the house planned at the height of his brief prosperity, built and finely furnished on borrowed money, and now apparently unsalable because of certain peculiarities in it which suited its contriver and no one else. And meanwhile the bank from which he had borrowed most of his building money was pressing inexorably for repayment; the solicitor in Bedford Row could do nothing, and was manifestly averse to running up a longer bill on his own account; so that, instead of painting, Fenwick often spent his miserable days in rushing about London, trying to raise money by one shift after another, in an agony to get a bill accepted or postponed, borrowing from this person and that, and with every succeeding week losing more self-respect and self-control.

The situation would have been instantly changed, if only his artistic power had recovered itself. And if Eugénie had been within his reach, it might have done so. She had the secret of stimulating in him what was poetic, and repressing what was merely extravagant or violent. But she was far away; and as he worked at the completion of his series of "Months," or at various portraits which the kindness or compassion of old friends had procured for him, he fell headlong into all his worst faults.

His handling, once so distinguished, grew steadily more careless and perfunctory; his drawing lost force and grip; his composition, so rich, interesting, and intelligent in his early days, now meant nothing, said nothing. The few friends who still haunted his studio during these dark months were often struck with pity; criticism or argument was useless; and some of them believed that he was suffering from defects of sight, and was no longer capable of judging his own work.

The portrait commissions, in particular, led more than once to disaster. His angry vanity suspected that while he was now thought incapable of the poetic or imaginative work in which he had once excelled, he was still considered—"like any fool"—good enough for portraits. This

alone was enough to make him loathe the business. On two or three occasions he ended by quarreling with the sitter. Then for hours he would walk restlessly about his room, smoking enormously, drinking—sometimes excessively—out of a kind of excitement and *désœuvrement*, his strong, grizzled hair bristling about his head, his black eyes staring and bloodshot, and that wild, gipsyish look of his youth more noticeable than ever in these surroundings of what promised soon to be a decadent middle age.

One habit of his youth had quite disappeared. The queer tendency to call on Heaven for practical aid in any practical difficulty,—to make of prayer a system of “begging letters to the Almighty,”—which had often quieted or distracted him in his early years of struggle, affected him no longer. His inner life seemed to himself shrouded in a sullen numbness and frost.

And the old joy in reading, the old plenitude and facility of imagination, were also in abeyance. He became the fierce critic of other men’s ideas, while barren of his own. To be original, successful, happy, was now in his eyes the one dark and desperate offense. Yet every now and then he would have impulses of the largest generosity; would devote hours to the teaching of some struggling student and the correction of his work, or draw on his last remains of credit or influence—pester people with calls, or write reams to the newspapers—on behalf of some one, unduly overlooked, whose work he admired.

But through it all, the shadows deepened, and a fixed conviction that he was moving towards catastrophe. In spite of Watson’s touching words to him, he did not often let himself think of Phœbe. Towards her, as towards so much else, his mind and heart were stiffened and voiceless. But for hours in the night—since sleeplessness was now added to his other torments—he would brood on the loss of his child, would try to imagine her dancing, singing, sewing, or helping her mother in the house. Seventeen! Why, soon, no doubt, they would be marrying her; and he, her father, would know nothing, hear nothing. And in the darkness he would feel the warm tears rise in his eyes, and hold them there, proudly arrested.

The rehearsals in which he spent many hours of the week generally added to his distress and irritation. The play itself was, in his opinion, a poor, vulgar thing, utterly unworthy of the “spectacle” he had contrived for it. He could not hide his contempt for the piece, and indeed for most of its players; and was naturally unpopular with the management and the company. Moreover, he wanted his money desperately, seeing that the play had been postponed, first from November to February, and then from February to April; but the actor-manager concerned was in somewhat dire straits himself, and nothing could be got before production.

One afternoon, late in March, a rehearsal was nearing its completion, everybody was tired out, and everything had been going badly. One of Fenwick’s most beautiful scenes—carefully studied from the Trianon gardens on the spot—had been, in his opinion, hopelessly spoiled in order to bring in some ridiculous “business,” wholly incongruous with the setting and date of the play. He had had a fierce altercation on the stage with the actor-manager. The cast meanwhile, dispersed at the back of the stage or in the wings, looked on maliciously or chatted among themselves; while every now and then one or other of the antagonists would call up the leading lady, or the conceited gentleman who was to act *Count Fersen*, and hotly put a case. Fenwick was madly conscious all the time of his lessened consideration and dignity in the eyes of a band of people whom he despised. Two years before, his coöperation would have been an honor, and his opinion law. Now, nothing of the kind; indeed, through the heated remarks of the actor-manager there ran the insolent implication that Mr. Fenwick’s wrath was of no particular account to anybody, and that he was presuming on a commission he had been very lucky to get.

At last a crowd of stage-hands, setting scenery for another piece in the evening, invaded the stage, and the rehearsal was just breaking up, when Fenwick, still talking in flushed exasperation, happened to notice two ladies standing in the wings, on the other side of the vast stage, close to the stage entrance.

He suddenly stopped talking, stammered, looked again. They were two

girls, one evidently a good deal older than the other. The elder was talking with the assistant stage-manager. The younger stood quietly, a few yards away, not talking to any one. Her eyes were on Fenwick, and her young, slightly frowning face wore an expression of amusement,—of something besides, also,—something puzzled and intent. It flashed upon him that she had been there for some time, that he had been vaguely conscious of her, that she had, in fact, been watching from a distance the angry scene in which he had been engaged.

"Why!—whatever is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?" said the actor beside him, startled by his look.

Fenwick made no answer, but he dropped a roll of papers he was holding, and suddenly rushed forward across the stage, through the throng of carpenters and scene-shifters who were at work upon it. Some garden steps and a fountain just being drawn into position came in his way; he stumbled and fell, was conscious of two or three men coming to his assistance, rose again, and ran on blindly, pushing at the groups in his way, till he ran into the arms of the stage-manager.

"Who were those ladies?—where are they?" he said, panting, and looking round him in despair; for they had vanished, and the stage entrance was blocked by an outgoing stream of people.

"Don't know anything about them," said the man, sulkily. Fenwick had been the plague of his life in rehearsals. "What?—you mean those two girls? Never saw 'em before."

"But you must know who they are—you must!" shouted Fenwick. "What's their name? Why did you let them go?"

"Because I had finished with them."

The manager turned on his heel, and was about to give an order to a workman, when Fenwick caught him by the arm.

"I implore you," he said in a shaking voice, his face crimson, "tell me who they are, and where they went."

The man looked at him astonished, but something in the artist's face made him speak more considerately.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Fenwick, but I really know nothing about them. Oh, by the way"—he fumbled in his pocket. "Yes—one of them did give me a card. I forgot—I never saw the name

before." He extracted it with difficulty and handed it to Fenwick; who stood trembling from head to foot.

Fenwick looked at it.

"Miss Larose." Nothing else. No address.

"But the other one!—the other one!" he said, beside himself.

"I never spoke to her at all," said his companion, whose name was Fison. "They came in here twenty minutes ago, and asked to see me. The doorkeeper told them the rehearsal was just over, and they would find me on the stage. The lady I was talking to wished to know whether we had all the people we wanted for the ball-room scene. Some friend with whom she had been acting in the country had advised her to apply—"

"Acting *where*?" said Fenwick, still gripping him.

The stage-manager rubbed his nose in perplexity.

"I really can't remember. Leeds—Newcastle—Halifax—was it? It's altogether escaped my memory."

"For God's sake, remember!" cried Fenwick.

The stage-manager shook his head.

"I really did n't take notice. I liked the young lady very well. We got on, as you may say, at once. I talked to her while you were discussing over there. But I had to tell her there was no room for her,—and no more there is. Her sister—or her friend—whichever it was—was an uncommonly pretty girl. I noticed that as she went out—which reminds me, she asked me to tell her who you were."

Fenwick gazed at the speaker in passionate despair.

"And you can't tell me any more?—can't help me!"

His voice rose again into a shout, then failed him.

"No, I really can't," said the other, decidedly, pulling himself away. "You go and ask the doorkeeper. Perhaps he'll know something."

But the doorkeeper knew only that he had been asked for "Mr. Fison" by two nice-spoken young ladies, that he had directed them where to go, and had opened the stage door for them. He had n't happened to be in his "lodge" when they went out, and could n't say in which direction they had gone.

"Why, Lor' bless you, sir, they come here in scores every week!"

Fenwick rushed out into the Strand, and walked from end to end of the theatrical section of it several times, questioning the policemen on duty. But he could discover nothing.

Then, blindly, he made his way down a narrow street to the Embankment. There he threw himself on a bench, almost fainting, unable to stand.

What should he do? He was absolutely convinced that he had seen Carrie, his child—his little Carrie!—his own flesh and blood. It was her face—her eyes—her movement,—changed, indeed, but perfectly to be recognized by him, her father. And by the cruel, the monstrous accidents of the meeting, she had been swept away from him again into this whirlpool of London, before he had had the smallest chance of grasping at the little form as it floated past him on this aimless stream of things. His whole nature was in surging revolt against life, against men's senseless theories of God and Providence. If it should prove that he had lost all clue again to his wife and child, he would put an end, once for all, to his share in the business,—he swore, with clenched hands, that he would. The Great Potter had made sport of him long enough; it was time to break the cup and toss its fragments back into the vast, common heap of ruined and wasted things. "Some to honor—and some to dishonor"—the words rang in his ears, mingling with that deep bell of St. Paul's, whereof the echoes were being carried up the river towards him on the light southeasterly wind.

But first he tried to make his mind follow out the natural implications and consequences of what had happened. Carrie had asked his name. But clearly, when it was given her, it had meant nothing to her. She could not have left her father there, knowing it was her father, without a word. No; Phœbe's first step, of course, would have been to drop her old name, and the child would have no knowledge of it.

But Phœbe? If Carrie was in England, so was Phœbe. He could not believe that she would part with the child. And supposing Carrie spoke of the prating, haranguing fellow she had seen—mentioned the name, which the stage-manager had

given her—what then? Could Phœbe still have the cruelty, the wickedness, to maintain her course of action—to keep Carrie from him? Ah! if he had been guilty towards her in the old days, she had wrung out full payment long ago; the balance of injury had long since dropped heavily on his side. But who could know how she had developed?—whether towards hardness, or towards repentance. Still—to-night, probably—she would hear what and whom Carrie had seen. Any post might bring the fruits of it. And if not, he was not without a clue. If a girl, whose name is known, has been playing recently at an English provincial theater, it ought to be possible somehow to recover news of her. He looked at his watch. Too late for the lawyers. But he roused himself, hailed a cab, and went to his club, where he wrote at length to his solicitor, describing what had happened and suggesting various lines of action.

Then he went home, got some charcoal and paper, and by lamplight began to draw the face which he had seen,—a very young and still plastic face, with delicate lips open above the small teeth, and eyes—why, they were Phœbe's eyes, of course!—no other eyes like them in the world. He drew them with an eager hand, knowing the way of them. He put the light—the smile—into them; a happy smile!—as of one to whom life has been kind. No sign of fear, distress, or cringing poverty,—rather an innocent sovereignty, lovely and unashamed. Then the brow, and the curly hair, in its brown profusion; and the small neck; and the thin, straight shoulders. He drew in the curve of the shady hat, the knot of lace at the throat, the spare young lines of the breast.

So it emerged; and when it was done he put it on an easel, and sat staring at it, his eyes blind with tears.

Yes, it was Carrie,—he had no doubt whatever that it was Carrie. And behind her, mingling with her image—yet distinct—a veiled, intangible presence, stood Phœbe,—Phœbe, so like her, and yet so different. But of Phœbe, still, he would not think. It was as when a man, mortally tired, shrinks from some fierce contest of brain and limb, which yet he knows may some day have to be faced. He put his wife aside, and sank himself in the covetous, devouring vision of his child.

Next day there was great activity among the lawyers. They were confident of recovering the clue; and if Fenwick's identification was a just one, the search was near its end.

Only, till they really *were* on the track, better say nothing to Lord Findon and Madame de Pastourelles. This was the suggestion of the Findons' solicitor, and Fenwick eagerly indorsed it.

Presently inquiry had been made from every management in London, as to the touring companies of the year; confidential agents had been sent to every provincial town that possessed a theater; long lists of names had been compiled and carefully scanned. Fenwick's drawing of the girl whom he had seen had been photographed; and some old likenesses of Phœbe and Carrie had been reproduced and attached to it, for the use of Messrs. Butlin's provincial correspondents. The police were appealed to; the best private detectives to be had were employed.

In vain! The smiling child of seventeen had emerged for that one appearance on the stage of her father's life, only, it seemed, to vanish again forever. No trace could be found anywhere of a "Miss Larose," either as a true or a theatrical name; the photographs suggested nothing to those who saw them; or if various hints and clues sometimes seemed to present themselves, they led to no result.

Meanwhile, day after day, Fenwick waited on the post, hurrying for and scanning his letters with feverish, ever-waning hope. Not a sign, not a word from Phœbe. His heart grew fierce. There were moments when he felt something not unlike hatred for this invisible woman, who was still able to lay a ghostly and sinister hand upon his life. And yet, and yet!—suppose, after all, that she were dead?

During these same weeks of torment "The Queen's Necklace" was produced; it was a pretentious failure, and after three weeks of difficult existence flickered to an end. The management went into bankruptcy, and the greater part of Fenwick's payment was irrecoverable. He could hardly now meet his daily living expenses, and there was an execution in his house, put in by the last firm of builders employed.

Close upon this disaster came the open-

ing of his private exhibition. Grimly, in a kind of dogged abstraction, he went through with it. He himself, with the help of a lad who was his man-of-all-work in Chelsea, nailed up the draperies, hung the pictures, and issued the invitations for the private view.

About a hundred people came to the private view. His reputation was not yet dead, and there was much curiosity about his circumstances. But Fenwick, looking at the scanty crowd, considering the faces that were there and the faces that were not there, knew very well that it could be of no practical assistance to him. Not a picture sold; and next day there were altogether seven people in the gallery, of whom five were the relations of men to whom he had given gratuitous teaching at one period or other of his career.

And never, alack, in the case of any artist of talent, was there a worse "press" than that which dealt with his pictures on the following morning. The most venomous article of all was the work of a man whom Fenwick had treated with conceit and rudeness in the days of his success. The victim now avenged himself, with the same glee which a literary club throws into the blackballing of some evil tongue, some too harsh and too powerful critic of the moment. "Scamped and empty work," in which "ideas not worth stating" find an expression "not worth criticism." Mannerisms grown to absurdity; faults of early training writ dimly large; vulgarity of conception and carelessness of execution—no stone that could hurt or sting was left unflung, and the note of meditative pity in which the article came to an end marked the climax of a very neat revenge. After reading it, Fenwick felt himself artistically dead and buried.

A great silence fell upon him. He spoke to no one in the gallery, and he avoided his club. Early in the afternoon he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, only to hear from the lawyers that they had done all they could with the new scent, and it was no use pursuing it further. He heard what they had to say in silence, and after leaving their office he visited a shop in the Strand. Just as the light was waning, about seven o'clock on a May evening, he found himself again in his studio. It was now absolutely bare, save for a few empty

easels, a chair or two, and some tattered portfolios. The two men representing the execution were in the dining-room. He could hear the voices of a charwoman and of the lad who had helped him to arrange the gallery, talking in the kitchen.

Fenwick locked himself into the studio. On his way thither he had recoiled, shivering, from the empty desolation of the house. In the general disarray of the ticketed furniture and stripped walls, all artistic charm had disappeared. And he said to himself, with a grim twist of the mouth, that if the house had grown ugly and commonplace, that only made it a better sitting for the ugly and commonplace thing which he was about to do.

ABOUT half an hour later a boy, looking like the "buttons" of a lodging-house, walked up to the side entrance of Fenwick's ambitious mansion, which possessed a kind of courtyard, and was built round two sides of an oblong. The door was open, and the charwoman just inside; so that the boy had no occasion to ring. He carried a parcel carefully wrapped in an old shawl.

"Is this Mr. Fenwick's?" asked the boy, consulting a dirty scrap of paper.

"Ay," said the woman.—"Well, who's it from? is n't there no note with it?"

The boy replied that there was no note, and his instructions were to leave it.

"But what name am I to say?" the woman called after him, as he went down the path. The boy shook his head. "Don't know—give it up!" he said impudently, and went off whistling.

"Silly lout," said the woman, crossly; and taking up the package, which was not very large, she went with it to the studio, reflecting, as she went, that, by the feel of it, it was an unframed picture, and that if some one would only take away some of the beastly, dusty things that were already in the house—that would n't, so the bailiffs said, fetch a halfpenny—it would be better worth while than bringing new ones where they were n't wanted.

There was at first no answer to her knock. She tried the door, and wondered to find it locked. But presently she heard Fenwick moving about inside.

"Well, what is it?" His voice was low and impatient.

"A parcel for you, sir."

"Take it away."

"Very well, sir." She turned obediently and was half-way down the passage which led to the dining-room, when the studio door opened with a great crash, and Fenwick looked out.

"Bring that here. What is it?"

She retraced her steps.

"Well, it's a picture, I think, sir."

He held out his hand for it, took it, and instantly withdrew into the studio and again locked the door. She noticed that he seemed to have lit one candle in the big studio, and his manner struck her as strange. But her slow mind followed the matter no further, and she went back to the cooking of his slender supper.

Fenwick meanwhile was standing with the parcel in his hand. At the woman's knock, he had risen from a table, where he had been writing a letter. A black object, half covered with a painting-rag, lay beside the inkstand.

"I must make haste," he thought, "or she will be bothering me again."

He looked at the letter, which was still unfinished. Meanwhile he had absently deposited the parcel on the floor, where it rested against the leg of the table.

"Another page will finish it. Hôtel Bristol, Rome—till the end of the week?—if I only could be *sure* that was what Butlin said!"

He paced up and down, frowning in an impotent distress, trying to make his brain work as usual. On his visit of the afternoon he had asked the lawyers for the Findons' address; but his memory now was of the worst.

Suddenly he wheeled round, sat down, and took up a book which had been lying face downwards on the table. It was the *Memoirs of Benjamin Haydon*, and he opened it at one of the last pages.

"About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood, blood-sprinkled, his unfinished picture. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture—"

The man, reading, paused.

"He had suffered much more than I," he thought; "but his wife had helped him, stood by him—"

And he passed on to the next page—to the clause in Haydon's will which runs:

"My dearest wife, Mary Haydon, has been a good, dear, and affectionate wife to me—a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace."

"And he repaid her by blowing his brains out," thought Fenwick, contemptuously. "But he was mad—of course he was mad. We are all mad—when it comes to this."

And he turned back, as though in fascination, to the page before, to the last entry in Haydon's Journal.

"21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation.

"22nd. God forgive me. Amen."

"Amen!" repeated Fenwick aloud, as he dropped the book. The word echoed in the empty room. He covered his eyes with his right hand, leaning his arm on the table.

The other hand, as it fell beside him, came in contact with the parcel which was propped against the table. His touch told him that it contained a picture—an unframed canvas. A vague curiosity awoke in him. He took it up, peered at the address; then began to finger with and unwrap it—

Suddenly he bent over it. What was it!

He tore off the shawl and some brown paper beneath it, lifted the thing upon the table, so that the light of the one candle fell upon it, and held it there.

Slowly his face, which had been deeply flushed before, lost all its color; his jaw dropped a little.

He was staring at the picture of himself which he had painted for Phœbe in the parlor of the Green Nab Cottage, thirteen years before. The young face, in its handsome and arrogant vigor, the gipsy-black hair and eyes, the powerful shoulders in the blue-serge coat, the sunburnt neck exposed by the loose turn-down collar above the greenish tie,—there they were, as he had painted them, lying once more under his hand. The flickering light of the candle showed him his signature and the date.

He laid it down, and drew a long breath. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he stood staring at it, his brain, under the sharp stimulus, beginning to work more clearly. So Phœbe, too, was alive—and in England. The picture was her token. That was what it meant.

He went heavily to the door, un-

locked it, and called. The charwoman appeared.

"Who brought this parcel?"

"A boy, sir."

"Where 's the note?—he must have brought something with it."

"No, he did n't, sir—there was no note."

"Don't be absurd!" cried Fenwick.

"There must have been."

Mrs. Flint, outraged, protested that she knew what she was a-saying of. He questioned her fiercely, but there was nothing to be got out of her rigmarole account, which Fenwick cut short by retreating into the studio in the middle of it.

This fresh check unhinged him altogether—seemed to make a mere fool of him—the sport of gods and men. There he paced up and down in a mad excitement. What in the devil's name was the meaning of it? The picture came from Phœbe—no one else. But it seemed she had only sent it to him to torment him—to punish him yet more? Women were the cruellest of God's creatures. And as for himself—idiot!—if he had only finished his business an hour ago, both she and he would have been released by this time. He worked himself up into a wild passion of rage, stopping every now and then to look at that ghost of his youth which lay on the table, propped up against some books, and once at the reflection of his haggard face and gray hair as he passed in front of an old mirror on the wall.

Then, suddenly, the tension gave way. He sank on the chair beside the table, hiding his face on his arms in an utter exhaustion, while yet, through the physical weakness, something swept and vibrated, which was in truth the onset of returning life.

As he lay there, a cab drove up to the front door, and a lady dressed in black descended from it. She rang, and Mrs. Flint appeared.

"Is Mr. Fenwick at home?"

"He is, ma'am," said the woman, hesitating—"but he did say he was n't to be disturbed."

"Will you please give him my card, and say I wish to see him at once? I have brought him an important letter."

Mrs. Flint, wavering between her dread of Fenwick's ill-humor, and the impression produced upon her by the gentle decision of her visitor, retreated into the house. The lady followed.

"Well, if you 'll wait there, ma'am,"—the charwoman opened the door of the dismantled sitting-room,—"*I 'll speak to Mr. Fenwick.*"

She shuffled off. Eugénie de Pastourelles threw back her veil. She had only arrived that morning in London after a night journey, and her face showed deep lines of fatigue. But its beauty of expression had never been more striking. Animation—joy—spoke in the eyes, quivered in the lips. She moved restlessly up and down, holding in one hand a parcel of letters. Once she noticed the room,—the furniture ticketed in lots,—and paused in concern and pity. But the momentary cloud was soon chased by the happiness of the thought which held her. Meanwhile Mrs. Flint knocked at the door of the studio.

"Mr. Fenwick!—Sir! There 's a lady come, sir; and she wishes to speak to you pertickler."

An angry movement inside.

"*I 'm busy. Send her away.*"

"*I 've got her card here, sir,*" said Mrs. Flint, dropping her voice. "*It 's a queer name, sir,—somethin' furrin—Madam somethin'. She says it 's most pertickler. I was to tell you she 'd only got home to-day from abroad.*"

A sudden noise inside. The door was opened.

"Where is she? Ask her to come in."

He himself retreated into the darkness of the studio, clinging, so the charwoman noticed, to the back of a chair, as though for support. Wondering "what was up," she clattered back again down the long passage which led from the sitting-room to the studio.

But Eugénie had heard the opening door, and came to meet her.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked anxiously. "*Is Mr. Fenwick ill?*"

"Well, you see, ma'am," said Mrs. Flint, cautiously, "*it 's the sheriff's horficers—though they do it as kind as they can.*"

Eugénie looked bewildered.

"*A hexecution, ma'am,*" whispered the woman, as she led the way.

"Oh!" It was a cry of distress, checked by the sight of Fenwick, who stood in the door of his studio.

"*I am sorry you were kept waiting,*" he said hoarsely. She made some commonplace reply, and they shook hands. Mrs. Flint looked at them curiously and withdrew again into the back premises.

Fenwick turned and walked in front of Eugénie towards the table from which he had risen. She looked at him in sudden horror,—arrested,—the words she had come to speak stifled on her lips. Then a quick impulse made her shut the door behind her. He turned again, bewildered, and raised his hand to his head.

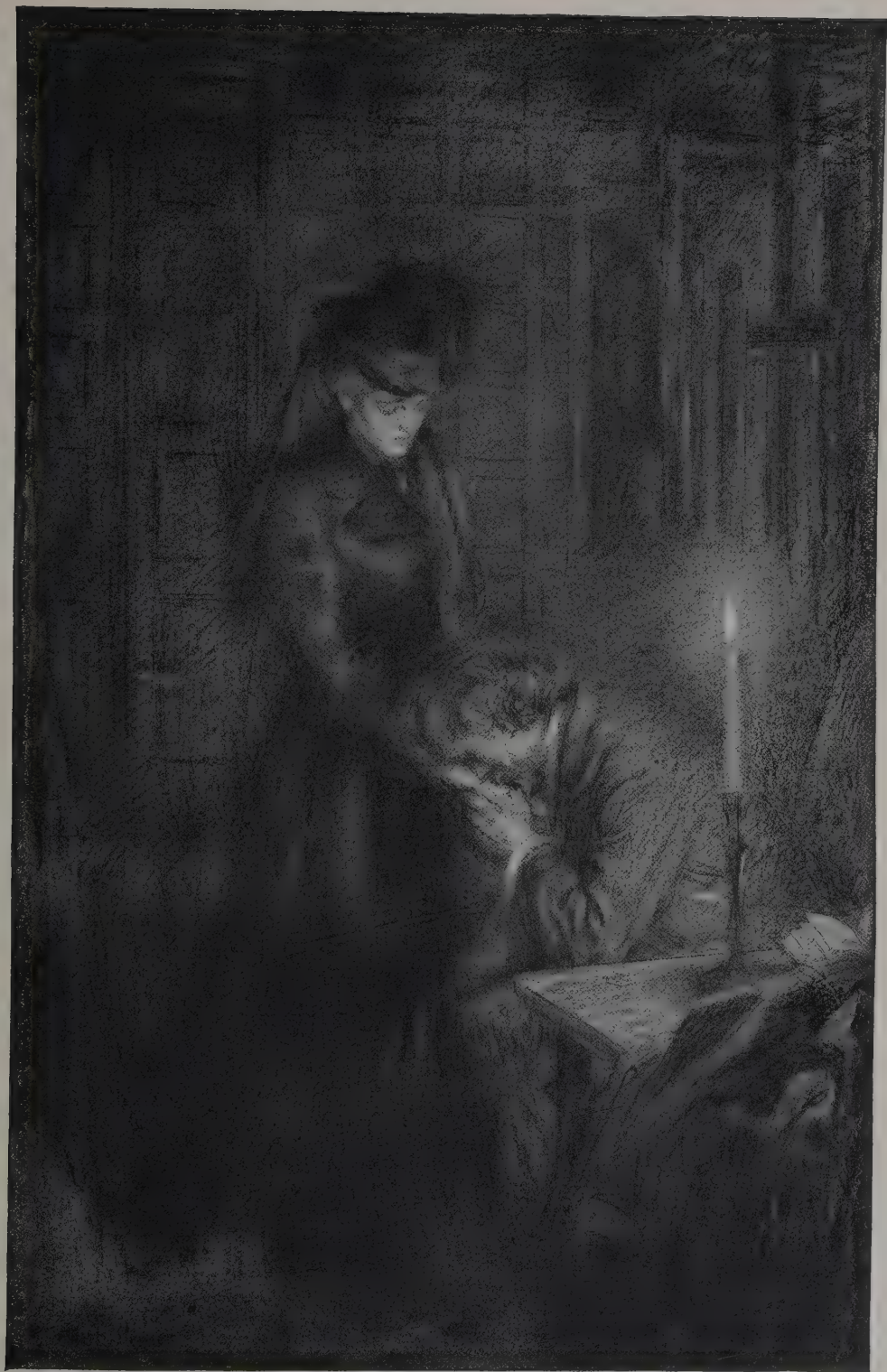
"My God!" he said in a low voice, "*I ought n't to have let you come in here. Go away—please go away.*"

Then she saw him totter backward, raise an overcoat which hung across the back of a chair, and throw it over something lying on the table. Terror possessed her; his aspect was so ghastly, his movements so strange. She flew to him, and took his hand in both hers. "*No, no—don't send me away! My friend—my dear friend—listen to me. You look so ill—you 've been in trouble! If I 'd only known! But I 've thought of you always—I 've prayed for you. And listen—listen!—I 've brought you good news.*"

She paused, still holding him. Her eyes were bright with tears, but her mouth smiled. He looked at her, trembling. Her pale charm, her pleading grace, moved him unbearably; this beauty, this tenderness,—the sudden apparition of them, in this dark room,—unmanned him altogether.

But she came nearer.

"We only got home this morning. It was a sudden wish of my father's—he thought Italy was n't suiting him. We came straight from Rome. I wrote to you by this morning's post. Then—this afternoon—after we 'd settled my father—I drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields. And I found them so excited—just sending off a messenger to you. A letter had arrived by the afternoon post—an hour after you left the office. I have it here—they trusted it to me. Oh! dear Mr. Fenwick, listen to me! They are on the track—it 's a *real* clue this time! Your wife has been in Canada—they know where she was three months ago—it 's only a question of



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"BE MY MESSENGER!" HE SAID, JUST BREATHING IT

time now. Oh! and they told me about the theater—how *wonderful*! Oh! I believe they 're not far off—I know it—I feel it!"

He had fallen on his chair; she stood beside him.

"And you 've been ill," she said sadly, "and in great distress, I 'm afraid,—about money, was it? Oh, if I 'd only known! But you 'll let me make that right, won't you?—you could n't refuse me that? And think! you 'll have them again—your wife—your little girl."

She smiled at him, while the tears slipped down her cheeks. She cherished his cold hands, holding them close in her warm, soft palms.

He seemed to be trying to speak. Then suddenly he disengaged himself, rose feebly, went to the mantelpiece, lit another candle, and brought it, holding it towards something on a chair,—beckoning to her. She went to him, perceived the unframed portrait, and cried out.

"Phœbe sent it me—just now," he said, almost in a whisper,—*"without a word—without a single word. It was left here by a boy—with no letter—no address. Was n't it cruel—was n't it, horribly cruel?"*

She watched him in dismay.

"Are you sure there was nothing—no letter?"

He shook his head. She released herself, took up the picture, and examined it. Then she shook out the folds of the shawl, the fragments of the brown paper, and still found nothing. But as she took the candle and stooped with it to the floor, something white gleamed. A neatly folded slip of paper had dropped among some torn letters beneath the table. She held it up to him with a cry of delight.

He made a movement, then fell back.

"Read it, please," he said hoarsely, refusing it. "There 's something wrong with my eyes."

And he held his hands pressed to them, while she, a little reluctantly, wistfully, opened and read:

"MY DEAR JOHN: I have Phœbe safe. She can't write. But she sends you this—as her sign. It 's been with her all through. She knows she 's been a sinful wife. But there, it 's no use writing. Besides, it makes me cry. But come!—come soon! Your child is an angel. You 'll forget and forgive when you see her.

"I brought Phœbe here last week. Do you see the address?—it 's the old cottage! I took it with a friend—three years ago. It seemed the right place for your poor wife—till she could make up her mind how and when to let you know.

"As to how I came to know—we 'll tell you all that.

"Carrie knows nothing yet. I keep thinking of the first look in her eyes!

"Come soon!

"Ever your affectionate old friend,

"ANNA MASON."

There was silence. Eugénie had read the letter in a soft voice that trembled. She looked up. Fenwick was staring straight before him, and she saw him shudder.

"I know it 's horrible," he said in a low voice, "and cowardly, but I feel as if I could n't face it—I could n't bear it."

And he began feebly to pace to and fro, looking like an old gray-haired man in the dim grotesqueness of the light. Eugénie understood. She felt, with mingled dread and pity, that she was in the presence of a weakness which represented far more than the immediate emotion; was the culmination, indeed, of a long, disintegrating process.

She hesitated—moved—wavered—then took courage again.

"Come and sit down," she said gently. And going up to him, she took him by the arm and led him back to his chair.

He sank upon it, his eyes hanging on her. She stooped over him.

"Shall I?" she said uncertainly—"shall I—go first? Oh, I *ought n't* to go! Nobody ought to interfere—between husband and wife. But if you wish it—if I could do any good—"

Her eyes sought the answer of his.

Her face, framed in the folds of her black veil, shone in the candle-light; her voice was humble, yet brave.

The silence continued a moment. Then his lips moved.

"Be my messenger!" he said, just breathing it.

She made a sign of assent. And he, feebly lifting her hand, brought it to his lips. Close to them, unseen by her,—for the moment, unremembered by him,—lay the revolver with which he had meant to take his life, and the letter in which he had bid her a last farewell.

THE OLD GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP



JOHN SEARSON, formerly of Philadelphia, merchant," is a versemaker passed over by the anthologists, and forgotten, probably, by all save the collectors of first editions. From a little volume entitled "Mount Vernon, a Poem," printed for the author a good many years before any of us was born, I have rescued this choice transcript of his

THOUGHTS IN MOUNT VERNON GARDEN

Delightful mansion, blest retreat,
Where all is silent, all is sweet;
Here contemplation prunes her wings;
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While she leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears:
Pursu'd by fancy, how she roves!
Thro' airy walks and museful groves;
Springs in each plant, and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear or see;
In this elysium, while I stray
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new born, and life more bright;
Time steals away and smooths his flight,
And thoughts bewilder'd in delight.

"This rural, romantic and descriptive Poem of the seat of so great a character," the title-page assures us, "it is hoped may please, with a copper-plate likeness of the General. It was taken from an actual view on the spot by the author, 15th May, 1799."

My apology for quoting it here is that it is as quaintly characteristic of its period as the garden that inspired it, and as nearly akin to truth as the traditions

which represent the old flower-beds of Mount Vernon as the handiwork and diversion of George Washington. That is one of the illusions born of the early school readers. We are fain to speak of the Father of his Country as the American Cincinnatus; yet nothing could be less classically Cincinnatus-like than the faithful pen-portrait, given us by a contemporary annalist, of a Virginia gentleman in a sober drab costume and broad felt hat, riding about to look at his growing things and directing the work of his hired men in the fields.

Among the relics of his sojourn at the beautiful estate where he passed the declining years of his life may be found abundant evidences of his wholesome love of out-of-door amusements, and particularly of his tastes in landscape gardening; but in these matters, as in those of statecraft, it was larger interests that absorbed his main attention. The sweep of the lawns, the approaches to the river, the windings of the paths and drives, the planning and platting of the generous spaces, the framing of the vistas—these, rather than the small details, were uppermost in his thought. We hear much of his old garden at Mount Vernon, and can trace its outlines fairly well in its living ruins; but we search his diaries and correspondence almost in vain to discover the trend of his fancy in color and the minor forms which go to make up the mosaic scheme of gardening as most of us understand the term.

The chances largely favor Dame Martha Washington, rather than General George, as the author and finisher of the Mount Vernon garden. She has, unfortunately, left us little or nothing in the lit-

crary way to indicate her share in this part of the simple life into which poured for them the sunset glow of age. Washington's career throughout was an apotheosis of the severely practical; and when he had carried the baby republic through the perils that beset its birth, the bent of his mind revealed itself in such an order as this, sent to his horticultural factor: "A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for field culture; twenty pounds of the best turnip seed; ten bushels of sainfoin seed; eight bushels of winter vetches." Or in this direction for a "field of sundries": "Carrots, five acres; potatoes five; pumpkins one; turnips one; pease fifteen." And here we find, not mere dry statistics, but a ripened judgment: "I have a high opinion of beans"; and elsewhere: "Of all the improving and ameliorating crops, none in my opinion is equal to potatoes."

From these purely material interests it is a relief to run upon such passages in the diaries as this: "Jan. 10. The white thorn full in berry"; or this: "Jan 12. Sowed holly berries in drills (3 rows)." But substantially the sole suggestion of a real garden, where beauty shall be cultivated for its own sweet sake, is found in the letter to William Gordon where the writer assures his correspondent: "I have too, Mrs. Washington's particular thanks to offer you for the flower roots and seeds."

Still, there was at Mount Vernon a place for flowers, and a goodly one, though walled in with the practicalities. Much of it was under cover. It was as orderly as everything that Washington had to do with. Rare exotics—rare, at least, in that day—were grouped there in glass greenhouses, where he could admire them, as the collector admires his *bric-à-brac* gathered in a cabinet from all quarters of the globe, for what was curious and suggestive in them, rather than for what invited his soul.

In the arrangement of what is left to mark the site of the old garden we note the signs of that precision which distinguished the surveyor turned country-gentleman, the commander of men made over into the master of a landed estate. The diaries are full of references to the experiments he made with lawn-seed and the shaping of his broad expanses of liv-

ing green, here in flowing mounds unembarrassed by changes of level, there in the stiff formality of a bell-shaped arena. The trees, which were his chief concern, and to gather which he made numberless visits to the native groves on his plantation, carry out the idea of a military skirmish line in open order, while the prim box hedges suggest the genius of generalship in arranging the solid lines of battle.

It is the misfortune of the ordinary pilgrim to Mount Vernon that he must see the place only in the garish glare of day. The garden is full of sentiment, but sentiment and brilliant sunshine are sworn foes. It is only in the cool silvery envelop of evening that we can re-people the spot and make it live again the life of that eighteenth century in which it was planned and developed. We can then stand back of the glass enclosures and fancy once more in place the long, straight rows of blooming plants from which Lady Washington replenished her nosegay vases—the flowers nodding drowsily amid the chirp of crickets, and now and then swaying softly in response to the whisper of a passing summer breeze. We can almost fancy the bronze-armed gardener stirring the soil between the rows with his hoe as he put the belated last touch to his work before bidding the care-laden world good night. Or we can take up our position at another point and watch the overseer in his quaint continental garb as he finishes his round, lantern in hand, among the "quarters," and takes his way back to the great house for a final look to make sure that all is well. Or we can ourselves stroll up the path where the varicolored borders merge into the more stately shrubbery that lines the old gray wall. Whether or not the Greatest American actually had a hand in the making of all this dainty array, at least he dwelt amid it, sniffed its odors, heard its faint murmurings, and possibly—nay, probably—was unconsciously mellowed in mind and morals by the influence of such an environment.

Next to the shimmer of the moon, in its power of calling up fancies like these, is the twilight hour at Mount Vernon. As the day draws in, the edges of lengthening shadow are softened in a faint mist trailing close to ground. The earth sends



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

THE MOUNT VERNON WATCHMAN ON HIS ROUND



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

THE MOUNT VERNON WATCHMAN ON HIS ROUND



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE LONG, STRAIGHT ROWS OF BLOOMING PLANTS"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"WHERE THE VARICOLORED BORDERS MERGE INTO THE MORE STATELY SHRUBBERY"

up a rich moist smell, and over this deep bass there plays a fugue of perfume from the flowers. A gauze of thinnest blue air veils the detail of the fine old trees outside of the garden wall and masses them against a tender tinted sky and against a lower glimpse of empurpled red roof and white supports. From the dense foliage on the lawn comes a half-hushed chorus, the softened twang and creak of an oakful of blackbirds away over against the edge of the old kitchen garden, antiphoned by the throaty chirrup of many robins from the big chestnut by the gate. A few small birds hidden among the boughs that overhang the flowers are uttering little notes and cuddling sounds under their breath, and from the top-most twig of a tall maple down at the end of the garden floats the cardinal's even-song.

Perchance the spell may be broken by the advent of one of the custodians of the place, who prowls about to see what the stranger finds so alluring in an atmosphere that to his prophetic sense portends only malaria and a host of discomforting accompaniments. But even he, prosaic as his apparel and manner of speech may lead you to think him, has his own poetic instinct, which is stirred into life if he happens to find you near the Old White Rose Bush—forgive the capitals,

dear reader, for his vocal inflexions print them on your mind.

"Beside this very identical Old White Rose Bush," he will tell you, with a peculiar staccato emphasis on his opening words, "the beautiful Eleanor Custis was wooed and won by her cousin, the elegant Lawrence Lewis, and here they plighted their troth. She gave him her answer with one of its white roses. And since that day many and many a couple have stood here and fixed it up between 'em."

It may be he's a bit too modern there, but he is of our time, however ancient the burden of his discourse.

"There has long been a tradition about it among the hands on the place, and they've always come to settle their love-affairs by the Bush. It kind o' draws lovers, don't you know. The girls can't seem to hold out on this spot. Among the visitors I've watched a many young couples made up right here. And—well, I've even seen an old pair stand a while looking at the white roses when they're at their best in June, and then take hold of hands."

And the fellow's sun-hardened features soften as he looks at you, and then back at the Old White Rose Bush, which you see him still half-caressing as you slip away and cross the main lawn to the path which leads you down to your boat.



TO JOHN LA FARGE

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE ASCENSION

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN

THE glowing angels through the air ascending;
On ridge and cloud and mountain-lake a light
Not less divine, in mystic vapors blending:

Which of these wondrous visions is more bright?

Both in their solemn charm shine uncontending;

Limner of Beauty! be it mine to share

Thy nearness to the Beauty never-ending,

Thy joy in finding Earth and Heaven so fair!



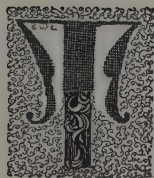
Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"‘WE CAN’T FOOL HERE,’ HE CRIED; ‘WE GOT TO GET AROUND
TO THEM GAS-TANKS’"



A QUESTION OF COMMAND

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



HE fire had started at sundown in the lumber-yard of a furniture-factory on the East River water-front; and an easterly breeze, puffing steadily into the smolder, had blown it back

through the stacks of seasoned boards like a blaze through kindlings. Now it covered the ground of a prairie-fire. Under a brooding volume of dense smoke, the flames reached and writhed and leaped together, darting up their heads venomously, waving aloft their flickering crests, coiling back, and striking low. When the wind lifted the pall that covered their trail, the piles of lumber could be seen burning like torches behind them. In front of them, every now and then, a feathery stream rose white in the ruddy glow, spitting impotently into the air, choked with anger as the firemen, retreating, throttled it and dragged it back; and overhead, continually, the triumphal sparks brightened and soared.

In the rear of this furious advance, the fire-boat *Manhattan* lay under the dark wall of the factory, shaking with the beat of her eight pumps, which were driving their thousands of gallons of water a minute, through a triple line of hose, to cut off the straggling flames in the charred wake of the battle. Her decks were empty, except for the pilot standing black in the door of the lighted wheel-house; and they were quiet except when old Doty, the en-

gineer, came up through the engine-room hatch, looked across the darkness toward the struggle which he could not see, and called out to the pilot, "How 's she goin', Pete?"

The pilot had answered several times, indifferently, that she was "going her own gait all right," that she was "chasing the boys all around the lot," that she had "the bit in her teeth." But at last he reported that the wind had fallen; and then the next time he said, "She 's puffing in from the southeast"; and now he leaned his shoulder against the door-jamb and replied: "You better get your pumps greased. The wind 's come around strong from the south."

"South!" Doty sniffed for the smell of smoke. "That 'll bring her back this way!"

"That 's what I 'm telling you."

The engineer popped into the hatch like a frightened rabbit into its burrow; and the silhouette in the doorway raised the shadow of a pair of night-glasses to the black profile of a nose and stood watching.

In a moment, out of the darkness at the head of the slip, two figures in long rubber coats came striding into the light of the incandescent lamp at the stern of the *Manhattan* and sprang aboard. They were the captain of the boat and the acting chief of the department; and they came forward rapidly toward the wheel-house, the chief waving his arm with an excited gesture of authority.

"She 's working back over there," he was saying of the fire. "You 'll have to hold her here at the factory and keep her from jumping that street to those gas-tanks. If they blow up, it 'll smash half the ward."

They ran up the ladder to the deck of the wheel-house. "We can't get water to hold her, back there," the chief explained. "They 're sucking air from those plugs already."

Keighley swung his keen glances around from the fire to the black wall of the factory, from the factory to the shadow where the street was hidden, and from the street to the huge gas-tanks leaping and falling in the wavering light of the flames. "We

voice of a challenge: "I got a scrub crew here. They ain't up to much."

The chief asked over his shoulder: "What 's the matter?"

"Well, half o' them are Brownies, an' I 've had trouble with them from the first. That 's what was wrong with the fire on the *Flamisch*."

"Well?"

"They got foolin' with that fire, tryin' to get me into trouble because I 'd broke Doherty. I scared them into line there, an' I put it up to the man that was at the bottom of it, an' they 've been quiet enough since. But I don't know; in a place like this—"

The chief stepped ashore. "I 'm going

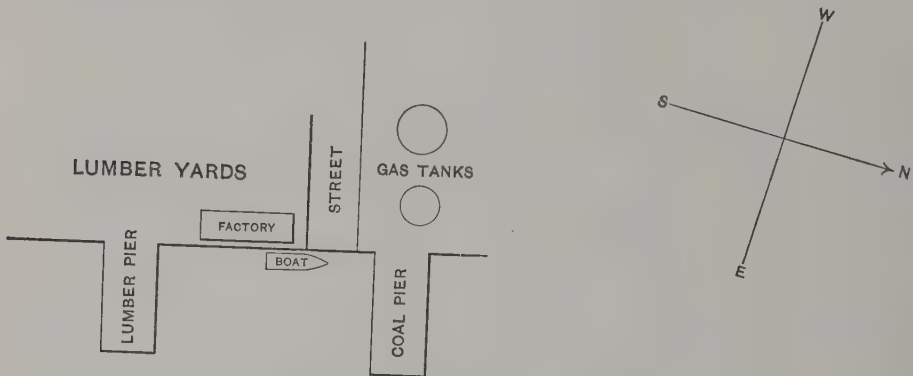


DIAGRAM OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRE

got the water *here* all right," he said; then he asked, "How wide is it?"

"It 's—I don't know," the chief answered impatiently. "It 's about seventy feet from the wall to the nearest tank. I can give you two water-towers."

Keighley looked over his shoulder and coolly calculated the chances. The boat was lying broadside to the shore, at the head of a wide slip that was inclosed by the lumber-wharf at the boat's stern and by the gas company's coal-pier at her bows.

"Fire 's bound to back on to that yard-wharf," Keighley said. "We 'll be between hell an' hades here." He looked up at the factory wall above them. "That 'll be comin' down on top of us." He nodded at the gas-tanks. "All right; we can keep her off them."

The chief ran down the ladder and hurried aft. Keighley followed him.

Suddenly the old captain said, in the

around the factory," he said curtly, and vanished in the darkness.

Keighley stood stroking his sharp nose and smiling under his hand. Then he coughed a dry chuckle, turned, and ran along the trail of the hose toward the fire.

He considered that he had "put it up to the chief."

The "Brownies" of whom he had complained were members of a "benevolent association" which the new Fire Commissioner was accused of having organized in the department to fight the political influence of the older society, which had opposed his appointment. They were the young men of the service, these Brownies, as young as the acting chief himself; and they had been arrayed with him against the old chief, whom they had succeeded in ousting from his position, and who was still fighting in the courts for his reinstatement. Four of them on board the *Manhattan*, under the leadership of

Lieutenant Moore, had attempted to break Keighley with treachery. "Old Clinkers," as they had since come to call him, had taken advantage of a narrow escape from death, in the hold of a burning boat, to read them a lesson on the dangers of conspiracy, to frighten them into submission, to hold up Moore to their ridicule, and to prove himself the better man. Since then they had shown no inclination to meddle with him; they had deserted Moore, and to all appearances they were working together with the rest of the company, reconciled.

But passive submission was one thing and active obedience another; and Captain Keighley had wished to point out to the acting chief that it was *his* turn now to learn the dangers of promoting dissension in the place of discipline. Here was a fire big enough to break *him* if it were badly handled; and he was relying on a disaffected crew and a discredited captain to handle it for him.

As a matter of fact, though Keighley did not know it, his men were no longer disaffected and he was anything but discredited among them. As a matter of fact, though the chief did not know it, he could not have had a fitter company to rely on in the face of danger.

Keighley smiled as he ran, and he ran until the bitter smell of wet embers from the burned wood underfoot was wiped out of his nostrils by a puff of smoke that came warm and dry on his face. It sobered him. He slackened his pace to fill his lungs against the stifle, and proceeded carefully. A few yards farther on the expected blast scorched him. When it had passed, he yelled: "Hi, there! Moore, there!" He got no reply. He broke into a run, stumbled over the hose, and fell among the burned beams and steaming ashes; and as he sprang to his feet again, the glowing smoke was cut by a quivering current of heat, and he saw his crew crouched in a line behind their pipes, fighting in a wide semicircle of flames that held back before them, but reached out, roaring, on both flanks. "Back out! Back!" he called. "You're no good here. Get back to the boat! We can't stop her here. Come along with that two-inch line! Lighten up here, some o' you men! Chase back an' shut off, Moore!"

They obeyed him in suffocated silence,

dragging back the smaller hose: but it was impossible to move the larger lines so long as they were filled with the weight of water; and the pipemen who were directing these, blinded by the resinous smoke of yellow pine, remained bent double before the heat that came licking across them like the touch of flame.

Keighley ran to them. "Get back an' uncouple 'em! We 'll never get out this way."

A man at the farthest pipe pitched forward on his face and lay huddled. His fellows left their nozzle in its pipe-stick, caught him under arms and knees, and stumbled back with him. Their undirected stream threshed about like a snake pinned down at the neck, and the fire began to creep stealthily across the drying debris around it.

A smoking pile of half-burned lumber close at hand flared up in a sudden flame. Keighley threw himself on the other men, dragged them from their pipe, and drove them back. "We can't fool here," he cried; "we got to get around to them gas-tanks."

Reluctantly they abandoned the two nozzles that were caught by their lugs in the crotches of the pipe-sticks, and retreated with the smaller line. But, even so, they had to wait until the water had been shut off before they dared break the couplings to save the hose; and every minute was an hour long to the impatient chief waiting for them to stretch in their lines to protect the threatened gas-tanks. He was fresh to his responsibility, and Keighley's cool insinuation of treachery had put him on the edge of a new fear.

When the men got back to the *Manhattan* with the first lengths of hose, he stormed down on them angrily.

"What're you doing? Get a move on, will you? What the —— are you fooling round with that hose for, Keighley? Stretch in over there, where I told you! Why the devil——"

He abused the old man excitedly; and Keighley, who had his own sense of dignity, set his thin lips in a tight line and looked back at the factory. "Where's yer truck comp'ny?" he growled. "D' yuh expect eight men to stretch in enough o' this boat's hose to feed two water-towers?"

The chief's voice rose to a hoarse curse: "G—— —— you, don't you talk back to

me! Do what you 're told. Get a hustle on, or, by—"

Keighley understood then that his superior officer was "rattled." He obeyed without more words. "Come along, boys," he ordered. "Leave yer lines there."

They jumped aboard the boat and cast off. The *Manhattan* nosed her way across the head of the slip until she lay with her bows a few yards from the coal-pier, her side to the foot of the street that separated the factory from the gas-tanks, and her stern in the shadow of the factory wall. From that position, strategically chosen by Keighley, she would flank the fire. Her supply-lines, laid up the street, would front it; and her stern-lines, trained on the lumber-wharf behind her, would check the flames there. The great danger of the place was this: if the factory burned, the falling of its walls would crush the boat.

"Come along, now!" Keighley called. "Open up that hose-box!"

His men obeyed him eagerly, in a clumsy attempt to show their loyalty. "Shine," who had brought his nickname with him from the Bowery, grumbled: "His Nibs thinks he 's the real screw. If he gets yappy, Ol' Clinkers 'll take an' bite a piece off 'm." And this Shine had once been a Brownie.

Farley, who had always been of the captain's faction, retorted jealously: "Don't *you* worry."

II

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY went forward and climbed to the roof of the wheel-house. He stripped the cover from the searchlight there and ordered the current switched to it from the engine-room; and the leakage of light from the metal hood showed his hard face set in muscular impassiveness, clean-shaven and strong-jawed.

He measured with his eye the distance from the boat's side to the probable position of the water-towers. "Two three-an'-a-half-inch lines, Moore," he called,—"eight len'ths. Four inch-an'-three-quarter ones—same len'ths." Then he swung the search-light around to the wall of the factory and passed the circle of light, like a great hand, up the windows to the roof.

It showed a brick wall five stories high

and apparently a brick and a half thick. He brought the light back to the window-frames and grunted, "Jerry-built!" Pushing up the helmet from his hot forehead, he stood studying.

The fire, doubling back beside its own trail, where the half-burned lumber was tinder to the flame, had wheeled around toward the factory with such rapidity that the glare of it already lighted the dark interior of the building. Where that glare went the blaze would soon be following; for the windows were unshuttered, the window-trim was bare, and the walls were a frail shell filled with all the inflammable materials of a furniture-factory. To Keighley's mind, it would be impossible to protect such a structure.

He narrowed his eyes and watched the chief leading up a truck company to aid in laying the lines from the boat. Farther up the street, the lights of swinging lanterns marked the massing of other companies, with hose and engines, in the probable path of the fire. He heard the whistle of the "steamers," the bells of the trucks, the immense murmur of the pumps vibrating like a huge purr in the resounding night, and the faint rumor of roaring flames and falling timbers as low and wide as the reverberation of a surf. His nostrils dilated, his frown cleared, his jaw settled. He put his hand on the wheel of the monitor nozzle beside him and shouted: "Loosen yer lines there, men! Hey, you at the wheel, ring Doty to jack her back! I want her in under that wall."

The boat slid back, paying out its lines, until the captain and the wheel-house came under the factory wall again. "Hold her!" he cried. "Start yer water! Look out fer yerselves there, you men!"

They scattered as he brought the stand-pipe around like a machine-gun, laid it to train on the upper story of the factory, and spun the valve-wheel. There was a shout of orders from the deck, answered by another shout from the engine-room; and behind a shrill hiss of air and spray, a solid stream of water, under the mighty pressure of eight pumps, shot from the quivering nozzle and struck like an exploding shell in a burst of spray between two upper windows. For an instant that spray hid the wall there; then it vanished, sucked into a black gap; and above the roar of the water glass crashed and bricks

thudded, and the stream, swinging slowly from window to window, tore its way along above the line of sills. It rose to reach the edge of the roof, and ripped up the sheathing-boards, and stripped the tin, and burst apart the rafters. It came down again to the windows, and bore in the wall above the floor, and battered in the bricks below the floor, and cut into the floor itself, and stripped it to the beams.

By the time the acting chief had fought his way to the pier, through the rush of a truck company retreating from a fall of bricks, half the wall of the upper story had been carried away, the section of the roof above it hung down in a broken wing, and the stream, thrown up to clear the ruin, shot over the building, singing fiercely.

"Get yer men away from there!" Keighley shouted.

The chief cleared the bulwarks with a running jump and sprang up the ladder to the wheel-house top. He clutched Keighley by the breast of his rubber coat and faced him, white with fury, his lower teeth bared as if he were going to bite, his eyes glaring like two balls of yellow glass in the blaze of the search-light, speechless.

Keighley caught his wrist and growled: "What 's the matter with yuh?"

The chief flung him off and yelled: "What 's the matter with *you*? Why don't you do what you 're told, you ——! Did I tell you to do that?" He threw out his arm at the wrecked factory.

Keighley shook his head. "No. Yuh had n't sense enough to."

The captain was a tall, big-shouldered build of Irish ruffian, as hard with age as an old oak. The chief was shorter, stockier, heavier in the waist. They drew back from each other with a menacing stiffening of neck and shoulders. Then the chief said: "You 're relieved of your command here. Report to me to-morrow at headquarters."

Keighley turned to his pipe. "Relieved be d—d! I 'm responsible for this boat an' I 'll take her back to her berth." He threw the stream down to strike the wall again, and shouted: "If we lay here feedin' yer water-towers till the fire drops the side of a house on us, where d' yuh suppose we 'll be? We got the water to smash it in now; we won't have it when we 're pumpin' yer six lines full, will we?

There 's time enough to stretch in after them bricks is down. Look out, there!"

A section of the weakened wall, taken in the middle, broke and dropped on itself like a curtain. Half the roof collapsed and bore down the upper floors. The end-wall, forced out, buckled and fell into the street; and the stream, striking free on the ruin, began to pick it down, course by course, as Keighley laid the pipe to it.

He did not so much as glance at the chief again. In the excitement of his work, he appeared to have brushed aside the quarrel from his thoughts as he would have brushed aside any man who got in his way at such a time. It was a manner that made all blustering insistence of authority impossible to the chief. He waited for the opportunity to reassert himself.

"All right!" Keighley shouted, at last. "Shut her off."

The stream weakened, fell, and ceased. Keighley turned the search-light on the street and called: "All right; now put her back where she was!" He dropped down the wheel-house ladder and ran aft as the boat drew up again at the foot of the street.

The chief stood a moment, the jaw-muscle working in his cheek. Then he went ashore in grim silence. It was a silence that promised him satisfaction in the morning, when Keighley should be notified that he was relieved of his command.

Shine chuckled as he dragged on his line. "His Nibs 's got his dose, I guess."

Farley replied: "There 's trouble in it fer the ol' man, though."

Shine retorted, in his turn: "Don't *you* worry!"

III

TEN minutes later the whole street was blotted out in smoke. The streams roared from the nozles, and were lost in it. The pipemen, with heads down and eyes shut, braced themselves against the back-pressure and fought for breath. The officers, staggering into them, shouldered them forward, smothering. The whole line, throttled in darkness, without orders, without head, swayed and struggled and stood helpless.

Then, like a stroke of lightning, the flame split the smoke before them. The

air seemed to explode in a blaze of burning gases; the heat whipped into their faces with a stinging lash; and the whole row of lumber-piles that faced them lighted up together like a long line of beacons.

Against such a fire the streams were useless. They could beat back the flame they struck, but as soon as they were moved from the steaming lumber they had saved, the heat licked it dry again, and the flames leaped back to it. Behind the fringe which the pipes could cover, the whole yard blazed untouched. The windows in the rear of the factory cracked and broke; the smoke began to pour out through the wrecked roof; the fire rose from floor to floor as fast as it could climb—and it climbed unchecked, despite the three streams from the nearest water-tower that fought it.

The chief licked the tail of his mustache and watched it nervously. The largest of the gas-tanks towered behind him, in the full current of heat which rained a steady shower of sparks against it; and when he glanced back at it his head jerked around with a twitch. He ordered one of the deck-pipes of the tower turned on the tank to wet it down, and his voice was hoarse and anxious. Then, when the blaze in the factory reached the varnish-room and flared out with redoubled fury, he rushed around, countermanding his order and concentrating all his streams on the one whirl of flame. The sides of the tank steamed dry at once. He called out for another line to be stretched in to it from the *Manhattan*, and his voice came shaken from a tense throat. He was losing his head. The boat line did not come. In desperation he started down the street, and was met by Keighley, hastening up at the head of a squad of the boat's crew.

"For—sake, Keighley, hurry up!" he gasped; and his tone was a confession of weakness that was willing to forgive everything—for the moment—for the sake of aid.

The line was stretched and coupled as fast as drill. The water spouted to the tank and drenched it. The chief took off his helmet and wiped his forehead; he was trembling in spite of his efforts to control himself.

Keighley came striding back. "That

coal-pier's goin' up if we don't keep her wet," he said. "It'll be worse than the fact'ry fer that tank there."

The chief tried to curse. "The—the whole — place's goin' up," he complained feebly.

"The blaze on the lumber-pier astern of us'll scorch us out if we don't keep it down. We need a stream on the wall alongside the boat. We're pretty near pumpin' the limit as it is."

The chief shook his head in a dogged helplessness.

"What're yuh goin' to do?" Keighley insisted. "We got to do something—an' be quick about it. Look a-here—" He hurried down to the boat, with the chief at his heels.

The *Manhattan* was lying at the head of the slip, in the angle of two fires that swept its deck with a burning blast of heat and smoke. Lieutenant Moore had turned one of the aft stand-pipes on the blazing factory and was fighting back the flames in the nearest windows; but the stream was too weak to be more than a small defiance. He had started the deck-spray on the stern, and the men there were working in a shower-bath; but it was a tepid shower, and the metal and cement of the deck were already steaming under it.

The coal-wharf at the bow was exposed to all the sparks that blew over its great wooden hoist and bunkers. And if the fire took that wharf, the whole defense would be outflanked; the blaze would blow from pier to pier down the water-front; the gas-tanks would be caught unprotected from the rear.

"Hi, there!" Keighley shouted. "Turn yer forrud pipes on there an' keep that pier wet. Two—four—eight—eleven—H—! We got to save som'ers. That won't do." He turned to the chief. "What're yuh goin' to do about it? There's too many streams as it is. They ain't strong enough."

But the acting chief was at the end of his resources. It was his first big fire, and it was too much for him. He had the bulldog courage that can take up a position and hold it, fighting, to the last gasp of ruin; but he had not the quality of mind to stand on the height of responsibility unbewildered, and direct confusion and overrule defeat. His face was as

blank as his mind; and Captain Keighley saw it.

"Take charge o' that boat a minute," the captain said. The chief took a step forward, and when he stopped and turned again, Captain Keighley was off up the street.

The old man had a plan—a plan that was drawn from his experience of early volunteer days, when streams were too weak to tear up a fire by the roots and fire-fighters were always on the defensive, checking an enemy that could not be successfully attacked.

He ordered the pipe of the nearest water-tower to be raised to the perpendicular, so that the stream from it rose straight in the air and fell back on itself like a geyser; then he trained the two deck-pipes of the same tower to cut into that stream with two deflecting ones; and the three streams, meeting in mid-air, fought together in a spout of spray that spread in all directions, formed a "water curtain" which no spark could pass, and was blown by the wind in a wide shower over the threatened tanks.

"Shut off that other line—chief's orders!" he shouted to the men who were still flailing the tank-sides with a solid stream.

"Will that be enough, cap'n?" one of the tower-men asked him.

"Sure," he said. "Yuh can't set fire to metal, can yuh? Supposin' the heat does swell up yer gas a bit, ain't those telescope tanks? Yuh could n't explode one o' them if yuh opened it an' dropped a match in. It 'u'd go out. It's got to have air, ain't it? She 's safe as long 's she don't warp a leak."

He ran along through the scorch to the second tower, and watched it pouring a waste of water on a fire that was already held by the hose from the engines. "We're goin' to cut this tower off," he called—"chief's orders. Yuh can't put that blaze out; yuh got to let it burn out. The other crews can hold it. Get back up the street there where there 's buildin's. Stick to it here, boys. We got to have this water to keep her from gettin' down the piers behind yuh."

He doubled back to the water-front. "Two — three — five," he muttered. "That'll do it."

The chief ran into him in the smoke.

Keighley clutched him by the elbow. "What 're yuh doin' here?" he cried.

"Why ain't ye aboard that boat?" And the chief turned and followed him like a lieutenant.

IV

THEY sprang aboard the *Manhattan* together. Keighley ran to the pipe that was feeding the second water-tower and cut it off at the gate. "Get this stand-pipe on the fact'ry," he ordered the chief. "We got the water now—all yuh want. I'll look after the pier."

Shine wiped the tears from his eyes and stared open-mouthed. The chief shouldered past him and swung around the stand-pipe and turned it on the blazing windows. But Captain Keighley bounded up the ladder to the wheel-house and began to bellow his orders through his hands.

There followed the hottest half-hour that the *Manhattan* ever knew. The coal-wharf had taken fire, and the full power of the two monitor nozles was needed to subdue it. Meanwhile the belch of heat from the burning factory, checked only by the lesser streams from the waist of the boat, swept the deck like the blast from a furnace. The paint peeled from the smoke-stack, blistered on the wheel-house, bubbled on the rail. The men crouched behind the bulwarks, their eyes crackling, their throats parched, silent except for a feeble complaint from Shine that they would be "spittin' black buttons fer a month." The chief clung to his stand-pipe, faint with nausea. Lieutenant Moore struggled against the kick of a pipe which he had turned on the burning pier at the stern of the boat and talked brokenly to himself. Keighley's voice came to them all, thin and far, through the muffling of the blood in their ears: "To yer left, Moore. Higher up there, chief! Stick to it, boys!"

There is, in such men, an ideal of self-subordination as strong as the instinct of liberty itself. In the face of danger it held them together under Keighley like an oath. "Stick to it!" Shine gasped. "Stick to it an' roast! Roast! *He* don't care!" Farley muttered: "Old hunk o' slag!" They were filled with a sudden contempt for him, for themselves, for their work; and with an ironical and bitter loyalty

they held to their posts. The lieutenant blinked the spray from his stinging eyes and turned for another look at the chief beside the stand-pipe and Keighley commanding on the wheel-house. The chief, at every crash of falling floors in the factory expected to see the broken wall forced out—and was glad that, by virtue of Captain Keighley's foresight, the bricks that might have crushed the boat were already lying in a harmless pile at the water's-edge.

It was the culmination of Keighley's triumph—the triumph of the man who forgets himself in his work, who commands unquestioned because he orders what must be done of necessity in the situation, who humbles himself to his duty, and is exalted by it. He had drowned out the flame in the coal-wharf; he turned one of his nozles on the factory, and poured his tons of water through the broken wall, and cut off the flames in the windows. The roof had long since fallen, and now the walls followed it; and the hot bricks, just missing the stern of the *Manhattan*, hissed in the water like a blacksmith's irons. For a moment it seemed that the opening of the building only gave the flames a fiercer draft. They rose sky-high with the roar of a volcano in eruption. But they fell as suddenly; and, instead of smoke, it was steam that rose in clouds, and, instead of the busy crackling of new fuel, the men heard the sizzle of hot coals drowning in the flood that was pouring in on them.

The final relief came from the shore companies that closed in on the ruin, fighting their way through the smolder of the yard, and beating down the dying struggles of the flames with a score of pipes. To Keighley's orders, the boat drew off and turned broadside to the burning lumber-pier and fairly swept it from its spiles. The acting chief left his nozle and went forward dazedly.

"All right, chief," Keighley called to him; "we got her beat."

WHEN the *Manhattan* returned to her berth in the gray dawn, Captain Keighley was still in command of her. The acting chief, with a gruff kindness, had said: "All right, Keighley. The shore companies can finish this. You've done your share. Get back and get to bed."

Keighley had heard laughter among his men as they steamed down the river, and from their looks, as he went around among them inspecting his scorched paint, he knew that they had watched his quarrel with the chief, and were proud of him for winning out. His lieutenant received his orders with an almost obsequious meekness.

For the first time since he had taken charge of the *Manhattan*, he felt the prompt response of loyalty in the way that every man hurried to obey him with a will.

"Turn in, boys," he said, when the boat had been tied up.

They trooped up-stairs to their bunk-room noisily. He sat down at his desk before the open window and looked out at the first rosy peep of morning over the horizon. His old eyes relaxed the thoughtful pucker of their wrinkles and filmed with a pathetic moisture. He blinked; his mouth twitched. He looked down quickly at his papers, tore a leaf from his daily calendar, rolled it in a ball, and dropped it in the waste-basket. It was the passing of the last of evil days—the passing of treachery among his men, of enmity among his superior officers, and of the grim misery of his own determination to keep his back to the wall and fight it out.

When he looked up again, he met, with a changed face, the beginning of a new day.





Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"I 'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS BOAT"

"I SOUGHT ME SYMBOLS OF ETERNITY"

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

I SOUGHT me symbols of Eternity:
And vasty deeps of heaven yielded glooms,
And barren space, no furthest star illumes,—
Darkness. I sought 'mid mighty things that be
Uncomprehended within bounds: the sea,
Plumbless, unshored; aloft the westering light,
That plenary stillness, antedating night;
And day's long ebb in after-vacancy.
Yet even in these no perfect glass I saw
For imaging the mystery unblurred;
Nor entered into realms of ultimate awe,
Till drifting, drifting, wheresoever led
In aimless tides of revery I heard
Lear's fivefold "Never" o'er Cordelia dead.



WHERE TO PLANT WHAT

BY GEORGE W. CABLE



OFTEN one's hands are too heavily veneered with garden loam for him to go to his books to verify a quotation. It was the great Jefferson, was it not, who laid into the foundations of American democracy the imperishable maxim that "That gardening is best which gardens the least?" My rendition of it may be more a parody than a quotation, but, whatever its inaccuracy, to me it still sounds Jeffersonian—Joseph Jefferson.

Whether we read it "garden" or "govern," it has this fine mark of a masterful utterance, that it makes no perceptible effort to protect itself against the cavalier or the simpleton; from men, for instance, who would interpret it as meaning that the only perfect government, or gardening, is none at all. Speaking from the point of view of a garden lover,

I suppose the true signification is that the best government is the government which procures and preserves the noblest happiness of the community with the least enthrallment of the individual.

Now, I hope that as world-citizens and even as Americans we may bear in mind that, while this maxim may be wholly true, it is not therefore the whole truth. What maxim is? Let us ever keep a sweet, self-respecting modesty with which to confront and consort with those who see the science of government, or art of gardening, from the standpoint of some other equally true fraction of the whole truth. All we need here maintain for our Jeffersonian maxim is that its wide domination in American sentiment explains the larger part of all the merits and faults of American government—and American gardening. It accounts for nearly all our American laws and

ordinances, manners, customs, and whims, and in the great discussion of Where to Plant What (in America) no one need hope to prevail who does not recognize that this high principle of American democracy is the best rule for American gardening. That gardening is best, for most Americans, which best ministers to man's felicity with least disturbance of nature's freedom.

Hence the initial question—a question which every amateur gardener must answer for himself. How much subserviency of nature to art and utility is really necessary to my own and my friends' and neighbors' best delight? For—be not deceived—however enraptured of wild nature you may be, you do and must require of her *some* subserviency close about your own dwelling. You cannot there persistently enjoy the wolf and the panther, the muskrat, buzzard, gopher, rattlesnake, poison-ivy, and skunk in full swing, as it were. How much, then, of nature's subserviency does the range of your tastes demand? Also, how much will your purse allow? For it is as true in gardening as in statecraft that, your government being once genuinely established, the more of it you have, the more you must pay for it. In gardening, as in government, the cost of the scheme is not in proportion to the goodness or badness of its art, but to its intensity.

This is why the general and very sane inclination of our American preferences is away from that intense sort of gardening called "formal," and toward that rather unfairly termed "informal" method which here, at least, I should like to distinguish as "free-line" gardening. A free people who govern leniently will garden leniently. Their gardening will not be a vexing tax upon themselves, upon others, or upon the garden. Whatever freedom it takes away from themselves or others or the garden will be no more than is required for the noblest delight; and whatever freedom remains untaken, such gardening will help everybody to exercise and enjoy.

The garden of free lines, provided only it be a real garden under a real government, is, to my eye, an angel's protest against every species and degree of tyranny and oppression, and such a

garden, however small or extensive, will contain a large proportion of flowering shrubbery. Because a garden should not, any more than my lady's face, have all its features—nose, eyes, ears, lips—of one size? No, that is true of all gardening alike; but because with flowering shrubbery our gardening can be more lenient than with annuals alone, or with only herbaceous plants and evergreens.

So, then, our problem, Where to Plant What, may become for a moment, Where to Plant Shrubby; and the response of the free-line garden will be, of course, "Remember, concerning each separate shrub, that he or she—or it, if you really *prefer* the neuter—is your guest, and plant him or her or it where it will best enjoy itself, while promoting the whole company's joy." Before it has arrived in the garden, therefore, learn—and carefully consider—its likes and dislikes, habits, manners, and accomplishments, and its friendly or possibly unfriendly relations with your other guests. This done, determine between whom and whom you will seat it; between what and what you will plant it, that is, so as to "draw it out," as we say of diffident or reticent persons; or to use it for drawing out others of less social address. But how many a lovely shrub has arrived where it was urgently invited, and found that its host or hostess, or both, had actually forgotten its name! Did not know how to introduce it to any fellow-guest, or whether it loved sun or shade, loam, peat, clay, leaf-mold or sand, wetness or dryness; and yet should have found all that out in the proper blue-book (horticultural dictionary) before inviting the poor mortified guest at all.

"Oh, pray be seated—anywhere. Plant yourself alone in the middle. This is Liberty Garden."

"It is no such thing," says the tear-bedewed beauty to herself: "it's Anarchy Garden." Yet, like the lady she is, she stays where she is put, and gets along surprisingly well.

Allow me to assume that you have heard of our Northampton (Mass.) Prize Garden Competition. Or if that be too much, let me (for good reasons, and in a brief parenthesis) tell what it is. We had three hundred and sixty-odd amateur household flower-gardens in it



THE WILD AZALEA IN A CONGENIAL SITUATION

last year (1905), its sixth season, and awarded seventeen prizes, aggregating one hundred and twelve dollars. New England calls Northampton one of her most beautiful towns. But its beauty lies in the surrounding landscape, the rise, fall, and swing of the seat on which it sits, the graceful curving of its streets, the noble spread of its great elms and maples, and the green and blue openness of grounds everywhere about its modest

homes. Its architecture is in no instance extraordinary, and, as in almost every town in our vast America, there are hardly five householders in it who are really skilled flower-gardeners, either professional or amateur.

Lately, however, the opportunity, through private flower-gardening, to double or quadruple the beauty of our beautiful town, and to do it without great trouble or expense, yet with great

individual delight and social pleasure, has come to the lively notice of many of us, and it is for the promotion of this movement throughout all our bounds, and not for the perfection of the art for its own sake, that we maintain this competition and award these "Carnegie" prizes. Hence certain features of our method the value and necessity of which might not be clear to the casual inquirer without this explanation.

May I repeat it? Not to reward two or three persons yearly for reaching some dizzy peak of the art unattainable by ordinary taste and skill, nor to reward one part of the town or one element of its people for gardening better than another, nor to promote the production of individual plants or flowers of extraordinary splendor, nor even to incite children to raise patches of flowers, is our design; but to make the modest and democratic art of *Where to Plant What* (an art, nevertheless, quite beyond the grasp of children), so well known and so valued that its practical adoption shall overrun the whole town.

To this end we have divided our field into five districts, in each of which the number of gardens is about the same. In each of these five districts only three prizes (out of fifteen) may be taken in any one season. Consequently, three prizes *must* fall to each district every year. Yet the best garden of all still carries off the capital prize, the second-best may win the second, and cannot take a lower than the third, and the lowest awards go into the district showing the poorest results. Even this plan is so modified as further to stimulate those who strive against odds of location or conditions, for no district is allowed to receive two prizes consecutive in the list. The second prize cannot be bestowed in the same district in which the first is being awarded, though the third can. The third cannot go into the same district as the second, though the fourth may. And so on to the fifteenth. Moreover, a garden showing much improvement over the previous season may take a prize, as against a better garden which shows no such improvement. Also no garden can take the capital prize twice, nor ever take a prize lower than it has taken before. The fifteen prizes are for

those who hire no help in their gardening; two others are for those who reserve the liberty to employ help, and still another two are exclusively for previous winners of the capital prize, competing among themselves. In each of the five districts a committee of ladies visits the competing gardens, inspecting, advising, encouraging, sometimes learning more than they teach, and reporting to headquarters, the clubhouse of the Home-Culture Clubs. At these headquarters, in the heart of the town, is coming gradually into shape a model flower-garden, and already in full operation are a winter course of lectures on practical flower-gardening, and a "flower-garden exchange," where shrubs, plants, bulbs, tubers, etc., may be bought by the competitors for a small fraction of their ordinary retail price. Last spring (1905) this exchange sold hundreds of tubers and over seven hundred and fifty shrubs. We are changing the aspect of entire streets and are interesting our whole little city.

But to return to our discussion. Here is a short story of two ladies. They are not in our competition, though among its most ardent well-wishers. A friend had given one of them a bit of green, woody growth some two feet high and half an inch thick. She had a wee square bit of front grass-plot something larger than a tablecloth, but certainly not large enough for a game of marbles. In the center of this bit of grass she planted her friend's gift. Then came our other lady, making a call, and with her best smile of humorous commendation saying:

"My dear, you have violated the first rule of gardening. You've planted your bush where you wanted it."

The delighted gardener went in the strength of that witticism for forty weeks, or at least until some fiend of candor, a brother, like as not, said:

"Yes, truly you have violated the first rule of gardening, for you have put your willow-tree—that's what it is—where a minute's real reflection would have told you you'd wish you had n't."

Where to Plant What! Plant it where you—and your friends—your friends of best gardening taste—will be glad you planted it when all your things are



SPIREA THUNBERGII WITH FORSYTHIA AS A BACKGROUND

planted. Please those who know best, and so best please yourself. Nevertheless, beware! Watch yourself! Do so specially when you think you have mastered the whole art. Watch even those who indisputably know better than you do, for everybody makes mistakes which he never would have dreamed he could make. Only the other day I heard an amateur say to a distinguished professional gardener:

"Did you plant those shrubs of gorgeous flower and broad, dark leaf out on your street front purely as a matter of artistic taste?"

"I did," he replied. "I wanted to put my best foot foremost. Would n't you?"

"Why should I?" asked the amateur. "I would n't begin a song with my highest note, nor a game with my strongest card, nor an address with my most impassioned declaration, nor a sonnet with its most pregnant line. If I should, where were my climax?"

Certainly the amateur had the best of it. A garden is a discourse. A garden is a play. See with what care both the dramatist and the stage-manager avoid putting the best foot foremost. See

how warily they hold back the supreme strength of the four or five-act piece for the last act but one. There is a charmingly instructive analogy between a garden and a drama. In each you have preparation, progress, climax, and close. And then, also, in each you must have your lesser climaxes leading masterfully up to the supreme one, and a final quiet one to let gratefully down from the giddy height.

In Northampton nearly all of our hundreds of gardens contesting for prizes are plays of only one or two acts. I mean they have only one or two buildings to garden up to and between and around and away from. Yet it is among these one-act plays, these one-house gardens, that I find the art truth most gracefully emphasized, that the best foot should not go foremost. In a large garden a false start may be atoned for by better art farther on and in; but in a small garden, for mere want of room and the chance to forget, a bad start spoils all. No, be the garden a prince's or a cottager's, the climaxes to be got by superiority of stature, by darkness and breadth of foliage, and by splendor of bloom be-

long at its far end. Even in the one-house garden I should like to see the climaxes plural, to the extent of two; one immediately at the back of the house, the other at the extreme rear of the ground. At the far end of the lot I would have the final storm of passion and riot of disclosure, and then close about the rear of the house there should be the things of supreme richness, exquisite-ness, and rarity.

This soft-voiced echo answering back out of the inmost heart of the whole demesne gives genuineness of sentiment to the entire scheme. To plant a conflagration of color against the back fence and stop there would be worse than melodramatic. It would be to close the play with a bang, and even a worthy one-act play does not close with a bang. The back of the lot is not the absolute end of the garden-play. Like the stage-play, the garden-play brings its beholder back at the very last, by a sweet reversion, to the point from which it started. The true garden-lover gardens not mainly for the passer-by, but rather for himself and the friends who come to see him. Even when he treads his garden paths alone he is a pleased and welcome visitor to himself, and shows his garden to himself as to a visitor. Hence there is always at last a turning back to the house, or to the front entrance, and *this* is the play's final lines, the last grouping of the players, the relief of all tension, and the descent of the curtain.

One point farther in this direction and we may give our hard-worked analogy a respite. It is this: As those who make and present a play take great pains that, by flashes of revelation to sight, to smell, and to hearing, the secrets most unguessed by the characters in the piece shall be early revealed to the audience and persistently pressed upon its attention, so should the planting of a garden be; that, as if quite without the gardener's or the garden's knowledge, always, to the eye, nostril, or ear, some clear disclosure of charm still remote may beckon and lure across easy and tempting distances from nook to nook of the small garden, or from alley to alley and from glade to glade of the large one. Where to Plant What? Plant it as far away as, according to the force of its

character or the splendor of its charms, it can stand and beckon back with best advantage for the whole garden.

Thus we generalize. And as long as one may generalize he is comparatively safe from humiliating criticism. It is only when he begins to name things by name and say what is best for just where, that he touches the naked eye-ball (or the funny-bone) of others whose crochets are not identical with his. Yet in Northampton this is what we have to do, and since the competitors for our prizes always have the Where before they are moved to get and place the What, we find our where-and-what problem easiest to handle when we lift it, so to speak, by the tail. Then it is, "What to Plant Where," and for answer we have made a short list of familiar flowering shrubs best suited to our immediate geographical locality. We name only fourteen, and we so describe each as to indicate clearly enough, without dictating, whereabouts to put it. We begin:

"Azalea. Our common wild azalea is the flower best known as 'swamp honey-suckle.' The two azaleas listed here, *A. mollis* and The Ghent varieties, are of large, beautiful, and luxuriant bloom, the only garden azaleas hardy in our climate. *Mollis* is from two to six feet high, three to six feet broad, and blooms in April and May. Its blossoms are yellow, orange, or pink, single or double. Its soil may be sandy or peaty, and moist, but any good garden soil will serve; its position partly shaded or in full sunlight. The Ghents are somewhat taller and not so broad in proportion. They bloom from May to July, and their blossoms are white, yellow, orange, pink, carmine, or red, single or double. Soil and position about the same as for *mollis*.

"Berberis. Berberis is the barberry, so well known by its beautiful pendent berries. It is one of the best shrubs to use where a thorny bush is wanted. *B. vulgaris*, the common sort, and one of the most beautiful, grows from four to eight feet high, with a breadth of from three to six feet. *B. Thunbergii*, or Thunberg's barberry, is the well-known Japanese variety, a dense, drooping bush from two to four feet high and somewhat greater breadth. Its pale yellow blossoms come in April and May, and



WISTARIA ON AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE

its small, slender, bright-red berries remain on the spray until spring. A dry soil is the best for it, though it will grow in any, and needs little shade or none. *B. purpurea* is a variety of vulgaris and equally as handsome as the common. It answers to the same description, except that its foliage is purple, which makes it very tempting to new gardeners, but very hard to relate in good artistic taste among the other shrubs of the garden. Few small gardens can make good use of purple foliage.

"*Deutzia gracilis*. The *gracilis* is one of the most beautiful of all the *Deutzias*.

Its delicate foliage of rather light green, its snowy flowers, and its somewhat bending form, make it one of the fairest ornaments of the home grounds. Its height is three feet, its breadth from two to four feet. It blooms in May and June. Its soil may be any well-drained sort, and its position any slightly sheltered aspect."

So we hurry down the alphabet. Our list is short for several good reasons, one being that we expect to give a different list each year. No doubt our inaccuracies would distress a botanist or scientific gardener, but we convey the information, such as it is, to our fellow-citizens, and

they use it. In the last two seasons we have sold to our amateurs twelve hundred and fifty shrubs, at the same low prices for single specimens which we pay for them by the hundred.

But of the really good sorts are there shrubs enough, you ask, to afford new lists year after year? Well, for the campus of a certain preparatory school for boys, with the planting of which the present writer had somewhat to do last spring, the list of shrubs set round the bases of four large buildings and several hundred yards of fence numbered seventy-five kinds. For an ending let us say something about that operation. Some day in the future, if we, reader and writer—and the shrubs—live, we may have a separate and very pretty story to tell of this undertaking; but even now I should like to give a hint or two as to where we planted what, although no doubt we made sundry mistakes. Each thing we did may be vulnerable to criticism, and our own largest hope is that our results may not fall entirely beneath that sort of compliment.

This campus covers some five acres in the heart of a small town. Along three of its boundaries old maples and elms, in ordinary single-file shade-tree lines, tower and spread. On the fourth line, the rear bound, a board fence divides the ground from the very unattractive back yards, stables, and sheds of a number of town residents. The front lies along the main street of the place, facing the usual "shop-row." The entire area has nearly always been grassed. Not what an Englishman would call so, but turfed in a stuttering fashion, impetuous and abashed by turns, and very easy to keep off; most rank up against the granite underpinnings of the buildings, and managing somehow to writhe to all the fences, of which those on the street fronts are of iron. Parallel with the front fence and some fifty feet behind it, three of the institution's buildings stand abreast and about a hundred feet apart. All three are tall, rectangular three-story piles of old red brick, on granite foundations, and full of windows all of a kind, pigeon-house style. The middle one has a fairly good Greek-pillared porch, of wood, on the middle half of its front.

Among these buildings we began our

planting. We had drawn, of course, a ground plan of the whole place, to scale, showing each ground-floor door and window, so that we might respect its customary or projected use. A great point, that, in *Where to Plant What*. I once heard of a school whose small boys were accused of wantonly trampling down some newly set shrubs on the playground. "Well," demanded one brave urchin, "what made 'em go and plant a lot of bushes right on first base?" And no one was ready with an answer, for there is something morally wrong about any garden that will rob a boy of his rights.

With this ground plan before us we decided indoors where to plant what outdoors, and calculated arithmetically the number of each sort of shrub we should need for the particular interval we designed that sort to fill. Our scheme of arrangement was a crescendo of foliage and flower effects, beginning on the fronts of the buildings and rising toward their rears, while at all points making more of foliage than of bloom, because the bloom shows for only a month or less, while the leaf remains for seven or more. Beginning thus with our quietest note, the interest of any one looking in, or coming in, from the public front is steadily quickened and progressively rewarded, while the crowning effects at the rear of the buildings are reserved for the crowning moment when the visitor may be said to be fully received. On the other hand, if the approach is a returning one from the rear of the entire campus,—where stands the institution's only other building, a large tall-towered gymnasium, also of red brick,—these superlative effects show out across an open grassy distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet.

Wherefore—and here at last we venture to bring names of things and their places together—at the fronts of the northernmost and southernmost of these three "Halls" we set favorite varieties of white-flowering spireas (*Thunbergii*, *sorbifolia*, *Van Houttei*), the pearl-bush (*exochorda*), pink Diervillas, and flowering-almonds. After these, on the southern side of the southernmost building, for example, followed lilacs, white and purple, against the masonry, with tamarisk and *Kerria* outside, abreast of them, and

then pink and red spireas (*Bumalda* and its dwarf variety, Anthony Waterer). On the other side of the same house we set *Deutzias* (*scabra* against the brickwork and *Lemoinei* and *gracilis* outside). In a wing corner, where melting snows crash down from a roof-valley, we placed the purple-flowered *Lespedeza penduliflorum*, which each year dies to the ground before the snow-slides come, yet each September blooms from three to four feet high in drooping profusion. Then from that angle to the rear corner we put in a mass of pink wild-roses. Lastly, on the tall, doorless, windowless rear end, we planted the crimson rambler rose, and under it a good hundred of the red rugosas.

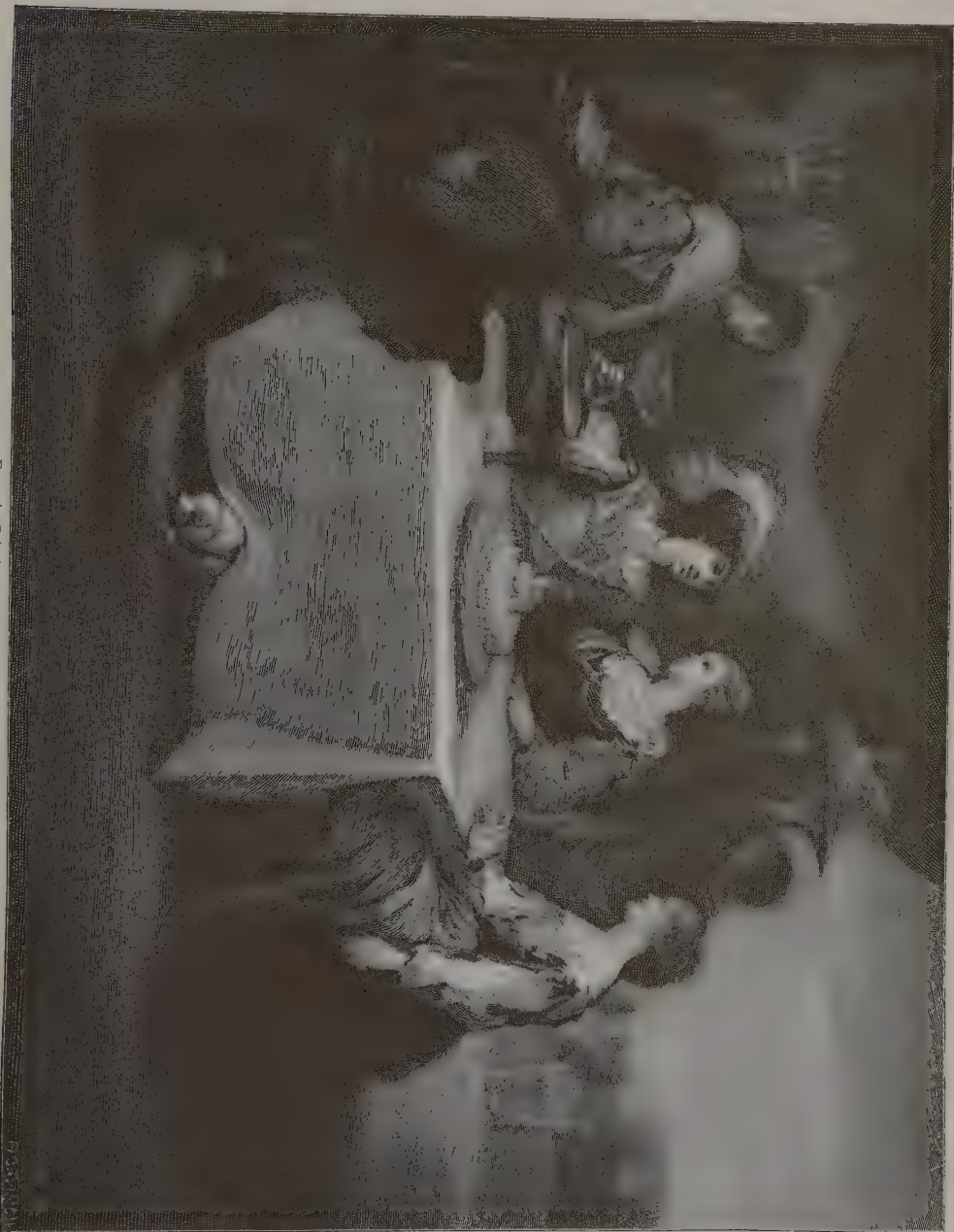
In the arrangement of these plantings we found ourselves called upon to deal with a very attractive and, to us, new phase of our question. The rising progression from front to rear was a matter of course, but how about the progression at right angles to it; from building to building, that is, of these three so nearly alike in size and dignity? To the passer-by along their Main street front—the admiring passer-by, as we hope—should there be no augmentation of charm in the direction of his steps? And if there should be, then where and how ought it to show forth so as to avoid an anticlimax to one passing along the same front from the opposite direction? We promptly saw,—as the reader sees, no doubt, before we can tell it,—that what we wanted was two crescendos meeting somewhere near the middle; a crescendo passing into a diminuendo from whichever end you moved to the other—a swell. We saw that our loud-pedal effect should come upon “Middle Hall.” So there, on its lucky bit of Greek porch, we bestowed the purple *Wistaria* for spring, and for late summer that fragrant snowdrift, the *clematis paniculata*, so adapted as to festoon and chaplet, but never to smother, the Greek columns. On one of this structure’s sides we planted *Forsythia*, backed closer against the masonry by *althæas*, and with the low and exquisite *Mahonia* (holly-leaved barberry) under its outer spread. On the other side of the house we placed, first, *loniceras* (bush honeysuckles); next, *azaleas*, in variety and profusion; then, toward the rear end, a mass of hardy *hydrangeas* (*Hydrangea paniculata*

grandiflora), and at the very back of the pile another mass, of the flowering-quince (*Pyrus Japonica*), with the trumpet-creeper (*Tecoma radicans*), to climb out of it.

About “North Hall,” the third building, we planted more quietly, and most quietly on its outer, its northern, side where our lateral “swell” (rising effect), begins, or ends, according to the direction of your going, beginning with that modest but pretty bloomer the *Ligustrum Ibota*, an entirely hardy privet more graceful than the California (*ovalifolium*) species, which really has no business in frosty New England away from the seashore.

I might have remarked before that nearly all the walls of these three buildings, as well as the gymnasium on the far side of the campus, were already adorned with the “Boston ivy” (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*). With the plantings thus described, and with the gymnasium surrounded by yet stronger greenery; with the back fence masked by willows, elders, and red-stemmed cornus; and with a number of haphazard footpaths reduced to an equally convenient and far more graceful few, our scheme stands complete in its first, but only, please notice, its first phase. The picture is submitted to your imagination not as it looked the day we ceased planting, but as we expect it to appear about the time you may be reading this in the spring of 1906.

At that time we shall be giving due attention to the introduction of herbaceous flowering perennials, which we have ignored in this chapter of our plan because herbaceous plants are the flesh and blood and garments of a complete living and breathing garden; the walls, shrubs, trees, walks, and drives are its bones. When that time comes, and we begin the placing of such herbaceous things, and of bush-clumps and tree-clumps out on the open campus, and when our hundreds of cottage gardens are shaking off the prison irons of frost, we hope, if you cannot do us the honor to be with us bodily, your spirit may be near, aiding us on in the conquest of this ever beautiful Where-to-Plant-What problem, which I believe would make us a finer and happier nation if it could be expanded to national proportions.



From the Painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid

THE PRODIGAL SON FEASTING. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: NINETEENTH OF THE SERIES)

REFLEX LIGHT FROM AFRICA

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

IN KHARTOUM



SHIVERING in the folds of an ulster overcoat, I reached Khartoum in the early morning hours of Friday, the 10th of February, 1905. Having left our Nile steamer at Wadi-Halfa thirty hours before, we had passed two chilly, almost frosty, nights in the Nubian desert; and, about sunrise of the second morning, our train drew up on the banks of the Blue Nile, the railroad terminus. Quite naturally, the average American mind is somewhat hazy as respects the geography of interior Africa, and Khartoum is chiefly associated with vague memories of that modern knight-errant, "Chinese Gordon," and his tragic end there a score of years ago. But, for present purposes, it is sufficient to say that Khartoum is at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, some 1750 miles from Alexandria by river, and some 1500 by river and rail, the route the traveler now takes; for the lower Nile navigation stops at the foot of the Second Cataract, at the point known as the rock of Abusir, a short distance south of Wadi-Halfa. At Wadi-Halfa, Kitchener's military railroad begins; and, traversing the frightful Nubian desert 550 miles to Khartoum, cuts across the great Nile bend rendered difficult by the succession of rapids known as the Third and Fourth Cataracts. Egypt proper,—the Egypt of the Ptolemies,—ends at Phylæ, just above Assuan, and at the head of the First Cataract. Then comes Nubia, and the Nubian desert; while, further south is the Soudan, of which Khartoum is the capital. Further south yet is that central African district known as Uganda,—a vast interior lake region some three thousand miles from the Mediterranean. Drained by the

White Nile, Uganda was first explored by Grant and Speke, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, during the years of our Civil War (1861-1865). In a direct north and south line, the Victoria Nyanza is almost exactly equi-distant from Cairo, on the north, and from Cape Town on the south,—it is in the heart of eastern Africa. Gondokoro is the southern limit of upper Nile navigation. Some 1100 miles south of Khartoum and within 150 miles of the Albert Edward Nyanza, chief source of the White Nile, Gondokoro is almost exactly on the fifth degree north latitude. On the other hand, the tropic of Cancer passes some fifty miles only south of Assuan. The entire region between Assuan and Gondokoro,—the region now to be referred to—is, therefore, equatorial.

COMING directly to my notes of travel, and the conclusions therein drawn, I arrived, as I have said, at Khartoum, early on the morning of Friday, February 10th. Remaining there five days, until Wednesday 15th, the time was naturally spent in the usual tourist excursions, two only of which proved interesting,—that down the Blue Nile to its junction with the White Nile, and then up the latter as far as Gordon's trec, so-called; and that to the African city of Omdurman, the former capital of the Mahdi and the Califa. The first of these excursions is most inspiring; for the junction of the two Niles is impressive,—it stirs the imagination. Recalling the down-pour of the Missouri into the Mississippi,—the White Nile, broad and swift, surges forward and, crowding the Blue Nile before Omdurman over against the eastern bank, then, little by little; absorbs it. About the White Nile there is, too, something at once vast and vastly suggestive—here, nearly 2000 miles from

its mouth, so great in quiet volume. One cannot resist a longing to see more of it, —in short, the ordinary tourist soon distinctly feels a touch of the fever known as "The Nile Quest."

BLACK AFRICA

As to Omdurman,¹ the morning (February 11th) spent there proved most interesting and singularly suggestive. For the first time I saw Africa,—not Egypt, but black Africa;—its streets, its habitations, its marts, its people. As an American, it then came directly home to me what those people were, and how they lived. I looked on the largest native city of a stationary, barbarous continent,—the chief commercial centre of an "inferior race,"—and, comparing it with London, Paris, or New York, those material outcomes of the two species indicated the difference of their capacities. For, of course, races, like individuals of the same race, must be measured and classed by their visible output; and, as Omdurman is to London, so is the African to the Anglo-Saxon. Distinctly, the difference is too great to admit of measurement. And then comes the awful corollary:—What is the duty and what the function of the superior to the inferior race under existing conditions, and in the present advanced stage of civilization? Can we, have we a right to wrap ourselves in our somewhat Pharisaic individuality, and, taking care of ourselves, leave the less developed, or wholly undeveloped, to work out thro' force and fraud a destiny which is no destiny at all?—Unless, as in the former Soudan, an unending tale of violence and wrong be termed a destiny. But, if we have not such a right, and are under an obligation, what, I asked myself, becomes of all my philosophical theories heretofore so confidently advanced? I confess to a faltering. My morning at Omdurman, and my subsequent days in equatorial Africa, were in this respect pointedly suggestive,—indisputably educational. When thus face to face with such a problem one ponders a good deal.

So far as climate was concerned, we all liked Khartoum. In the middle of

the day, the sun had unmistakable power; but the nights were cool, the air dry, and an atmosphere of exhilaration pervaded the place. The hotel, close to the bank of the Blue Nile, looking to the north, while nothing to enthuse over, is good enough. In February it was crowded; in March, it was nearly empty, and shortly to close. But, generally, Khartoum proper is, in 1905, a very different place from what it was a score of years ago in Gordon's time, and altogether unlike what Baker described in 1862. Now the winter haunt of tourists, then it was "chiefly composed of huts of unburnt bricks" extending over "a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water." Numbering some 30,000 inhabitants "densely crowded" and without drains or cesspools, its thoroughfares were necessarily redolent with inconceivable nuisances. "A more miserable, filthy and unhealthy spot," Sir Samuel Baker declared, "can hardly be imagined." It was, moreover, a human hell; for, without the White Nile trade it would have almost ceased to exist, "and that trade," he wrote, "is kidnapping and murder." Assuredly, even Africa does improve! Since that description was penned,—just forty years,—British rule has wrought wonders; and that rule, in its present form, dates back only to 1898. Prior to that very recent time, under the rules of the Mahdi and Califa which followed the fall of Gordon in 1885, it may well be questioned whether Khartoum's last estate was not worse than its earlier. But now, Baker's African city has been swept clean away, or relegated to the suburbs of the modern town; and Khartoum proper is a remarkably clean, well-ordered, embryotic European municipality. Its wide streets are well paved and lighted; residences and public buildings line the river front; and, at the intersection of two broad thoroughfares, immediately south of the spot where he met his death on the "palace" steps, is an imposing effigy in bronze. It is "Chinese Gordon," in easy restful attitude, sitting high on his dromedary, looking out over the desert region he sought to civilize and to rule. But, just beyond all this, not a mile away, are two native African villages,—well-

¹ This name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable—Om-dur-mán.
The town is only six miles from Khartoum.

policed and, after a fashion, scavengered—much as Baker describes the whole place in 1863. Their inhabitants would to-morrow revert to savagedom, murder, kidnapping and the slave trade were British rule withdrawn. As it is, however, Khartoum is the germ of a really considerable and important government and trade center of the future. The natural base from which the Nyanza upland of equatorial Africa will be developed, a great possible future lies before it: but that future is altogether dependent on the continued presence of the Anglo-Saxon.

The White Nile,—Khartoum to Taufikia and Lake No, some 550 miles,—is a magnificent river,—somewhat monotonous, but distinctly interesting. Almost absolutely without affluents, its volume when it issues from Lake No and the great papyrus swamp is half as large again as at either Omdurman or at Cairo; yet, when coming down the Blue Nile, and turning sharply to the south, you enter it at Omdurman, the White Nile is unmistakably impressive. There is about it a surge and volume which excite a special wonder. Baker, writing in December, 1862, describes the junction of the two rivers as a vast flat as far as the eye can reach, the White Nile being about two miles broad, the banks dead level. "The Tree" which he, over forty years ago, refers to as the rendezvous for all boats when leaving for the White Nile voyage is presumably that still standing, now known as Gordon's tree,—because under it Gordon was accustomed to dismount and sit when, by marching them out from Khartoum, he exercised his troops. Further on, Baker says he had never seen a fog in that part of Africa; and, though the neighborhood of the river was swampy, the air was clear both in the morning and evening. It is so still; and, moreover, the nights in winter are cool; nor, in spite of warning to the contrary, were we annoyed by mosquitoes. Indeed, both going up and coming down, the White Nile proper,—that is as far south as Lake No,—left a not unpleasant impression. The river as a rule is wide; the current steady. One shore at least is usually swampy; but trees are always visible in the distance. There are numerous villages; and immense herds of cattle or goats are seen throughout. The settle-

ments, all of the same character, are shelters of mud and reeds; but, now and again, especially on our way down, we would see a village built under great spreading trees, in the shade of which the inhabitants idly lay during the heat of the afternoon. In the river, a hippopotamus would occasionally project his snout, and, sometimes, a whole herd would be standing in the water sunning themselves. On the sand-banks were great flocks of water fowl of many descriptions and varied plumage, with crocodiles among them, all apparently on the friendliest terms. The country, however, does not impress the passing tourist as fertile; it is always arid and coarse. Evidently a rainless region, it nowhere invites settlement. In aspect it is distinctly monotonous and repellent,—naked barbarians occupants of a God-forsaken land! One day is a mere repetition of another,—river, shore and sky,—all in marked contrast with Egypt and the lower Nile.

In his description of the dreary region known as the Sud,—the region between Lake No and Gondokoro,—Baker refers to the natives,—and he wrote in 1863 what those who follow in the track he blazed might write to-day,—“they are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine.” And again he adds—“the weather to-day (Jan. 21, 1863) is dull, oppressive, and dead calm. As usual, endless marshes and mosquitoes. I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point.” A finer mosquito-breeding locality could not be imagined; yet they did not annoy us to any noticeable extent. They were indisputably there; and they bothered, making a mosquito netting at nights a necessity, and mosquito-boots in the evenings very desirable: but they were neither more numerous nor more venomous than, in their season, here on the banks of Boston's Charles; and the stories heard concerning them struck us good mosquito-proof Americans as greatly exaggerated. They were mere babes and sucklings compared with the genuine Jersey breed.

But to return to Baker's narrative for one last extract; he winds up by saying—

"it is a heart-breaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country. I could not believe that so miserable a country existed as the whole of this land. There is no game to be seen, few birds, and not even crocodiles show themselves; all the water animals are hidden in the high grass; thus there is absolutely nothing living to be seen, but day after day is passed in winding slowly through the labyrinth of endless marsh." Then referring again to the natives at the now abandoned Austrian missionary station of Kanisa, he says—"twenty or thirty of these disgusting, ash-smeared, stark-naked brutes, armed with clubs of hard wood brought to a point, were lying idly about." It was just so at the same landing place on the 27th of February, forty-two years later. The successors of those Baker saw were loitering about the wooding station, one of them a man, old-looking and emaciated, over seven feet in height,—stark naked, with a long spear in his hand,—clad all in innocence!

Gondokoro also makes on the modern tourist the impression conveyed to Baker. He says of it—"it is a great improvement upon the interminable marshes; the soil is fertile, and raised about twenty feet above the river level. Distant mountains relieve the eye accustomed to the dreary flats of the White Nile." Certainly, the sight of those distant, blue foot-hills rising above the horizon to the South, is at Gondokoro a great relief. One feels that the dreary Sud has been left behind. In 1863, Gondokoro was merely a station of the ivory-traders, occupied for about two months of every year. On longer acquaintance Baker referred to it as "a perfect hell," and characterized it as "a colony of cut-throats"; but there, on the 15th of February, 1863, he ran to meet Speke and Grant, just emerging from the wilderness after their discovery of the Victoria Nyanza; and he himself was the first Englishman who, going south, had ever reached the place.

FINALLY, as to conclusions. During nine weeks passed in Africa, the only really suggestive experience was that obtained above the junction of the two Niles. A strong reflected light was thrown on our

most perplexing home problem,—the African in America. It gave much food for thought,—first, as respects Africa; second, as respects the Negro.

AFRICA'S TIME IS AT HAND

PLAINLY, no matter what is coming to the African, Africa's time is coming. The Nile problem is in process of speedy solution; that of central and interior Africa will certainly follow hard upon it. Of the country beyond the White Nile, whether Abyssinia or that about the Nyanzas, I know nothing; of the Nile basin I know something,—not much, I admit, but a little; and the country beyond is a corollary to it. South of Khartoum,—that is up the Nile,—there is a very considerable, not, as such things go, a vast region, which if drained and then irrigated, would produce largely of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. It is a mere question of water in a country of unevenly distributed rainfall,—where there is any rainfall at all,—lying under a tropical sun. But it is not a country suitable for the Caucasian,—it is a country to be exploited and developed, not one to be occupied and peopled. That it will now be developed, admits of little question. The construction of the Assuan barrage, following hard on the scientific occupation of the Soudan, settles the question. There is money in it—and big money! So the work will henceforth go right along; the waters of the Nile will be economized at their sources, whether in Abyssinia or at the outlet of the Nyanzas. The gradual reclaiming and systematic irrigation of a very considerable part of the Nile basin north of Lake No will follow; and even the Sud,—that wretched, heart-rending morass,—may, not impossibly, be drained by degrees, and made habitable.

Now a vast papyrus wilderness, it would then prove a great rice swamp and sugar field. So far as the natives are concerned,—what will follow? Clearly, this:—the African will at last find his place in civilization, whatever that place may prove to be. In the Soudan and Nile basin, he will not be brought, as in our Southern States, into industrial conflict with the white man. If he meets with any competitor, it will be the imported Asiatic,—the Asiatic purposely imported

to do what the African will not do, or cannot so well do. The native African of the Nile basin is now a savage,—he herds cattle, and cultivates the soil to a limited extent. He is distinguished from the brute creation only by the fact of articulate speech, the use of tools and weapons of the most primitive kind, and a knowledge of the properties of fire. In such matters as clothes, food or sanitation he is in no essential respects better than various kinds of animals. A savage, he admits, like nearly all known negro savages, of an imitative domestication. Thus, in Africa, the simple question is as to how far he can be developed by external influences, and under altered conditions; for as yet he has evinced no self-elevating capacity. If Africa proper is now to be developed, and if the laboring white man will not, because he cannot, make a home in it or in large portions of it, the field is open to the native. Can he occupy that field, and fill it; or must he, free from forced, regulated labor, languish and die out like the American aboriginal, and the Australian?

A large question, it is as interesting as its answer is obscure,—as yet! Fortunately, its solution is in the best of hands—those of the British. Asiatic experience thus throws light on the African problem; and again, the problem working out in Africa is full of suggestion as respects America. One thing seems clear, without being reduced to servitude, the inferior race must be recognized as such, and, in some way, so dealt with. Facts are facts; and only confusion results when things essentially not equal are dealt with on the basis of natural equality. The world has now for some time been pondering the African problem,—pondering it in America as well as in the place of its origin;—it has been laying up a store of experiences bearing upon it,—experiences stretching through at least 2000 years. The discovery of the Nile source was delayed to our time; in its turn that discovery now bids fair to involve the future of the Negro. The wild animals of Africa are to go; will the Negro go with them? The alternative is domestication. That he will not go with the wild animal our experience shows. That he is imitative has been proven. That he can ever become, or be made,

self elevating in the mass remains to be shown.

THE AFRICAN IN AMERICA

FINALLY, as to the African in America. What gleam of supposable light does a brief visit to the White Nile throw on our home problem? A good deal,—perhaps! In the first place, looking about me among Africans in Africa,—far removed from that American environment to which I have been accustomed,—the scales fell from my eyes. I found myself most impressed by a realizing sense of the appalling amount of error and cant in which we of the United States have indulged on this topic. We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance,—especially we philanthropists and theorists of New England. We do so still. Having eyes, we will not see. Even now we not infrequently hear the successor to the abolitionist and humanitarian of the ante-civil-war period,—the “Uncle Tom” period,—announce that the difference between the White Man and the Black Man is much less considerable than is ordinarily supposed, and that the only real obstacle in the negro’s way is that—“He has never been given a chance!” For myself, after visiting the black man in his own house, I come back with a decided impression that this is the sheerest of delusions, due to pure ignorance of rudimentary facts; yet we built upon it in reconstruction days as upon a foundation-stone,—a self-evident truth! Let those who indulge in such theories go to the Soudan, and pass a week at Omdurman. That place marks in commerce, in letters and in art, in science and architecture, the highest point of development yet reached by any African race. As already suggested, the difference between Omdurman and London about measures the difference between the Black and White. Indisputably great, that it admits of measurement is questionable.

So far as I am advised, the Soudanese are the finest race of the whole African species. Physically, they are tall, as a whole well-formed; and, in their savage way, they are indisputably courageous. Yet in them not the slightest inherent power of development has as yet come to the surface. Baker, after living amongst

them for years, calls attention to the striking elementary fact that, since the beginning of time to the day that now is, they have neither domesticated the elephant nor invented pottery. As respects pottery the Chinese, for instance, were "as civilized as they are at the present day when the English were barbarians"; the Hindoos domesticated the elephant at a period now beyond the memory of man. To-day the African uses the gourd, and kills the elephant for his ivory!

Baker was a rough, typical John Bull; and, as an authority on the subject of the negro what he wrote is very open to question. A sportsman more even than an explorer, he looked with contempt and dislike on the natives; yet he got along with them, and dominated them. He was truthful and just in his dealings with them, even if he did, when the emergency came, lash out with a strong left arm. It would be well to offset his evidence and inferences with those of Livingstone. But, when all allowances are made, there is for Americans much food for thought in Baker's conclusions. His verdict on the Soudanese was at any rate explicit,— "I believe that ten years' residence in the Soudan and this country would spoil an angel, and would turn the best heart to stone." And again—"the apathy, indolence, dishonesty combined with dirtiness, are beyond description; and their abhorrence of anything like order increases their natural dislike to Europeans." The following we also have observed in America,— "In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand,—it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the negro has grown in body, but not advanced in intellect." In this respect, as the individual, so is the race. "In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint...and his natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle or savage state, unless specially governed and forced by industry." The "restraint" in this case is not necessarily physical; it may be moral: but contact with the white man is necessary to keep the negro from retrogression. He has never invented anything—not letters, nor numbers, nor tools, nor harmony, nor

arts, nor architecture; nor has he voluntarily adopted anything, except rum and fire-arms. He taught himself to handle implements and weapons, both of the rudest and most elementary kind; and he can talk. There his development stops. In architecture, he has not progressed beyond the cave, the hovel and the nest. In letters he has not devised a symbol for a sound. In science, his digits represent the sum total of his capacity for computation. Art, poetry, music,—it is the same old story! Religion, law, medicine—to-day the natives of Uganda are perishing by thousands from a strange epidemic known as the "sleeping sickness." The prevailing scientific conviction is that it is caused by a poisonous insect of the mosquito species, to whose attacks the negro is peculiarly exposed from the fact that, unlike the Hindoo, for example, he has not yet got so far as to invent garments, and cover his nakedness. And the worst of it is that, being thus, he is stationary. The instinct as well as the desire for development is lacking. Such being the indisputable fact, Baker, writing in 1865, closes his long enumeration of conditions with a startling corollary—"So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong."

If true, this strikes at the very root of our American polity,—the equality of man before the law. We cannot conform to it. If the fact must be conceded,—so much the worse for the fact! By all good Americans at least, the theory will none the less be maintained, the principle confidently asserted! We are thus confronted by a condition. The existence of an uneradicable and insurmountable race difference is indisputable. The white man and the black man cannot flourish together, the latter being considerable in number, under the same system of government. Drawing apart, they will assuredly become antagonistic. An opposite theory can be maintained, and will work with more or less friction where the white greatly dominates, and the black element is a negligible quantity; when, however, the black predomi-

nates, the theory breaks down, and some practical solution is reached not in conformity with it. As Hamlet was led to observe in a quite different connection,—“This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.”

What, then, is to be our American outcome? The negro squats at our hearthstone;—we can neither assimilate nor expel him. The situation in Egypt is comparatively simple. The country will be developed by European money and brain; and the African will find his natural place in the outcome. Facts will be recognized, and a polity adopted in harmony with them. Will the results reached there react on us in America?—Who now can say? The problem is intricate. Meanwhile one thing is clear:—the work done by those who were in political control at the close of our Civil War was work done in utter ignorance of ethnologic law and total disregard of unalterable fact. Starting the movement wrong, it will be yet productive of incalculable injury to us. The Negro, after emancipation, should have been dealt with, not as a political equal, much less forced into a position of superiority; he should have been treated as a ward and dependent,—firmly, but in a spirit of kindness and absolute justice. Practically impossible as a policy then, this is not less so now. At best, it is something which can only be slowly and tentatively approximated. Nevertheless, it is not easy for one at all observant to come back from Egypt and the Sudan without a strong suspicion that we will in America make small progress towards a solution of our race problem until we approach it in less of a theoretic and humanitarian, and more of a scientific, spirit. Equality results not from law, but exists because things are in essentials like; and a political system which works admirably when applied to homogeneous equals results only in chaos when generalized into a nostrum to be administered universally. It has been markedly so of late with us.

SAN DOMINGO AND EGYPT—A SUGGESTIVE PARALLEL

GETTING back to Cairo at the close of March, after six weeks of exemption

from letters, newspapers or telegrams, almost the first American tidings related to a fresh phase of this same race question,—the San Domingo imbroglio resulting from the Roosevelt-Morales negotiation. This at once suggested a parallel—San Domingo and Egypt. It was curiously suggestive. In every essential aspect,—reckless financial mismanagement, foreign indebtedness leading to international commitments, internal misrule, instability of government, even importance through proximity to an inter-oceanic canal,—the two cases, to use the lawyer's phrase, “went on all fours”; and, if the United States were England, the American in Egypt would have felt, and would still feel, no sort of doubt as to the course to be pursued: The United States should do with San Domingo exactly what Great Britain has done, and is now doing, with Egypt,—follow closely the precedent there set. But the United States is not Great Britain; nor, again, is Great Britain the United States. Each seems able to accomplish what the other in vain attempts. We, for instance, after one fierce, final struggle for supremacy, pacified the Confederacy in twenty years; in five centuries Great Britain has not succeeded in pacifying Ireland. Great Britain can rule and successfully develop dependencies beyond the sea, peopled by those of another race. That the United States can do so likewise, or in the same degree, is altogether questionable. If we make the attempt we will assuredly exploit them to our own advantage. That we should do so is an inevitable corollary of the protective-tariff system,—a system now ingrained in the minds of our people and embodied in our national polity. Great Britain in Egypt bids fair, I fancy, to constitute a distinct advance both in theory and practice as respects the relations of the more developed with the less developed, or wholly stationary, races,—the naturally dominant with the naturally dependent. It is not the old, brutal, altogether unsympathetic and wholly contemptuous, foreign domination,—it is the “veiled protectorate,” or guidance through influence; the guiding head and hand wisely contenting itself with those incidental benefits which assuredly, as naturally, must and will result from such relations scrupu-

lously observed. It is the principle on which the United States pre-eminently should act;—but, practically, can it,—or, rather, will it so act?

In his conversations with Americans Lord Cromer does not fail distinctly to point out and emphasize that the success of the British-Egyptian system depends absolutely on three things:—(1) a sympathetic attitude, and corresponding speech, on the part of those representing the protectorate. This naturally implies the utter repudiation and forgetting of that "nigger" talk so marked and loud in the earlier Englishman in India, as now in the American in the Philippines; (2) a policy and a practice looking wholly to the good, moral and material, of the community acted upon, regardless of the interests of the alien government acting upon it; and, finally, (3) a continuity of personal relations, carried on through agencies not subject to political change at home. For instance, Egypt is now accustomed to Lord Cromer and Lord Cromer understands Egypt; through him and by him that can be quietly accomplished which would be met with fatal resistance if attempted directly or through any other agency. Now, it is a patent fact,—one altogether undeniable,—that these fundamental postulates of success are one and all either conspicuously absent from or diametrically opposed to the settled and accepted principles of our political system,—the policy of protection, and periodic, sweeping changes of administration. With us these must be accepted as postulates.

Accepting them as such, it is easy to imagine the quiet shrug of the shoulders with which Lord Cromer would remark—"Under those circumstances the less you have to do with dependencies the better!"

THE PHILIPPINES

WHILE in Cairo last April, pondering Lord Cromer's freshly uttered fundamentals, a copy of an American paper reached me, and, in it, I found a letter from Secretary Taft, dated from Washington, March 16th. Naturally it attracted notice. He therein laid down the law. He said that the policy of the present "administration is the indefinite retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of

developing the prosperity and self-governing capacity of the Philippine people." Judged by Lord Cromer's "veiled protectorate" standard, here is a contradiction in terms;—no people on earth ever yet learned self-government through government by others. The way to teach a people, as a child, to walk, is to make it walk; not everlastingly to hold it on its feet. There is a wide difference between this system, and that now practiced in Egypt;—it is not even a protectorate, much less "a veiled protectorate," it is a pronounced foreign domination of professed benevolence; and, the more actually benevolent such a domination is, the more destructive it becomes so far as the capacity of the dependency for self-government is concerned. That road leads direct, not to a rugged spirit of self-government, but to contentment in slavery. It is in no respect Burke's "wise and salutary neglect."

Here was fallacy number one. But number two was worse; and there the cloven hoof obtruded. Secretary Taft in the letter alluded to, spoke of "the prosperity they (the Philippines) will find behind the national tariff wall!" There was the fatal weakness of the proposed policy,—the dependencies are to be exploited for our benefit, through a tariff designed first, last and all the time for the protection of American interests and industries! They, Asiatics, are to serve as consumers of American "surplus" products!—a new field for American enterprise! Thus, under our political system, the dependencies are to be held subject to a change of policy with every incoming administration, and at the mercy of the American protectionist! The Filipino producer and merchant are, for instance, shortly to find themselves entangled in the meshes of our protective coast-wise navigation laws. Such entanglement will unquestionably tend to encourage and develop American shipping interests: but, at whose cost? Is this sympathy? Is this altruism?

To me, pondering imperialistic problems in Cairo, Secretary Taft's letter made further discussion useless. It was a case of Q. E. D. The British policy as seen in operation in Egypt may be,—I believe it is,—a great discovery,—a veritable advance in human polity:—but its

successful prosecution is not consistent with the established fiscal policy and most pronounced political tendencies of the American people. It is fundamentally irreconcilable with religious or political proselyting, and it implies a complete renunciation of all self-protective or self-aggrandising industrial ends; moreover, it is utterly impracticable under an administration subject to continual changes of agency. Therefore, what in this-line may now be practicable as well as beneficial in the case of Great Britain, is not unlikely to prove a dangerous deception with us.

To one fresh from Egypt, the San Domingo imbroglia also presents difficulties. The student of the Cromer dispensation finds himself somewhat at a loss. So far as self-government is concerned, he who has faith in the African certainly has the courage of his convictions. Left to himself, the tendency of the negro, whether in Uganda or in San Domingo, is distinctly to deterioration,—he will insensibly but assuredly relapse into his normal African conditions. The fundamental and everlasting principles enunciated in the Declaration may suffer, and even have to be subjected to revision and limitation; but, none the less, facts are facts, and, for his own good, and ultimate possible development, the African has got to be “restrained.” But how? In this respect, the Soudan is to-day a most suggestive field for study. Until subject to British domination, the Soudan, and Uganda also, were internal hells and external nuisances; and as they then were, time out of mind they had been. One has but to read Baker’s account of the conditions which prevailed in that region anterior to 1890 to appreciate the utter fallacy of the theoretical rights-of-man and philanthropical African-and-brother doctrines. In plain vernacular English, they are all “rot”;—“rot” which I myself have indulged in to a considerable extent, and, in face of observable facts which would not down, have had to outgrow.

On the other hand, the domination of the inferior and stationary races, by the superior, for the mere material and selfish benefit of the latter,—as illustrated in the whole former experience of mankind,—Greek, Roman, Russian, British and American,—is not change for the better.

It is one long, loud lamentation, and an ancient tale of wrong. British rule in Egypt marks at last not improbably the beginning of a new era; but of, possibly, incalculable importance to the world, it is not likely at once to displace and replace the traditional abominations. Frankly accepted to its full extent, and subject to its necessary limitations, it might, the observer is now inclined to think, offer a solution of our much talked-of American inferior race, dependency, and, modernized, Monroe-doctrine problems. For, say what we theorists will, those problems do present practical difficulties. It is well to decry naval armaments, and the construction of great fleets of battle-ships and torpedo-boats;—but there is reason in everything: and, after all, practically, under present conditions, what is a powerful nation to do? Sudden complications will arise, and armaments can no longer be improved. Facts and conditions are not as they were. For instance, the days of the armed merchant marine are over; gone, with privateering and piracy, is the militia of the sea. It now takes at least three years to construct a modern battle-ship; and the unspeakably humiliating experience of Jefferson’s policy of exactly a century ago should not be wholly forgotten. Consequently, in the present stage of development a nation, situated even as the United States most fortunately is, must be, to a measurable extent at least, in position to protect itself, and cause itself to be respected. The question is over the term “measurable extent”;—what does the phrase mean? Dislike it as I may, and denounce it as I have and still do, there is, as Lord Cromer in a talk I had with him at Cairo pointed out, both logic and common sense in the interpretation and outcome of the much abused Monroe Doctrine now being formulated. When, as Secretary of State, J. Q. Adams more than eighty years ago first enunciated that doctrine, forcing it, as a pronunciamiento, on the reluctant President whose name it bears, it was with an eye to world-conditions wholly different from those of the present time. As Disraeli coolly put it, when confronted with his own utterances of an earlier day, —“Since then a great many things have happened”; and, during the last eighty

years, science has put in a good deal of work. Darwin, not less than Watts, Morse and Bessemer, has had his say; and the Book of Genesis has gone the way of the Holy Alliance and "England's wooden-walls." Steam, electricity and dynamite are now very considerable factors; in 1823 in no way did they enter into political prescience, or naval and military calculations. Why shut eyes? The present is probably a period of great impending change. One after another the lesser powers are, on the international chess-board, becoming mere pawns,—negligible quantities. Among nations and with races the newly discovered law known as the survival of the fittest is working in a way not less suggestive than pitiless; and,—something will come of it! In the way of world-policing—what? In the way of armament—what? That the modern iron-clad battle-ship will at no remote day, and for much the same reason, follow the ancient mail-clad man-at-arms into innocuous desuetude is altogether probable. But how about the interim? That other and old-world powers should, under present conditions, obtain naval or military footholds on this side of the two great oceans is hardly compatible with our security. Hence, the logical extension of the Monroe Doctrine to cover the case of even coaling stations. Such, as in Asiatic waters we have recently seen, imply for modern armaments a full naval foothold. But, if we throw a shield over both American continents, so far as European nations and territorial integrity are concerned, what other obligation on us does so doing imply? Lord Cromer put it to me clearly. We have got logically, as President Roosevelt insists, to hold those we shield territorially up to a reasonable sense of their debt to civilization. So far as mere lucre is concerned, the rule of *caveat emptor* is all very well,—well in the case of Egypt in 1882, and well in that of San Domingo in 1905. It should be observed and enforced. Private persons, or companies, accepting foreign franchises, or making investments in strange lands, whether in Africa or the West Indies, or in the States of the Union, do so at their own risk. If the profits of the enterprises tempt them, they must take the accompanying risks. Nations have not proved a success as

bailiffs. On this head Palmerston's famous Don Pacifico *civis Romanus sum* was symbolic. The *civis Romanus* is curiously apt to be a disappointed adventurer who knowingly made a gambler's throw. In behalf of such "Hands-Off" should be the Monroe Doctrine corollary. So far all is plain. But how about negro barbarism? After all, is San Domingo none of our business? The existence of an international nuisance in immediate proximity to one's front door, whether in Africa, or in the Caribbean sea,—or in South America, for that matter,—is something not easily, nor forever, to be ignored. It may have to be abated. Theories are all right; but facts will force themselves into the account. Egypt was a fact, and so is San Domingo; and, for us rights-of-man American theorists, the last is a somewhat awkward fact. In plain language, and as an upshot of what is now taking place, our Declaration of Independence generalities have developed, in presence of the African, unforeseen limitations; but, again, that does not imply a reversion to the old-time counterbalancing barbarisms of slavery and brutal domination. The world, after all, does progress. The record of Great Britain in Hindustan, for instance, covers three centuries; that in Egypt thirty years. Lord Clive and Lord Cromer are ear-marks of a very different kind,—typical of two periods and two systems. As for British rule in the Soudan and Uganda, it dates only from 1898. That thus far it has been one of unmixed beneficence, I bear witness.

THE "VEILED PROTECTORATE"

IMPRESSIONS and conclusions derived from only two Nile winters are necessarily superficial and crude. None the less, a White Nile trip, and the hard facts of Egypt and equatorial Africa, are at just this juncture, for an American, indisputably stimulating. They make him reflect; and, as the journey drew to its close, the foregoing was written down merely to clear the writer's mind. The discussion is immensely complicated, as well as interesting. It involves all sorts and conditions of men and things,—modern military and naval development, international obligations under existing facts,

theories of the rights-of-man, questions of race and ethnology, policies and contentions moral and material, above all, the great final query—What is, humanly speaking, practicable?

At this writing, with what has been done in Egypt, and is to-day doing in the Sudan and Uganda fresh in mind, the impulse is strong to a belief that, properly handled, Cuba, the Philippines and San Domingo might be utilized to establish for the United States a correct, up-to-date, dependent-people policy, and one practically workable under our system of government,—a policy of influence under the “veiled protectorate,” at once sympathetic and altruistic, as contra-distinguished from a system of recognized dependencies, and foreign domination.

But in effecting our results on those lines, diplomacy and the law of moral and material gravitation, not the big stick either quiescent or flourished, must be relied on; our admiration for the man-who-does-things should be tempered by a little respect for him who is wise enough to know when and how to wait. Lord Cromer has been twenty-five years in Cairo; and, to-day, there is hardly a full British battalion in Egypt.

Cuba has been measurably thus dealt with. The Philippines should, I now believe, from the beginning have been dealt with in this way. If so, the steps hitherto there taken cannot too soon be retraced. The pleasing but slightly childish fancy that a few generations of our rule will suffice to transform Filipinos into Yankees is not likely to bear the test. As the vernacular has it—“it will not wash!” And for that matter no amount of “wash,” or white-wash, will cause the

Asiatic to change his skin any more than the leopard his spots. The Malay will to the end, and in the end, be a Malay!—and he will not shade off into a town-meeting Yankee. Why in our boundless self-complacency thus nurse unending delusions! The school-marm can do much; but she cannot make that white which Nature decreed brown or black. Foreign domination, for which the American is ill-adapted, should, then, give way to the largest practicable measure of dependency home-rule; dictation from without to a sympathetic, if alien,—and, because alien, diplomatically “veiled,”—protectorate.


San Domingo next looms on the horizon. Is San Domingo more fitted for self-government than the Philippines? But for San Domingo latter-day Egypt blazes a possible path; the path of self-government subject to foreign influence. On the other hand, it must also be conceded that in the world that now is, just as every citizen, even though he may be more or less irregular in face of money obligations, must still recognize the police power, no community can ignore the debt due from it to civilization. But, again, there is a world of difference between a modern “mandate of civilisation” and the old-time *vis major* warrant. Assuming, therefore, that the influence of the “veiled protectorate,” may for all concerned most advantageously displace and replace foreign domination, the self-constituted international bailiff and policeman may, when he initiates proceedings to compel satisfaction of civilization’s debt, not impossibly get, at just this juncture, quite a number of very useful hints from benighted Africa.



AN ANCIENT GARDEN

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

HE house to which our ancient garden is attached is broad and high—not so high as to lose the brooding look which properly belongs to all old houses where generations of children have shouted in their play; where, grown older, they have danced through the halls or lingered in twilight corners and come to a knowledge of the meaning the world has for each of us; and where, still later, they have watched, with half-regretful, half-hopeful smiles, the games of those who followed in their footsteps: but high enough to afford wide outlooks and free breathing space; with thick stone walls, deep window-seats, wide doorways, and spacious rooms, with a homely history for each one of them.

Along the western and southern sides of this old mansion runs a piazza so high above the ground in front that a flight of many stairs is required to reach it, but needing only one low step where the ground rises at the rear. A driveway and a narrow strip of lawn are between the long southern side of the house and the terraced squares of the old "garden-close."

This garden was the delight of its owner's heart. When she—Mrs. John Cotton Smith—came to her husband's home, in Sharon, Connecticut, the garden had been only sketched in, as it were. Only two years after the close of the war of the Revolution, the times were not only dark in the present, but almost darker in the outlook for the future. The strain of the seven years of struggle between strong foes on the one side and exhausted finances on the other had left, one imagines, scant leisure for thoughts of pleasure-grounds; but the beginnings were already here. Even before the outbreak of war, deep terraces had been cut in the sunward-sloping hillside. Two fish-ponds, affording restful pauses in the downward path of the rapid brook, had been made, and were already shaded with borders of young willows. Imported vines of sev-

eral varieties, and fruit-trees of all the usual and some unusual sorts, had been planted in the orchards behind the house as well as in the future garden; but of flowers there were not many until, in 1785, the bride, who had the inborn love for them that is nearly always found in persons of Hollandic descent, brought seeds, roots, and slips to sow and to plant in the formal way in which she had always seen them arranged in the gardens of her "Father Evertson" and "Grandfather Bloom," the one in the western part of the present town of Amenia, Dutchess County, New York, and the other near Pleasant Valley in the same county.

In mental vision I seem to see this youthful matron as, basket on arm and shears in hand, she would descend the steps on each fair morning before the last drops of dew had vanished from bud and blade. Flowers for *épergne* and vase must be daily gathered from the opening of the first May blossoms till came the gray and shortening days when shining berries, fluffy-seeded clematis, and bright leaves of autumn were pressed into the service to supply the places of the faded blossoms.

Our gardener's fine complexion, "beautiful and rosy even in old age," said those who knew her at the last, was shaded by a big hat of Leghorn straw, shaped something like that known as a "Gainsborough," worn perched above the masses of fair hair turned back over a high cushion of silk of the same shade as the hair, though the exact color of the silk could not have been a matter of much consequence, at least at the time when her miniature was painted, as the hair was then disguised by a plentiful coating of a lavender-colored powder. Probably this was only a temporary freak of fashion's various forms of ugliness, and even in its short day was rarely used save on full-dress occasions. The ivory miniature was painted, poorly enough, shortly be-

fore her marriage, and it is pleasanter to think of her later as wearing her own fair hair unhidden by powder of any color. The high pompadour style, being becoming to the features below it, was retained through life, crowned by lace and ribbon turbans of the days of poor Marie Antoinette. A gentlewoman of the olden time was this young matron. Looking at her rather woody picture, one must wonder if she were really as handsome as tradition declares, though "fine-looking" she undoubtedly was, and her manners had a gracious and simple stateliness that ever attracted the charmed admiration of strangers, while her affectionate ways retained the love of those near and dear to her. Thus it is that I, who never saw her, love to think of her as, gowned in her scant and short-skirted garb of gaily flowered chintz, she passed along her garden walks with a vigilant eye out for intrusive purslane (we may be sure she called it pussly) and the pestilent quack-grass, abhorred of all gardeners since Adam.

In those days changes were infrequent in most things, and I can well remember this dear, big old garden in nearly the same condition as that in which my great-grandmother had left it. And that was probably very much as she had had it arranged and planted. Her husband survived several years after she had taken her last loving farewell of the coming daffies just showing their gold above their green, and as long as he lived would suffer no alterations to be made in the garden, and their only son permitted few changes until long years after the directing hands of the mother had ceased from their labors.

The garden contained probably about two acres of rich ground, defended from animal intrusions, but not from friendly observations, by a moderately high fence of yellow pine pales attached to cedar posts, with every picket's top, cut by hand, finished to resemble a clover leaf, and the whole painted a mossy green.

Through the spaces between the roadside palings the fragrant Scotch briar sometimes straggled or morning glories flaunted, but all along the rear the fence was nearly hidden by currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and elderberry vines and bushes, and by the impudently luxuriant tansy, too usefull in the domestic pharmacopœia to be entirely banished from the garden.

In my early days the winding brook at the garden's foot, which is now full during only the too short wet season, seemed always to run with a riotous abundance of sparkling water from the lowest fishpond in the southeast corner, gaily prattling over the mossy stones until it passed out under the front fence and a stone foot bridge across the highway, until, under another and a larger stone bridge, it slyly slipped across the west meadow and onward to the "still pasture," half a mile away, to join the "valley brook," a stream now sadly shrunk, but then as big as to-day we find the beautiful little river Webotuck, which winds its leisurely way under overhanging trees a few miles farther southward.

To the brook the ground had rather steeply sloped until, in accordance with the fashion of the day, the hillside had been formed into a series of terraces of different elevations and connected by steps of varying flights. About two thirds of the distance back from the fence which separated the lowest of the terraces from the highway ran a very broad, gravelled, and flower-bordered walk from the house on the north to the brook at the south, where a vine-covered and latticed arbor, provided with seats, filled the double purpose of a resting-place and a foot-bridge over the brook where it merrily fell from the fish-pond to the copse beyond.

With added years the flower borders along this main walk had been given up, being too deeply shaded by the shrubs which, planted behind them, had grown to a height of ten or more feet, and were trimmed to make a high, arched roof above the walk. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was on a certain spring morning, which proved fatal to the beauty of the arched walk. The season had been early, and by the first week in May the shrubs were bending beneath their fragrant masses of buds, blossoms, and tender foliage. "Moses-in-the-burning-bush," laburnums, lilacs, syringas, tall spiræas, snow-balls, and others were all in full bud and some in bloom, when there came a heavy rain which froze even while falling, decking branch, twig, and blossom with the sparkling diamonds of frost. The sun rose brilliantly, and my father aroused us all from sleep to look from our windows. Even

while we gazed came the beginning of the end. A high wind began to blow about an hour after sunrise, and in another hour's time there was hardly a shrub not broken to earth under the weight of the ice-load that it bore and the thrashings of the wind. Few of the shrubs even partly recovered from this storm, and the once beautiful arch-walk had lost its title to the name.

The stiff boxwood borders which were a marked feature of most formal gardens had never found a place here. Its oppressively heavy odor was obnoxious to the lady of the garden, and not a single root of it was allowed upon the premises. Along the outer side of the garden's northern fence ran a hedge of English hawthorne, kept closely trimmed, and one of privet and lilacs, allowed to reach a goodly length, but well clipped, made a kindly screen beneath the high front piazza to the long lines of apple barrels with which the space was filled from the time of their gathering until the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing, when they were rolled into the cellars behind them. Along the line dividing the grounds at the north of the house from those which at that time belonged to General Augustin Taylor—called by his militia title, but most highly respected for his career as captain, major, and colonel in the war of the Revolution—a thick, low growth of junipers, surmounting the bank of a deep trench, served as a substitute for a fence. This was pretty and unusual, but, though admired, was finally abandoned because the shrub alone did not afford sufficient protection from the frequent inroads of the neighbors' cattle. Moreover, in the ditch, hidden from their view by the breadth of the thick-growing juniper, both leaping horses and unruly steers too often met with serious disaster.

Directly in front of the house, about sixty feet from it, and extending across something like one hundred feet, ran a low stone terrace wall connecting the highway side walk, by a wrought iron gate at the foot of stone steps, with the flagged walk leading to the front piazza. On the top of this wall was, and is, a squarely trimmed lilac hedge, too high to prevent much observation from passers-by, but too low to offer an obstacle to the

view from the house over the near and far meadows, the wooded hills, and the well-watered valleys.

The big squares forming the tops of each of the terraces into which the garden was divided were planted with vegetables in a goodly variety that is not much exceeded in the finest modern gardens, and sufficient in quantity to afford abundant supply for a family numbering, inclusive of servants, from twelve to fifteen members, besides many guests. It must be remembered that vegetables could not then be brought from the South, that market-gardening had hardly a beginning, and that each family was mainly dependent upon its own forethought and industry for its winter as well as its summer food-supply. Comparing the vegetables of a century ago as they are named in the household lists of seeds gathered and preserved by this garden's owner with those in the seedsmen's catalogues of to-day, the latter show few and comparatively unimportant additions. It is not actual novelties which have added to the gustatory attractions of the modern kitchen garden, but the many improvements upon old varieties. It is true that tomatoes were not in general use until about twenty years later, but Mrs. Smith records the gathering (for seeds) of four sorts of beans, "sallad,"—meaning lettuce, although this was not the only green thing then used for salad—early and late sweet corn (the earliest rarely ready for use until in September); pease of different sorts, including "English Marrowfats, a fine new variety"; red and sugar beets (the latter were then always white); "cowcumbers"; summer, fall, and winter squash; cabbage; cauliflower; pepper-grass; watercress; kale; leeks; mustard; several sorts of melons; parsley; red-peppers; pumpkins; radishes; spinach; rhubarb, and artichokes. Potatoes, both the common and the sweet kinds, as well as parsnips, turnips, onions, and carrots, were duly dug and stored. Celery was buried in earth in the cellars for use in the early winter months or trenched in the garden for the later season.

Fruits were numerous and apparently fine. Strawberries grew plentifully in the fields, but a few varieties were also cultivated in the garden, including the



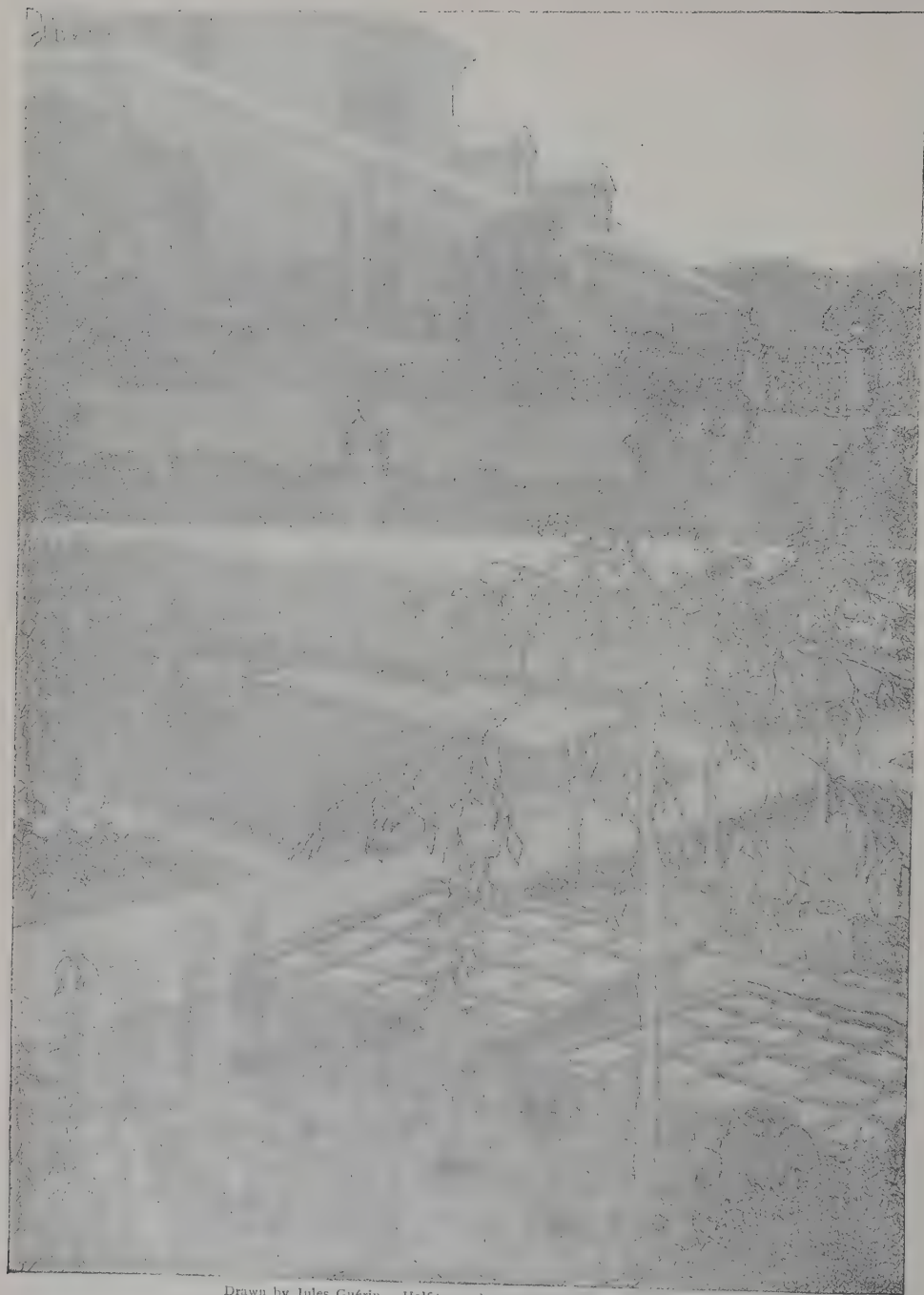
Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE HOUSE, FROM THE ROAD

long and slender "Alpine," which some persons may yet recall as unprolific, but of a remarkably delicate and delicious flavor. Cherries, peaches, pears, and plums bore so abundantly that, after giving to all who would be at the pains to come for them, they were freely fed to the pigs, notwithstanding that the housemistress and all available hands were kept very busy during their season in drying and otherwise preserving as many of them as possible for winter use, while quantities of red, purple, and white grapes were raised for the manufacture of home-made wine.

An important department of every large or small plantation for the first two hundred years after the settlement of this country was the "garden of herbs." The various tonics, nervines, laxatives, and febrifuges then in use were mostly simple preparations of the bark, foliage,

blossoms, or roots of such plants as experience had proved to possess the desired qualities. Many such grew in a wild state, and a knowledge of their uses had been acquired from the Indians. The astringent properties of white-oak bark and blackberry roots; the emollient effects of slippery elm bark and the berries of the elder bush; the nerve-soothing powers of hops, motherwort, valerian, and sage; the tonic contained in tansy and camomile; the perspirative qualities of feverfew, saffron, and pennyroyal; the drastic effects of pink and senna; and the anti-rheumatic force of dock root, wintergreen, liverwort, and boneset, were probably as well known in England as here; while the lung-healing gifts of the wild cherry, both bark and blossom, the combination of tonic and laxative in dandelion roots, sassafras, and lobelia, the pain-soothing virtues of



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE GARDEN AND TERRACE

peppermint and stramonium leaves, as well as the varied attributes of many other plants, were probably best known in this country. Each, when administered judiciously, often proved to be of much value, and most, if not all, of such plants as could not be found growing wild in the vicinity were sure to be seen under cultivation in some one or other of the herb gardens of every neighborhood. To gather and dry the herbs, each in its proper season, was one of the housewife's many summer duties, and so was the manufacture of some of them into cordials, wines, and waters for refreshment or for toilet purposes. Hence, in large establishments, one finds that a "still room" was an essential feature. Our gardener, in a small diary which she kept for many years, frequently refers to "a busy Morning in my Still Room," and sometimes mentions the quantities of raspberry vinegar, blackberry brandy, elderberry jelly or wine, or wild-cherry cordial which she had laid by for sickness, either in her own house or among her neighbors, and of the rose-water she had distilled for flavoring. Besides spices, the only other flavoring mentioned is vanilla, made by soaking the imported beans and pods in Madeira wine.

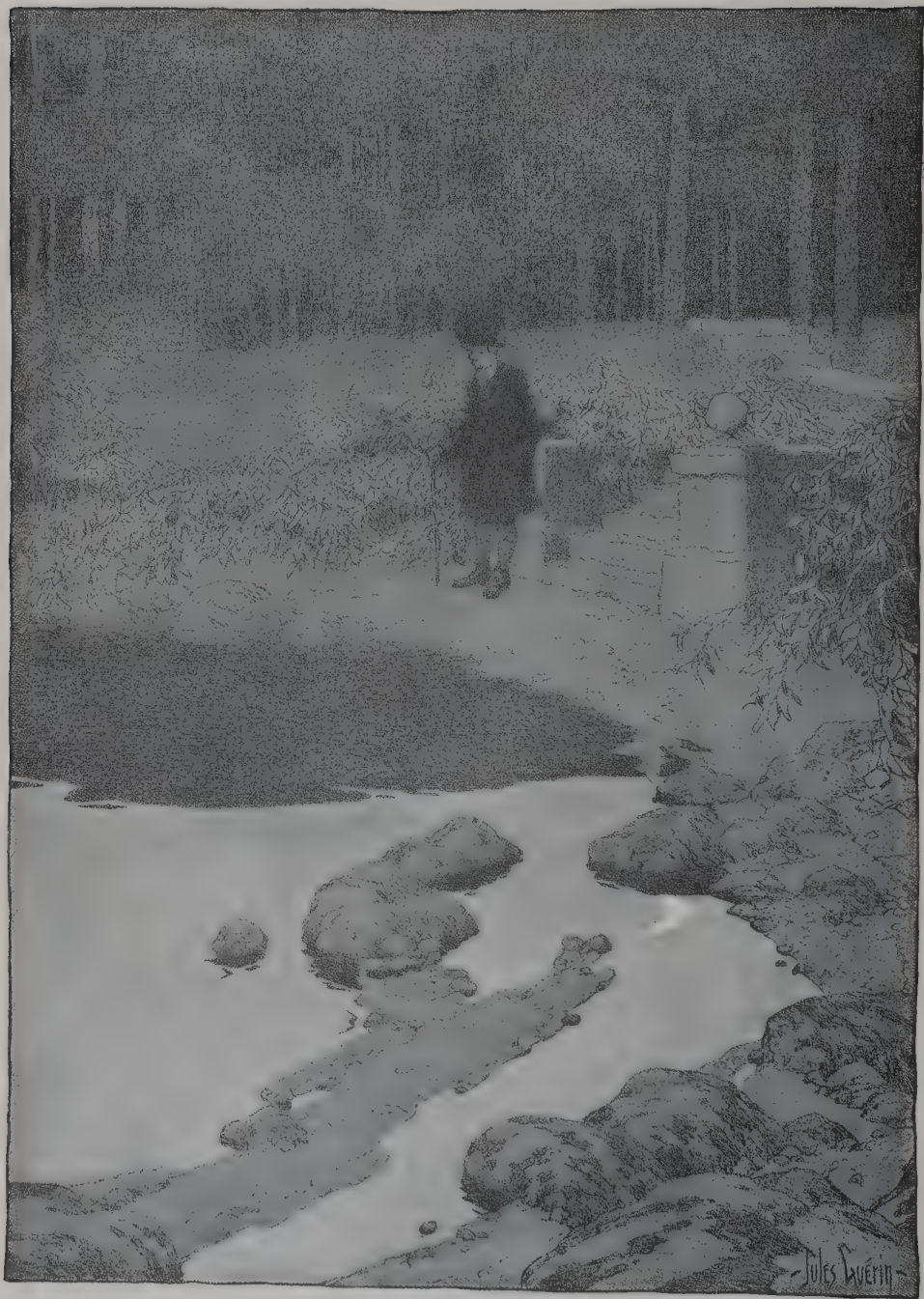
Around every large square of vegetables in the garden ran broad walks; and between vegetables and walks were narrow borders for flowers, broken only at one point on each square where laborers and their tools might go in and out with no danger to the cherished blooms.

The superintending of her garden no doubt caused Mrs. Smith a world of happy thought, but not much manual labor. Thus she writes on a day in October, 1798:

"Donning my galoshes, for it was wet after last night's down-pour, I had Silvy put the camp-stool under the big willow, where I could watch the men and oversee the work on the new Asparagus bed. You know the old one is nearly choked with roots and after giving Papa and Uncle Paul all the roots they wanted I thought I would have an extra bed made for ourselves. It is a good thing to have a plenty of, for our neighbors as well as our own folks, for everybody likes it and few have. It is astonishing how stupid Young Jack can be when he is not in a good humour. He knows perfectly well what I want and *will have* in the end, but when he is sulky he

would try Job's patience; to say nothing of Mine, which you know is at the best not over long. After a while—Fall though it is—I had Silvy out to hold the umbrella over me to shelter me from the Sun and thenceforward, behold! Master Jack lost his sulkiness and worked so well that a very fair beginning was made in laying the clam-shell bottom. Henceforward I shall be able to make some use of that lazy Silvy. She will not work herself, but can make Jack do his duty, because he likes to show her how smart he is. Indeed Silvy is a good looking wench, though she knows it too well, and more than Young Jack puts himself about to win her smiles. I think in the end she will take Ned because he cares little for her, while Nancy, who is a good girl, likes him. If they were still slaves I would see to it that Nancy and Ned should marry, but as matters now stand can do nothing."

The clam-shell bottom for the asparagus bed may need some explanation. When this delicious vegetable was first cultivated in England, it was fully believed that it would perversely and forever grow downward, instead of sending its succulent shoots upward, unless it were impeded by stern facts in the shape of rock or some other impenetrable bottom beneath the soil. In places where such rocks lay too far below the surface it was deemed necessary to dig a sort of cellar to a proper depth, and lay the bottom with broad, flat stones; or, if this were inconvenient, a few layers of closely laid clam shells were supposed to answer the same or even a better purpose. The excavation was then filled in with highly enriched soil, ready for the nourishment of the transplanted roots. In 1773, when a package of asparagus seed was sent by his correspondent in London to Dr. Simeon Smith, of Sharon, Connecticut, the package was accompanied by directions for sowing the seeds in drills and allowing the plants to grow as they listed for from three to five years, when, according to the increase and healthfulness of the roots, they must be transplanted into such beds as previously described. Apparently it was not until after this final planting that the roots developed their depraved tendency to seek China by underground passage. It was in following out these ancient instructions to the doctor that the wife of the latter's nephew was, in 1798, preparing a new bed for the reception of roots



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE FISH POND

descended from the seeds first received a quarter of a century before.

My earliest memories of the old garden are connected with this venerable asparagus bed of my great-grandmother's vicarious planting. Its borders of golden daffodils, narcissus, white and yellow jonquils, blue-eyed myrtle, and stately scarlet crown-imperials, seem to my memory to have been prettier than the most elaborate devices and rarest plants. The quondam asparagus bed is now covered with a soft, rich turf which, in the early spring, is gay with the gold and the snow of the daffodils, narcissus, and jonquils, which, with the luxuriance of a native growth, have spread over this and the neighboring terrace-tops, and, aided by the dark-green runners of the myrtle, contend vigorously with the grass for the ownership of the soil. But the gay crown-imperials, each with its four wonderful pearls and almost equally wonderful carbuncles hiding themselves in the heart of the inverted crowns from which the name is derived, have long since disappeared, although a few may still be found in other gardens in the near vicinity. Beautiful but malodorous flowers they were, being most alluring when held at arm's length. Are they in the florists' catalogues now? I have not seen the flowers themselves for many years, and perhaps, if in the catalogues at all, they are called by another name. The bulbs, which renewed themselves for almost a century in this old garden, were said to be descended from those which were brought from the still older garden at Flüssingen, in the province of Zealand in the Netherlands, which had belonged to Mrs. Smith's ancestor, Admiral Jan Evertsen. Perhaps the guelder-roses also came from the same source, as well as the hollyhocks which grew tall and stiff along some of the wider walks between the beds. Artemisias, unpretending ancestors of the flaunting chrysanthemums, grew there in modest luxuriance. The bells of Canterbury here swung their silent chimes. Gay foxgloves and cockscombs, marigolds and monk's-hood, asters and balsam, pride-of-the-meadow and phlox, stocks,—called "stuck jellies" by "Caius Tite," grandson of a pre-revolutionary servitor of the same name, whose fame as that

of a noted joymaker with his inspired old fiddle still survived in my own childish days,—moss-pinks and sweet-williams, petunias, larkspur, columbines, poppies, pansies, lavender, valerian, gourds, sweet peas, geraniums, cowslips, primroses, marvel-of-Peru, red and white peonies, each in its season, were all here, and probably many more to keep them cheerful company, while along the brook-side smiled the purple-blue fleur-de-lis. But the pride of the gardener was centered in her roses, "ten varieties," besides one considered as "surpassing fine, being very double and a pure, soft white, bearing abundantly; the sweetest and best of all my flowers only that the hateful rose bugs do spoil them so." All alike have bloomed and faded and scattered their seeds and have been succeeded, some by their own descendants, but not in their own places, and some by other flowers more showy and even, perchance, more fragrant, but not more dear.

The shrubs and flowering trees of the old time still remain, many of them in the spots where first set out. The heavy-scented syringas and bushes of purple or white lilacs from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height look freely in at second story windows to which they have been over a century in climbing. The honey locusts have grown to giant heights, and many of them have succumbed to the winds of autumn or the ice storms of spring; but the graceful, feathery foliage of their progeny waves in their places. The button-balls still shed the dingy brown bark of winter over otherwise neatly kept walks or turf, and bare their stiff, ghostly, and angular white arms defiantly to summer's most vehement lighting. The sturdy and formal horse-chestnuts bloom as profusely as if the years they have lived had been but months. The thickly set hawthorn hedge on the garden's northern side was long since uprooted, but its bird-scattered seeds have found shelter in many a fence corner, and its pretty little flowers send their unloved perfume to long distances in the early summer. The soft blooms of the snow-balls still quiver in the gentle June winds, and the clove-scented flowering-currants still linger by favored banks, fragrant and cheery memorials of happy and useful years.



A CLASS IN EMBROIDERY

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF EMBROIDERIES IN ATHENS

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

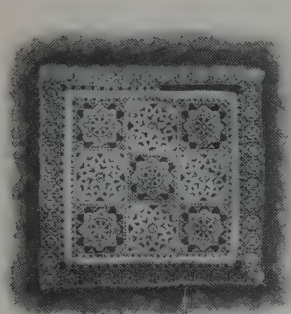


FROM the dust and glare of the windy Athenian streets we passed into a quiet quarter close to the National Museum, where a wide white building housed a hundred and more Athenian children, growing girls, and young women who were workers in the Royal School of Embroideries.

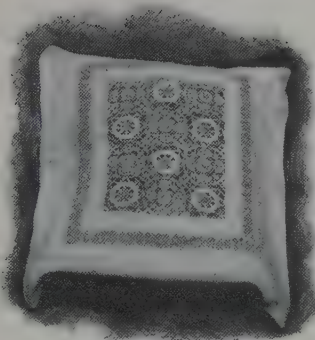
Once the house-door was opened, the hum and buzz of many voices greeted the ear. Amazingly wide-eyed, eager-lipped, and clever-featured were many of those Greek faces. Both the coloring and the facial type proclaimed their Greco-Oriental origin. The white-aproned neatness, the decorous demeanor, as well as the expressive grave grace in posture and gesture of the youthful shapes seated about the wooden frames and of other detached figures close to open windows, made groups full of charm and interest to Western eyes. Below wide, lus-

trous eyes pouted sensuous Attic mouths, replicas of the perfect curves of which one may find in the Parian marbles of two thousand years ago, now safely housed in the museums of Athens. One may see, also, the same widely set, large eyes in certain frescoes recently discovered in Egyptian tombs of Greek colonists of the first and second centuries.

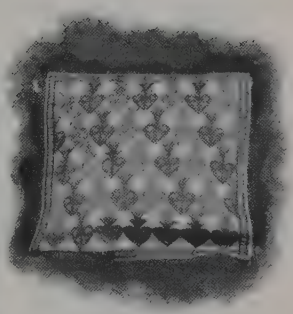
When we turned from the faces to the work over which the nimble fingers were flying, our interest suffered no abatement. Greek fingers have not lost their skill. In and out of the coarser cottons, as well as the most delicate batiste, the shining needles flew as though every embroiderer had been born with a needle between thumb and finger. Here was a whole roomful of children and young growing girls whose skill and ease in their work were no less astonishing than were those of the more mature young women, whose own embroideries had a sharpness of edge that was remarkable. Other factors than those of practice and



GREEK NEEDLEPOINT
LACE



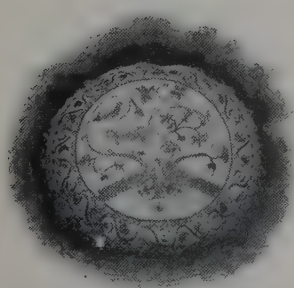
SOFA PILLOW,
CORINTHIAN DESIGN



GREEN AND YELLOW
DESIGN, NAXOS



EXAMPLES OF EMBROIDERY—BYZANTINE PILLOW AT THE LEFT,
PERSIAN HANGING ON THE WALL



CUSHION OF DIFFERENT
SHADES OF BLUE



COPY OF OLD POINT-DE-
VENISE LACE, ÆGINA



CUSHION OF BYZANTINE
DESIGN



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PRINCESS HÉLÈNE (GRAND DUCHESS ELLEN OF RUSSIA), WIFE OF PRINCE
NICOLAS OF GREECE

habit were to be looked for to account for such accuracy and lightness of touch. These embroideries exhibited an instinct and a color sense which only the far East appears to have preserved as a heritage from antiquity.

The history of this school of women reads like a romance. Early in the Turco-Greek war of 1897 thousands of Thessalian women started on mules and donkeys to find in the south a refuge from the dreaded horrors of an invading Turkish army. Whole villages were deserted. Trailing down from crag-like mountain-heights, creeping through leafy defiles, wending their tedious way from stony ridges to grassy valleys, these Thessalian refugees sped southward. Such string-like caravans may be seen to-day in any of the mountain-passes of Greece. The peasants who move from village to village, or who come from the mountains to visit relatives in towns, travel in such simple fashion. Whole families, possessing only a single beast, take turns in walking and riding.

With their children, and, in some instances, with their flocks driven before them, the refugees first made a halt at Chalkis. There a large number determined to remain. Many hundreds, however, continued to wend their way through the Attic passes and over the fertile plains to Athens. To give these newcomers even shelter was no small undertaking, and for a very long time they lived on the bounty of others. Supplies of all sorts, as well as money, came from foreign countries, including America and England. Later, when the streams of benevolence began to run dry, an Athenian committee appointed to look after the refugees had to face the problem of their maintenance, and it was wisely decided that these idle women must work. The difficult task of providing an industry which untrained labor could perform next confronted the ladies of the committee.

Every peasant woman knew, at least, how to spin. The distaff and the loom have been in constant use in Thessalian farm-houses and huts from the time when Hesiod sang the delights of pastoral life. Antique customs maintained full sway in Greece until her war of independence in 1833, and outside Athens and Patras

primitive conditions of life and labor still survive.

This inherited skill with needle and shuttle was turned to good account by the directors. Looms were quickly set up, and the Thessalian women took their accustomed seats behind the flying shuttles. The products were at first made into clothing for the women themselves and for their children. The supply of cottons, homespun, and coarse linens soon exceeded the demand. The ladies then extended the work to a weaving of the brilliant Greek carpets with which every well-to-do peasant's hut and farm-house are supplied. Simple embroideries were next essayed, and these found a ready sale. And thus for several months the building generously lent for the work by a patriotic Greek gentleman was the scene of a contented and busy industry.

After peace came, the looms were deserted. Long strings of mules and donkeys bearing women and children filed back to Thessaly. A few among the refugees elected to remain in windy Athens. These women formed the nucleus of the present flourishing royal school. Others among Athens's own poor eagerly sought the privilege of taking the seats left vacant, and soon proved to the lady directors that they were capable of more ambitious efforts. Their embroideries especially began to show innate, artistic capacity.

At this juncture Lady Egerton, a Russian by birth, the wife of the English minister at the court of King George, took an interest in the school, and for the benefit of the workers undertook a systematic study of classic designs, of lost or forgotten stitches, of antique lace, and of the modern art of lace-making. She went to Constantinople to study Byzantine models; she became an humble pupil of the school of lace-workers in Venice; she made the tour of the Greek islands to learn what secrets in designs and in colors had been transmitted, by long inherited skill, among the Greek women. In her Athenian drawing-room, as well as on the decks of crowded and cramped Greek steamers, Lady Egerton drew, stitched, read, or let her shining needles fly over the stuffed cushions whereon her lace lay. Hers was the unwearied energy of the true artist. Such enthusiasm worked

the usual miracle. Everybody connected with the school became vitalized with new power and capacity. The ladies of the committee were found to be able seconds to such a leader.

The next step was to find a suitable home for the school. "If we are to have a true existence," the committee decided, "a future as well as a present, we must be at home in a house of our own." Not only is it the dream of every Greek in European exile to go back to his loved country, to expend upon her the riches of his purse as well as the stores of his experience, but every foreigner living on Greek soil appears to feel himself to be a true son of that classic land. A French countess, belonging to an historic house, wearied of French republican "massacres" of all that, according to an aristocrat's ideals, made life endurable in France, had elected to adopt Greece as her country. She had brought her bibles, her family portraits, her property, and her Hellenic enthusiasm to her Athenian home. This lady proved herself the second guardian-angel of Lady Egerton's school. When the story of the needs of the school was told to her, some debate ensued as to the choice of a site, none whatever as to the ultimate question of its purchase. The present site in Michaël Vada street, once fixed upon, was then and there paid for.

Royal interest and generosity completed what had been so generously begun through individual effort. King George himself provided for the building of the house. In some mysterious fashion the furniture "arrived." And thus at last in its own building, within its own grounds, this school of embroideries began its true artistic career. The interest shown by the king was soon extended to other members of the royal family. The queen and the Princess Hélène (the latter the Russian wife of Prince Nicolas, third son of King George) from the first had shown their sympathy with the project.

Few royal families in Europe have allied themselves so conspicuously with the fortunes of the people they govern as has every member of the reigning house in Greece. Foreigners by birth though they are, the queen and her three daughters-in-law, the crown princess, Princess Hélène, and Princess Alice,

prove by their persistent, untiring devotion their interest in the future of Greek women and Greek development.

A large part of this royal, as well as of the less conspicuous individual, enthusiasm arises from certain influences that appear to emanate from the Greek race. The magnetism of her great past is still a potent force to rouse her people to renewed activity. Greece, free, presents that most interesting of historical spectacles—a nation recreated, rejuvenated, with its old glorious instincts still alive and alert.

THE designs produced at the school, embroidered silks, linens, cottons, or batistes, proclaim at a glance their classic origin. Many, indeed, were strangely familiar. Where had one seen yonder Byzantine design—those admirably conventionalized springing leopards? Surely never before on coarse homespun shaped to cover a lady's boudoir pillow. Out of the quiet halls of statue-crowded museums, from the frieze of roofless temples, from glass-encased precious Greek vases, from the monuments of the Athenian Ceramicus, faintly, and then more and more clearly, came remembered shapes, forms, designs, traceries, and architectural ornamentations. On the linens and silks that lay stretched on wooden frames or that were held upon the stiff forefinger, hundreds of such forms, designs, traceries, and ornaments have been ingeniously adapted to as many modern purposes.

A lost artistic era seemed, in truth, to have been recaptured by these workers in silks and wools. Here in modern Athens, in a city as up-to-date as any American metropolis, as well equipped with trolleys, tram-cars, electricity, tall apartment-houses, and with shops displaying the latest Parisian novelty, here was a group of directors and workers whose taste, ingenuity, skill, and cleverness were slowly and surely to influence European and American taste in design.

The directors of the school draw the models for the work executed, of whatever nature or for whatever purpose, from pure Hellenic, Byzantine, or Persian designs—from every antique source that has, indeed, contributed to the history of Greek art. Etruscan and innumerable Greek vases of every great

period have been minutely studied. The monuments in Athenian and other Greek burying-grounds have been made to contribute their delicate tracteries and ingenious devices. Architectural reliefs and ornaments have been copied and adapted. Intricate Persian and Saracenic tracteries have contributed their vast variety of forms to modern artistic utilitarian or ornamental purposes. Local feeling throughout Greece and its islands has been as painstakingly studied. Such patterns and designs as have been copied generation after generation by peasant maidens and women have been eagerly sought out.

From times long before Homer sang the glittering gorgeousness of the robes of queens until the present day, Greek fingers have known how to work miracles of color in gold and silk embroideries. The dowry system is the preserver of such skill. In primitive countries human greed and human vanity play as active a rôle in the drama of life as in more complex, highly civilized lands. Brides whose dowry includes the most finely worked trousseau and the largest flock will ever be more sought after than penniless, unadorned beauty. The bleak hillside of Greece are no strangers to the motives at work in Newport and New York. Even wandering nomads can prove to enlightened society the ancient respectability of weighing material consideration in matrimonial choice. The maiden whose homespun is the most elaborately worked and whose silver belt or gold ornaments are the largest and most numerous, is the bride chiefly coveted by the prudent shepherds.

The Greek bride knows better than poets what best pleases a Greek peasant or shepherd husband. Every moment to be snatched from farm-work or the tending of flocks is consecrated to the sacred task of preparing her trousseau. The snowy frieze coat, the back, sleeves, and front of which must be elaborately embroidered in blues and greens; the red-and-crimson borders to her chemise, a remote descendant of the classic chilton, with its wide bands of silk embroideries; the bed-rugs and blankets, the weaving and dyeing of which are of her own toil; the saddlebags the colors and worsted ornamentation of which prove to her

groom her taste and originality—all these artistic and elaborate necessities of a Greek girl's wedding outfit consume every moment of spare time between her girlhood and her marriage.

The universality of this peasant skill suggested to the directors of the school at Athens an enlargement of their original plan. In the islands there were hundreds of rustic embroiderers ready for just such work as was being admirably executed by the girls and women in the capital. Why not utilize this provincial talent? Work must be highly paid for in Athens, where living expenses for even the poor, as in all capitals, are on a scale commensurate with the luxuries of dwelling in a great city. In the islands, schools could be established on an economical basis, and work could be produced at a lower rate of wages. To the schools established in Crete and in Ægina hundreds of women were soon coming to be taught the art of lace-making, fine embroideries, and the intricacies of cut-work.

These island schools have done a more important work than merely to teach old-new stitches and how best to recreate antique effects. All systematic work brings in its train a love of order and neatness, and a sense of personal gain in improved appearance and softened manners is certain to follow. Hundreds of half-savage little islanders, through these schools, have been brought within the sphere of educational influences. Children and young girls who could not be induced to take advantage of the benefits offered by the public schools found in these schools of embroideries an irresistible attraction. The contagion of example did its work. The most conservative nomad could not help observing that certain benefits followed the hateful obedience to rule and industry. It was undeniable that Cora of Naxos, for example, had turned pretty since she began to go to the School of Embroideries. Attention to the rules of cleanliness, apparently, could make a peasant's face as attractive and pink as a lady's.

In Athens itself the same influences have been at work. "In the very first week I noticed a marked change in improved cleanliness and manners among the children," remarked my guide; "the second week ambition began to work

its usual subtle effects. The girls must have their hair artificially coiffed like the older ones. In a month the transformation was complete. When I saw the latest, most effective design in ties and collars worn by a newcomer, the result of her work at home after school-hours, then I knew that the school had done at least half its work."

Few as have been the years since the Royal School of Embroideries began its existence, its handicraft has already gained a wide celebrity. To Paris, to London, and, through these great arteries,

to all the modern, luxurious world of women, go draperies, embroidered strips for blouses, tea-gowns, tea-cloths, scarfs, collars, ties, and ornamental pillow-cases executed by these nimble Greek fingers. You may plume yourself on the delicate color designs of a web-like scarf bought in London; you may glory in the possession of a rare combination of mixed lace, embroidery, and chain work for bedspread or sofa, and little dream that they are the joint product of ancient Attic brains and modern Athenian fingers.



WHAT IS THE MIGHTY ALL?

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

WHAT is the mighty all—the main
Of air, the earth, the ocean's plain,
The wheeling world stupendously
Hung in the void, the stars that flee
And circle through the night, and we,
With life and labor, mind and thought,
And dreams of all things that are not?
What is this all? "It is divine,"
The Lover spake; "'t is mine and thine."

PRAYER

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

I STOOD upon the threshold; musical
Reverberant footsteps ghostlike came and went,
And my lips trembled as magnificent
Before me rose a vision of that hall
Whereof great Milton is the mighty wall,
Shakspeare the dome with incense redolent,
Each latter singer precious ornament,
And Holy Writ the groundwork bearing all.

"Lord," sobbed I, "take thy splendid gift of youth
For the one boon that I have craved so long:
Mold thou my stammering accents and uncouth,
With awful music raise and make me strong,
A living martyr of thy vocal truth,
A resonant column in the House of Song!"

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT

BY LUTHER BURBANK

THE MINGLING OF RACES



N the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions, and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life. While I have never lost sight of the principle of the survival of the fittest and all that it implies as an explanation of the development and progress of plant life, I have come to find in the crossing of species and in selection, wisely directed, a great and powerful instrument for the transformation of the vegetable kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by a rigid selection of the best and as rigid an exclusion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. The mere crossing of species, unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care, and the utmost patience, is not likely to result in marked good, and may result in vast harm. Unorganized effort is often most vicious in its tendencies.

Before passing to the consideration of the adaptation of the principles of plant cultivation in a more or less modified form to the human being, let me lay emphasis on the opportunity now presented in the United States for observing and, if we are wise, aiding in what I think it fair to say is the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration.

I find by a statistical abstract on immigration, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, that, in the year 1904, 752,864 immigrants came into the United States, assigned to more than fifty distinct nationalities. It will be worth while to look carefully at this list. It shows how widely separated geographically, as well as ethnologically, is the material from which we are drawing in this colossal example of the crossing of species:

Austria-Hungary, including Bohemia, Hungary, and other Austria save Poland		117,156
Belgium		3,976
Denmark		8,525
France		9,406
Germany		46,380
Greece		11,343
Italy		193,296
Netherlands		4,916
Norway		23,808
Poland		6,715
Rumania		7,087
Russia		145,141
Spain		3,996
Sweden		27,763
Switzerland		5,023
* Turkey in Europe		5,669
England		38,620
Ireland		36,142
Scotland		11,092
Wales		1,730
Europe not specified		143
Total Europe		707,927
British North America		2,837
Mexico		1,009
Central America		714
West Indies and Miguelon		10,193
South America		1,667
Total America		16,420

* Includes Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro

China	4,309
Japan	14,264
Other Asia	7,613
<hr/>	
Total Asia	26,186
Total Oceania	1,555
Total Africa	686
All other countries	90
<hr/>	
Total Immigrants	752,864

Study this list from any point of view. Where can there be found a broader opportunity for the working out of these underlying principles? Some of these immigrants will mate with others of their own class, notably the Jews, thus not markedly changing the current; many will unite with others of allied speech; still others marry into races wholly different from their own, while a far smaller number will perhaps find union with what we may call native stock.

But wait until two decades have passed, until there are children of age to wed, and then see, under the changed conditions, how widespread will be the mingling. So for many years the foreign nations have been pouring into this country and taking their part in this vast blending.

Now, just as the plant breeder notices sudden changes and breaks, as well as many minor modifications, when he joins two or more plants of diverse type from widely separated quarters of the globe,—sometimes merging an absolutely wild strain with one that, long over-civilized, has largely lost virility,—and just as he finds among the descendants a plant which is likely to be stronger than either ancestor, so may we notice constant changes and breaks and modifications going on about us in this vast combination of races, and so may we hope for a far stronger race if right principles are followed, a magnificent race, superior to any preceeding it. Look at the material on which to draw! Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended, with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again you have the merging of a cold phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still again the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigor, but with inferior mind. See, too, what a vast number of environmental in-

fluences have been at work in social relations, in climate, in physical surroundings. Along with this we must observe the merging of the vicious with the good, the good with the good, the vicious with the vicious.

SELECTIVE ENVIRONMENT

WE are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet the same results that are always seen in a much-crossed race of plants: all the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities. Right here is where selective environment counts. When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite: the finished product will be the race of the future.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE

IN my work with plants and flowers I introduce color here, shape there, size or perfume, according to the product desired. In such processes the teachings of nature are followed. Its great forces only are employed. All that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people. By the crossings of types, strength has in one instance been secured; in another, intellectuality; in still another, moral force. Nature alone could do this. The work of man's head and hands has not yet been summoned to prescribe for the development of a race. So far a preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods finds no place in the making of peoples and nations. But when nature has already done its duty, and the crossing leaves a product which in the rough displays the best human attributes, all that is left to be done falls to selective environment.

But when two different plants have been crossed, that is only the beginning. It is only one step, however important; the great work lies beyond—the care, the nurture, the influence of surroundings, selection, the separation of the best from

the poorest, all of which are embraced in the words I have used—selective environment.

How, then, shall the principles of plant culture have any bearing upon the development of the descendants of this mighty mingling of races?

All animal life is sensitive to environment, but of all living things the child is the most sensitive. Surroundings act upon it as the outside world acts upon the plate of the camera. Every possible influence will leave its impress upon the child, and the traits which it inherited will be overcome to a certain extent, in many cases being even more apparent than heredity. The child is like a cut diamond, its many facets receiving sharp, clear impressions not possible to a pebble, with this difference, however, that the change wrought in the child from the influences without becomes constitutional and ingrained. A child absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its most receptive condition, the effect will be pronounced, immediate, and permanent.

Where shall we begin? Just where we begin with the plant, at the very beginning. It has been said that the way to reform a man is to begin with his grandfather. But this is only a half-truth; begin with his grandfather, but begin with the grandfather when he is a child. I find the following quoted from the great kindergartner Froebel:

"The task of education is to assist natural development toward its destined end.

"As the beginning gives a bias to the whole after development, so the early beginnings of education are of most importance."

I recognize the good that has been accomplished in the early kindergarten training of children, but I must enter a most earnest protest against beginning education, as we commonly use the word, at the kindergarten age. No boy or girl should see the inside of a school-house until at least ten years old. I am speaking now of the boy or girl who can be reared in the only place that is truly fit to bring up a boy or a plant—the country, the small town or the country, the nearer to nature the better. In the case of chil-

dren born in the city and compelled to live there, the temptations are so great, the life so artificial, the atmosphere so like that of the hothouse, that the child must be placed in school earlier as a matter of safeguarding.

But, some one asks, How can you ever expect a boy to graduate from college or university if his education does not begin until he is ten years of age? He will be far too old.

I answer first that the curse of modern child-life in America is over-education. For the first ten years of this, the most sensitive and delicate life in the world, I would prepare it. The properly prepared child will make such progress that the difference in time of graduation is not likely to be noticeable; but, even if it should be a year or two later, what difference would it make? Do we expect a normal plant to begin bearing fruit three weeks after it is born? It must have time, ample time, to be prepared for the work before it. Above all else, the child must be a healthy animal. I do not work with diseased plants. They do not cure themselves of disease. They only spread disease among their fellows and die before their time.

DIFFERENTIATION IN TRAINING

RIGHT here let me lay special stress upon the absurdity, not to call it by a harsher term, of running children through the same mill in a lot, with absolutely no real reference to their individuality. No two children are alike. You cannot expect them to develop alike. They are different in temperament, in tastes, in disposition, in capabilities, and yet we take them in this precious early age, when they ought to be living a life of preparation near to the heart of nature, and we stuff them, cram them, and overwork them until their poor little brains are crowded up to and beyond the danger-line. The work of breaking down the nervous systems of the children of the United States is now well under way. It is only when some one breaks absolutely away from all precedent and rule and carves out a new place in the world that any substantial progress is ever made, and seldom is this done by one whose individuality has been stifled in the schools. So it is impera-

tive that we consider individuality in children in their training precisely as we do in cultivating plants. Some children, for example, are absolutely unfit by nature and temperament for carrying on certain studies. Take certain young girls, for example, bright in many ways, but unfitted by nature and bent, at this early age at least, for the study of arithmetic. Very early,—before the age of ten, in fact,—they are packed into a room along with from thirty to fifty others and compelled to study a branch which, at best, they should not undertake until they have reached maturer years. Can one by any possible cultivation and selection and crossing compel figs to grow on thistles or apples on a banana-tree? I have made many varied and strange plant combinations in the hope of betterment and still am at work upon others, but one cannot hope to do the impossible.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS

I SHOULD not only have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with nature, a bare-foot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love. This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies toward the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality, but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

BE HONEST WITH THE CHILD

THEN, again, in the successful cultivation of plants there must be absolute honesty. I mean this in no fanciful way, but in the most practical and matter-of-fact fashion. You cannot attempt to deceive nature or thwart her or be dishonest with her in any particular without her knowing it, without the consequences coming back upon your own head. Be honest with your child. Do not give him a colt for his very own, and then, when it is a three-year-old, sell it and pocket the proceeds. It does not provoke a tendency in children to follow the Golden Rule, and seldom enhances their admiration and respect for you. It is not sound business policy or fair treatment; it is not honest. Bear in mind that this child-life in these first ten years is the most sensitive thing in the world; never lose sight of that. Children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which would leave no more impression upon a plant than they would upon the sphinx. Vastly more sensitive is it than the most sensitive plant. Think of being dishonest with it!

Here let me say that the wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping up over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. Be dishonest with a child, whether it is your child or some other person's child—dishonest in word or look or deed, and you have started a grafter. Grafting, or stealing,—for that is the better word,—will never be taken up by a man whose formative years have been spent in an atmosphere of absolute honesty. Nor can you be dishonest with your child in thought. The child reads your motives as no other human being reads them. He sees into your own heart. The child is the purest, truest thing in the world. It is absolute truth: that's why we love children. They know instinctively whether you are true or dishonest with them in thought as well as in deed; you cannot escape it. The child may not always show its knowledge, but its judgment of you is unerring. Its life is stainless, open to receive all impressions, just as is the life of the plant, only far more pliant and responsive to influences, and

to influences to which no plant is capable of being responsive. Upon the child before the age of ten we have an unparalleled opportunity to work; for nowhere else is there material so plastic.

TRAITS IN PLANTS AND BOYS

TEACH the child self-respect; train it in self-respect, just as you train a plant into better ways. No self-respecting man was ever a grafter. Make the boy understand what money means, too, what its value and importance. Do not deal it out to him lavishly, but teach him to account for it. Instil better things into him, just as a plant-breeder puts better characteristics into a plant. Above all, bear in mind repetition, repetition, the use of an influence over and over again. Keeping everlastingly at it, this is what fixes traits in plants—the constant repetition of an influence until at last it is irrevocably fixed and will not change. You cannot afford to get discouraged. You are dealing with something far more precious than any plant—the priceless soul of a child.

KEEP OUT FEAR

AND, again, keep fear out that the child may grow up to the end of the first ten-year period and not learn what physical fear is. Let him alone for that, if he is a healthy normal child; he will find it and profit by it. But keep out all fear of the brutal things men have taught children about the future. I believe emphatically in religion. God made religion, and man made theology, just as God made the country, and man made the town. I have the largest sympathy for religion, and the largest contempt I am capable of for a misleading theology. Do not feed children on maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Do not terrify them in early life with the fear of an after-world. Never was a child made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let nature teach them the lessons of good and proper liv-

ing, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant absorbs the sunshine and the dew.

Let me bring the matter still closer to you. I cannot carry a great plant-breeding test to a successful culmination at the end of a long period of years without three things, among many others, but these three are absolutely essential—sunshine, good air, and nourishing food.

SUNSHINE

TAKE the first, both in its literal and figurative sense—sunshine. Surround the children with every possible cheer. I do not mean to pamper them, to make them weak; they need the winds, just as the plants do, to strengthen them and to make them self-reliant. If you want your child to grow up into a sane, normal man, a good citizen, a support of the state you must keep him in the sunshine. Keep him happy. You cannot do this if you have a sour face yourself. Smiles and laughter cost nothing. Costly clothing, too fine to stand the wear and tear of a tramp in the woods or sliding down a haystack or a cellar door, are a dead weight upon your child. I believe in good clothes, good strong, serviceable clothes for young children—clothes that fit and look well; for they tend to mental strength, to self-respect. But there are thousands of parents who, having not studied the tremendous problems of environmental surroundings, and having no conception of the influence of these surroundings, fail to recognize the fact that either an over-dressed or a poorly dressed boy is handicapped.

Do not be cross with the child; you cannot afford it. If you are cultivating a plant, developing it into something finer and nobler, you must love it, not hate it; be gentle with it, not abusive; be firm, never harsh. I give the plants upon which I am at work in a test, whether a single one or a hundred thousand, the best possible environment. So should it be with a child, if you want to develop it in right ways. Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter, let them have a

good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; give them to your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all the years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next; they cannot stand it. Remember that you are training not only for to-day, but for all the future, for all posterity.

FRESH AIR

To develop indoors, under glass, a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is immeasurably absurd. There must be sunlight, but even more is needed fresh, pure air. The injury wrought to-day to the race by keeping too young children in doors at school is beyond the power of any one to estimate. The air they breathe even under the best sanitary regulations is far too impure for their lungs. Often it is positively poisonous—a slow poison which never makes itself fully manifest until the child is a wreck. Keep the child outdoors and away from books and study. Much you can teach him, much he will teach himself all gently, without knowing it, of nature and nature's God, just as the child is taught to walk or run or play; but education in the academic sense shun as you would the plague. And the atmosphere must be pure around it in the other sense. It must be free from every kind of indelicacy or coarseness. The most dangerous man in the community is the one who would pollute the stream of a child's life. Whoever was responsible for the saying that "boys will be boys" and a young man "must sow his wild oats" was perhaps guilty of a crime.

NOURISHING FOOD

It is impossible to apply successfully the principles of cultivation and selection of plants to human life if the human life does not, like the plant life, have proper nourishment. First of all, the child's digestion must be made sound by sufficient, simple, well-balanced food.

But, you say, any one should know this. True, and most people do realize it in a certain sense; but how many realize that upon the food the child is fed in these first ten years largely depends its moral future? I once lived near a class of people who, from religious belief, excluded all meat, eggs, and milk from the dietary of their children. They fed them vegetables and the product of cereals. What result followed? The children were anemic, unable to withstand disease, quickly succumbed to illness. There were no signs of vigor; they were always low in vitality. But that was not all. They were frightfully depraved. They were not properly fed; their ration was unbalanced. Nature rebelled; for she had not sufficient material to perfect her higher development.

What we want in developing a new plant, making it better in all ways than any of its kind that have preceded it, is a splendid norm, not anything abnormal. So we feed it from the soil, and it feeds from the air, and thus we make it a powerful aid to man. It is dependent upon good food. Upon good food for the child, well-balanced food, depends good digestion; upon good digestion, with pure air to keep the blood pure, depends the nervous system. If you have the first ten years of a boy's or a girl's life in which to make them strong and sturdy with normal nerves, splendid digestion, and unimpaired lungs, you have a healthy animal, ready for the heavier burdens of study. Preserve beyond all else as the priceless portion of a child the integrity of the nervous system. Upon this depends their success in life. With the nervous system shattered, what is life worth? Suppose you begin the education, so-called, of your child at, say, three or four, if he be unusually bright, in the kindergarten. Keep adding slowly and systematically, with what I think the devil must enjoy as a refined means of torment, to the burden day by day. Keep on "educating" him until he enters the primary school at five, and push him to the uttermost until he is ten. You have now laid broad and deep the foundation; outraged nature may be left to take care of the rest.

The integrity of your child's nervous system, no matter what any so-called educator may say, is thus impaired; he can

never again be what he would have been had you taken him as the plant-cultivator takes a plant, and for these first ten precious years of his life had fitted him for the future. Nothing else is doing so much to break down the nervous systems of Americans, not even the insane rushing of maturer years, as this over-crowding and cramming of child-life before the age of ten. And the mad haste of maturer years is the legitimate result of the earlier strain.

NEITHER PLANT NOR CHILD TO BE OVERFED

NOR should the child, any more than the plant, be overfed, but more especially should not be given an unbalanced ration. What happens when we overfeed a plant? Its root system, its leaf system, its trunk, its whole body, is impaired. It becomes engorged. Following this, comes devitalization. It is open to attacks of disease. It will easily be assailed by fungous diseases and insect pests. It rapidly and abnormally grows onward to its death. So with a child you can easily over-feed it on an unbalanced ration, and the result will be as disastrous as in the case of the plant. The effect of such an unbalanced ration as that fed to the children in the community I have referred to was to shorten life; they developed prematurely, and died early.

Again some one says, But how can the very poor feed their children plenty of nutritious food?

I answer that the nation must protect itself. I mean by this that it is imperative, in order that the nation may rise to its full powers and accomplish its destiny, that the people who comprise this nation must be normal physically. It is imperative, in order that the nation be normal, that the plants of the nation from which it derives its life and without which the nation dies must be sound. All human life is absolutely dependent upon plant life. If the plant life be in any measure lowered through lack of nourishment, the nation suffers. To the extent that any portion of the people are physically unfit, to that extent the nation is weakened.

Do not misunderstand me: I am not advocating paternalism in any sense; far from it. But is not the human race worth

as much care as the orchards, the farms, the cattle-ranges? I would so work upon this great blending of races, upon each individual factor in it, that each factor should be called upon to do its very best, be compelled to do its very best, if it was shirking responsibility. But in any great nation there must be a large number who cannot do their best, if I may use a contradictory term, who do not seem able to rise to their opportunities and their possibilities. Already you may see in our larger cities efforts in a small way to help feed the very poor. It can be done nationally as well as municipally, and it can be done so that no loss of self-respect will follow, no encouragement and fostering of poverty or laziness.

Then, too, there are the orphans and the waifs; these must be taken into account. They must have wise, sane, consistent state aid. I am opposed to all sectarian aid. I would do away with all asylums of all types for the indigent under sectarian or private control. The nation, or the commonwealth, should take care of the unfortunate. It must do this in a broad and liberal and sane manner, if we are ever to accomplish the end sought, to make this nation rise to its possibilities. Only through the nation, or State, can this work be done. It must be done for self-protection.

DANGERS

IN the immediate future, possibly within your life and mine, unquestionably within the life of this generation, what have we most to fear in America from this vast crossing of species? Not in the vicious adults who are now with us, for they can be controlled by law and force, but in the children of these adults, when they have grown and been trained to responsible age in vice and crime, lies the danger. We must begin now, to-day, the work of training these children as they come. Grant that it were possible that every boy and girl born in the United States during the next thirty years should be kept in an atmosphere of crime to the age of ten. The result would be too appalling to contemplate. As they came to adult years, vice would be rampant, crime would go unpunished, all evil would thrive, the nation would be de-

stroyed. Now, to the extent that we leave the children of the poor and these other unfortunates,—waifs and foundlings,—to themselves and their evil surroundings, to that extent we breed peril for ourselves.

The only way to obviate this is absolutely to cut loose from all precedent and begin systematic State and national aid, not next year, or a decade from now, but to-day. Begin training these outcasts, begin the cultivation of them, if you will, much as we cultivate the plants, in order that their lives may be turned into right ways, in order that the integrity of the state may be maintained. Rightly cultivated, these children may be made a blessing to the race; trained in the wrong way, or neglected entirely, they will become a curse to the state.

ENVIRONMENT

LET us bring the application still nearer home.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit, or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation, and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child,—I shall speak of the abnormal later,—be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding them well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving them all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding them well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving them all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all their life all of these traits. Naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits; but, in the main, with the normal child, you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently, guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty fac-

tory or an unwholesome school-room or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces; cram his little brains with so-called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind; let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it, it must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life, and then set fire to them by wrong environment.

THE ABNORMAL

BUT, some one asks, What will you do with those who are abnormal? First, I must repeat that the end will not be reached at a bound. It will take years, centuries, perhaps, to erect on this great foundation we now have in America the structure which I believe is to be built. So we must begin to-day in our own commonwealth, in our own city or town, in our own family, with ourselves. Here appears a child plainly not normal, what shall we do with him? Shall we, as some have advocated, even from Spartan days, hold that the weaklings should be destroyed? No. In cultivating plant life, while we destroy much that is unfit, we are constantly on the lookout for what has been called the abnormal, that which springs apart in new lines. How many plants are there in the world to-day that were not in one sense once abnormalities? No; it is the influence of cultivation, of selection, of surroundings, of environment, that makes the change from the abnormal to the normal. From the children we are led to call abnormal may come, under wise cultivation and training, splendid normal natures. A great force is sometimes needed to change the aspect of minerals and metals. Powerful acids, great heat, electricity, mechanical force, or some such influence, must be brought to bear upon them. Less potent influences will work a complete change in plant-life. Mild heat, sunshine, the atmos-

phere, and greatly diluted chemicals, will all directly affect the growth of the plant and the production of fruits and flowers. And when we come to animal life, especially in man, we find that the force or influence necessary to affect a transformation is extremely slight. This is why environment plays such an important part in the development of man.

In child-rearing, environment is equally essential with heredity. Mind you, I do not say that heredity is of no consequence. It is the great factor, and often makes environment almost powerless. When certain hereditary tendencies are almost indelibly ingrained, environment will have a hard battle to effect a change in the child; but that a change can be wrought by the surroundings we all know. The particular subject may at first be stubborn against these influences, but repeated application of the same modifying forces in succeeding generations will at last accomplish the desired object.

No one shall say what great results for the good of the race may not be attained in the cultivation of abnormal children, transforming them into normal ones.

THE PHYSICALLY WEAK

So also of the physically weak. I have a plant in which I see wonderful possibilities, but it is weak. Simply because it is weak do I become discouraged and say it can never be made strong, that it would better be destroyed? Not at all; it may possess other qualities of superlative value. Even if it never becomes as robust as its fellows, it may have a tremendous influence. Because a child is a weakling, should it be put out of the way? Such a principle is monstrous. Look over the long line of the great men of the world, those who have changed history and made history, those who have helped the race upward,—poets, painters, statesmen, scientists, leaders of thought in every department,—and you will find that many of them have been physically weak. No, the theory of the ancients that the good of the state demanded the elimination of the physically weak was, perhaps, unwise. What we should do is to strengthen the weak, cultivate them as we cultivate plants, build them up, make

them the very best they are capable of becoming.

THE MENTALLY DEFECTIVE

BUT with those who are mentally defective—ah, here is the hardest question of all!—what shall be done with them? Apparently fatally deficient, can they ever be other than a burden? In the case of plants in which all tendencies are absolutely vicious there is only one course—they must be destroyed. In the case of human beings in whom the light of reason does not burn, those who, apparently, can never be other than a burden, shall they be eliminated from the race? Go to the mother of an imbecile child and get your answer. No; here the analogy must cease. I shall not say that in the ideal state general citizenship would not gain by the absence of such classes, but where is the man who would deal with such Spartan rigor with the race? Besides all this, in the light of the great progress now being made in medical and surgical skill, who shall say what now apparently impossible cures may not be effected?

But it is as clear as sunlight that here, as in the case of plants, constant cultivation and selection will do away with all this, so that in the grander race of the future these defectives will have become eliminated. For these helpless unfortunates, as with those who are merely unfortunate from environment, I should enlist the best and broadest state aid.

MARRIAGE OF THE PHYSICALLY UNFIT

BUT right here let me lay emphasis upon a related point. It would, if possible, be best absolutely to prohibit in every State in the Union the marriage of the physically unfit. If we take a plant which we recognize as poisonous and cross it with another which is not poisonous and thus make the wholesome plant evil, so that it menaces all who come in contact with it, this is criminal enough. But suppose we blend together two poisonous plants and make a third even more virulent, a vegetable degenerate, and set their evil descendants adrift to multiply over the earth, are we not distinct foes to the race? What, then, shall we say of two people of absolutely

defined physical impairment who are allowed to marry and rear children? It is a crime against the state and every individual in the state. And if these physically degenerate are also morally degenerate, the crime becomes all the more appalling.

COUSINS

WHILE it seems clear now in the light of recent studies that the children of first cousins who have been reared under different environmental influences and who have remained separated from birth until married are not likely to be impaired mentally or physically, though the second generation will be more than likely to show retrogression, yet first cousin marriages when they have been reared under similar environment should, no doubt, be prohibited. The history of some of the royal families of Europe, where intermarrying, with its fatal results, has so long prevailed, should be sufficient.

TEN GENERATIONS

BUT let us take a still closer view of the subject. Suppose it were possible to select say, a dozen normal families, the result of some one of the many blendings of these native and foreign stocks, and let them live by themselves, so far as the application of the principles I have been speaking of are concerned, though not by any means removed from the general influences of the state. Let them have, if you will, ideal conditions for working out these principles, and let them be solemnly bound to the development of these principles—what can be done?

In plant cultivation, under normal conditions, from six to ten generations are generally sufficient to fix the descendants of the parent plants in their new ways. Sufficient time in all cases must elapse so that the descendants will not revert to some former condition of inefficiency. When once stability is secured, usually, as indicated, in from six to ten generations, the plant may then be counted upon to go forward in its new life as though the old lives of its ancestors had never been. This, among plants, will be by the end of from five to ten generations, varying according to the plant's character

—its pliability or stubbornness. I do not say that lack of care and nourishment thereafter will not have a demoralizing influence, for no power can prevent a plant from becoming again part wild if left to itself through many generations, but even here it will probably become wild along the lines of its new life, not by any means necessarily along ancestral lines.

If, then, we could have these twelve families under ideal conditions where these principles could be carried out unswervingly, we could accomplish more for the race in ten generations than can now be accomplished in a hundred thousand years. Ten generations of human life should be ample to fix any desired attribute. This is absolutely clear. There is neither theory nor speculation. Given the fact that the most sensitive material in all the world upon which to work is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, and the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of the plant. There will be this difference, however, that it will be immeasurably easier to produce and fix any desired traits in the child than in the plant, though, of course, a plant may be said to be a harp with a few strings as compared with a child.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

BUT some one says, You fail to take into account the personal element, the sovereign will of the human being, its power of determining for itself.

By no means; I give full weight to this. But the most stubborn and wilful nature in the world is not that of a child. I have dealt with millions of plants, have worked with them for many years, have studied them with the deepest interest from all sides of their lives. The most stubborn living thing in this world, the most difficult to swerve, is a plant once fixed in certain habits—habits which have been intensified and have been growing stronger and stronger upon it by repetition through thousands and thousands of years. Remember that this plant has preserved its individuality all through the ages; perhaps it is one which can be traced backward through

eons of time in the very rocks themselves, never having varied to any great extent in all these vast periods. Do you suppose, after all these ages of repetition, the plant does not become possessed of a will, if you so choose to call it, of unparalleled tenacity? Indeed, there are plants, like certain of the palms, so persistent that no human power has yet been able to change them. The human will is a weak thing beside the will of a plant. But see how this whole plant's lifelong stubbornness is broken simply by blending a new life with it, making, by crossing, a complete and powerful change in its life. Then when the break comes, fix it by these generations of patient supervision and selection, and the new plant sets out upon its new way never again to return to the old, its tenacious will broken and changed at last.

When it comes to so sensitive and pliable a thing as the nature of a child, the problem becomes vastly easier.

HEREDITY—PREDESTINATION—TRAINING

THERE is no such thing in the world, there never has been such a thing, as a predestined child—predestined for heaven or hell. Men have taught such things in the past, there may be now those who account for certain manifestations on this belief, just as there may be those who in the presence of some hopelessly vicious man hold to the view, whether they express it or not, of total depravity. But even total depravity never existed in a human being, never can exist in one any more than it can exist in a plant. Heredity means much, but what is heredity? Not some hideous ancestral specter forever crossing the path of a human being. Heredity is simply the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life forces. There is no doubt that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change. Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian. Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality, integrity, and love, and the chances are that he will not grow into a criminal, but into an upright man. I do

not say, of course, that heredity will not sometimes assert itself. When the criminal instinct crops out in a person, it might appear as if environment were leveled to the ground; but in succeeding generations the effect of constant higher environment will not fail to become fixed.

Apply to the descendants of these twelve families throughout three hundred years the principles I have set forth, and the reformation and regeneration of the world, their particular world, will have been effected. Apply these principles now, to-day, not waiting for the end of these three hundred years, not waiting, indeed, for any millennium to come, but *make* the millennium, and see what splendid results will follow. Not the ample results of the larger period, to be sure, for with the human life, as with the plant life, it requires these several generations to fix new characteristics or to intensify old ones. But narrow it still more, apply these principles to a single family,—indeed, still closer, to a single child, your child it may be,—and see what the results will be.

But remember that just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. If it be worth while to spend ten years upon the ennoblement of a plant, be it fruit, tree, or flower, is it not worth while to spend ten years upon a child in this precious formative period, fitting it for the place it is to occupy in the world? Is not a child's life vastly more precious than the life of a plant? Under the old order of things plants kept on in their course largely uninfluenced in any new direction. The plant-breeder changes their lives to make them better than they ever were before. Here in America, in the midst of this vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influence of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food. We may give them music and laughter. We may teach them as we teach the plants to be sturdy and self-reliant. We may be

honest with them, as we are obliged to be honest with plants. We may break up this cruel educational articulation which connects the child in the kindergarten with the graduate of the university while there goes on from year to year an uninterrupted system of cramming, an uninterrupted mental strain upon the child, until the integrity of its nervous system may be destroyed and its life impaired.

I may only refer to that mysterious prenatal period, and say that even here we should begin our work, throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful, and ennobling influence; for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate. The fittest has not yet arrived. In the process of elimination the weaker must fail, but the battle has changed its base from brute force to mental integrity. We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he who can say man will not develop

new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in most of the higher institutions of learning throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future ages will prove a somewhat different order of being from that of the present. He may look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality or genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the weeding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.



THE SERVICE-TREE

(TO JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL)

BY JOHN FINLEY

THERE 's an old Icelandic rune,
Chanted to a mournful tune,
Of the service-tree, that grows
O'er the sepulchers of those
Who for others' sins have died,—
Others' hatred, greed, or pride,—
Living monuments that stand,
Planted of no human hand.

So from her fresh-flowered grave—
Hers who all her being gave
Other lives to beautify,
Other ways to purify—
There shall spring a spirit-tree,
In her loving memory,
Till its top shall reach the skies,
Telling of her sacrifice.

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

XXIII

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS IN LEGAL
COMBAT

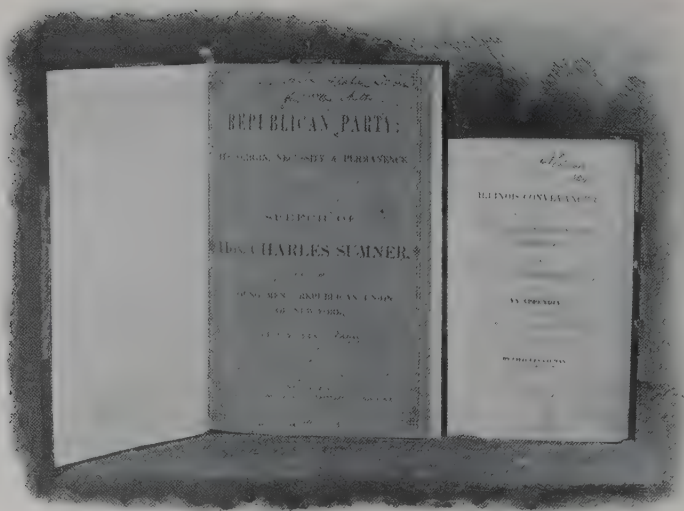


LINCOLN had been practising on the Eighth Circuit for five years when the bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise was introduced in Congress (1854) and during that time he had devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his profession. It is not possible to obtain an accurate record of the number of cases he tried during those five years, for his name was not always entered on the dockets when he acted as counsel for other lawyers, but we know that he argued at least forty appeals in the Supreme Court within that period, and the records of the various county-seats and the testimony of his contemporaries go far to demonstrate that no other lawyer on the circuit, and probably none in the State, had anything like the number and variety of cases which he conducted between 1849 and 1854. It was the last-named year that the bill was introduced authorizing Congress to organize Kansas and Nebraska as Territories, and to this bill an amendment was added repealing the Missouri Compromise Act, by which slavery was prohibited in the proposed new Territories. Lincoln was attending court on the circuit when this news reached him, and Judge Dickey, one of his fellow-practitioners, who was sharing his room in the local tavern at the time, reports that Lincoln sat on the edge of his bed and discussed the political situation far into the night. At last Dickey fell asleep, but when he awoke in the morning, Lincoln was sitting up

in bed, deeply absorbed in thought. "I tell you, Dickey," he observed, as though continuing the argument of the previous evening, "this nation cannot exist half-slave and half-free."

This is probably the first time Lincoln ever used the phrase which was destined to become so famous in later years, and shortly afterward he made his first direct answer to one of Douglas's speeches supporting the Missouri Compromise repeal, and the great duel of debate began. To say that the general public was surprised by the force and effectiveness of Lincoln's attack is to put the matter very mildly. It was fairly astonished, and the most amazed man in the community was probably Judge Douglas himself. He had been in the United States Senate seven years, and Lincoln, hard at work with court duties, had virtually disappeared from his view. He had known him as a local practitioner and effective stump-speaker and country attorney, but he was not prepared for the logical, lawyer-like arraignment to which he found himself subjected, and after two more encounters with this new antagonist, he called a truce, proposing that neither he nor Lincoln should make any more speeches during the rest of the fall campaign. To this Lincoln assented, returning to his law practice; and thus ended the first skirmish of what was destined to be the most notable debate of history.

Lincoln kept steadily at his court work until the fall of that year, when he decided that to do effective service in the campaign against the extension of slavery he would have to reënter politics, and, being nominated for the Illinois Assembly, he made the necessary canvass, and was elected by a great majority in No-

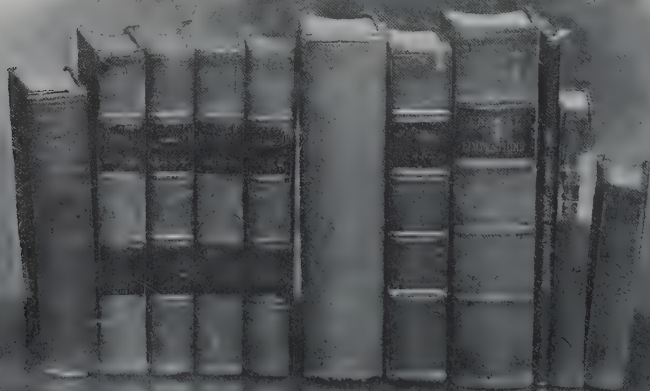


TITLE PAGES OF TWO OF THE BOOKS SHOWN BELOW

These books are all in their original bindings except Sumner's speech on "The Republican Party"

ember, 1854. He had no sooner taken office, however, than he resigned to become a candidate for the United States senatorship; but his selection was frustrated by a combination among the local politicians, and Lyman Trumbull, another member of the bar, obtained a majority of the votes.

This was in February, 1855, and Lincoln immediately resumed his duties on the circuit. During this and the following year he argued and won the McLean County case for the Illinois Central, prepared and appeared in the McCormick reaper action, argued no less than thirteen appeals in the court of last resort,



From Major William H. Lambert's collection

BOOKS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIBRARY

These books, from left to right, are "Religious Truth Illustrated from Science"—Hitchcock; "Gibbon's Rome," 4 vols.; "Dictionary of Congress"—Lanman; "Paley's Works"; "Angell on Limitations"; "The Republican Party"—Sumner, 1860; "The Illinois Conveyancer," and "A Dictionary of Primary Schools"

and otherwise spent the most active year and a half in his entire professional career. Under this daily training in the courts his immense latent powers steadily developed, his mind expanded and his confidence increased, and it was undoubtedly the leader of the Illinois bar who addressed the convention at Bloomington on May 29, 1856. The speech

name somewhere in Massachusetts. It's probably him."

Important events followed in quick succession, but Lincoln stuck steadily to his court duties. Frémont and Dayton were nominated by the Republicans against Buchanan and Breckinridge; but except for making a number of speeches for Frémont in the fall, Lincoln's pro-



From O. H. Oldroyd's collection, exhibited in the house in which Lincoln died

BOOKS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LAW LIBRARY

These books, from left to right, are "Journal of the House of Representatives of the Tenth General Assembly of Illinois," "Life of Black Hawk," "Illinois Convention Journal," "Laws of Illinois, 1841," "Revised Statutes, Illinois, 1845," "Law Register, Livingston, 1852," "Dean's Medical Jurisprudence," and "Acts and Resolutions passed at the Thirtieth Congress of the United States, 1848"

which he delivered on that occasion was lost to the world because he held the audience so spellbound that even the reporters forgot their duties and neglected to take notes; but those who heard it spread the tidings that a new champion had entered the political arena equipped to do battle with all comers. But Lincoln did not feel himself fully prepared, and when the first Republican convention was held at Philadelphia, a few weeks later, the news that he had received one hundred and ten votes for Vice-President reached him while he was engaged in trial work at Urbana. "It can't be me they are voting for," was his smiling comment; "there's another great man of the same

professional life went on uninterruptedly. Then Buchanan was elected, and shortly after his inauguration the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Dred Scott case, which, instead of stamping out the smoldering fires of anti-slavery agitation, as was expected, added fuel to the flames which burst out in every part of the country.

Meanwhile Lincoln continued active in the courts, gaining greater reputation with every term, and rapidly rounding into shape. From 1856 to 1858 his name appears fifteen times in the Illinois State appellate reports, and within the same period he tried the celebrated Wyant murder case in Bloomington. His leadership of the bar was every-

where acknowledged, and he was in the midst of the most active professional duties when he was nominated by the Illinois Republicans to succeed Douglas, whose term in the Senate was just expiring. As on other occasions when he stood confronted by opportunity, the man responded to the power within him, and he accepted the great task which lay before him with calmness and quiet confidence. His opponent had the prestige of eleven years' senatorial experience, he was recognized as one of the best debaters in the upper house, and acknowledged as a national leader of marvelous personal charm—the ideal of his home constituents, and the probable Presidential candidate of the national Democracy. Lincoln did not underestimate his abilities; but he had taken his measure in their previous tilt, and he did not hesitate to challenge him to debate the issues of the campaign. Mr. Lincoln is a very amiable gentleman," was Douglas's first reply; but later he yielded to the pressure of his friends, and accepted the challenge.

From the moment of collision it was evident that a great struggle was imminent, and, despite the applause and flattery of his supporters, Douglas must have known in his heart of hearts that he had at last met his match.

Brilliant and resourceful as he was in popular appeal, his dexterity with the weapons of debate was more than offset by Lincoln's better knowledge of law and his greater familiarity with legal argument, and the contest hinged largely upon the effect of the Dred Scott case as decided by the Supreme Court.

Dred Scott, it will be remembered, was a negro whose Missouri master, after a short residence in Illinois, had moved into what was then Wisconsin Territory (now Minnesota) with the slave, and, after living there for a time, had returned to Missouri and sold him.

Scott thereupon sued in a Missouri court to establish his freedom, claiming that his residence in the free State of Illinois and the free Territory of Wisconsin had emancipated him. The first local court sustained his contention, but the decision was reversed on appeal. He was then sold to a man in New York, and began another suit in the federal

courts of St. Louis, which promptly ruled against him.

The case was then appealed to the United States Supreme Court at Washington, where the plaintiff was represented by Montgomery Blair and George Ticknor Curtis, and the defendant by Reverdy Johnson, whom Lincoln had hoped to meet in the McCormick case; and after two elaborate hearings Scott was declared a slave by a divided vote of the judges, two of whom wrote dissenting opinions. This decision of the highest tribunal in the country was expected to settle the slavery issue, for it decreed protection to slave-owners in the enjoyment of their property wherever situated as a constitutional right.

Lincoln, however, promptly challenged the authority of any court to dispose of a great national issue such as the slavery question, and early in the debate with Douglas he forced the discussion of this subject to the fore.

"In the field of argumentative statement, Mr. Webster at the time of his death had no rival in America," says Mr. Boutwell, "but he has left nothing more exact, explicit, and convincing than this extract from Lincoln's first speech in the great debate: 'If any man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object,' which embodies the substance of the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case."

Douglas instantly responded by declaring that those who resisted the finding of the court were traitors fomenting revolution, and intimated that his adversary's duty as a lawyer was to uphold the law and discountenance resistance to its decrees. But Lincoln's reply was so calm, fair, dignified, and professionally correct that it not only put his accuser completely in the wrong, but placed his opposition on a high and perfectly legal plane.

"We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government," he asserted. "But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. If this im-

portant decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias, and in accordance with legal public expectation and the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or if, wanting in some of these, it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

If Douglas had been permitted to choose his weapons he would doubtless have avoided all legal controversy with his trained opponent; but the situation would not admit of silence, and he was forced to discuss the meaning and effect of the Supreme Court's decision with a master of logic well versed in the maxims and principles of constitutional law. The effect of this was speedily apparent. At the outset of the campaign his victory over Lincoln had seemed an absolute certainty, but, as time wore on, the result began to be questioned, and each meeting with his rival left the outcome in greater doubt. Finally he decided to carry the war into the enemy's country and in an evil moment he propounded a series of questions intended to confuse and embarrass his adversary. Had he remembered Lincoln's searching interpellation of the Polk administration on the occasion of the "spot resolutions," he might have hesitated in his attempt to bait the ablest cross-examiner in the State; but apparently he did not perceive the opening which he gave to his opponent.

"I will answer these interrogatories," announced Lincoln, when he received the seven questions intended to entrap him, "upon condition that he [Judge Douglas] will answer questions from me not exceeding the same number. I give him an opportunity to respond."

No reply came from his adversary, and the vast audience at Freeport waited the outcome with a breathless interest which the keen jury lawyer instantly interpreted.

"The judge remains silent," continued Lincoln, impressively. "I now say I will answer his interrogatories whether he answers mine or not; but after I have done so, I shall propound mine to him."

There was another breathless pause, and then the speaker began reading Douglas's questions. No lawyer who examines them can fail to see that they were so loosely worded as to admit of a negative answer in every instance, rendering them utterly ineffective, and Lincoln disposed of them in this manner. But having shown that he could in this way technically defeat his opponent's object, he instantly waived the form of the questions and replied to them one after the other as fairly and frankly as any one could desire; and, this being done, he propounded four counter-questions which proved to be the most fatal "cross-examination" or counter-questioning in history.

All the inquiries were adroit, but it was the second which displayed Lincoln as a master of interrogation.

"Can the people of a United States Territory," he asked, "in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?"

The answer to this question required Douglas to interpret the Dred Scott decision. If he replied in the negative, the people of Illinois would repudiate him, because they would not countenance the idea that the mischief had been done and that slavery had already been forced upon the Territories. If, on the other hand, he answered that the Territories were still free to choose or reject slavery, he would have to explain away the Dred Scott decision, which guaranteed protection to slave property in the Territories as a constitutional right; and this would displease the Southern Democracy which was then listening to his every word to determine whether he was or was not a safe Presidential candidate.

The Republican politicians of Illinois were not so astute as Douglas; still they foresaw that he would give a plausible answer to the question which would sat-

isfy the local voters, and they begged Lincoln to withdraw the inquiry. But the far-sighted lawyer who framed it was deaf to their entreaties. "Then you will never be senator," was the angry warning of one of his advisers. "If Douglas answers," responded Lincoln, calmly, "he will never be President."

The fatal question was therefore left as Lincoln had phrased it, and at the first opportunity Douglas answered by stating that the Territories were still free agents. They could exclude slavery despite the Dred Scott decision, he explained, simply by adopting local police regulations so hostile to slavery that no slave-owner could enjoy his property within their boundaries.

As soon as he had uttered it, Douglas must have seen that his answer involved a gross blunder in law; but if he had any doubt on the matter, Lincoln speedily dispelled it. How could the *constitutional* right of peaceful enjoyment of slave property guaranteed in the Dred Scott case be canceled by police or any other hostile legislation? he demanded. Any such ordinance or law would be contrary to the constitution and absolutely void. Either Judge Douglas's answer or the doctrine of the Supreme Court was bad law, for the one was inconsistent with the other.

But, illogical as it was, this fallacy caught the popular fancy, and Douglas, seeing that it satisfied his constituents, held to it and was elected to the Senate. Nevertheless, as Lincoln anticipated, his blunder in law cost him the Presidency, and not long afterward Judah Benjamin, one of the most ardent and able representatives of the South, arraigned him as a renegade and traitor.

"We accuse him for this," he thundered: "that having bargained with us upon a point upon which we were at issue, that it should be considered a judicial point; that he would abide the decision; that he would act under the decision, and consider it a doctrine of the party; that having said that to us here in the Senate, he went home, and, under the stress of a local election, his knees gave way; his whole person trembled. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten; and lo, he is the candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States. The senator from Illi-

nois faltered. He got the prize for which he faltered; but the grand prize of his ambition to-day slips from his grasp because of his faltering in his former contest, and his success in the canvass for the Senate, purchased for an ignoble price, has cost him the loss of the Presidency of the United States!"

Thus two years after Lincoln's question was put and answered Douglas was repudiated by his Southern friends, the Democratic party was split, three candidates instead of one were nominated against the Republicans, and the lawyer whose skill had precipitated this result was triumphantly elected at the polls.

XXIV

LINCOLN THE LAWYER-CANDIDATE.

LINCOLN had very little time for the practice of the law during his campaign against Senator Douglas, but he did not, as is generally supposed, wholly abandon his professional duties. In the midst of the debates he tried the Armstrong murder case, his most celebrated cause, and the moment the election was decided he resumed his attendance on the circuit. It was while he was engaged in this work that his friend Jesse Fell, an Illinois politician, met him in the streets of Bloomington, and, drawing him into a deserted law office, seriously suggested that he become a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Mr. Fell had been traveling in the East during the great debates, and had been impressed by the repeated inquiries addressed to him concerning the personal history of the man who was making such a sturdy fight against the famous Illinois senator, and he had reached the conclusion that Lincoln was a Presidential possibility. No other lawyer in the country had dissected the Dred Scott decision as he had dissected it, either from a legal or from a popular standpoint, and of the thousands who were discussing the slavery question he was the only one whose argument sounded fresh and convincing.

But Lincoln was not then prepared to take Fell's suggestion seriously, and he declined for the time being to furnish the sketch of his life which his friend requested, and it was not until some months later that he was persuaded to re-

consider the matter. On February 27, 1860, he delivered the remarkable address at Cooper Union, New York, which was instantly recognized as the ablest discussion of the slavery issues ever undertaken by a public speaker, and his national reputation dates from that day. The speech which he delivered on that occasion was neither oratorical nor partisan. It was a calm, dispassionate, lawyer-like argument, keyed to the high intelligence of the audience to which it was addressed, and it exhibited Lincoln as a master of all the historical and legal data involved in the subject. No one but a fully equipped lawyer experienced in the handling of facts, and one trained to make their legal bearing clear to the layman by logical analysis, could possibly have held his critical hearers as Lincoln held them, and his triumph was the direct result of three-and-twenty years of service in the courts.

After the Cooper Union address, Lincoln made a short speech-making tour in New England; but except for this work and two speeches in Ohio toward the close of the year, he was engaged as usual in his law practice, and 1859 was perhaps the busiest of his professional years. It was within those twelve months that he tried and won the famous Harrison murder case, and during the sessions of the Supreme Court he appeared in no less than ten appeals. For the first half of the succeeding year he was apparently equally mindful of his law business, and shortly before the Chicago convention at which he was nominated he argued one of his best-known cases, popularly termed the "sand-bar" case, in the United States Circuit Court. This, however, was the last case he tried. It was entitled *Johnson v. Jones*, and involved the title to certain accretions on the shore of Lake Michigan of vast importance to the Illinois Central Railroad. The presiding justice was Judge Drummond, and Lincoln was opposed by Buckner S. Morris, Isaac N. Arnold, and John A. Wills, all distinguished lawyers in their day.

Two months after this case was argued the Eighth Circuit was well and ably represented at Chicago by Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, Judge Logan, General Palmer, Richard Oglesby, Mr. Herndon,

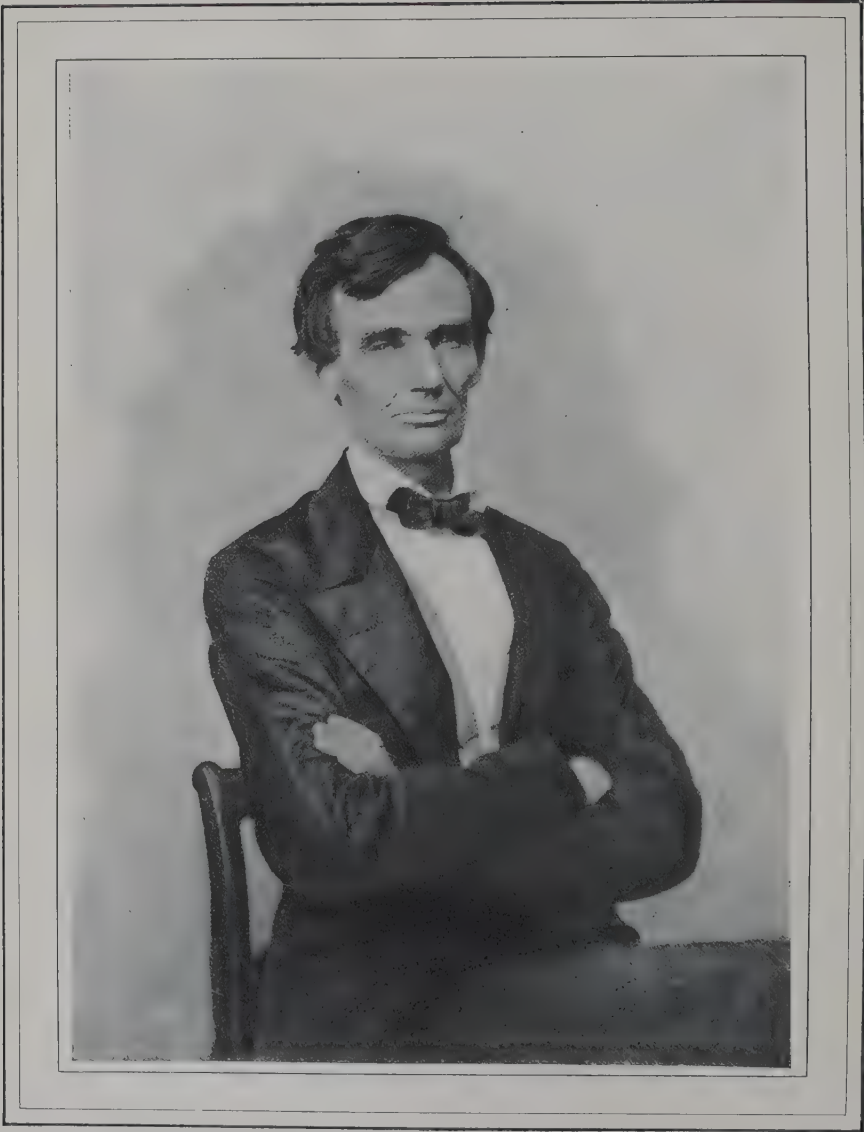
Judge Weldon, and others. These men had gone to the convention determined to procure Lincoln's nomination, and they were well qualified for the work at hand.

"The lawyers of our circuit," wrote Leonard Swett, "went there determined to leave no stone unturned; and really they and some of our State officers and a half-dozen men from various portions of the State were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever-vigilant friends he had."

Circumstances aided this little group of lawyers, but they were alive to every opportunity, and, as ex-Vice-President Stevenson pointed out to the writer, it was Lincoln's acquaintance with certain of the Indiana delegates whom he had met while traveling the circuit counties bordering on that State, which proved the opening wedge. Pennsylvania was the next point of attack, but when Lincoln heard talk of a bargain being made with Simon Cameron's followers, he sent positive instructions that no promises should be made in his name and that he would be bound by none. His zealous friends did, however, enter into an agreement with the Pennsylvanians which was destined to cause their principal much embarrassment at a later date, when he found himself virtually committed to appoint Simon Cameron to a cabinet position.

When the moment for nominations arrived, it was N. B. Judd, one of the attorneys for the Rock Island Railroad, and Lincoln's constant legal associate, who placed his name before the convention, and when Caleb Smith, another lawyer, seconded it on behalf of Indiana such a roar of approval burst from the Illinois delegation as was never before heard in any convention hall. "Lincoln has it by sound now; let us ballot!" shouted Judge Logan as soon as he could make himself heard, and on the third ballot the leader of the Illinois bar and the idol of the Eighth Circuit was declared the choice of the convention.

It would perhaps be too much to claim that Lincoln's strategic caution and masterly silence during the eventful months which followed were entirely due to his professional habit, but it cannot be doubted that almost every legal experience demonstrates the wisdom of keeping



From an ambrotype owned by Major William H. Lambert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860

one's own counsel, and the fate of the talkative witness who volunteers testimony after his examination is finished was probably not lost upon the Presidential candidate. He had given his testimony in full, his record was open to all who would read it, and despite deep provocation and the urging of many friendly advisers, he took no part in the fierce campaign which resulted in his election.

Even after the contest was over and he was implored to say something to reassure the seceding South, he resisted the temptation to interfere with his predecessor's administration, knowing full well that his advice would be disregarded and that it was hopeless to try to save the situation with words alone. It reminded him, he said, of one of his experiences on the circuit when he saw a lawyer making frantic signals to head off an associate who was making blundering admissions to the jury, and who continued utterly oblivious to the efforts which were being made to check his ruinous work. "Now, that's the way with Buchanan and me," was his only comment. "He's giving the case away and I can't stop him."

As the hour for action drew near and Lincoln was on the eve of departure for Washington, he visited his law office to attend to some business matters.

"After all these things were disposed of," relates Mr. Herndon, "he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which after many years of service had been moved against the wall for support. He lay there for some moments, his face toward the ceiling, without either of us speaking. . . . He then recalled some incidents of his early practice and took great pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features of many a lawsuit on the circuit. . . . Then he gathered up a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him, and started to go, but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain. 'Let it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no difference in the firm. . . . If I live I'm coming back

some time, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened.' . . . He lingered for a moment as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed into the narrow hallway."

Mr. Herndon does not state whether or not the sign remained as his partner requested, but it is certain that to-day there is no mark or identification of any kind honoring any of the office sites in the city of Springfield, where Lincoln the lawyer practiced during almost a quarter of a century.

XXV

PRESIDENT LINCOLN THE LAWYER.

THE condition of the government when Lincoln reached Washington may fairly be described as chaotic. Bewildered and intimidated by threats of secession, most of the political leaders in the North had lost their heads, and their babel of incoherencies simply aggravated the hopeless confusion. During the first weeks of December, 1860, at least forty bills, each promising national salvation, were introduced into the House and Senate, and more futile propositions were probably never submitted to a legislative body. Every form of weak-kneed compromise from sentimental sop to abject surrender had its nervous advocate, and between Andrew Johnson's puerile scheme of giving the Presidency to the South and the Vice-Presidency to the North, and vice versa, every alternate four years, and Daniel Sickles's wild-eyed pother about New York city's separation from the Union, every phase of political dementia was painfully exhibited.

It was not only the mental weaklings who collapsed under the strain. There were men of force and character among the panic-stricken—men who bulked big in the national councils and whose reputation as lawyers and jurists stood firmly established. But in all the discussions concerning the legality of secession there was no note of authority in the utterances of the Union advocates, and the stout assertions of the secessionists for the most part passed unchallenged. Indeed, President Buchanan, who had achieved considerable distinction as a lawyer before his

elevation to office, employed his legal talents to such poor advantage that he virtually argued against his own client, noting prohibitions, negations, and general impotency in every line of the Constitution, but not seeing one word of help in it for the government he represented. As Seward remarked, his long and argumentative message to Congress in December, 1860, conclusively proved, first, that no State had the right to secede unless it wanted to, and, second, that it was the President's duty to enforce the law unless somebody opposed him. But Buchanan had the benefit of Stanton's distinguished, if ineffective, advice in the preparation of that very message, and Seward himself, able lawyer though he was, completely lost his head a few months later, his particular mania taking the suicidal form of averting the civil perils by instigating a foreign war. Other distinguished members of the bar, like Reverdy Johnson, feeling the ground of precedent slipping beneath their feet, stumbled forward shouting vague warnings against illegal steps of any kind, and Horace Greeley, almost beside himself with grief and fear, quavered out empty suggestions for conciliation which only increased the public perplexity.

It was in the midst of all this deplorable helplessness and distraction that Lincoln assumed his duties as head of the crumbling government, and of all the earnest supporters of the Union he alone displayed any calmness or presence of mind, and his inaugural address contained almost the first decisive utterance on the legal aspect of the situation. He was without any national reputation or standing as a lawyer, but his opening words were plainly indicative of his professional attainments.

No state could, of its own motion, lawfully withdraw from the Union, he declared with firmness. It was not necessary that the Constitution should contain any express provision forbidding such action. Perpetuity was implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. No government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. But if the United States was not a government proper, but a mere association in the nature of a contract, then the law of con-

tracts applied. One party to a legal contract might *violate* it, *break* it, so to speak; but mutual consent of all the parties was necessary before it could be lawfully *rescinded*.

Such was his simple, sane, lawyer-like statement of the law—so simple, indeed, that it sounded inadequate to the exigencies of the moment; but nothing in all the learned volumes which have since been written on the legal aspects of secession has ever contradicted or disproved it.

Again with quieting firmness he handled the Dred Scott case, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other legal questions in dispute, divesting them of all technicalities and disregarding their complicated refinements until he reached the real issues and showed that all the points in controversy could be adjusted by well-recognized principles of law. In a word, he placed the secessionists on the defensive, appealed to the deep law-abiding sentiment of the American people, and afforded the supporters of the Union a firm, legal foothold. He knew the moral effect of a legal authority which the people could understand, and the importance of his clear, prompt announcement can scarcely be overestimated.

But it was when he touched upon the frenzied proposals for compromise that his professional knowledge showed to best advantage. He had been repeatedly advised, after his nomination, to assure the South that he would do nothing to invalidate slavery, and when he refused to make any premature announcement of his policy, some of the knee-shaking compromisers introduced and passed an amendment in Congress to the effect that the Federal Government should never interfere with any domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held in slavery. Those who fathered this amendment firmly believed it would reconcile the South, and considered it of vital importance, while it met with a storm of denunciation from those who regarded it as an absolute surrender of basic principles. But Lincoln instantly saw that such a provision was powerless for either good or evil, and amounted to nothing more than a reaffirmation of the Constitution. The Federal Government had no power under the Constitution to interfere with

any domestic institution of the States, and it was as puerile as it was superfluous to record the fact in a solemnly worded amendment. "Holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law," Lincoln coolly remarked of the amendment, "I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable."

This plain, calm and gravely humorous exposition of the legal aspects of the situation shows the hand of an experienced lawyer well grounded in the fundamental principles of law, and it effectually stilled the warring factions in the North by demonstrating the emptiness of their dispute.

Indeed, if argument could have averted the impending perils, Lincoln's initial utterance would have carried the day, for no one has ever bettered the findings of fact or over-ruled the conclusions of law of his first inaugural. It is a masterpiece of pleading which alone should entitle him to high rank in the profession.

A few months after Lincoln had given this signal proof of professional ability, circumstances arose which subjected his legal qualities to a test of almost unparalleled severity, and had he not responded, the history of this country might not read as it does to-day. Shortly after Sumter was fired upon, but before there had been any serious collision, England and France issued proclamations of neutrality, and this practical recognition of the Confederacy, which aroused public indignation throughout the North, provoked Seward almost beyond endurance. Throwing caution to the winds, the great New York lawyer penned a note of instructions to the American minister in London, couched in such sharp and peremptory language that its presentation to the British authorities must have instantly resulted in the severance of all diplomatic intercourse. But the man to whom the angry Secretary submitted his proposed despatch was a master of self-control, schooled by the discipline of the court-room until he was proof against all provocation, and he calmly redrafted the instrument, in the quiet of his study. In its original form it was a hot-headed rebuke. It left his hands a model of diplomatic remonstrance—dignified and firm, exhibiting the reserve of a wise counselor sure of his own cause, but

offering neither menace nor affront to the parties addressed. No layman could possibly have worded that all-important paper with equal skill, and it is not too much to say that Lincoln's professional caution and astuteness saved a situation fraught with direst national perils. Certainly his interlineations, suggestions, and emendations, as they appear on Seward's manuscript, of themselves afford a lesson in legal sagacity and foresight worthy the closest scrutiny of every student of the law.

The times demanded a lawyer, and a lawyer of ability. The average practitioner would have been appalled by the situation. Menacing legal obstacles were interposed to every act of the administration, new questions presented themselves for consideration at every turn, and a man with a smattering of legal knowledge might easily have been fretted to impotency by letting I-dare-not wait upon I-would; for precedents were wanting, and in the many imperious demands of the moment timidity or recklessness spelled equal ruin. There was no positive adjudicated authority for calling out the militia to suppress civil insurrection; there was no express provision supporting the proclamation of blockade; no precedent could be cited for the muster of three-year volunteers; and the power of the executive to increase the regular army and navy was seriously disputed, to say nothing of his right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. The conditions were all new, but the situation admitted of no delay. Counsel were not wanting, but the ablest of them differed among themselves, and every shade of opinion was represented in the discussion of these and kindred questions. The extremists, free of all responsibility, were urgent for prompt action, heroic measures, martial law, and every other means, legal or illegal, to effect their purposes; the opposition was untiring in its demands for the judicial interpretation of each letter of the law. Under such circumstances it naturally followed that every exhibition of caution on the part of the administration was denounced as cowardice and every decisive action was hailed as usurpation. True to his training begun in the days when Stuart left him to answer his own questions in the dingy Springfield office, Lincoln did his own

Be it enacted by the State of Delaware, that on condition the United States of America will, at the present session of Congress, engage by law to pay, and thereafter faithfully pay to the said State of Delaware, in the six per cent bonds of said United States, the sum of seven hundred and nineteen thousand and two hundred dollars, in five equal annual instalments, there shall be neither slavery, nor involuntary servitude, at any time after the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixtyseven, within the said State of Delaware, except in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: Provided, that said State shall, in good faith prevent, so far as possible, the carrying of any person out of said State, into involuntary servitude, beyond the limits of said State, at any time after the passage of this act; and shall also provide for one fifth of the adult slaves becoming free at the middle of the ^{year} one thousand eight hundred and sixtytwo; one fourth of the remainder of said adults, at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixtythree; one third of the remainder of said adults, at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixtyfour; one half the remainder of said adults at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixtyfive; and the entire remainder of adults, together with all minors, at the

From Major William H. Lambert's collection

FIRST DRAFT, IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING, OF A BILL FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN DELAWARE

This and the second draft on page 152 were written by Lincoln in November, 1861. The friends of the measure, in Delaware, rewrote one of these drafts, but as the bill was sure to be voted down it was never introduced in the State Legislature

beginning of the year one thousand eight hundred
and sixtyseven, as hereinbefore indicated. And pro-
vided also that said States may make provision of
apprenticeship, not to extend beyond the age of twenty-
one year for males, nor eighteen for females, for all
minors whose mothers were not free, at the respective
births of ^{such} ~~such~~ minors.

thinking on the momentous problems which he encountered, and he solved them without any attempt to shift responsibility for the result. He listened to advice, but seldom asked it, and no member of his cabinet ever claimed to have exerted any paramount influence upon his actions.

But if the times demanded boldness, fearless decision, and firmness, they also necessitated Argus-eyed caution and shrewdness.

All the enemies of the Union were not in the Confederate armies, and thousands of sharp, cunning plotters in the North watched eagerly for a legal blunder of which they could take advantage, while they attempted to intimidate Lincoln to inaction by holding before him the direful consequences of a mistake. Indeed, when a bill was introduced into Congress, in 1861, to confirm some of his boldest decisions for which there was no positive legal precedent, it was bitterly opposed by the exponents of this badgering policy and was passed only after a stubborn contest.

But when at last he was clothed with powers such as few monarchs have ever exercised, when the fate of men and of the very nation itself often depended upon a stroke of his pen, the caution and vigilance born of his long experience at the bar characterized his every action. It would be interesting to hear the confessions of the hundreds who called at the White House with the purpose of obtaining his signature to incriminating documents, only to have their apparently innocent request granted in such manner that it defeated their sinister designs. Almost every line of Lincoln's writing, from the official document to the scribbles on

the little calling-cards with which he answered the thousand-and-one requests of the visitors who thronged his anteroom day after day, shows a master of prudence, acquainted with the dangers lurking in every piece of paper, and able to guard himself against surprise with apparent unconcern.

It was a time when great events often hung upon trifles, when the effective man was he who could tell whom to trust and whom to suspect, and at every crisis and all hours of the day there was a shrewd lawyer in the White House.

It was Lincoln the lawyer as well as the statesman who suggested and urged compensated emancipation upon the slaveholding States, and who, as counsel for that great cause, himself drew the draft of the bill designed for Delaware, which, had it been generally accepted, would have saved thousands of lives and millions of treasure.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who, against his personal inclinations and the heaviest of moral pressure, resisted every effort of the abolitionists to deprive the South of her property rights without due process of law, and it was not until every legal remedy had failed that he exercised his authority as a military commander and issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who, fortified by his experience in hundreds of jury trials, watched the people to whom a mighty issue was being presented, and, by anticipating and interpreting their thought, inspired public confidence and won a united support. It was Lincoln the lawyer who, knowing the crucial point in his cause and keeping it continually in sight, remained serenely sane in the babel

Be it enacted by the State of Delaware that on con-
dition the United States of America will, at the present
session of Congress, engage by law to pay, and thereafter
faithfully pay to the said State of Delaware, in the
six per cent bonds of said United States, the sum
of seven hundred and nineteen thousand, and two
hundred dollars, in ~~thirty~~ thirty one equal annual instal-
ments, there shall be neither slavery nor involunt-
ary servitude, at any time after the first day of Janu-
ary in the year of our Lord one thousand eight
hundred and ninety three, within the said State
of Delaware, except in the punishment of crime, where-
of the party shall have been duly convicted; nor, ex-
cept in the punishment of crime as aforesaid, shall
any person who shall be born after the passage of
this act, nor any person above the age of thirty five
years, be held in slavery, or to involuntary servit-
ude, within said State of Delaware, at any time
after the passage of this act.

And be it further enacted that said State shall,
in good faith prevent, so far as possible, the carrying
of any person out of said State, into involuntary servitude,
beyond the limits of said State, at any time after
the passage of this act.

And be it further enacted that said State may
make provision of apprenticeship, not to extend be-
yond the age of twenty one years for males, nor eighteen
for females, for all minors whose mothers were not free
at the respective births of such minors.

On reflection, I like No. 2 the better. By it the Nation would pay the State \$23,200 per annum for thirty years— and

All born after the passage of the act would be born free— and

All slaves above the age of 35 years would become free on the passage of the act— and

All others would become free on arriving at the age of 35 years, until January 1893— when

All remaining of all ages would become free, subject to apprenticeship for minors born of slave mothers, up to the respective ages of 21 and 18.

If the State would desire to have the money sooner, let the bill be altered only in fixing the time of final emancipation earlier, and making the annual instalments correspondingly fewer in number, by which they would also be correspondingly larger in amount. For instance, strike out "1893," and insert "1872," and strike out "thirty" annual instalments, and insert "ten" annual instalments. The instalments would then be \$1,920 instead of \$23,200 as now. In all other particulars let the bill stand precisely as it is.

and pressed steadily forward, undiverted and undismayed.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who wrote the state papers which are to-day recognized as models of finish and form, not only in his own country, but wherever statecraft is understood, and it was Lincoln the lawyer whose shrewdness and tact not only saved the nation from foreign complications, but paved the way for the Alabama arbitration and award.

On the 11th of April, 1865, only four days before his death, Lincoln spoke of the work still uncompleted. It was the hour of countless legal questions concerning the status of the seceded States, all based upon the inquiry whether they were still in the Union or out of it, and hot discussions on this delicate point were carrying the disputants far afield. The great advocate, however, waived the quibbling issue aside and passed directly to the heart of the case.

"That question," he remarked, "is bad as the basis of a controversy and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper relation to the Union, and that the sole object of the government, civil and military, in regard to those States is to again get them into that proper relation. * * * Finding themselves safely at home, it

would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union, and each forever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether in doing the acts he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it."

Reading those words, who can doubt that it would have been Lincoln the lawyer who would have proved the genius of reconstruction had he been allowed to live and help "bind up the nation's wounds"?

In the Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield an imposing pile of masonry marks the spot where Lincoln lies. It is embellished with mighty groups in bronze representing the glamour and heroics of war—soldiers and sailors dying and dealing out death—pain, horror, defiance, and rage depicted on their faces.

Among all these symbols of "valiant dust" one looks in vain for some recognition of the lawyer, jurist, and statesman, whose whole life-work was an appeal to men's reason and the highest motives of humanity, whose only weapons were argument and persuasion, and who invoked Justice and not the God of Battles for the triumph of his cause.



NOTES TO "LINCOLN THE LAWYER"

Lincoln's Advice to a Law Student: We are permitted to copy from the collection of John W. Thornton the following characteristic letter:

Springfield, Decr. 2, 1858.

JAMES T. THORNTON, Esq.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 29th written in behalf of Mr. John H. Widner, is received—I am absent altogether too much to be a suitable instructor for a law student—When a man has reached the age that Mr. Widner has, and has already been doing for himself, my judgment is, that he reads the books for himself without an instructor—That is precisely the way I came to the law—Let Mr. Widner read Blackstone's Commentaries, Chitty's Pleadings—Greenleaf's Evidence, Story's Equity, and Story's Equity Pleadings, get a license, and go to the practice, and still keep reading—That is my judgment of the cheapest, quickest, and best way for Mr. Widner to make a lawyer of himself—Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln and Joseph Jefferson. In his autobiography Mr Joseph Jefferson refers to Lincoln's rescue of his father's company of players when the latter was threatened with disaster in 1839 by a prohibitive theatrical license exacted by the Springfield local authorities ("Lincoln the Lawyer," *The Century* for January 1906, page 482.) Mr. Jefferson evidently thought that Lincoln acted as a lawyer on the occasion, and this view of the matter has been generally accepted. The writer has, however, ascertained that Lincoln was in 1839 a member of the Springfield Town Council or Board of Trustees and it is more than probable that he befriended the theatrical company in his official capacity as a member of the town government and not as a lawyer. Mr. Isaac N. Phillips of Bloomington, Illinois, official reporter of the Illinois Supreme Court, recently unearthed this significant fact, which has apparently heretofore escaped the attention of all Lincoln biographers. F. T. H.



THE GARDEN

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I KNOW a garden, sweet and beautiful,
Where tall flowers grow, as fragrant all as those
Which make the longed-for country wonderful—
The lily and the rose
And smaller blossoms of forgotten naming
That kindle its dim corners into flaming
Or welcome the tired eyesight to repose.

Beyond, the noisy city keeps her march
With fevered step, with shoutings and with cries;
Her iron streets beneath the hot sun parch;
She glares at glaring skies.
Within these charmed high walls a hidden fountain
Whispers lost memories of moor and mountain.
Singing to heavy hearts low lullabies.

The weary city girdles it with stone
And breathes her sodden breath about the walls—
The city seeks to slay it there alone!
Peace still upon it falls.
For the soft breeze that stirs its heavy roses
Comes laden with the scent of country posies
And in its rustling all the country calls.

Imprisoned! Are you in me or without,
Strange garden, all unknown to alien sight?
The cruel city presses all about,
But, flushed with fairy light,
Your moving branches by far winds set blowing,
And mystic flowers in your borders growing,
I know you mine by right.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA

IN Mr. Charles Francis Adams's vivid recountal in this number of *THE CENTURY* of impressions recently received during an African sojourn, and in his frank record of deductions from those impressions, the distinguished publicist seems to be "thinking aloud" with the definite intention of inviting public discussion of grave questions as to race and government.

Mr. Adams speaks of the necessity of the ethnological point of view in the consideration of these questions. In this connection it is both curious and important to note by way of contrast the results of the studies of the ethnologist Prof. Franz Boas, especially in his paper on "What the Negro Has Done in Africa," published in "The Ethical Record" of March, 1904. From a general review of the subject he comes to remarkably optimistic conclusions. He says that all over the African continent the negro is either a tiller of the soil or the owner of large herds, only the Bushmen and a few of the dwarf tribes of Central Africa being hunters. "Owing to the high development of agriculture, the density of population is much greater than that of primitive America, and consequently the economic conditions of life are more stable. . . . At a time," he remarks, "when our own ancestors still utilized stone implements, or at best, when bronze weapons were first introduced, the negro had developed the art of smelting iron; and it seems likely that their race has contributed more than any other to the early development of the iron industry." He refers to the beautiful, inlaid iron weapons of Central Africa and the perfection to which the art of wood-carving, by means of iron implements, has been brought by the African. He adds:

"It may safely be said that the primitive negro community—with its fields that are tilled with iron and wooden implements, with its domestic animals, with its smithies, with its expert wood-carvers—is a model of thrift and industry, and compares favorably with the conditions of life among our own ancestors."

Prof. Boas makes special mention of the legal trend of mind among the natives, declaring that "no other race on a similar level of culture has developed as strict methods of legal procedure as the negro has." "Local trade," he says, furthermore, "is highly developed in all parts of Africa." The power of organization manifested in negro communities in Africa is declared to be quite striking:

"Travelers who have visited Central Africa tell of extended kingdoms, ruled by monarchs, whose power, however, is restricted by a number of advisers. The constitution of all such states is, of course, based on the general characteristics of the social organization of the negro tribes, which, however, has become exceedingly complex with the extension of the domain of a single tribe over neighboring peoples."

"The Lunda Empire, for instance, is a feudal state governed by a monarch. It includes a number of subordinate states, the chiefs of which are independent in all internal affairs, but who pay tribute to the emperor. The chiefs of the more distant parts of the country send caravans carrying tribute once a year, while those near by have to pay more frequently. The tribute depends upon the character of the produce of the country. It consists of ivory, salt, copper, slaves, and even, to a certain extent, of European manufactures. In case of war the subordinate chiefs have to send contingents to the army of the emperor."

A female dignitary, considered the mother of the emperor, has an important part in the government. The emperor is elected by the four highest counselors of

the state, and his election must be confirmed by the female dignitary; her election taking place in the same way, and being confirmed by the emperor. The office of counselors of the state is hereditary. Besides this, there is a nobility. This Lunda empire is known to have existed, though probably in changing extent and importance, for over three hundred years. In 1880 the state is said to have been about as large as the Middle Atlantic States.

The anthropologist from whom we quote states that in all the regions in Africa where the whites have come in contact with the negro, his own industries have disappeared or have been degraded, a phenomenon "not by any means confined to the negro race," owing to the substitution of machine-made European goods for the more attractive native products, the manufacture of which takes a great deal of time and energy.

The number of strong African kings met by explorers Prof. Boas regards as very significant, and "the best proof that among the negro race men of genius and indomitable will power exist," and he closes his essay with the following language:

"These brief data seem sufficient to indicate that in the Soudan the true negro, the ancestor of our slave population, has achieved the very advances which the critics of the negro would make us believe he cannot attain. He has a highly developed agriculture, and the industries connected with his daily life are complex and artistic. His power of organization has been such that for centuries large empires have existed which have proved their stability in wars with their neighbors, and which have left their records in the chronicles.

"The achievements of the negro in Africa, therefore, justify us in maintaining that the race is capable of social and political achievements; that it will produce here, as it has done in Africa, its great men; and that it will contribute its part to the welfare of the community."

In a subsequent number of *THE CENTURY* will be printed a paper on the negro in our Southern States by a well-known Southern author, in which the writer takes an extremely hopeful view of the situation in this country.

Whether one denies or agrees with the conclusions of Mr. Adams, the necessity is apparent of special effort on the part of the American people for the uplifting of a race so lately in a state of slavery. If one should admit his conclusions, perhaps the necessity would become all the more apparent. Surely the work being done by the Southern communities themselves, and by such institutions as those at Hampton and Tuskegee, cannot be overestimated. It is demonstrable that the graduates of these institutions rapidly increase the number of self-respecting and useful members of our body politic, and statistics show that the amount of property held by a population not long ago themselves property, and legally incapable of ownership, is augmenting at an enormous rate.

SAVING NIAGARA

THE question as to whether Niagara should be used solely as a source of mechanical power, or be preserved as a beautiful and wonderful natural feature, has come up in our day for permanent decision. There are some minds that have decided, for themselves, in favor of the former proposition. But they seem, fortunately, to be in a minority both in Canada and in the United States. Niagara is to be preserved both in what have been called its "little lovelinesses" and in its grandeurs. America is "practical"; it has allowed its forest to be dangerously diminished, it has allowed Niagara to be seriously threatened: but American sentiment, when once aroused, is irresistible, and American sentiment has declared in favor of Niagara as Niagara.

But the threat against Niagara is not yet removed. Important work still presses to be done—work of organized education, of organized protection. It is the privilege of every reader of *THE CENTURY* to assist in this work by sending two dollars for annual membership (and more as contributions) to the American Civic Association, North American Building, Philadelphia.

OPEN LETTERS

Mount Vernon in Washington's Time

READERS of Mr. Leupp's paper on "The Old Garden at Mount Vernon" (page 73) will be interested in the sketch map of the grounds at Mount Vernon on the opposite page. It was made in color by Mr. Samuel Vaughan, a merchant of London, who visited General Washington at Mount Vernon in 1787, and is part of a manuscript journal kept by Mr. Vaughan during a journey through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. This journal is now in the possession of a descendant of its author, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan of Boston, who has furnished the CENTURY with a copy of the plan, and the following description of them taken from the journal literally except as to paraphrasing :

"The General's house is 96 feet by 32 upon an eminence, with a piazza next the Potomack of like length 14½ feet wide and 18 feet high. Between the house & the River is a Lawn about 100 yards broad, from thence Declining to the River about 400 yards on which is a hanging wood, but not seen from the house, from which the River appears to be very near, ⅞ of a mile over, but higher and lower much wider, and meanders in different directions. Maryland on the opposite side of the River, is variegated and in high cultivation. On each end of the house there are sections of semi-circular colonnades to outhouses, from whence a street is formed on each side at right angles above 200 feet long in which are sundry houses for domesticks, Tradesmen, Workshops, &c. Before the front of the house (which has a cupola in the center) there are lawns, surrounded with gravel walks 19 feet wide, with trees on each side the larger, for shade, outside the walks trees and shrubberies.

"Parallel to each exterior side a Kitchen Gardens, with a stately hothouse on one side, the exterior side of the garden enclosed with a brick wall. vide a sketch on the other side.—

"The General has near 12,000 acres surrounding this delightful mansion whereon are several Farms, five of which are kept under cultivation, under separate negro overseers, who every saturday-night give an exact account of the Stock the increase, decrease, condition, work done, &c., &c.

"the General breakfasts at 7 then mounts his horse & canters 6 days in the week to every one, a circuit of about 20 miles, in-

specting & giving directions for management at each & returns home at 2 o'Clock.

"In good years he raises 10,000 bushels of wheat a like quantity of corn besides Oats barley rye buckwheat peas potatoes &c., breeds horses Cattle mules & has 700 sheep, plants no tobacco. has an excellent grist mill on a creek supplied by various springs collected in a run of two miles, flower &c. shipped on craft in the creek very near the River, has a fishery & a ferry.

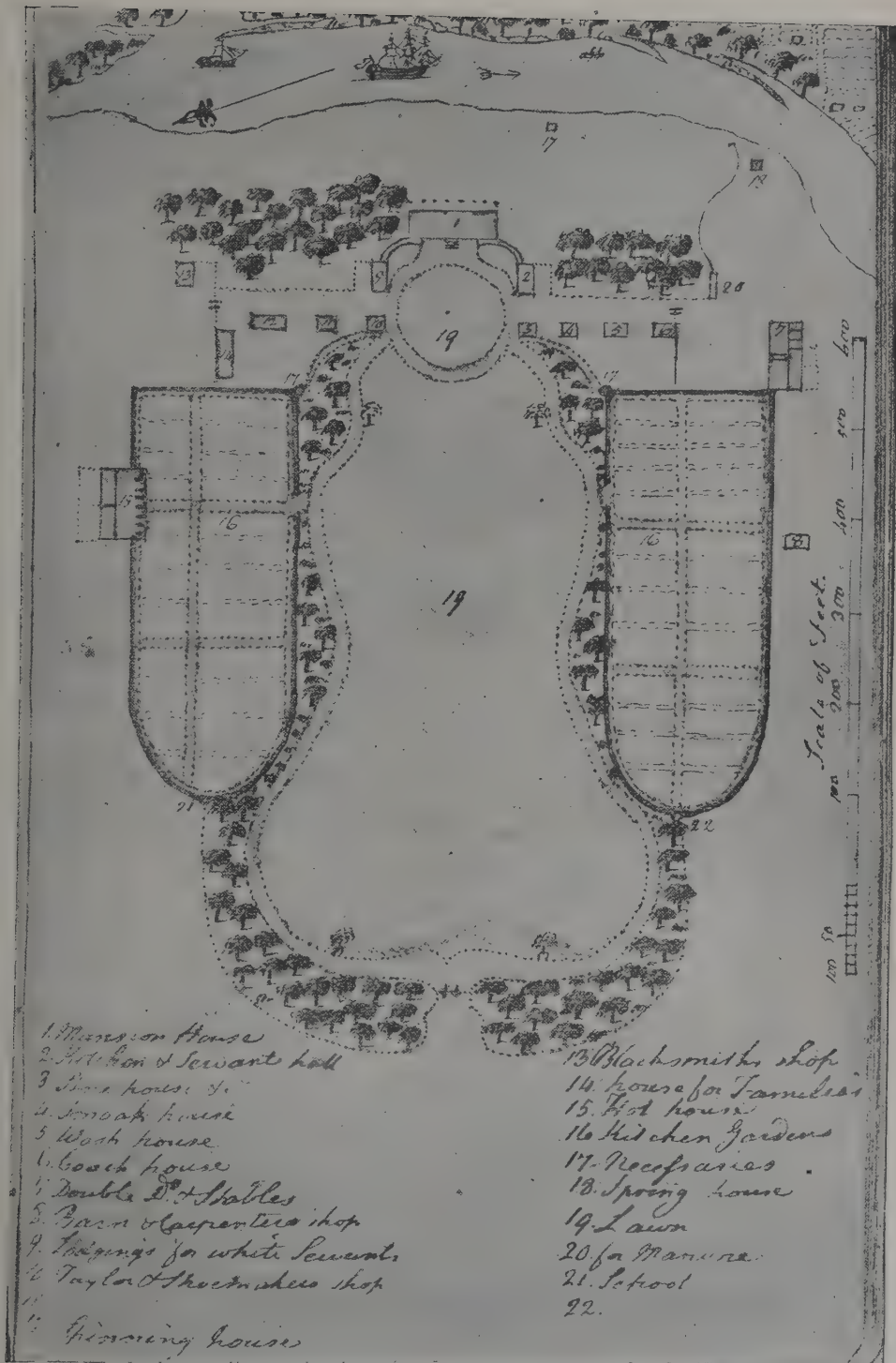
"The General has 200 mouths to feed, makes most part of the woolen cloathing & a considerable quantity of linen made at home. —The General seldom goes out but on public business, always making experiments. The farms neat, kept perfectly clean & in prime order. Keeps an excellent table, & is indisputably the best, if not the only good farmer in the State.

"NB during the General's absence as president to the Convention, the farms are Kept in excellent order by Maj. George Washington, the Gen's nephew, who with his Lady lives in the house."

Mr. Benjamin Vaughan informs us that "About the time or within a couple of years of the date of this journal, Samuel Vaughan sent to General Washington, as a present, the marble mantle which is now in the dining room, or, as then called, the ' Banquet Hall ' at Mount Vernon."

In the "Writings of George Washington" by Sparks (Vol. IX, page 281) there is a letter from Washington to Samuel Vaughan dated Mount Vernon, 12 November, 1787, in which he indicates an error in the plan, as follows :

"The letter without date, with which you were pleased to honor me, accompanied by a plan of this seat, came to my hands by the last post. For both I pray you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks. The plan describes with accuracy the houses, walks, and shrubs, except in the front of the lawn, west of the court-yard. [The bottom of the plan is west.] There the plan differs from the original. In the former you have closed the prospect with trees along the walk to the gate; whereas in the latter the trees terminate with two mounds of earth, one on each side, on which grow weeping willows, leaving an open and full view of the distant woods. The mounds are sixty yards apart. I mention this, because it is the only departure from the original."



From a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge of the original color sketch owned by Benjamin Vaughan

A PLAN OF MOUNT VERNON, MADE IN 1787

Elizabeth of Rumania and the Jews

THIS world is full of contradictions. There is Her Majesty, the German-born-and-bred Queen of Rumania, writing an article on the Rumanian-born Jews, in which they are designated as "foreigners" and in which, incidentally, the country and nation are most cunningly slandered, and here am I, one of these Rumanian-born-and-bred "foreigners," up in arms and coming to the defense of that same country. The contradiction is, of course, intensified by the fact that although a Rumanian for many generations, although schooled in her schools, and raised in her traditions and history, I have been compelled to leave the country when I neared man's estate because that country, the only one I knew, and, God knows, loved with heart and soul, reckoned me a "foreigner" and, as such, deprived me of the chance of earning a livelihood. Perchance Her Majesty has forgotten the insignificant fact of her un-Rumanian birth?

What Carmen Sylva says of the foreigners is true; yet it applies not to the Jews, but to those high in power. The German Royal Household, every member of which draws an enormous "civil list," is surrounded by a numerous bureaucracy, the fat jobs being invariably held by Greeks. The members of His Majesty's cabinet, be the Liberals or the Conservatives or the Junimists in power, are invariably Greek. There are Cantacuzen and Lahovary, and old Lascar Catargi, recently deceased, and Karp and Ferichide and Marghiloman, and all the rest of them, who can count less generations of Rumanian residence than most of the "foreign" Jews. The fact is, that the King, fearful that the native nobility, if allowed to acquire any power, may do to him what was done to Cuza, and reinstate a Rumanian dynasty, has consistently crowded them out and replaced them by foreign upstarts.

The condition of the nation is truly as Carmen Sylva describes. The five million peasants, the nation, live in abject misery, poverty, and ignorance, and are kept there. They do not count; they and the Jews are equally unfortunate, the only difference being that the Jew is considered a "constitutional foreigner," and therefore not affected by the provision that "all Rumanians are equal before the law," while the peasant is conceded to be a Rumanian within the constitution, yet is deprived of all rights of citizenship and all economical opportunities by that law, before which all Rumanians are constitutionally equal.

Rumania has a population of five and a half millions; of these, five millions are peasants, 250,000 are Jews, and 250,000 are the "rulers." The Jews have no political rights

whatever. The five million peasants, forming the third electoral college, elect 30 members to the lower house of the national legislature, or about one twelfth its number, and *none* to the Senate. The 250,000 rulers elect *all* the rest. From these 250,000 are recruited the office-holders, as each full-grown male of them holds office either under the Conservative or the Liberal government, or under both.

Were the treaty of Berlin lived up to, and the Jews given emancipation, they being all literate and city-dwellers, they would, according to the provisions of the electoral law, belong to either the first or the second electoral college, and would therefore either share the privileges of the present privileged class, whose number exactly equals that of the resident Jews, and share its power, or would compel that privileged class to give up its privileges and change the laws so as to give the great mass of people a voice in the running of their public affairs. The cause of the Jew and that of the nation at large is therefore one and the same. The emancipation of the Jews means neither more nor less than the emancipation of the five million Rumanian peasants and producers and the ousting from power of the 250,000 foreign parasites. That is the reason why the emancipation of the Jew is so obstinately opposed as a danger to the nation. If the governing class is the nation, the emancipation of the Jews is a danger to it, and the greatest danger.

Carmen Sylva calls the Rumanian Jews "foreigners" and says that they are incapable of feeling the hardships of the fatherland and fighting its battles; yet, and despite their legal disabilities, they range among the best and highest in the country in all branches of activity where their genius or the public need has made for them an opening.

Carmen Sylva speaks of the lack of money in the country, of its lack of industries. Here again her statements, though exaggerated, are true. But why is it so? For the reason that the same ruling class prohibits "foreigners" to acquire lands in the country, and by means of this and other laws keeps foreign capital from coming in. They prefer to keep the country in poverty and misery and keep their privileges rather than to open the barriers and lose their privileges.

Rumania is a rich country, and is inhabited by a strong, vigorous, intelligent, noble race. It is a beautiful country, and its language is unexcelled in sweetness and harmony. The Jews are faithful and loyal citizens, and have proved it in many fashions and whenever there was an opportunity. The Rumanian is not an antisemite, and the relations between him and his Jews are cordial and friendly. The curse from which Rumania suffers is her laws, which exclude both

the Rumanian and the Jew from all political rights and economical opportunities, and keep the country's natural resources closed and non-productive. Let Rumania emancipate her own peasants, and let her open up her resources to the world, and a general and unprecedented prosperity will be the result, and incidentally the emancipation of the Jew and the fall of the political parasites who now suck up and swallow the nation's substance.

Alexander A. Landesco.

Murillo's "Prodigal Son Feasting"

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 99)

THIS is one of a series of four small sketches, $10\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, carefully finished, as all Murillo's work is, and representing the

Prodigal Son at various stages of his career, according to the parable of the New Testament. They are to be seen in the Murillo Room—the Octagonal—of the Prado Museum at Madrid. They are painted in the artist's best and latest manner. I saw the large finished picture from which this sketch was evidently made at the Spanish Loan Exhibition, held at the Guild-hall, London, in 1901, but it struck me as being heavy, compared with this sketch, the darks in the background, even in the bushes beyond the wall, being as murky as those of the foreground. But this little sketch is gay and clear and brilliant, with gemlike coloring, and has the spontaneity of touch of a work of first hand.

T. Cole.



Ballade of the Social Pariah.

THE art of dining's on the wane,
And fearsome folk sit down with me:
The boor who splits his partner's train
And "talks across" incessantly,
The tardy guest, who ought to be
On bread and water in a garret,
But worst, as housewives will agree,
The diner-out who spills the claret.

One may forgive the untutored swain
(Poor parvenu, sans family-tree)
Who bites asparagus in twain
Or helps himself to *all* the brie,
Forgive that source of idiocy,
The silly-story-telling parrot,
But unforgiven on any plea
The diner-out who spills the claret.

What boots the salt? That blood-red stain,
His horrid deed, he cannot flee.
It marks him like the brand of Cain,
It kills his clever repartee.
His is a darker tragedy
Than any played by Booth or Barrett:
The Furies scourge with hellish glee
The diner-out who spills the claret.

Envoi.

Hostess, our hearts are all with thee;
The dread rebuke is thine, yet spare it!
Be merciful, for—I am he,
The diner-out who spills the claret!

Samuel F. Batchelder

The Bat

AIRY mouse, hairy mouse,
Keen-eared, contrary mouse,
Come from your cavern—a star's in the sky!
Fluttering, flittering,
Eerily chittering,
Swoop on your quarry, the dusk-haunting fly.

Airy mouse, wary mouse,
Witch-bird or fairy-mouse,
Soft through the shadow the dawn-glimmer
steals;
Night's your carousing time,
Day brings your drowsing time;
Hence to your hollow and hang by your heels!

Arthur Guiterman.

Follies and Foibles

VANITY holds the mirror while Self-conceit
tries on a larger hat.

Ambition, not being content in a captive balloon,
cut the cable of Scruples, and was blown
to sea.

When Happiness came to town he fell in with
two bunco-steerers, Inconstancy and Fickle-
ness. One took his cash, and the other gave
him in return a gold brick.

Pettiness brought the razor with which Spite
cut off his own nose.

N. H. McGilvary.

The Dutchman's-Breeches

I KNOW a flower of springtime early,
With fragile form and color pearly,
With foliage fine as wood-nymph's tresses;
Its wondrous charm my heart confesses:
But, though its beauty thus bewitches,
The name that sticks is — Dutchman's-
breeches.

And if in shaded nook you find it,
And with your rarest treasures bind it,
Its costume much will move your wonder;
Here is no room for chance or blunder—
You'll see, while mirth your lip still twitches,
A chubby pair of Dutchman's breeches.

'T is sad to witness Time's mutations,
The changes wrought in many stations;
Old forms and names he often alters,
And yet with some he never palters:
This choicest gem of woodland riches
Is still, alas! the Dutchman's-breeches.

Yet let no captious critic chide thee,
Nor lady fair in scorn deride thee;
By any name we still must love thee,
And place no other bloom above thee.
Nature's most delicate of stitches
Are set in thee, dear Dutchman's-breeches!

Emily S. Barber.

Certainly Not!

WHEN Bennie came to visit us,
He was not homesick, no!
Admitting that he'd like first-rate
To see his mother, though.

He claimed that he was having fun,
With lots of things to do;
But guessed that he would not decline
To see his father, too.

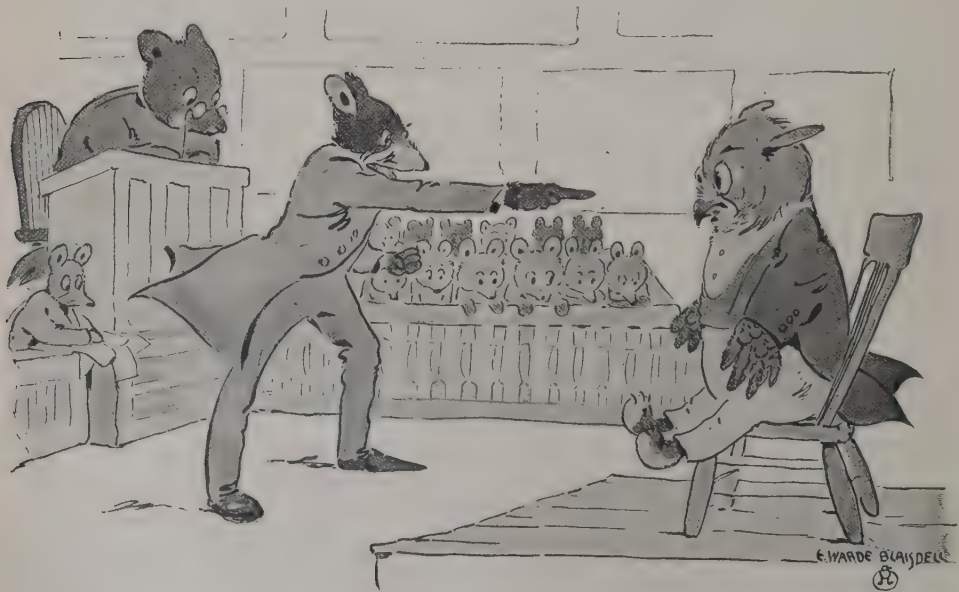
All talk of "homesick" made his lips
In scorn unmeasured curl.
Still, moments came when he'd be glad
To see the hired girl.

He vowed that he could stay a year,
This funny, funny Ben;
But in the meantime 't would be nice
To see old Sport again.

And when we caught him unaware
And found him winking hard,
He said 't was "nothing"—save he'd like
To see the house and yard.

And since we could not give all these
(*He* was not homesick, *no!*),
When he had been with us three days
He thought he'd better go.

Edwin L. Sabin.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

ON THE WITNESS STAND

BEAR (the lawyer): "We have positive proof that this act was done under cover of darkness, and you swear you saw it!"
OWL (the witness): "Yes, sir, I do!"
BEAR: "You're excused."



Color drawing by Corwin Knapp Linson

A SUNSET RAINBOW NEAR JERUSALEM

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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SUNSET NEAR JERUSALEM

THE EVENING GLORIES OF A SEMI-TROPICAL SKY

BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WITH COLOR DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

TO our Northern eyes the intense brilliancy of the tropical and semi-tropical sky comes as a revelation. Sometimes at noon it is painfully dazzling; but the evening is a vision of prismatic light holding carnival in the air, wherein Milton's "twilight gray" has no part. Unless the sky is held in the relentless grip of a winter storm, the Orient holds no gray in its evening tones; these are translucent and glowing from the setting of the sun until the stars appear. In Greece we are dreamers in that subtle atmosphere, and in Egypt visionaries under the spell of an ethereal loveliness where the filigree patterning of white dome and minaret and interlacing palm and feathery pepper-tree leaves little wonder in the mind that the ornamentation of their architecture is so ravishing in its tracery.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem on the north there is a point on a knoll which commands the venerable city that David took for his own. From here you can watch the variable glow of color spread over the whole breadth of country, from the ground at one's feet to the distant purple hilltops of Bethlehem. The fluid air seems to swim, as if laden with in-

cense. The rocks underfoot are of all tones of lavender in shadow, and of tender, warm gleams in the light, casting vivid violet shadows athwart the mottled orange of the ground.

Down in the little valley just below us a tiny vineyard nestles in the half-light; the gray road trails outside; and beyond rise the walls, serene and stately, catching on their highest towers the last rays of the sun.

The pointed shaft of the German church lifts a gray-green finger tipped with rose into the ambient air. The sable dome of the Holy Sepulcher yields a little to the subtle influence, and shows a softer and more becoming purple.

All the unlovely traits and the squalor of the city are lost, so delicately tender is the mass of buildings painted against the background of distance.

Looking south, one can see the golden glory from the right pulsating through the opalescent haze toward the eastern sky, the yellow and rose penetrating the violet, and lighting it up with glintings of fire and mother-of-pearl. Higher in the sky the emerald-and-topaz ether is invaded by the nether blue so insinuatingly

that its beginnings are almost imperceptible; and then, when the earth is shrouded in gloom, lo! up on the Mount of Olives, on spire and on wall, the second twilight, the wonderful afterglow, diffuses its radiant light.

Meanwhile, when it seems as though heaven were holding its breath, so still is the air, through the hush of the evening comes the sound of distant salutations or the musical call of the shepherd gathering his flock. The cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer floats out from far and near, voices from space reminding men of Allah and his prophet. A solitary turbaned figure shuffles along the road below, belated wayfarers pass in and out the Damascus Gate nearly opposite, and little donkeys scurry homeward, burdened with their masters, who had perhaps smuggled them into the city in the very early morning, laden with olive-roots.

A plowman passes, his light, primitive tool laid across his shoulders. Women, supple of movement, bear homeward from the fountain the brimming water-jars. The ghostly figures of town women, robed from head to feet in white, with only the eyes peering out, hurry by.

The last fleeting steps of the day speed from the far hill-crests, and one is suddenly aware that there is little or no life about one; that the stragglers are infrequent, and only the dogs are stealthily stalking abroad.

The stars of the twilight

gleam faintly and then more brightly. All at once, a billowy chorus of yelps tells you of the jackals, the "evening wolves" of Zephaniah,

that leave nothing till the morrow.

II

It had been one of those days in March when the clouds of "the latter rains" had been blowing from the west. As the day drew near its close, the heavy mists assembled in great masses of ominous gray and blue, golden-edged against the turquoise sky. With such speed did they move that they seemed suddenly to leap from the horizon, and the vast dome of the heaven became filled with weird, flying monsters racing overhead. The violence of the wind tore the blue into fragments,

so that what only a moment since was a colossal weight of cloud threatening to engulf the universe, was now like a great host marshaled in splendid array, flying banners of crimson, whose ranks were ever changing, until they scattered in disordered flight across the face of the sky.

As the lowering sun neared the horizon, the color grew more and more vivid, until the whole heaven was aflame with a whirlwind of scarlet and gold and crimson, of violet and blue and emerald, flecked with copper and bronze and shreds of smoky clouds in shadow, a tempestuous riot of color so wild and extraordinary as to hold one spellbound.

Had not David beheld a similar sky when he wrote:

O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

And this crown of splendor was for a sober-toned earth, with pearl-gray road and trailing goat-path winding in and out, the red-tiled roofs of the neighboring Persian colony clustered in loving company, and the olive-trees bowing their silvered heads before the breeze.

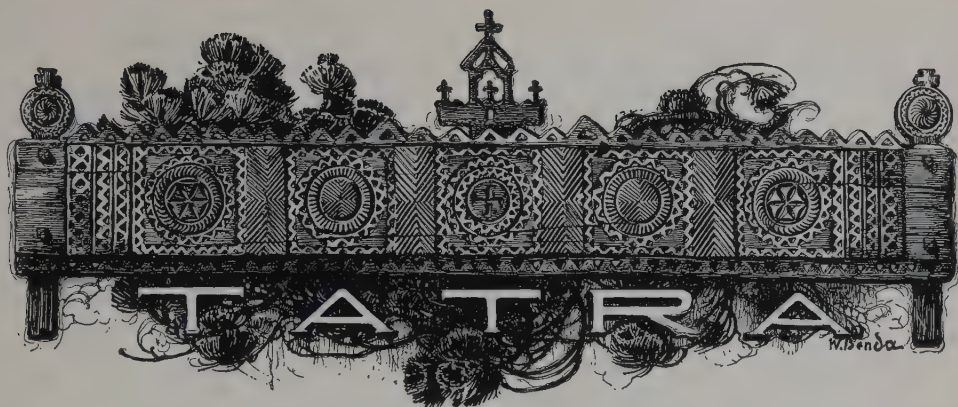
But eastward there were "the fiery hills mingling their flames with twilight." The flaming clouds had fled from the clearing west, and had become massed in solid ranks over against the broad summit of Mount Scopus. The strength of the wind was abating, and, as though arrested by an invisible wall, the clouds appeared like a pile of gigantic domes and massive ramparts, before which the fleeing battalions halted over the wine-red hilltop as on a sanguinary field.

Then, like a herald of peace, there flashed the most marvelous phenomenon of all: against a wall of violet cloud in shadow sprang the arch of a rainbow. It curved in prismatic splendor, shimmered for an instant, then vanished, with all the glory of which it had been the supreme part, leaving only a few mauve-tinted cloud masses that swiftly melted away.



Color drawing by Corwin Knapp Linson

A RIOT OF SUNSET COLOR NEAR JERUSALEM



A MOUNTAIN REGION BETWEEN GALICIA AND HUNGARY

BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR

THERE is in Cracow a large square, Kleparz, where hay-markets are held, which is always crowded with peasants, with their horses and cattle, hay-wagons, and loads of straw. In bright sunshine, among the masses of yellow straw, the long, white coats of the men, their scarlet caps, and the red kerchiefs of the women, look like moving wild poppies and daisies in a ripe rye-field. Here and there, like a black beetle, a Jew, in long silk gown, moves quickly from one group to another.

With the intention of hiring a mountain wagon for a trip to the Tatra Mountains, we made our way to one corner of the square, where shone several white awnings of the mountaineer wagons, which resemble the old-fashioned American prairie-schooners. Two men in sheepskin jackets were busy about their small horses. From under their black, mushroom-shaped hats their sharp eyes looked with scorn at the little crowd of heavily built Cracovian peasants and city boys, who like to ridicule the "gooral's" long legs, enveloped in tight woolen trousers, and to repeat the old saying:

Gooral has stork-legs;
He can reach you at his ease.

Next morning at dawn the heavy vehicle that we had engaged stopped at our house, and we were soon on the road.

Crossing the bridge over the Vistula, we left the streets of Cracow, where our rustic vehicle jumped and rattled on the pavement without mercy, and where Kuba, the driver, according to city rules, had to run at the side of his horses.

Cracow, with its old royal castle and many towers, grew faint in the distance and soon disappeared behind the first hill. We mounted higher and higher, passed many straw-thatched villages, and next morning, after spending the night in Lubeń, found ourselves near the top of Beskid, a chain of round-backed, gloomy mountains covered with black-spruce forests. With one more effort of the tired horses the summit was reached, and at once a majestic view surprised our eyes: Tatra's gigantic range, with its jagged outlines, blue in the distance, rose abruptly from the valleys, high above the clouds which clung to its foot.

Tatra is the highest part of the Karpathian system, and lies very near the heart of Europe. Its northern slopes are inhabited by Polish mountaineers, or "goorals."

The wagon rolled fast down into the Novotarska valley, which, with many villages, forests, and patched fields, stretches from Beskid to those giants, now slowly growing bigger and clearer. The people about us had changed as much as the landscape: slender mountaineers had taken the place of the heavy Cracovians. Kuba's

face brightened; we met many people on the road, and he seemed to know them all, greeting everybody with the conventional, "Neh ben-je po-hva-lo-ny Ye-zoos Kry-stoos!" ("Praised be Jesus Christ!"), and receiving the answer, "Na vye-ki vye-koov, a-men" ("For ages of ages, amen").

In contrast to the uniform, light-haired, heavy type of the low-country peasant, the goorals present a great variety of physiognomies and stature. There are tall men with long, angular features, penetrating eagle-eyes, and noble bearing; and others of a Mongolian-like type, with wide face, prominent cheek-bones, and flat nose. But all are rather slender and sinewy, and have the same feline walk. They step lightly, with bent knees; the feet, shod in soft sandals, pass noiselessly over the ground; and the body swings up and down as though on springs.

The character of the goorals has nothing in common with the humble peasants of the low country. In their good qualities and faults they rather resemble the proud noblemen of Poland. They are vivacious, honest, hospitable, and full of pride, bravery, and chivalry, on which one may always count. But their defects are grave: obstinacy and quarrels lead them often to bloody fights, the lack of thrift is frequent among them, and superstitions haunt them at every step. They love nature, and in their songs praise their gigantic peaks, spruce forests, and the clouds and rain. They build their houses facing Tatra, which they constantly observe and consult about weather conditions. A gooral cannot live without his mountains; and if he sometimes

leaves them, homesickness will soon bring him back.

They are very religious, but their Christian faith is mixed with old superstitions, and the Roman Catholic rites are mingled with weird, often very picturesque, usages which have their origin in the old Slavonic paganism. So, for instance, on St. John's night *Sobotka* is celebrated by burning bonfires on fields and hills, and by dancing, a festivity

which, in pagan times, was held on the summer solstice in honor of Sviatovit, the god of sun, fire, and love.

On Easter holidays, from every house various kinds of food are brought into the church to be blessed by the priest; or the priest, accompanied by a sexton, goes to the house, where, on a long, white-covered table, cake, eggs, and venison await his blessing. This is called *swięcone*. The table remains covered with food for a week, to await all friends of the house that may come.

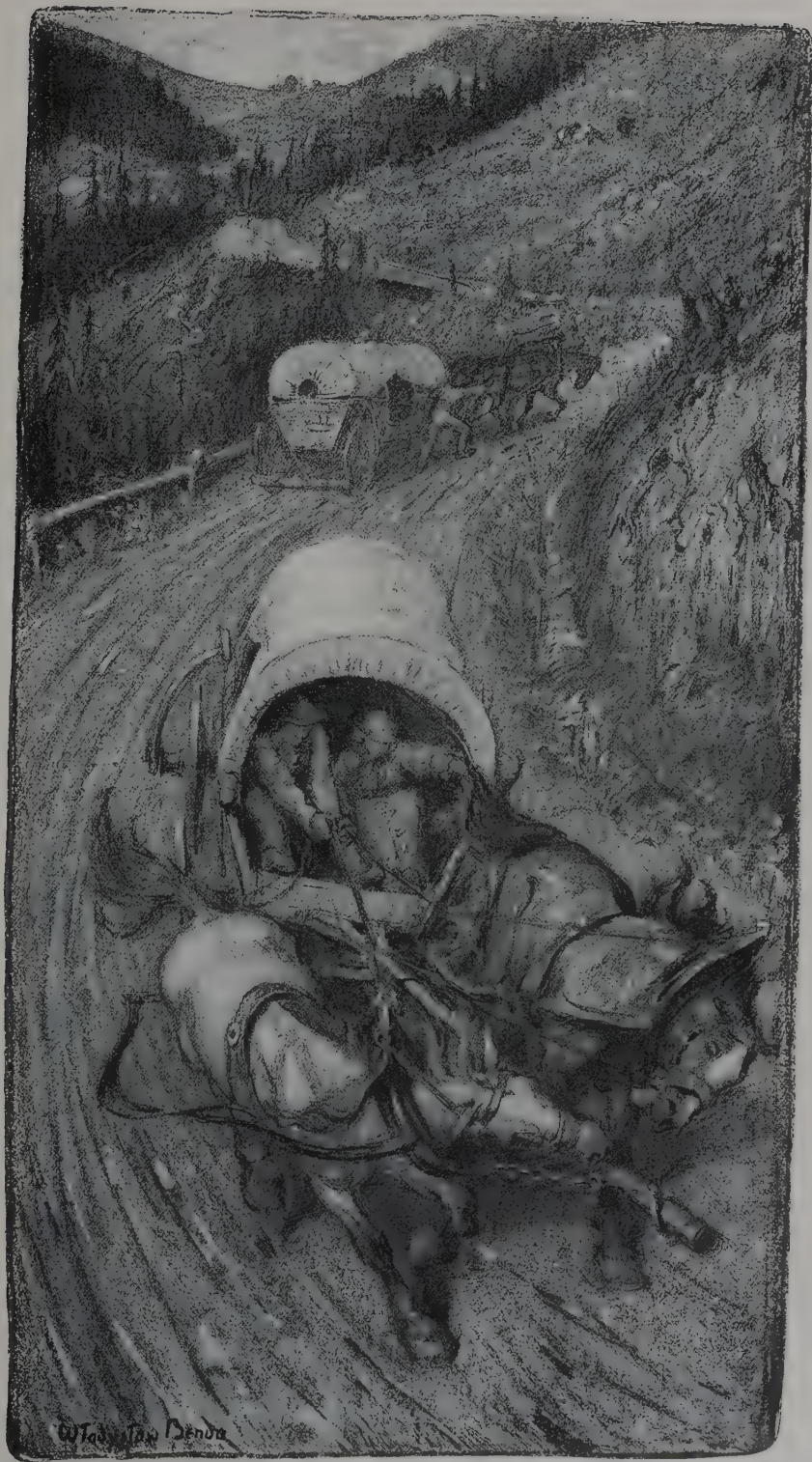
The Polish tongue among the mountaineers has pleasant soft inflections, and their dialect resembles the old Polish of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The picturesque and practical costume of the goorals consists of a coarse

linen shirt fastened with a brass brooch; a *serdak*, which is a sleeveless sheepskin jacket of a reddish color, richly decorated with appliqué ornaments of colored leather and silk embroidery, and lined with fur; tight-fitting trousers of coarse, whitish, home-made woolen cloth; and a cloak called *tsuha*, worn usually over one shoulder. A black felt hat, shaped like a mushroom, and soft leather sandals (*kerpce*) complete a costume that weighs from 35 to 38 pounds, but is a good pro-



Drawn by W. T. Benda

DECORATED PORTAL OF A TATRA
MOUNTAINEER'S HOUSE



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

ON THE ROAD TO TATRA

tection against cold and the rain which in these regions is frequent, for twenty days in a month are at least drizzly.

The gooral always carries in his hand a *ciupaga*, or tomahawk-like ax on a long shaft, used as a cane, as a tool, or as a weapon, which, with the quarrelsome disposition of the men, often causes trouble.

The women of Tatra are rather small, but quick and graceful. There is something extremely feminine in the carriage of the young girls, who, with straight body and lowered head, walk with very short, fast steps. Their hair is combed flat, and plaited in tight braids; they wear the sheepskin serdaks and rather long skirts. On sunny days their orange, yellow, or green kerchiefs are pulled carefully over their rosy faces to protect them from the very undesirable sunburn.

At Zakopane, a picturesque village at the foot of the mountains, girls are very fond of singing, and the forests and alder-groves resound from morning to sunset with their songs. Every one has her own individual variation of a certain melody, so distinct that Ulana, Yaga, or Marynna can always be recognized by "her tune." These variations are of such a kind that when two or three of them are sung together a pleasant, simple harmony arises. After sunset *geevozonas*, *roosalki*, *boginki*, *vilkolaki*, and other kinds of malicious nymphs and demons, fill the woods near the river, and every village girl carefully avoids these places, because, once caught by *roosalki*, she must become one of them, and "never more see the sunshine or Tatra."

A *vilkolak* may catch the strongest lad, drink his blood, and leave his pale body. Often one is found dead in the woods. What should be the cause, if not a *vilkolak*?

A mother must watch her baby, because *geevozonas* are always anxious to exchange one of their little monsters for it.

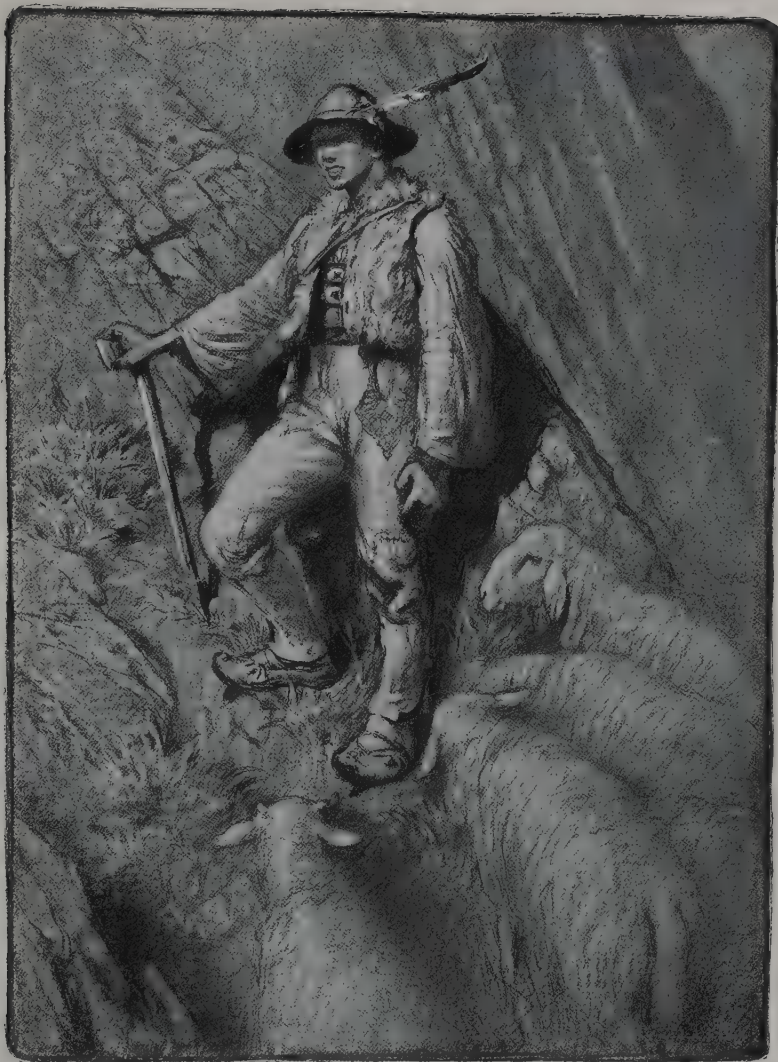
On Sunday, from early morning until vespers are over, many hundred men and women gather about the quaint village church, built of heavy spruce logs, with a high tower covered from top to bottom with shingles. Most of these people are from Zakopane and the neighboring *Kościeliska*, but there are many who come from distant villages and narrow valleys far in the mountains, and these can be dis-

tinguished from the villagers by slight differences in their costume. There are groups of old men whose characteristic heads and grave countenances remind one of the North American Indians. Many of them are from eighty to ninety years old, but they look nimble and vigorous. Their long hair is combed flat, covering the shoulders, and sometimes, now seldom, plaited into two tight braids on both sides of the forehead and forming two circles around the ears. This is the old fashion, which has entirely gone out of use among the younger generation, but, as the old pictures of the *zboiniks* show, was once the general custom.

Among the young men one can see here and there a true Zakopane dandy, all of whose movements follow precisely the elaborate fashion of Zakopane. He walks with a characteristic swagger, planting at every other step his *ciupaga* at a great distance from him. The smallest possible hat, surmounted by a feather often two feet long, is fantastically tilted over his right ear. The feather—an eagle's quill, if possible—adorned the hat of every unmarried gooral is the symbol of bachelorhood, just as the wreath signifies maidenhood. The dandy's spotless white woolen attire, with wide and very elaborate embroideries, fits him well. He is often very handsome, and always picturesque.

During high mass the church is packed with people. The men occupy the right, the woman the left, side of the nave; they pray with passion, often raising both their hands in supplication, or in the utmost contrition prostrating themselves with outstretched arms to kiss the blessed floor. Old religious songs, solemn and lugubrious, known only here, are sung by this fantastic congregation. The scene is so interesting that it would be hard to tear one's self away if the odor of the sheepskin, mixed with the smoke of wax candles and incense, did not grow so unbearable.

A Zakopane house is a very carefully finished wooden structure, built of tight-fitting, heavy logs of spruce, which become reddish brown with age, and are surmounted by a very steep, high shingle roof which gives a good protection against the heavy falls of snow and rain, and with its triangular gables of acute angles harmonizes well with the Tatra peaks and the



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

YUHAS, OR YOUNG SHEPHERD

tall spruce-trees. The frame of the door is built of very heavy blocks of wood, surmounted by a semicircular arch, joined together by two anchor-shaped pieces, and held in place by rows of elaborately carved wooden pegs. The big rafters of the ceiling are embellished with carved ornaments of a very unique conception. The circular *kolo zboyeckie*, the heart-shaped *pazenitsa*, and the *svastica*, with sharp points, are some of the main motives of this odd ornamentation with which the goorals in a very judicious way adorn their ash-wood furniture, wooden vessels, and instruments.

It is wonderful how in the center of old Europe they have remained unaffected by the leveling force of modern civilization, and have developed a style absolutely unlike anything even in the nearer parts of Poland or in neighboring Hungary.

II

FROM Zakopane the view of Tatra is much obstructed by the huge, shiny, perpendicular granite wall of Gevont, which, standing above the village, hides the higher peaks beyond.

All the roads from Zakopane to the

mountains lead through the mysterious, shadowy spruce forests of the foot-hills, where the soil is covered with rich carpets of moss, and ornamented with bright-colored mushrooms. Foaming streams murmur among the moss-covered boulders, and luxurious ferns, nettles, yarrows, orchidaceæ, and myosotis, drenched with dew, saturate the air with their aroma. Then the path emerges on the cheerful, emerald-green pastures of the slopes, alive with shepherds, sheep, and cattle. A little farther, and the whole scenery changes again; and tremendous mountains of

solid granite, ominously dark, shining like hammered iron, rise abruptly from amid the stone debris and black patches of mountain-fir, and in towering cliffs seem to pierce the skies with their sharp peaks, bastions, and jagged ridges, like gigantic fortresses.

Clouds and white mist, driven and torn by gusts of wind, cling to the precipitous walls, and masses of eternal snow lie in the many fissures and depressions, forming large, sharply outlined streaks and patches.

Narrow valleys, basins, and gorges are



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

YANOSIK AND THE THREE WITCHES



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Aikman

YANOSIK AND THE WONDERFUL BOOTS

filled with shattered stones or big boulders, which the mountain firs clutch desperately with their bare octopus-like roots and creeping, contorted branches. Small grass and some alpine weeds, gentians, and mountain lilies cover the narrow ledges. These are the only representatives of vegetation in these regions. Hundreds of torrents rush into the lower valleys and unfathomable black lakes, the cold, crystal water of which reflects on their smooth surfaces the barren heights.

"Eye of the Sea" is the largest of these lakes, and the mountaineers naively believe it to be bottomless and subterraneously connected with the ocean. "The Monk," a huge conical rock, standing at its border

and resembling a dismal-looking giant in a monk's habit, is much dreaded; for if he moves from his pedestal, his fall announces some great disaster to the country.

The inhabitants of the nearer villages send for the whole summer the majority of their cattle and sheep into the *hale*, or pastures, in the high mountains. With the cattle their sons and daughters go, or the flocks are intrusted to a *batsa*, or experienced shepherd, who has as helpers several *yuhasses*, young men or boys.

In the spring, driven by gaily singing yuhasses and girls, thousands of cattle, sheep, and burdened horses, with much bellowing and the sound of a thousand bells, leave the villages, pass the spruce

forests, climb slopes, ledges, and ridges, then slowly divide in smaller parties to reach their different points of destination, where primitive log cabins give them shelter at night and in storm.

Among several of these cabins scattered amid boulders in a valley, one much larger, called the *shalas*, has in the middle of its dark interior a flat stone on which trunks of spruce are burning. Thick smoke fills the dark space and escapes through the many chinks in the roof and between the logs that form the walls. There are no

In the evening, when the cows are milked and all the work is done, they gather again about the fire. Everybody has had some hard experience during the day: Voytek has met a bear; Ulana's cow fell into a ravine, and Stashek, who is always ready to help pretty Ulana, had great difficulty to save the animal. But soon the warmth of the fire brings out the humor; jokes begin to mingle with the more serious talk; lasses giggle, and the groups draw nearer to the fire.

Interesting stories about Yanosik and



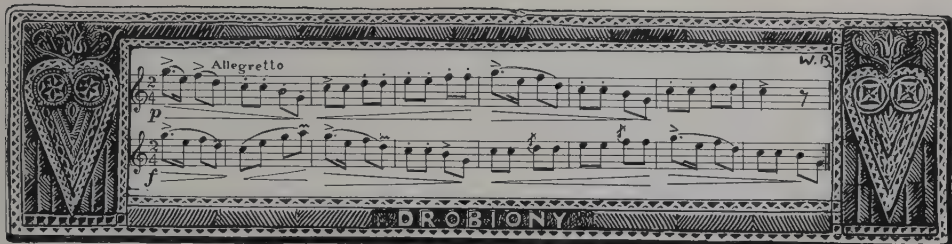
Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE DANCE

windows, and the only door is scarcely four feet high and has for threshold a thick, round log. Inside, the intruder from the city cannot breathe in the thick smoke. But all this troubles only a stranger; for the shepherds the *shalas* is a cozy sitting-room, kitchen, and dining-room in one. Here they come to cook their *kluska* in a big pot, which is then surrounded by the whole little community of sheepskin-covered men, lads, and sun-burned girls. Their spoons dip one after another in the steaming contents of the pot, and the silence is broken only by some short remark like, "Voytek, don't take so much on your spoon," or, "Don't crowd; keep down your elbows."

his brigands follow one another. How tall, how strong, and how bold he was! But no wonder; for "not a woman, but a rock, was his mother." Everybody has much to tell about his marvelous vicissitudes, and everybody knows where the inaccessible cavern is, high in the cliffs of the Kościeliska valley, where Yanosik and his band had their nest, and from which they made sallies on the "Hungarian side" and lurked for traveling merchants.

On one of his journeys Yanosik had to stop for the night in a hut of three witches. When he lay down, the witches, thinking him asleep, said: "He seems to be a brave lad, and if he proves to be really so, we will give him the wonderful boots."



"DROBIONY" DANCE AND A ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "PAZENICA"

Upon saying this, one of the old women took a little red charcoal from the hearth and put it on Yanosik's body, to try him. "If he jumps, he is not brave; if he can stand the charcoal, the boots will be his." Yanosik heard all, and felt the burning coal, but did not move, and the next morning he put on the boots, with which he could stride a mile at each step.

All near the fire marvel at this, and many think what a good thing it was to be such a brigand. It is true that most of them ended on the gallows, but even this seems heroic to our yuhasses, and they sing:

When I shall be hanged,
My gallows will be set with corals,
With precious stones,
And the road to it paved with silver,
And music will play.

Then other songs follow:

Mountains, our mountains,
You are our castles;
Beech leaves
Our pillows.

(Goó-ry ná-se goó-ry
Vy na-se ko-mó-ry
Boo-kó-ve lees-téts-kee
Ná-se po-doo-séts-kee.)

From a corner the whining sound of the *gensle*, a primitive stringed instrument

resembling the violin, changes into the lively tune of the *drobiony* dance, and a boy follows its quick tempo and weird accents in small steps, always jumping on the same spot, shaking his long hair, and looking fixedly at his toes.

The tune again changes into the more energetic *zboyecki*, or brigand dance, and soon the dark interior of the shalas is full of jumping yuhasses and their big shadows. With violent leaps and bounds they surround the fire, and in the red light and smoke, with their grotesque attitudes, their sunburned and smoked faces shining with sweat, their long hair flying, and the flashing ciupagas swinging in their hands, they look like enraged demons. The girls cling to the walls, and watch the dancers with interest. Then voices join the music:

In cellar
Bandits were dancing;
They ordered fine music
And a look at their feet.

One after another they stride over the high threshold and out into the dark of the drizzly night. The music stops, the door repeats frequently its squeaking minor cadence, soon the fire dies out, and the shalas is empty.

Everybody goes to his cabin, rattles the hasp, and, slamming the door, makes his way in the dark between the two rows of cattle and climbs to his bed of spruce twigs



"ZBOYECKI" (ZBOO-YETS-KEE), OR BRIGAND DANCE, AND ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "LELEYA"

spread on the round rafters above the backs of the cows, that by constant munching, groaning, and ringing the bells at their throats would seriously disturb the sleep of a visitor from the city.

At daybreak, when the highest cliffs be-

whistles and shouts. He climbs the steep slopes and narrow ledges, and they follow him, scrambling higher and higher until one, hardly seeing them, wonders by what law of equilibrium they remain suspended there, and why they do not fall with the



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A FIGHT BETWEEN A YUHAS AND A LIPTAK

gin to gleam in the first rays of the sun, the yuhas takes his flocks into remote ridges and slopes. In his shaggy serdak and woolen cloths, he does not differ in color from the sheep that crowd about his feet and understand every one of his

stones which, dislodged by their feet, bound down the precipices in great leaps.

All around is total silence. Some small animals resembling the American woodchuck, frightened by the approaching flock, hide themselves in the crevices of

the rocks. These are the Tatra marmots, here called *swistak*; they inhabit only the highest parts of Tatra.

From time to time the yuhas remains standing, silently contemplating the mountains opposite. They are of constant interest to him; he is familiar with every detail of them, and has a name for every one of their peaks, passes, slopes, or rugged crags. Now, with his keen eye, used to looking over great distances, he discovers on the far peaks a flock of *giemza* (the Tatra chamois) springing from cliff to cliff over the giddy precipices or leaping down the perpendicular rocks. Sometimes their sentinel hears a suspicious sound, and the whole flock stops at once, remaining absolutely motionless for so long a time that it is hard to believe them living creatures. At such a moment it is impossible to discover them, as their color matches well with the surrounding cliffs.

A great eagle appears in the sky, sailing on almost motionless wings in large circles high above the valley, and sometimes returning to his nest suspended on a giddy cliff. The shepherd finds it, climbs the almost perpendicular crags, and, hanging over the abyss, reaches the nest. The eagle falls on him like lightning, and, in desperate protection of his young ones, with claws and beak furiously attacks the intruder. The fight is in midair, in the domain of eagles, but the man with his ciupaga is victorious and takes the eaglets and the eagle's feathers, the trophies of his courage, which are much admired by the gooral girls. He returns to his flock and puts the young birds in his woolen bag.

Somewhere among the pines far below a girl's clear voice repeats a melancholy song, harmonizing well with these wild surroundings, with the murmur of some

distant torrent, and with the sound of little cow-bells. The song ends with a brilliant cascade of tones which the cliffs echo and carry to the lonely shepherd's ears. He knows the voice, and replies with a short, wild shout. Another, more animated song comes from below:

Sound, my voice, wide through forests, until
thou reachest my Yaś.

Yanicek, Yanicek, what hast thou on thy
cheeks?
Red lilies? Give them to me.

From stone to stone a magpie jumps;
She likes Yanicek's eyes.

And so songs and shouting fill the clear mountain air for hours, until the sun sinks, the shiny rocks of higher peaks begin to glow like red-hot iron, and Yanicek with his sheep comes down into the dark valley.

Sometimes a yuhas goes to the highest ridges on the Hungarian frontier and looks into the green valleys of the Liptaks (Slovaks of the southern slopes of Tatra), where he rarely has been; for there is an old hatred between our goorals and their ultramontane neighbors, and it must be unusually important business which could take a Zakopaner to a Liptov village, or a Liptak to Zakopane. But sometimes a yuhas, allured by the sight of rich grass, crosses the frontier and leads his sheep to the green Hungarian slope; but woe to him if he is caught by a Liptak! A bloody fight is then unavoidable. For a while, with sharp ciupagas ready to strike, they wrestle desperately until one receives the fatal blow and rolls down the precipice. If the yuhas succumbs, the Liptak captures his sheep, and then a large sum must be paid to release them.

THY MONUMENT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

IF so men's memories not thy monument be,
Thou shalt have none. Warm hearts, and not cold stone,
Must mark thy grave, or thou shalt lie unknown.
Marbles keep not themselves; how then keep thee?



THE GOLDEN WHISTLE

BY H. C. BAILEY

PEAL THE FIRST

THEY had called her Claire - Denise - Cécile-Bênoite de la Ferté, but she was quite small. So the honeysuckle eluded her. A little gray woman, she stood on a boulder above the brook, one arm uplifted, and still the cream-pink petals nodded two good inches over the tips of her twitching brown fingers. The sun found her face and flashed in her brown eyes and showed the faint flush of crimson in her ivory cheek, the full lips parted in anxious longing for her flower. So she stood in Auvergne three hundred years ago.

Bright and blue a sword gleamed over her head. The honeysuckle stalk was cloven, and the flower came fluttering down to brown fingers. The Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bênoite de la Ferté turned swiftly upon her boulder. All in one moment she beheld the gray eyes, the stiff, little yellow moustachios and peaked beard, the sunburnt face and square jaw, of a slim fellow in gray frieze. He saluted her with his sword. Denise sprang down from her boulder to curtsy.

"I thank you a thousand times, sir," she murmured.

"It is, mademoiselle, a thousand times too many."

"But guess how I wanted my honeysuckle."

"I conceive. One wishes always for what one has not."

"Faith, sir, you are a philosopher."

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, I am sane."

Denise gave him another curtsy. "My felicitations, sir," she murmured, with mocking eyes. "Now, I wish very much for what I have."

"But you have great treasures, mademoiselle," says he of the gray frieze; and then, as she started, "of beauty at the least," he explained quickly.

Denise exalted her chin. "I thought you were sane, sir."

"*Pardieu*, I had almost forgotten," the gray frieze admitted. "Mademoiselle, pardon. I promise to be—quite sane. But (pardon again) you spoke of wishing for what you have. You fear, then, to lose it. Here is Raoul de Ratine, a poor Norman gentleman, will defend it to the end."

"Infinite thanks, M. de Ratine." Her lips curled. "I see that you do not know what I am."

"It suffices, mademoiselle, that you are what I see. Ah, pardon, pardon, I become insane."

"Know then, sir, that I am Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bênoite"—she spoke the names slowly with a vast contempt and ended in a rush—"de la Ferté, and I have nothing in all the world."

"Accept, mademoiselle, my entire devotion," says M. de Ratine.

"And I ought at this hour to be a nun."

"By the faith of my body, no!" cried M. de Ratine, with enthusiasm.

"At least my cousin commended me to

a convent," says Denise in a small, contemptuous voice.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "I inform your cousin that he is a fool," he remarked.

The ivory cheeks of Denise dimpled. She looked at M. de Ratine under her eyelashes. "My cousin is the Duc de Contal," she said meekly.

M. de Ratine addressed heaven and earth. "M. le Duc de Contal, you are a fool: I would say it to your face if I could."

"He is only a ninth cousin," said Denise.

"Even that is presumption," said M. de Ratine.

Denise looked up a moment with a gleam of laughter in her brown eyes, then turned away and sat down on the boulder and played with her honeysuckle. M. de Ratine contemplated her gravely. Denise set the flowers in her bosom. "M. de Ratine," she said, and paused awhile. Then she looked up. His gray eyes met hers honestly. "M. de Ratine—my father was the Sieur de Verneuil. That—all that"—the little brown hand made a wide gesture over the rolling pasture to the terraces of vines and the round blue mountains—"all that was his, and my dear château. And a year ago he—he died—and all passes to the Duc de Contal. M. le Duc wrote to me and counseled me the convent at Clermont. I—I could not." She blushed and looked down and was silent. M. de Ratine bowed gravely, and he, too, regarded the ground. "Then M. le Duc wrote and 'regretted my lack of vocation to Heaven' (oh, yes, he was pleased to be witty), and begged me 'be my own abbess at Verneuil till I found a vocation on earth.'" Flashing eyes, flaming cheeks were displayed to M. de Ratine. "And I stay there," cried Denise; "I live in his house, eating his bread. And I hate it, I hate it. But I can no other."

"I desire infinitely to say two words to Contal alone," says M. de Ratine.

"You know him?" cried Denise.

"Till now, mademoiselle, I believed that I did. I thought him a gentleman."

"He!" cried Denise in scorn.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "The comment suffices," he re-

marked. Then he looked at her keenly. "But you, mademoiselle, at least are safe here? None dares to trouble, to annoy?" M. de Ratine seemed to know how peaceable was Auvergne under the good King François I.

The girl's eyes fell before his, and frowns came deep on his brow. She flushed, and did not answer for a while. "I thank you, sir; I believe I am safe," she said at last.

M. de Ratine made a bow. "Permit me, mademoiselle," he said, and held out on the palm of his hand a golden whistle. "If any knave should dare to annoy, let the whistle sound. Believe me, it will be heard."

Denise looked at him doubtfully. "By you, M. de Ratine?" He bowed. "You stay here, then? Your pardon, sir—why?"

M. de Ratine turned up a moustachio. "I study," he remarked, "the natural products of Auvergne."

"Oh, I trust they please you?"

"Mademoiselle, I have never seen the like."

"But, then,"—her brow puckered,— "do you purpose to live here?"

"I still hope," says M. de Ratine. He fell on his knee by her side and took her hand. "Mademoiselle—"

Denise started up. "Do not forget that you are sane, sir," she cried, laughing and blushing.

"I was offering, mademoiselle, not my heart, but my whistle," says M. de Ratine.

"Then I need not refuse," said Denise, laughing still, and took it and made him a curtsy and went lightfoot over the pasture.

Left alone, M. de Ratine kicked three stones splashing into the brook. "Contal," said he, "I desire to say two words. I think one suffices: Contal, *bête*."

Denise found a cavalier among the pines—a cavalier in crimson and cloth of gold, who stood across her path, smiling with lips and eyes.

"Again, M. de Canillac!" she cried sharply.

"Again! Always, my queen of loveliness, always your slave."

"Have the kindness, sir, to be my slave elsewhere," said Denise, with her chin exalted, and tried to pass him.

M. de Canillac was broad. "Ah, De-

nise, cruel always," he sighed, still baring the way.

"Sir, must I say 'always coward'?" cried Denise as he caught her arm.

"*Mordieu!* not that at least!" cried Canillac, holding her still. He threw his head back and his chest forward. "Prove me!" said he, and looked handsome.

"Faith, sir, you prove yourself," said Denise, with curling lip.

"Nay, listen, my fair." Black curls fell about his face as he bent to her ear, black eyes were aglow. "I dare your wrath, for I love you, Denise, and, *pardieu*, with that same cause I will dare your cousin Contal."

But still her cheeks were ivory white. "Oh, remember he is not a woman, sir," says she.

"Were he King François I would dare him still," cried the amorous, valorous gentleman. "Whisper one word, my queen, and I uphold you in Verneuil forever, and Contal may do his worst. Make me happy, Denise, and you shall hold your loved lands of Verneuil—"

"For the profit of M. de Canillac!" cried Denise. "So here is the end of romance: We are to be two thieves together! Oh, indeed, I thank you for the honor. Pray, sir, give me the path." And again she tried to pass him, but Canillac, only smiling, alway smiling, took her in his arms.

The golden whistle pealed clear.

"Why that?" cried Canillac, laughing. "Little one, who will dare touch Canillac?"

"The devil, some day," said M. de Ratine.

At the placid voice, Canillac let go his prey and started round. "Thank you," said M. de Ratine, and knocked him down. Canillac started up red with wrath and the blow, and whipped out his sword and ran upon Ratine. M. de Ratine shook out his gray cloak, caught the wild thrust in it, and closed. In a moment the Comte de Canillac was again upon his broad back on the pine needles, and M. de Ratine was breaking the sword across his knee. When Canillac had struggled up again, M. de Ratine politely offered him the two pieces. "I thought you might like one for each hand," he explained.

M. de Canillac amazed him with a loud laugh.

"*Pardieu*, sir, you teach me a lesson, and I thank you."

"It was a pure pleasure," says M. de Ratine.

But Canillac had turned to Denise. "But to you, mademoiselle, to you, how can I excuse myself? Ah, I think I was mad." He made a sweeping bow. "Pardon, pardon, ten thousand times!" Then he laughed a little. "And yet, and yet, mademoiselle, when you look into the mirror you will see a great excuse for my ardor."

"M. de Canillac," Ratine drawled, "try not to be so very ardent again."

"Sir, my word for it! Mademoiselle, I have learned a lesson. I kiss your hands." M. de Canillac bowed low and strode off to the sycamore whereto his horse was tethered.

M. de Ratine turned up his yellow moustachios and watched. He was surprised by two little cold hands clasping his. M. de Ratine looked down and saw himself in misty brown eyes, saw little full lips tremble betwixt a laugh and a sob. M. de Ratine grasped the cold hands close. "Ah, my friend, my friend," said the little full lips. M. de Ratine drew her closer, her heart beat against his arm, and she did not flinch from the light in his eyes.

Suddenly M. de Ratine let fall her hands.

"Mademoiselle," says he, "do not let me imitate M. de Canillac."

Denise hung her head and blushed. "M. de Ratine—you will come to the château?"

M. de Ratine stiffened. "How, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Shall I eat the bread of Contal?"

Denise stared a moment, then gave a little gasping sob. "Ah, I see how base you think me, then!" she murmured, and turned faltering away.

In a moment M. de Ratine was down on his knee, holding her hand: "Mademoiselle, I think you a saint and angel; I—but let me be sane!" He kissed her hand and rose and went quickly through the trees.

For, in fact, M. de Ratine desired to observe M. de Canillac. M. de Ratine lay down at the edge of the wood and

watched Canillac ride away over the pastures. M. de Ratine communed with himself: "In fact, M. de Canillac, you were too polite. Why were you so polite? I desire infinitely to know. And that dear Canillac, he only recedes into the sunset." On went Canillac toward the valley past a herd of mountain ponies that flung up their heads to the wind and sniffed at him. "I suppose, my dear Canillac," says Ratine, "you wished us to think you a gentleman, to believe that we need not fear your malice. In fact, we do not fear you greatly, my dear. We—" M. de Ratine stopped his communings and started up. He stood on the hill-side and his gray eyes dwindled to points of light. "By the faith of my body," cried M. de Ratine, "he is gone to church! That good Canillac!"

PEAL THE SECOND.

In the morning before the sun was high Denise, in her silver-gray, came through the rose-garden and out to the pine wood. Sure, she needed more honey-suckle. In the gloom of the wood M. de Canillac met her again. Still he was smiling. Denise drew herself up to her little height. "Sweet, I am come for my answer," says M. de Canillac.

"You have had it, sir," cried Denise, flushing.

"Is it still the same?"—he was always smiling.—"Bed has not made you wiser?"

"It is still, it is always, the same!" cried Denise, with a stamp of her foot.

"I cannot believe it, *pardieu*. Confess, my fair, it is changed. It is now, 'I am yours, François'? Whisper it, then, my queen of blushes."

"Never!" cried Denise.

"Now!" cried Canillac, and sprang at her.

The golden whistle pealed again.

But feebly and short, for her hand was torn from her lips, a kerchief was pressed upon them. Other men were about her; roughly her hands were bound, and her ankles; the kerchief was tied over her mouth. Gasping, and hot with shame, she was borne away in Canillac's arms. The troop mounted and went off at speed over the pastures, and M. de Canillac, holding the writhing girl close to his bosom,

said in her ear, "Confess, my fair, the answer is changed," and laughed and kissed her. And Denise moaned.

Soon they came to the little gray church, and M. de Canillac dismounted and bore in his prey. One man, his squire, went in with him.

Before the altar waited a priest with his book. Canillac set the girl down and held her so that she could not fall. Still she was gagged and bound, and still Canillac was smiling.

"My son," said the priest, "I trust the maiden comes of her own good will?"

"My father, you perceive her joy," said Canillac.

The priest looked an instant at her face, crimson and twisted in her agony. "Peace be with her!" said the priest, with a snuffle. "There is promise of bliss, my son." And he opened his book and began to read the Latin hastily. The words burned into the girl's brain, but she could not move or cry; only she set her eyes on the white face of the Virgin painted above the altar and prayed.

Canillac was gripping her bound hand in his, Canillac was drawing her closer, when, like rolling thunder, broke the thud of galloping horses and the ground began to tremble.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" the shouts of war rose loud.

For M. de Ratine, having ears, had heard his whistle peal; but, having eyes also, had seen Canillac's troop; and so, being only one man on foot, had not come to the rescue. Breathing short through his nostrils, M. de Ratine ran back to the cave where he made his lodging, endued himself in his cuirass of Milan steel, and flung a leg over his Normandy mare. Discreetly and afar he followed M. de Canillac's troop; but his tawny brows were drawn and he communed with himself in oaths. Then suddenly with a glad cry, "St. Denis de Contal!" he clapped his hand on his thigh and his spurs to his mare and laughed.

Before him the herd of mountain ponies were feeding calmly. Waiving his sword aloft, shouting loud, M. de Ratine galloped down upon them, and the frightened beasts stared an instant, then turned tail, and the whole herd went galloping headlong over the pasture. Down upon the church swept a tempest of

tossing manes. Shouting, swearing, wrenching at their bridles, Canillac's men were whirled away in the mad charge of the herd.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" roared Ratine, reining up at the door. Down he sprang, cast his reins about the bridle-spike, drew his sword, and rushed in.

Canillac's man met him in the doorway with a howl—"Dog!"

"I bite," said Ratine, and ran him through and sprang over him up the aisle. The priest fled.

Canillac cast Denise down on the stones and plucked out his sword and turned on Ratine, crying, "Devil!"

"Go greet him," said Ratine, and thrust straight. Then, as Canillac reeled back gurgling, M. de Ratine caught Denise up and cast her over his shoulder and ran hot-foot to his mare. He sprang to the saddle, he spoke to the mare, and she tossed her head and thundered off with her double burden.

Canillac's men were drawing out of the herd and spurting back.

PEAL THE THIRD

M. de Ratine wiped his sword on the mare's broad flank, then with light drawing strokes cut the cords at the girl's wrists and ankles. Then Denise caught the kerchief from her mouth and gasped and sneezed. "Oh, my friend, my friend!" said Denise, and held M. de Ratine very tight.

The gray eyes looked down into hers. "You believe that?" asked M. de Ratine.

Denise laughed a little: "Do I believe it? Truly yes."

"Believe it always, Denise," said M. de Ratine. "Also hold by the sword-belt." The graven, gleaming cuirass was cool to her burning cheek as she clung to him.

Over the short mountain grass they thundered. M. de Ratine had his head a little turned, with an ear to judge the distance of Canillac's men, with his eye searching for landmarks. The blue mountains ranged themselves anew and once more anew as the mare galloped on. A breath of heather, a keener, cold air, stung their nostrils as the plateau rose

higher. The round peaks came nearer, the grass changed to tufted pink heather, gray-blue stones broke bare through the earth. More steeply still rose the ground. They were out on a narrow, bare track with the mountains closing in on each hand. The mare's deep flanks were heaving. Nearer and nearer yet came the clatter of Canillac's men.

Anxious-eyed, Denise looked up at M. de Ratine. But Ratine was leaning forward over her and peering ahead. He laid his hand on the mare's neck and, "Mimi, Mimi," he said gently, and Mimi tossed her wet head bravely, and gathered herself for one last struggle. And now Canillac's men were shouting, "Death, murderer, death!" Ratine turned in his saddle and let out a roar, "Death! Death!"

Swiftly bare walls of rock drew closer on each side; then Mimi felt the bit, and checked. Down sprang Ratine and set Denise on her feet. "Run and blow!" he said.

"Blow?" gasped Denise.

"Your whistle. Run! Run!" and Denise ran.

And the golden whistle pealed high and clear, and the mountains echoed its voice.

Ratine sprang to the saddle again and reined round to meet the charge. Howling, it came in column. There was no room for two cavaliers abreast in the pass above Montluçon. Came the first with his sword like a lance in rest, and Ratine swayed in his saddle and let the point go by and stabbed the man in the side before the second was on him. As the point slid along his cuirass, Ratine slashed at the man's neck, and so two horses went rushing by with their riders falling, limply thudding. Tail to nose, the rest of the troop reined up in a hurry.

Then with a cry: "On foot, lads, and together!" and down they sprang, and rushed in a mass to stab the mare and get her rider down. With an oath, Ratine made Mimi rear above the swords and sprang down to fight for his mare. Back to the rock in the narrow path he was foining and thrusting madly, and his tanned face grew darker and the muscles bulged in his jaw.

But the Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bénoîte de la Ferté had been very

much surprised. To her whistle had come an answering shout, and, lo! as she ran and the little town of Montluçon broke on her view through the rocks, the houses began to vomit forth men and horses. A wild squadron came galloping up, and the leader of them howled at Denise: "Where is he? Where?" And Denise, amazed, drew back from the rush and pointed up the pass. The leader stood in his stirrups as he galloped and, gaining the crest of the track, shouted: "Contal! St. Denis de Contal! Contal!" and the squadron took up the cry.

Canillac's men heard it and fell back from Ratine's darting point, gazed an instant, liked not the sight, and ran to their horses. M. de Ratine leaned back against the rock panting, and the mare Mimi came to him and put her nose on his shoulder. "*Pardieu*, Mimi, we conquer—thus far," panted Ratine, caressing.

Then the wild squadron came up to him and checked, saluting. "Ah, Contras," said M. de Ratine, "chase me these rascals a little, Contras." He pointed with red sword at Canillac's flying troop. "They disfigure my landscape."

PEAL THE FOURTH

M. de Ratine put up his sword, put his arm through Mimi's bridle, and walked on down the pass to Montluçon. Close above the town a little gray woman waited with her hand to her eyes, peering anxiously through the sunlight.

"My gratitude, mademoiselle, for your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

Denise came to him very quickly. "Ah, sir, you are safe?" she cried. "You are not wounded, sir?"

"I regret, mademoiselle, that I have shed for you only the blood of others. But doubtless they regret that, too. Let us pass to Montluçon." And he offered his arm.

Denise put her little brown hand in it. "And these men who came, are they yours?"

"*Pardieu*, no, mademoiselle. Yours."

"Mine?" cried Denise, round-eyed.

"At least they came to your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

"M. de Ratine, I do not understand you."

Ratine gazed a moment into the wide brown eyes.

"Unhappily," he said in a lower voice—"unhappily now you must."

While he spoke they came upon a big white pavilion. Two grooms ran to take Mimi. Into the pavilion, while she gazed at him wondering, M. de Ratine led Denise. The golden carpet was like down beneath her feet; roses lay fragrant in bowls of silver on the white tables; the canvas walls were hidden behind brocade.

"Mademoiselle, Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi, Duc de Contal, presents to you his obeisances and begs you honor him as his guest." So M. de Ratine, to flushing cheeks, to parting lips, to wondering brown eyes.

"But—but—where is M. le Duc?" Denise stammered. M. de Ratine looked down at the hand in his arm. "Mademoiselle, where he would most desire to be."

Denise drew her hand from his arm and started back.

"You are he?" she cried, and her eyes kindled.

He bowed. "But it is, mademoiselle, what I cannot help."

The ivory cheeks were crimson now, her eyes aflame, her bosom was rising fast. "Then—then you were false!" she cried. "You lied to me! You cheated—you tricked me! Yes! To surprise my secrets—you spied—"

"Does anything surprise you in the Duc de Contal?" he said gravely.

"Ah—you—" cried Denise, and a sob broke her voice and she turned away a moment. Then, meeting his eyes again with cheeks all white. "M. le Duc!" she cried fiercely, "I hated you before I knew you—now—I despise!"

"Mademoiselle, you were logical; you are now just," said Contal.

"Aye, sneer at me, sir! You have the power."

"Neither power nor will, *mordieu!*" cried Contal, sharply, flushing beneath the tan. Then he drew himself up and bowed. "Mademoiselle, I will beg you yet rest here till I may provide you safety at Verneuil. That shall be yours by law, as it has always been by right. And the Duc de Contal—eh, the Duc de Contal promises to trouble your eyes no more—"

unless yourself command him." He bowed low and went out.

Denise watched the slim figure stalk out to the sunshine, stood looking long, with her hands clasped on her bosom. Tears began to dim the brown eyes, her throat was trembling, and she bit at her lip.

The Duc de Contal was in the stable with his arm round Mimi's glossy neck. "Ah, Mimi, Mimi, after all—we lose," said he. But Mimi devoured her hard-earned mash. The Duc de Contal sighed for her insensibility and for himself.

Then the golden whistle pealed faintly.

Within the pavilion Denise was vastly concerned with a bowl of crimson roses. Sure, she could not hear the swift step or see Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi. Nay, who in all the world could have foretold the coming of him? And yet,

"Mademoiselle, one is here to obey," said the Duc de Contal.

Denise looked down most intent on her roses. "You remember—you told me—one wishes always for what one has not—I—I wish for your pardon."

Contal went down on his knees and took her hand. It trembled a little in his. "We are, then, companions," said he; "for 't is your pardon I desire very much, Denise," and he kissed her hand.

Denise smiled down at him with misty eyes.

"There was never any one made me so ashamed," said Denise; and then, timidly: "We—we are friends?"

The Duc de Contal rose up. "Denise, one wishes always for what one has not," he said softly.

Denise looked into his eyes a moment, then put her other hand in his. "Still?" said Denise. And was engulfed.



A FRENCH RIVER

THE LOVELY MARNE FROM ITS SOURCE TO PARIS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL



WE know our France a little, and love it more, and we had long since learned enough of the beauty of its rivers to realize the difficulty of choosing one among them for special exploration. The picturesqueness of the Loire and the Seine no one could deny, and this to us was an argument against them, for it meant that they run through the few familiar and traveled parts of undiscovered France. on the Rhone there would be plenty of

excitement of the sort which led Stevenson to write to I. (they were to have made the trip together, and the scheme fell through) that his regret was he could never know the exact spot where they would have been killed. The river no sooner bursts out of the glacier than it goes diving underground, as it does again farther on, and it amuses itself by various other similar little games rather too exciting for our purpose.

Then there is the Saône; but there is



THE SOURCE OF THE MARNE

also Hamerton's big book about it. Of the other chief French rivers, there remain the Garonne, which, if little known, is not particularly interesting, and the Marne, which is not known at all. We had seen it once, a shadowy stream in the moonlight, at Nogent. We had crossed it at Meaux over a bridge lined with old mills—a bridge not to be forgotten. We had caught a glimpse of it at Châlons, when, for the moment, we were more occupied with cathedrals than with rivers. This, certainly, was not knowing much, but it was enough to make us want to know more. And by a happy editorial suggestion to the Marne our choice was directed.

To discover its source on a good map requires no great genius or luck. There it is, as plain as possible, where the narrowing blue line begins, not very far from Langres in the department of the Haute-

Marne. But it is another matter when you get to Langres, magnificently placed on a towering bluff, with a venerable and stirring history and a proper pride in having given birth to Diderot, whose statue stands in the *place*, but with a population absolutely indifferent to their river. Still, I suppose a river one can jump across seems no great thing. The people we asked could only tell us that it did not rise from a near lake, as we had thought, and was not the little stream that we could see running round in the valley; and even of this they were not sure until we had trudged to both lake and stream. Then some one suggested that perhaps the Marne rose somewhere over the hills, which was a trifle vague.

The more we asked, the more curious they all became. What did two foreigners want with the source of the river? Spies, of course; for Langres is very near



CLIFFS ON THE UPPER RIVER



CANAL BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE NEAR LANGRES



A LOCK ON THE MARNE



THE MARNE AT JOINVILLE

the German frontier, and *l'affaire*, the unspeakable *affaire*, had just entered upon a new stage. In the last thirty years the average Frenchman has lost nothing of his old hatred and suspicion of the Germans, a fact that it is well to recognize when traveling through his country. Probably it is natural, and I have no doubt it would be just as bad with us, or a thousand times worse, if Spain were next door to America. However, we made as few inquiries as possible, and on the morning of our second day in Langres we fortunately did meet a man who may never have gone so far himself, but who actually knew where the source was to be found.

We came to it about three miles to the southeast of the town, in a solitude so

complete that it might have been worlds away. To be accurate, the river has three sources, though this hardly accounts for the confusion on the subject, since they are close together in the same pretty green

gorge, shut in by precipitous little cliffs.

The first is at the head of the gorge, in a cave called La Marnotte. The French, who, like the Romans, express their love for nature by religious symbols, have consecrated the silent gorge to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue is set up in the rock above the cave—the same Virgin who

crowns the topmost peak of Le Puy, who makes the tragic way of the cross up the steep slopes of Rocamadour, who so often in France guards or completes the beauty of the landscape, so that you wonder which is prettier, the simple piety of the people



THE MARNE NEAR SAINT DIZIER



VITRY-LE-FRANÇOIS



THE BRIDGE NEAR CHÂLONS



THE MARNE AT ÉPERNAY

or their decorative fashion of showing it. At the feet of the Virgin of La Marnotte, steps lead to a locked door in the ground from which the river first flows, or should flow, into sight; but not so much as a drop of water was oozing out when we were there at the end of a tropical summer. Not far from it, however, the other two springs had done their work, and a streamlet began to trickle through the meadow, and, not much farther, there was a little dam and a little mill, and the Marne may be said to have fairly started on its career.

Before long it was passing a tiny village, with a picturesque church, a great war statue, and smelly old farm-houses—the French village. And before it had gone more than a mile or so on its way, it had arrived at all the dignity of a three-arch bridge and a valley of its own. Like everything else in France, the rivers have to work, and here was the Marne, in its babyhood, turning its little mill, and by the time it had run its course down to Langres it was joined by the canal of the Saône and Marne, and from that moment, until it lost itself in the Seine at Paris, it was the River of

Commerce, though, to look at it, you might never have imagined it concerned itself with anything more businesslike than beauty. But France is the thriftiest country in the world, and the busiest, and nothing must be wasted, from the people's labor to the grass that grows by the wayside. We saw the peasants mowing even the narrow strip along the tow-path. As for the Marne, it supplied its canal so industriously that, after Langres, it was little more than a series of dams and back-waters, choked with lilies and reeds.

This made it enchanting from the pictorial point of view. It was a succession of beautiful pictures, which, to be genuine classics, needed only the shepherds playing their pipes in the pleasant shade when the noonday sun is hot and singing in gentle rivalry, but who have long since disappeared before the *pêcheur à ligne*, his wife, and his family.

From the practical point of view, however, there were drawbacks. It became a serious question how we were to get down the river and enjoy these pictures—one reason, perhaps, why so few travelers have seen it. No boat, not so much as a



WHERE THE MARNE BROADENS



THE MARNE NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

canoe, could be forced through the reeds and the lilies without a great deal of trouble, while, every mile or so, one would have to get out and carry it round a weir—a *bar-rage* of sharp-pointed posts.

Then the next best plan would be to take a barge on the canal. But we had not the unlimited leisure for a boat that goes at so easy a pace that one may see all day the same church spire on the horizon.

No sooner, however, did the canal join the river than there was a tow-path quite good enough for our bicycles. And it made an extremely pretty road. On one side was the canal, on the other the river. Sometimes the canal went over the river, crossing and recrossing it, once disappearing in a tunnel, and, as a rule, keeping

well out of the way of towns and villages. Indeed, so successfully did the Marne avoid the towns that I remember that first day, after Langres, we passed only one or two little villages until at last, late in the

afternoon, we began to wonder what in the world had become of Chaumont, where we had planned to spend the night. We ought to have come to it, according to the people, "some little quarter of an hour" sooner.

Still we rode, and still there was no Chaumont, and fi-

nally there were no people, and it grew dark. Yet Chaumont is supposed to be on the Marne, and is a town of many thousand inhabitants. But it was as invisible from the waterside as are so many of the towns of the Norfolk Broads, and



AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



BELOW CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



THE MARNE AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE



THE VALLEY OF THE MARNE

we had gone miles beyond it before we discovered our mistake.

This helps to explain the character and the charm of the Marne. It is a pastoral stream, shrinking from noise and excitement of any kind. It is not, like the Seine, "bordered by cities and hoarse with a thousand cries." On its banks is no romantic succession of castles, as on the Loire and the Rhone, or of pretty villages, as on the Saône. It is so shy that often, as at Chaumont, you may think yourself miles away from the nearest house, while beyond the wood or behind the hill rise the smoke and spires of a thriving town. The scenery is as quiet. While most rivers starting from a high plateau force their way violently through gorges and tear like torrents across the country, the Marne flows as placidly as the streams of the Lotus-Eaters' land, and draws its waters as slowly from the purple hills. Here and there the shores contract and fall to the water in vertical cliffs, but on a miniature and dainty scale. Then the

high banks gradually lower, and the landscape widens, and on each side stretches the broad, beautiful plain where cattle are at pasture. Sometimes the plain meets the white horizon, sometimes it is bounded by low, rolling hills, and always it is full of variety of light and shadow. On the Marne one remembers the definition of classic landscape as one in which everything is elegantly, not passionately, treated; for everywhere, in the curves of the river, in the tree forms and in their grouping, in the lines of the rounded hills, in the tender green of the meadow-land, is this elegance—the elegance of Claude, of Corot. The river never quickens its pace. It is not met by any great tributaries, only occasionally by a sluggish brook, which, however, I always found dignified into a river in the guide-book. Nevertheless, it keeps on growing, until at Châlons it is about as big as it ever is; for, after that, the canal drains it so constantly that even near Paris it is in places frequently choked with reeds and lilies.



THE BRIDGE OF THE MARNE AT MEAUX



THE MARNE NEAR MEAUX

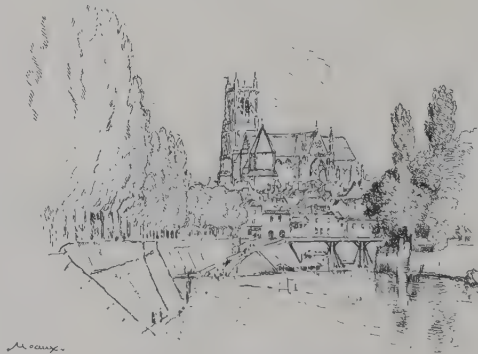
But the Marne, if it shuns the excitement of towns and villages, has a life of its own, and a very all-engrossing life it seems. We were continually passing the barges, not only trailed by slow horses along the canal, but drawn up among the reeds, the boatman apparently as indifferent to town distractions as is the river. We were also continually passing fishermen, who, the whole way from Langres to Paris, sat in endless rows, solemn, meditative, the one serious element in the river industry.

It is to the credit of the Marne that it is able to retain this shyness, this pastoral charm, while passing through one of the busiest parts of rich, prosperous, hard-working France. The slow barges, the meditative fishermen, the sleepy, green

banks, might make us forget for a time that life held any more urgent task than the idling away of the hot September day. Then, on the rare occasions when we came to a town, we would see the factory

chimneys smoking and hear the hum of machinery, and later on, toward Épernay, we would look beyond the poplars to great hillsides of vines, and it would occur to us that we were in the old province of Champagne, the wealthiest wine district of a wine-growing country, and that the French

are no mean competitors in the manufacturing race for millions. On the highroad we might have been oppressed by all these signs of commercial energy and prosperity, as one is in the neighborhood of Lille, for example. On the



IN THE CITY OF MEAUX



THE MILLS AT MEAUX

Marne they never ceased to be a surprise; we never could get used to them. Yet almost all the towns the upper river has the courage to approach are commercial. Now and then a little place may try half-heartedly to remain purely picturesque, like Joinville, which finds it distinction enough to have been the birthplace of the great chronicler whose name it bears. But Joinville is among the few exceptions. Saint-Dizier, one of the first important towns, is wholly commercial. Vitry-le-François, though it owes its name and even its existence to that François who created the love of art in France, and who, I imagine, built its gates and bridges, cannot escape the taint of its position at the junction of the Marne and the canal that connects the river and the river trade with the Rhine. As for Châlons, which comes next and is one of the chief cities in the department of the Marne, it is a big and bustling trade center. Strictly speaking, it is not on the river at all. It stands rather on one of the numerous canals that intersect the entire country about here. It is curious that the French, who have done more than most nations to cultivate the graces of life, should be the people to boast the most perfect system of canals and roads in the world; more curious still that, when most practical, they are still careful not to sacrifice the purely graceful or decorative. The roads and canals are built for use, but, between their serried ranks of



THE MARNE NEAR NOGENT

in the cafés there is a ceaseless clanking of officers' swords against the marble-topped tables and a clinking of spurs. And there are big barracks, and many drills, and a stirring sound of bugles. For Châlons is on the direct line from Paris to the frontier, and the old provinces of La Champagne and La Brie have always been a fighting-ground from the remote past of Clovis, which Frenchmen can afford to think of with equanimity, to the vivid yesterday of the Franco-German War, of which I wish the little river could wash away all memories, as it has all traces on its shore. In Châlons it is not much easier to forget than on the grave-strewn field of Grave-

lotte or in the well-to-do streets of Sedan, where we had been the summer before.

Châlons has small time to think of art of any kind, past or present, for all its interests that are not military have been absorbed by champagne. For a hundred commercial travelers who stop to study the quality of the year's vintage, the chances are that not more than one artist, or architect, or student, stays to study the really beautiful cathedral of St.-Étienne, with its fine old glass, and the even lovelier church of Notre-



THE MARNE NEAR PARIS



THE CHÂTEAU MARNE

Dame, with its wonderful Romanesque sculptures, and the occasional old fifteenth- or sixteenth-century building that can be found by wandering through the streets.

Still, champagne is only one of the chief interests at Châlons; it is Épernay's whole existence. The place seems fairly to bubble and froth and overflow with champagne, so insolently, almost blusteringly, does it wear its prosperity. It is full of big, aggressively brand-new houses, all as alike as two peas—built after the pattern of a Noah's ark, with a bit of machine-made decoration added. That is the sort of thing that one comes across wherever building is going on throughout France. For it is the present ideal of the Beaux-Arts, and it will be of America, too, if we do not take care; and not even the fine name of *Neo-Grec* bestowed upon it can make up for its empty monotony. I do not understand why there should be so little endeavor to reproduce the beautiful old French domestic architecture, of which examples are to be had in many French

towns. The champagne kings of Épernay would have to go only a short distance up or down the Marne to supply themselves with better models than the academic plans of the modern architect.

However, if one lives in a town called Épernay what inducement is there to think of anything but champagne? And the names of the near towns, not on the Marne, but within easy reach, are also only synonyms for the wine which, Mr. Henry James says, is the most agreeable of all the delightful gifts of France to the world. Sillery is only a few miles away, Rheims not many more. And now, on each side the river, are the green hills where folly grows, and there is one long vista of vineyards. They are never as beautiful as the vineyards of Italy, where the vine still festooned from tree to tree as in Vergil's time seem, Gautier thought, to dancing an endless *farandole* through the golden corn. In France nothing disputes the soil with the vines; they twine about low poles, are carefully pruned, and are cultivated with great neatness. I always



CONFLUENCE OF THE MARNE WITH THE SEINE NEAR CHARENTON



IN CHARENTON

remember Mr. James's description of the country about Épernay. "The effect at a distance"—he was in the railway-train,—"was that of vast surfaces, long, subdued billows of pincushion." An English hop-garden is prettier and more luxuriant than a French vineyard; but when it is a question of the value of a vast space of green in the landscape, there is not much choice, and a Kentish road, winding between hop-gardens and cherry-orchards, has no greater charm than the Marne running and turning, with its willows and poplars, among the sunny, vine-clad hills. But what a difference in results—beer and champagne!

Gradually, as we rode, there was a slight change in the village architecture along the shores. The washed stone houses of the upper river began to give way to half-timbered cottages. But the character of the river scarcely varied. We kept thinking, as we got farther down, that at every town we must find the boats, when we could leave our bicycles for a while, and, drifting or sailing or sculling down the Marne, study the world on its banks from the river itself. But lovely as the river was, there was no drifting or sailing or sculling to be had. There were no boats, except, perhaps, a fisherman's punt lying right across the channel, or a lonely ferry, until we reached Château-Thierry, where, when we wheeled into it in the late afternoon, we did see a little pleasure-craft, with white sails flying, steering toward the golden west.

A few miles farther on, and the pleasure-boat, like the King of France and his twenty thousand men, had to turn round and go home again. For below this, as in the upper stretches, navigation for any distance was impossible. The guide-book may assure you that the river is navigable all the way from Saint-Dizier to Paris, but this means navigable by the aid of the canal to which the river has shifted all its active commercial responsibilities. Free from care, the Marne itself goes meandering off, vagabondizing gaily in the most irrelevant curves and loops, in gleaming rings sluggishly winding through valley and plain, still avoiding the towns when it can. And somewhere about here it leaves La Champagne for La Brie, where the people have the reputation of taking life, when they are not fighting, as easily

as the river—as they should, for nowhere does cultivation look so well able to take care of itself; and on the Marne flows between the same green banks, the same green vineyards, the same green meadows dotted with the cattle one naturally expects to see in the province that has given its name to a world-renowned cheese, and where there is scarcely a town that has not christened another of more strictly local fame.

And so, flowing past Nanteuil and Méry, it comes to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a little town with innumerable memories, sad and gay, and perhaps the most perfect picture the river has to show. The ruins of the castle of the Condés are a reminder that this peaceful valley was the scene of the fierce religious wars of the sixteenth century. The town once claimed Mme. de Pompadour among its children, but though the authorities are not now so sure about it, one cannot quite forget her on the Marne just here. For she, too, played a leading part in the prologue to the great tragedy from which even quiet La Ferté could not altogether escape. It was one of the places where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI stopped as they were brought back, prisoners really, to Paris, after the mad flight to Varennes. From the hill above the town one looks far down a valley so smiling—to use the French adjective for it—one cannot believe it ever served as background for anything sadder than the dance of Corot's nymphs or the shepherding of Watteau's flocks. Everywhere the Marne is lined with Corots, or, to be more exact, with subjects for Corot. The only originality of the great landscape-painter was to see, as no one had seen before, the grace and exquisiteness and elegance of his native land, and to make just such scenery as this on the Marne a mine for all French landscape-painters—only, really, as you can learn in the Salon any year, they have not yet discovered the Marne. People are apt to think of France as the dullest, most monotonous country in Europe, all "weari-some plains," as Shelley described it. But I can never cycle along French roads or by French rivers without wondering why this should be. Ruskin is one of the few foreigners who have appreciated the variety and distinction of its beauty. There is a passage in his "Modern Paint-

ers" which seems to me to express this beauty so well, in so few words, that I cannot help quoting it. "Of all countries," he says, "for educating an artist to the perception of grace, France bears the bell; and that, not romantic nor mountainous France, not the Vosges, nor Auvergne, nor Provence, but lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, the valleys of the Loire and Seine, and even the district so thoughtlessly and mindlessly abused by English travelers as uninteresting, traversed between Calais and Dijon; of which there is not a single valley but is full of the most lovely pictures, nor a mile from which the artist may not receive instruction: this due chiefly to the grandeur of its lines of poplars and the unimaginable finish and beauty of its tree forms." And between Calais and Dijon, he might have said as truly, the valley of the Marne is the loveliest of all.

After La Ferté, lock-keepers became most disagreeable and the tow-path most awful. We were not allowed to take a boat on the canal, and we could not get one on the river. The only thing to do was to look with envy at the great express canal-boats that rush through by steam from Antwerp, from Brussels, from Havre, to Marseilles, and to conciliate the lock-keeper when we could, and make the short cut with the canal through the fields. For now there was no keeping by the side of the vagabond Marne. It was far too capricious for any road. When we were forced to the highway, we would lose sight of it, and rejoin it, and then lose sight of it again. The result was a series of surprises, none more to our fancy than when we rode suddenly out upon the bridge of mills which leads into Meaux. The little jeweler-shops of the Ponte Vecchio are famous the world over, but who has heard of the picturesque old mills that twice bridge the Marne as it passes by this ancient cathedral town? More pastoral prettiness there may be above, more animation below, but nowhere on the river is there such picturesqueness as here, where the old, many-storied, weather-beaten mills have faced one another for untold years, while below the water has gone dashing over the wheels, and along the shore, now with its embankment, the fishermen have cast their lines, and across the bridge the peasants, in their

heavy market-carts, have rumbled into Meaux.

The town does not altogether carry out the picturesque promise of the river-banks; but I remember with pleasure an old inn, built round a fine court, relic, I fancy, of posting days, with, inside, a stately old stairway and a bedroom overlooking a shady flower-garden. I remember, too, the cathedral, where, ages before it was so cruelly restored, the great nave was filled with the eloquence of Bossuet, name from which instinctively I shrink. I can never outgrow early impressions, and Bossuet, with Bourdaloue and Fénelon, represents for me the tortures of French class. I have hated his eloquence ever since. But I shall have a kindlier feeling for the Bishop of Meaux now that I have been in the cathedral where he preached his tormenting sermons, and have lingered by the stairway up and down which, no doubt, he usually passed from his palace to his pulpit.

Another surprise of another kind was when, below Lagny, once famous for the yearly fair, we were met by an overpowering, all-pervading smell of chocolate, even before we rode into Noisiel. As for the town, it reeked of chocolate. There were storehouses of chocolate, and trains of chocolate starting for the uttermost ends of the earth, and posters in praise of chocolate, and shops for the selling of chocolate, and palaces built upon a solid foundation of chocolate. For at Noisiel are great chocolate factories, and the town seemed to have no other interest or occupation.

A surprise again was waiting at Bry, where we began to feel the influence of Paris, where there was a suburban steam-tram, and where we found quite a different Marne—a cockney Marne, one might say; to which, just as all London escapes on Sunday to the Thames about Hampton Court and Molesey Lock, all Paris comes once a week, when the river for the day is as gay and animated as in the upper reaches it is always slumberous and still. We found boats on the water, and boats to hire, and landing-places all along. And there were the *villas bourgeoises*, the little foolish rose and green and yellow chalets and kiosks, and the gardens with their big balls of white metal among the flowers, which Daudet thought so tragic when he

saw them one December morning through the smoke of battle. Was there ever another country with such power to pull itself together and stand on its own feet again? When one remembers Daudet's description, and then finds the foolish little villas as spick and span as ever, and the gardens as trim, and the only reminder of those terrible days the monument on the hill at Champigny, where so many of the brave little soldiers fell on those two memorable early winter days of 1870, one



THE OLD BRIDGE AT CHARENTON

sees in a small way what, in a greater, has been accomplished throughout the country by the thrift and energy of the people. It is strange, really, how few traces are left of the German invasion. There is hardly a town that has not still its share of broken sculptures and dishonored churches and palaces to attest to the fury of the Revolution, now a century old; but only a monument here and there, or a tomb, marks the passage of the Germans, even where they worked such havoc as here in the valley of the Marne.

To be honest, one does not think of all this while one wanders down the banks on Sunday. It is far too gay. The river, with its Sunday color and life and movement, was constantly suggesting the Thames to me; but with a difference, for it was as French as the Thames is English. Everywhere the day's festival was in full swing: at Nogent, which well becomes its statue of Watteau, and is as pretty as any village, even Pangbourne or Mapledurham on the Thames; at Joinville-le-Pont, where the Marne, as if in despair to think the end of its wanderings at last within sight, takes one long stupendous turn, the longest on its route, while the canal dives deliberately through the hills to save time; at Charenton, known better as the place where Paris sends its poor mad people. The shores were crowded: on the road, a procession of cycles, the men in their startling jerseys, the women in their hideous bloomers; on the banks, rows of fishermen, and once we came to a fish-

ing *concours*, all the anglers of the Marne congregated, it seemed, in one spot. The river was crowded with every sort of craft, except where the course was cleared for a wonderful water-tournament, the Parisian version of the Provençal *joute*. And all along, little inclosures, shut in by reed fences, made an endless ballroom, where men and women turned perpetually in a solemn waltz to the jangling of a steam or other big hurdy-gurdy, and occasionally to the brazen sounds of a shockingly bad

band. The air was as strong with the smell of fried fish as Drury Lane or any little Venetian *calle*, and, mingling with it at the hour of the *apéritif*, were the fumes of absinthe, of which all France is redolent every morning at eleven and every afternoon at five. The crowds were enjoying themselves, as only French crowds can, with a certain grace of manner that is as distinctly the charm of the people as grace of form and line is of the landscape.

But the Marne, though near Paris it has this Sunday interval of gaiety, is on all other days fairly true to itself to the very end. The crowds have gone, and, for the most part, the river runs between shores as rural as if it were still winding through the pasture-lands of La Brie or between the vineyards of La Champagne. Only yesterday, even at Charenton, it must have been as quiet and deserted, for Corot, painting on the banks close by, could find nothing more exciting to put in his picture than a woman in a punt held fast among the reeds and lilies; while to Turner, at the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, the repose seemed so overdone that in his drawing he was forced to stir the river into life by the paddle of a single steamboat. But to-day Charenton is nothing but a mass of smoking chimneys, huge warehouses, busy factories, penny steamboats, and canal barges and bargees, a place all astir with the noise and bustle and prosperity of a large port. It was funny to remember that here, where

the very air is tainted with commerce, and life becomes eminently practical, not a hundred years ago, Shelley, Mary, and Claire—Mary in a black-silk gown—started to walk across France with a donkey, surely three of the most delightfully foolish and inconsequent young people who ever set out in life together.

The Marne was not less willing than we were to reach the end of its journey at the bridge of Charenton. I have read somewhere that this really is not the end—that the Marne preserves its independence as it flows, side by side with the Seine, past Notre-Dame, past the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries, past the golden

dome of the Invalides, past the Champ-de-Mars, and so on all through Paris, past the fortifications, until at Meudon the stronger Seine finally conquers and absorbs it. If there is any scientific authority for this, I do not know. But I should be slow to believe that the Marne, careful heretofore to avoid the towns on its route, would of a sudden show itself so eager to fight its way through the biggest of them all. It may be that, just as the light lingers after the sun has set, so the current cannot be checked at the very point of meeting with the Seine. But the Marne, as a river, ceases to exist at Charenton, and there one of our many voyages of discovery was over.



THE COLONEL'S COLLECTION

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



BY the time they were three days out there were still at least a dozen of his fellow-passengers to whom the Colonel had not imparted, in all confidence, the reason for his crossing; and there were at least another dozen who were as yet in darkness regarding that outrageous circumstance which, at the last hour, had all but brought him to change his mind and refuse to cross at all.

In the matter of the first, he was voy-

aging to Europe to gather that collection of pictures which alone would be worthy of his recently erected mansion in Parkersburg—which, again, with the less-informed, constrained him to unbosom himself even more intimately. It was upon his estate in West Virginia that had been made that recent famous discovery of coal—"I suppose, sirs, to be frank about it, the greatest discovery of coal that has ever been made in North America." The monetary consideration

which the United States Coke & Smelting Company had thrust upon him for even a small portion of that estate "had vi'tually compelled him to set up a place propo'tionate. A man owes no less to his country and his State, sehs."

Having built his mansion, he had been immediately made to feel that it was no less incumbent upon him to go still further. He had purchased five new dogs, all sure enough thoroughbreds, too; but the people in his part appeared to expect other things from him. Finally some of them had suggested pictures, and forthwith he had acquiesced therein. "But when my niece in New Yo'k, from whose studio I had already been able to obtain sev'yal admi'able canvases,—I take it you have all huhd of huh, sehs; huh wo'k yields to that of no painteh on the continent,—when she luhnd that it was natchully my intention to confine myself, save foh huh of cou'se, to the ahtists of my native State, she advised me most strongly to the cont'a'y. 'Uncle Cal,' she said, 'I know yoh natchuh, and I know you will insist on havin' only masteh-pieces. Ve'y well, Uncle,' she said, 'theh 's no use yoh stoppin' half-way. You must go di'ect to Pa'is.' " Hither the Colonel was now betaking himself, *via* Liverpool, London and Dover.

The second matter, the outrageous circumstance, had come from his having taken that Liverpool and London route. In the last five minutes on the New York pier he had learned that Peter the Great could not go along with him. In fact, no canine whatever, not introduced by week-long leading-strings of red-tape, could be landed in the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at all! It was something which had affronted the Colonel the more intolerably, too, in so much that ever since the war years he had entertained the most friendly relations with England, and he was surely asking very little in return. As he further said, it was n't as if he was bringing the other nine along. "Moh than that, sehs, as it is hahdly necessa'y to say to those of you who cast yoh eyes oveh the animal when on the wha'f, Peter the Great is undoubtedly the finest specimen of Great Dane in the United States. I will not say in the wo'ld, foh I have neveh had the opportunity of matchin' him with the im-

peyial kennels of St. Petehsbu'g. You undehtand, of cou'se, sehs, that the Great Dane and the Russian boa'-hound ah one and the same strain."

The Colonel had felt, too, that Peter the Great would have made it easier for him to open the portals of acquaintance-ship. There were still no fewer than five stokers and almost as many deckhands whose admiring friendship the old gentleman had not made as yet. "The human animal, seh, inehently distrusts and fights shy of his own breed; but what man of fine principle and hono'able soul does not feel a kyind of natchul affinity foh a clean-strain dog! And as foh Peter the Great!"

What alone had persuaded his owner to make the voyage without him was that he had engaged himself to meet his young friend Belknap in Paris a week from Wednesday.

II

BELKNAP was a young man of much talent and good nature. He was just finishing his course in architecture, and he knew his way around with a brush as well. The particular friend of the Colonel's niece in New York had had his very willing promise that, as far as he could possibly be of assistance to the old gentleman, therein should he be wholly at his service; he always took a holiday through most of June, July, and August, anyway. It is not improbable, for reasons which need not intrude themselves upon the present story, that his entire readiness to be good to the Colonel came not altogether from a singleness of mind. But that aside. All that need be said is that he looked forward to his weeks in commission as to weeks of fine-weather sailing on summer seas. He would be undertaking a task in all things congenial, flattering, and easy of accomplishment.

But it did not prove to be easy at all. From the first it might well appear that the Colonel felt that his own position as a connoisseur could alone be established by a policy of judicially pronounced and maintained objections. "Yes, seh, it 's ve'y tol'able, ve'y tol'able, indeed," he would say. "As you p'int out, theh 's coloh in that pictchuh, a te'ible lot of

coloh, I may say. But throw yoh eye oveh that theh middle distance, Belknap; speakin' pu'ely as ahtist, what do you think of that theh middle distance?" It was not long, too, before he had borrowed "chiaroscuro," "tone color," and "atmospheric values" from Belknap's vocabulary, and he turned them upon him with an effect no less decisive.

His criticisms, moreover, were generally upon much broader lines than those which suggested themselves to the young man's mind. Among other of the "moh mode'n tendencies of the painteh's aht," he deplored the use of too much blue and purple. "And foh the most pah't they leave theih canvases extrao'-dina'ily rough. You look at them side-ways, and it 's sho as if they 'd left the bahk on them."

His guide said that he would no doubt find the old masters much more admirable; but the Colonel was compelled to pronounce against them, too. "They ah a soht of thing that was all right foh old feudal countries an' mona'chies and so fo'th; but wheh theh 's real progress, you won't find them any moh. When you get back to Ame'ica, Belknap, you'll find they 've given up paintin' them altogetheh."

Belknap, with a doggedness of good intention which would not be defeated, began to introduce him to various individual artists. They at once proceeded to dine and wine the old gentleman with an effusiveness which only aroused his immediate distrust. "It might be just as well foh you to give them a tip, my friend, always polite, of cou'se, that I 'm a kyind that it 's no use tryin' to play with foh a suckeh." He did not like their green drinks either; and the indigestion which followed the spiced meats of the great boulevard restaurants gave every sign of resulting in a dyspepsia no less of the spirit than of the duodenum. Certain other things worked upon his bile, too. One distinguished young member of the Batignolles studios asked him in very bad English if there was any style of picture which he really preferred. The Colonel, to be quite safe, mentioned Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The youthful genius, who was of the following of Puvis de Chavannes, thereby received a shock that he could not, for all

his tact of profession and nationality, altogether dissimulate. "And afteh bein' careful to hold in ev'ything I might have said," blew off the Colonel afterward, "about *his* skim-milk, bleached-out, dyin'-of-wea'yiness soht of wo'k!"

Two days later they met him in the Parc Monceau. With him there was a fine gray deer-hound wearing a muzzle. And this last circumstance more than confirmed the Colonel in his opinion of him. "He an't even got an eye foh beauty," he said. "Without that mis'er-able rat-trap round his jaws theh 's a dog that would be runnin' out six inches of fluted rose-leaf finch than you 'll see in any of yoh conse'vato'ies. And as foh the humanity of it, why, seh, a dog gets the same natchul comfo't in takin' his 'cool-off through his tongue that a-way as a man does in takin' his iced julep through a straw."

Belknap began walking him through the Salons. But it was plain that the old gentleman was gradually filling with that antipathy to all pictures which comes from dragging one's self day by day between alleys of miles of them. In the end he began to hunch his shoulders and to balk with an old man's stubbornness. He wanted young Belknap's advice, as he told himself, "but I neveh could stand to be fo'ced. And while it was a great pleasuh to view theih Salons,—though I could n't see the need foh moh than *one* of them,—theh was sholy no need foh Belknap to begin talkin' of stahtin' out in the mawnin' befoh I had been oveh to the Heyald Office to see if any Charleston men o' Parkersburgers had been arrivin' recently." Was it that the old gentleman had walked into a world not realized, and his vagueness of uncertainty and discontent came from a kind of general homesickness?

At any rate, he had been in Paris for six weeks, spring had become midsummer, and he had yet to put his first canvas into storage. About Belknap's neck hung the millstones of responsibility. He had a choice of doing a number of things, all equally inadvisable. But about that time another exhibition of art was opening in Brussels. It was an exhibition of "Independents," and the Flemish "Independents" go to a length in the impressionistic faith which would give qualmish

pause to Monet and Renoir. That their work, therefore, would find favor with the Colonel was in no wise probable. But it would at least be cooler in Belgium, and a wholesome change of air. Belknap spoke to the Colonel about it, and the Colonel showed at once that he would go most gladly.

III

THEIR arrival in Brussels might indeed have been a *joyeuse entrée*; but they had scarcely driven out of the station yard when they passed two Belgian dogs in muzzles. Belknap hastily explained that this was enforced by civic statute. The old gentleman shut his lips and sat back. On the next square, however, his eyes fell upon something whereat nothing in the world could have restrained him.

It was a third dog, and this time it was not merely muzzled, but, in complete harness and under the guidance of a leather-faced young peasant, was tugging at a heavy vegetable barrow.

The Colonel was out and on the curb before the landau had stopped. Belknap kept his seat long enough to realize the futility of either argument or expostulation, then he followed. And acting as half-way interpreter, he turned the Colonel's explosions of West Virginian into French for their coachman's understanding; the latter in his turn bewilderedly turned them into broken Flemish for the comprehension of the countryman. In five minutes the dog had changed hands; it was out of harness forever, and the Colonel was lifting it in in front of him. In another quarter of an hour he was helping one of the white-aproned hall-boys of the Hôtel Splendide to tie it in a boskily secluded corner of the inner court.

The old man was still breathing hard. "Lawd!" he said. "I neveh huhd of such a thing! The mis'able, lazy, misbegotten scound'el! I sh'u'd say if he 'd spent *minutes*, he 's spent *days* rivettin' up that collah and yoke and traces! And I don't doubt he was calculatin' to have the helpless beast haul that go-caht of his foh the rest of his natchul life!"

It was again Belknap's duty to supply enlightenment. But this time he shirked. It would only spoil the Col-

onel's luncheon; he could break it to him over the cigars. But after luncheon he shuffled again; it would be some diversion first to go over and look at the exhibition of the "Independents."

That exhibition was one which only too quickly removed any final doubts he had as to what would be the old gentleman's opinion of the artistic standards of the *nouveau siècle*. The teller of this tale has no desire to make it the vehicle of any narrow and Philistine point of view of his own, but it must be written down without equivocation that the first room into which chance turned the Colonel's steps was hung with canvases which were to him, at least, of as staggering a novelty as if they had been so many sections of framed wall-paper or of pictorial rag-carpet. From the beginning of their picture-viewing pilgrimages, Belknap had been defeated in all his efforts to have the old gentleman preserve the proper focusing distance; he had always insisted upon getting in close, "to look foh the hidden masteh-touches." Now, however, he went backward as if he had been thrown upon his beam-ends.

"Good God, Belknap!" he said; "I—I neveh—" Then, with sudden doubt: "I trust that you will not see fit to make spoht of me, seh."

No, Belknap was certainly not making sport of him. He could at any rate readily assure himself of that; it was no double insult that was being inflicted upon his intelligence. He advanced to close quarters, and fixedly regarded some of the canvases again. If he had felt it necessary in Paris to criticize that abuse of blues and purples in our modern art, he was now given an opportunity to pass judgment upon pictures which might well seem to have been soused in the ultramarine of the domestic wash-tub. He saw "Sunsets at Sea" which were like archaic eggs broken on the end of coal-oil barrels. Nay, he saw pictures upon which the paint had manifestly been neither brushed nor flung: nor squirted. They were entirely composed of regular, bean-sized rhombs—chromatic harlequin coats of lavender and pea-green, violet and orange.

"I 'll neveh believe it," the Colonel kept saying, "I 'll neveh believe it! And, save us! oveh yandeh they ah *wo'se*, if

anything! No, Belknap; right heah 's wheh I quit. This is aht with the dis-tempeh, the chicken-pox, the pip! No, seh; no fu'ther foh me! I'll go get some fresh aih! We can meet again at the hotel round suppeh-time. You'll most likely find me lookin' afteh that theh dog of mine."

He got down the stairs, and fleeing through the square, made up the hill toward the Porte de Namur.

He had not gone a hundred yards along the boulevard before he received the third shock of the day. It was dog again. This time the animal was laboriously approaching him between the shafts of a cart on which were piled several hundreds of the first edition of "Le Soir." This time the Colonel did not shout at the man in charge of it; he had begun to recognize that Walloon was even less a natural form of human intercommunication than was French itself. He simply put himself in the middle of the road, and spread his arms as he had seen the gendarmes do on Paris crossings. The man, as yet only half-persuaded that he had to do with a disordered mind, veered off and attempted to steer around him. The Colonel sprang over and blocked him again. But even then he did not allow his indignation to explode. He merely brought his cane up to the guard and shook it quiveringly.

When, several minutes after that, the first Englishman came up the boulevard, and pushed stolidly into the crowd, now all but filling the street from curb to curb, with a voice of tremulous thunder the Colonel was addressing himself to the multitude at large. "Yes, sehs, by chance and good fo'tune I've got the both of them in the one day! The otheh was oveh in the loweh paht of the town. I should say he was the beginneh, foh his caht was oldeh. But if this heah chap has had it luhned to him, he's gone fu'theh in it. He's had *shafts* built foh the puppose! As you see, though, I ain't a-threatenin', fellow-citizens. I'm containin' myself, I'm actin' peaceable. I've got a little money to spend in a case like this, and all I'm a-askin' him is to say how much he'll take foh the animal the way he stands."

Belknap returned from the company of the "Independents" about five. He learned that the old gentleman had got

back an hour earlier, and in the courtyard of the Hôtel Splendide there was tied another canine, even leaner and more ill-favored than the first. Truly, the thing was becoming altogether too ridiculous. Six weeks in Paris without buying a picture! Six hours in Brussels and already—He made for the smoking-room. There he found the Colonel with frightful gestures detailing the outrage anew to a pair of wholly uncomprehending and very nervous-looking young Luxembourgers.

Belknap drew him off, got him into another corner, and sitting down with him, eye to eye, told him the truth in all its fullness. The Colonel, a hand on each knee, his head thrust forward, his mouth staringly a-gape at the ignominy of it, had to learn that in that Belgian capital, and, indeed, in very many other centers of the Flemish and Teutonic peoples, the practice of using dogs as animals of draught was general. The wonder was that he had not seen more of it already. They did not merely pull vegetable barrows and newspaper carts; he would find them put to almost every kind of hauling job in which their strength could prove of value.

The old man sat dumb. For once in twenty years his cigar had gone black out, half-smoked.

"Why," continued Belknap, a trifle ill at ease, "it is n't really anything out of the way, you know. It's merely using them like horses."

"But, *Lawd!* a ho'se—a ho'se has *always* had to wo'k. He's like a man: he's neveh knowed no betteh. But a dog—a dog's bawn with the free spiyit."

"Well, then, sticking to dogs; there's the Eskimo husky. And the Indians—"

"Sholy, sholy; but, with the husky, that's jest his natchul way of havin' *fun*. He's out on the snow and ice, hitched free and loose, and given a chance to run like bedevilled Ned. He's got company, he's got summehsettin' room, he can take his tuhn-an'-a-half around befoh he lies down—why, he's got length of tetheh enough to fight in in comfo't. He ain't muzzled up, and hooped in, drudgin' and draggin' a go-caht oveh Belgian blocks. And you tell me that theh ah hund'eds of dogs both heah and round-about a-doin' that?"

Belknap had once more to affirm it.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"IT WAS OUT OF HARNESS FOREVER, AND THE COLONEL WAS LIFTING
IT IN IN FRONT OF HIM"

"Ve'y well," said the Colonel, "I 've been given *my* commission. And I can see it was sho Providence that sent me hitheh. I cya'n't coveh theih *whole* kentry,—I 'm due home by the fyust of September,—but I 'm a-goin' to go my distance towa'ds stoppin' the thing *heah*."

IV

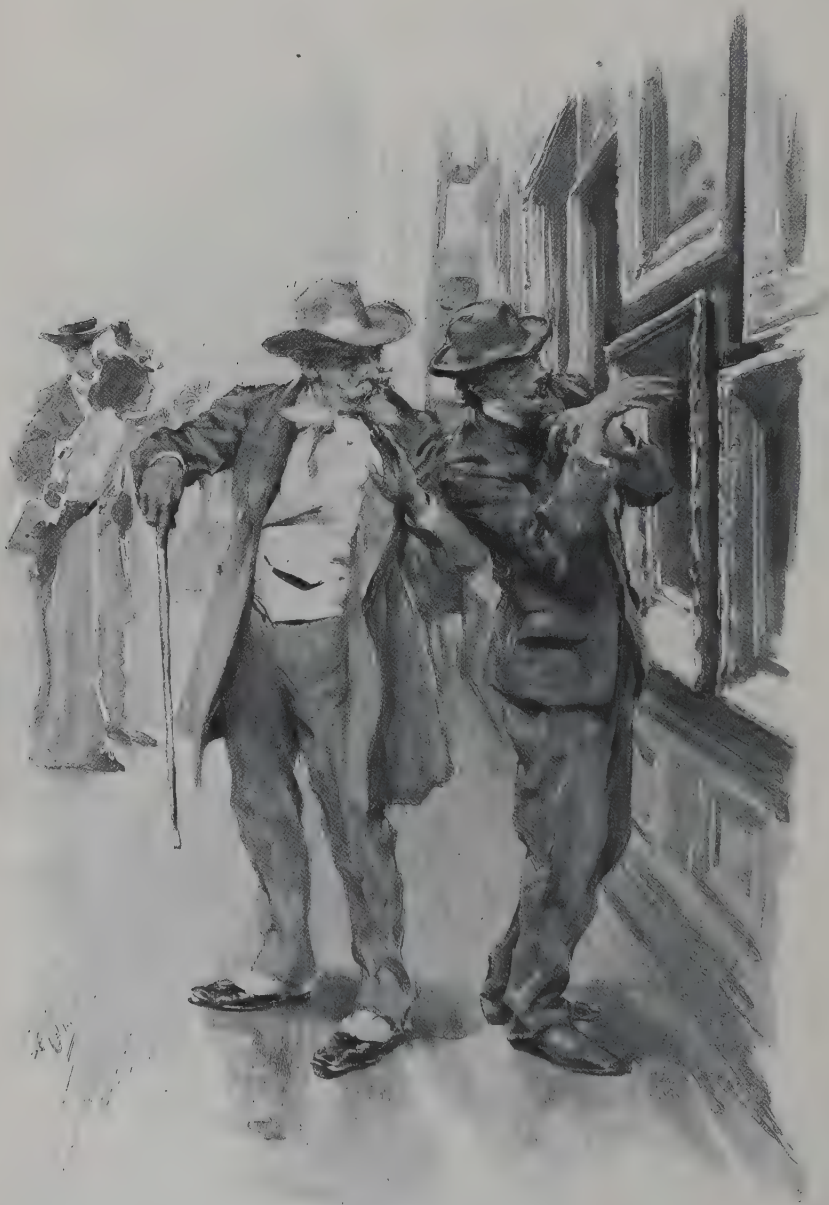
THE Colonel's plan for stopping it was not elaborate: it was simply that of buying up all the dogs in servitude that he could get his hands upon. But he went to work with the system and organization of an old campaigner. You can get anything save virtue and happiness from the major-domo of a Continental hotel. Next

morning the Colonel obtained the services of an interpreter and general commercial agent. He was a sleek, much-smiling young man whose name, mispronounced though it was by his fellow-countrymen, the old gentleman could still recognize as "John." It was something which made essentially for a wider basis of understanding and confidence.

And, indeed, when John comprehended what was desired of him from the present alienated foreigner, he showed unmistakably that it was employment capable of affording him some of the truest pleasure given to mortals this side of Paradise. When one of those stodgy Brabançons with his four-footed vassal swung into their field of vision, the Colonel

might swell with rage renewed, but in John's soul was only pure delight. Here was a *hobereau* who had every belief that his dog would go home with him that night and with him return to town yet

again to-morrow: on the contrary, in half an hour he would have no dog at all. And, if, too, that commercial agent subverted commissions not mentioned in the contract, he accomplished it with an ar-



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"'NO, BELKNAP, RIGHT HEAH 'S WHEN I QUIT'"

tistic virtuosity which did not allow the old man's feelings to be wounded by the first suspicion of it.

But, all that apart, it was such a buying combination as had never before sought the highways and market-places of Brussels. Milk carts were indefinitely halted. Ice barrows, diminutive tumbrils laden with baskets and sea-weed, *brancards* of yellow sand for café floors, bread carts, laundry carts, perambulating fruit and refreshment stands, one by one they fell into the the untiring net.

And when, by the afternoon of that second day, dogs, all alike of the most sad-eyed, gaunt, unlovely kind, were arriving at the Splendide no longer singly, but in twos and threes, there had been worked up a degree of popular excitement about the portals of that hotel, and an amount of expostulation from the guests within it, for which, having that peculiarly shrinking and self-conscious nature of high-class hostelry, it had no relish whatever. And when presently there again entered the Colonel, heaving of bosom, but fiercely triumphant of eye, the majordomo was regretfully compelled to call upon him most politely in his room.

The old gentleman had already learned a few things about the urbane and affable European. He started his right hand toward his pocket.

It was one of those flanking movements which must of necessity be victorious. The majordomo, as a true tactician, surrendered at once. Moreover, his *morale* still being excellent, he was able further to oblige the Colonel by remembering that leading into the rear court from the street behind it there was a little passage; and adjacent thereto was a large, if ancient, shed, which the "General" would doubtless find much more suited to his purposes than the court itself. Also it would give him much more room.

The Colonel could already foresee the need of that. He came back to luncheon, indeed, on the morrow, to inform Belknap, with a new burst of enthusiasm, that he had just made final arrangements to ship the first batch of the emancipated over to free America on the next Antwerp boat. "I cyan't in natchuh keep them any longeh as they ah. It's eitheh chain them in leash o' let them out in muz-

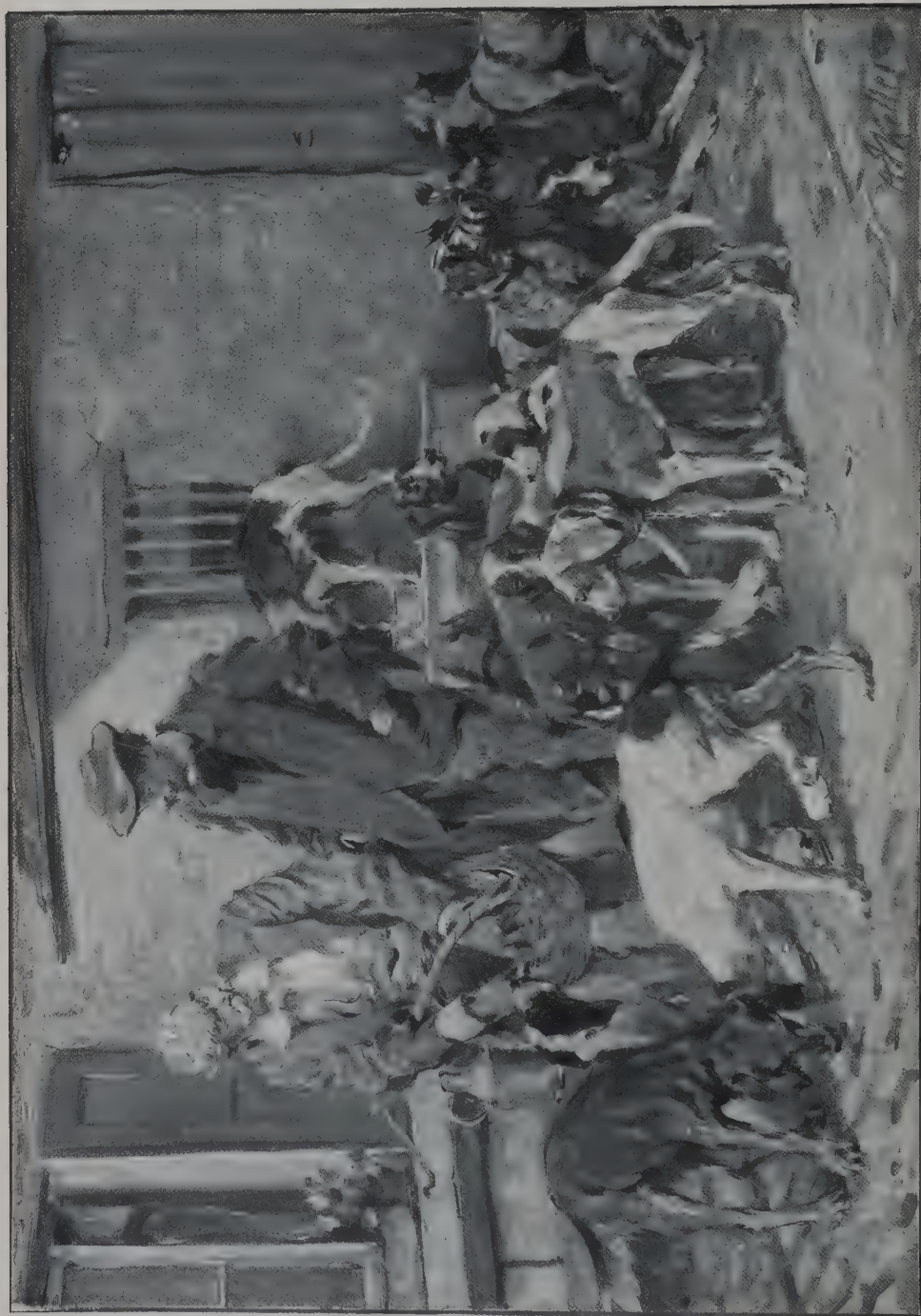
zle. And, as you said you'self yeste'day, theh ah suhtain conditions which sooner o' lateh become impossible. I've wiahed a letteh to the fahm; Chahlie and Jack 'll meet them in New Yo'k, and in anotheh two days they'll have moh room to run in than fox-hounds. But come out and look at them befoh they go. It ain't any Madison Squaih Gya'den Kennel Show; but it's somethin' foh a right-thinkin' mohltal to get a whole lot moh *satisfaction* out of."

He left the young man in the garden while he went around to the pantry window after a basket of beefsteak. And, as Belknap waited there, he felt himself ringed in by the gaze of his wondering fellow-guests more painfully than ever. Nor was it only that. In this last week this most absurd of counter-currents had completely washed his feet from under him. If the Colonel had ever intended to avail himself of his services, it was evident that he had absolutely forgotten it by now.

The old gentleman returned with the basket, and from the fountained court they passed through the little wicket and thence into the open door of the Colonel's barracoon.

It was certainly no kennel show. If tethered dogs stretched down both sides of it, there was no sudden and tumultuous "Yar-r" to greet the visitors. Crosses of hounds and Newfoundlands, Danes and pointers and shepherds, bulls and mastiffs and retrievers—all these there were, but not a clean-bred dog, not an animal that any fancier could have called beautiful in the whole lank, somber company. And from only one or two of those poor, bony tykes did a weak, uncertain yelp go up when the Colonel flung open the top of his basket.

For the present he was feeding only those which he had redeemed that morning. And if it was with bursts of famished greed that they bolted the meat so prodigally tossed to them, once they had eaten, they fell back into a kind of furtive nervousness, as if they believed that to attract attention would the sooner betray them for what they really were. "Lawd!" said the Colonel, letting himself down on an old wine crate, "my h'aht does sholy go out to them! It seems like they've fai'ly fohgotten how



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

“BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR PICTURES?”

to *snahl*." Toward one another, indeed, they acted with that dulled tolerancy of the over-driven. There was no thought of fighting. Heaven only knows that the desire for anything but rest had been long fagged out of them.

And Belknap felt the pity of it, too. But the imp of protest died slowly in him. "I should think by this time," he said, "you'd be 'getting some idea of what you've tackled."

What pettishness there was in the observation the Colonel overwhelmingly ignored. "Some idea, Belknap? You well may say it! In these last two o' three days I 've seen things I cayn't hahdly ask you to believe. You mahk that noble old codgeh up theh in the shadow? That dog, seh, is half Saint Be'nahd, and he was pullin' at a caht full of bottles and bones! No wondeh he cyan't bring hisself to hold his head up. At his age I don't reckon he eveh will again. And you see those theh six I've put undeuh the windows? Do you know how they weh hahnessed? *Beneath* the caht, seh; yes, seh, ev'y God-fohgotten man Jack of 'em! Not only had they to drudge the soul out of theihselfes, but theh had to do it undeuh conditions weh it would seem like it was no moh use foh them to have eyes, o' eahs, o' nose, o' any senses whatsoever! Now, seh, what is the greatest blot on Ame'ica, the dog-chuhn, compahed with *that*? I tell you again, Belknap, it was somethin' moh than chance that brought me up to this misbegotten bu'g."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the young man, with a baffled hopelessness, which, however, had sweetened and was more generous now; "but what about your *pictures*?"

"Pictchuhs? Pictchuhs? Why, heavens an' yuth, I sholy don't need to say that I 've no time foh that soht of thing jest now!" He rubbed his forehead for a moment, then added with something of apology, "Pe'haps a little lateh, Belknap; pe'haps a little lateh."

"You say you'll have to be sailing for home within a fortnight?"

"Sholy. I 've promised Eugina, that niece of mine, foh the fyust of Septembeh."

"Well, but—" Yet, even as he opened his mouth, understanding invaded him.

He looked down the length of the shed, and realized that the Colonel's collection had not merely been begun; it was rapidly shaping itself toward its completion.

V

THROUGHOUT the days that followed the Colonel rested not in completing it. Experience, too, had made him keener and more resourceful. That fiend-like astuteness which guides the hateful steps of the dog-catcher in our home cities was in those two weeks far distanced and surpassed in that chief city of the Belgians. By this time the Colonel did not stop with the purchase of the dog alone; he made his bargain include the harness, thereby taking double measures to checkmate and paralyze the shameless traffic for the future. By dint of exercising superhuman self-control, he had become otherwise canny, too. *Now*, only when John had the bargain safely made and the dog was in his hands did that queller of canine slavery give full voltage to his feelings.

The stolid mask of the huckster or dairyman or truck farmer expressed only a wordless and gawking amazement. To him, for the serf he had just been deprived of, the coin he was carrying off in his baggy velveteens probably represented the most adequate of compensation; but the Colonel never for a moment took any such view of the transaction. All the old gentleman saw was that the lout was compelled to depart from the field hauling his cart himself. "Yes, tug ahead," he would send after him, "you great, big, hulkin' mass of uselessness! Hitch up yoh bettehs, will you? Yes, tug and haul, and try to sweat out some of yoh *meanness*! I reckon I 've put a spoke in yoh wheel that you'll remembek foh long time to come."

When it was a case of a woman, chivalry interposed its shield. Yet, here too, if the Colonel said nothing, he bent upon each and every one of those much-offending females such a regard as he could not but feel would gradually sear deeper and deeper into their souls with a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Nor could he deny himself that fierce smile of triumph when the rescued dog was safely his.

As for the mere barter and exchange aspect of it, if time had permitted the Colonel to continue his buying during many days more, indubitably he would have loosed the links and parted the rivets of all the lesser intramural commerce of Brussels. It was not alone that the price of dogs was skied; for in this case none purchased ever got back upon the street again. And many late possessors of them were soon to realize that there was little prospect enough of their being able to get substitutes until such time as they would no longer be of use to them. There were milk and paper-routes which so fell away from all their former regularity that all their former patrons fell away from them. There were bundles of laundry that were delayed so long in delivery that it had been almost better for those laundrymen had they never attempted to deliver them at all. There were small fruits and vegetables unreckonable which got to market only for the tailings; and the sellers thereof were of so weakened and enfeebled a spirit that the buyers might have them at any price they chose. In short, there ensued such a degree of retributive demoralization as would almost have satisfied the Colonel himself.

In rural Brabant, moreover, the good old horror of the legend of Doctor Faustus still survives; and there were ancient, fireside crones who did not hesitate to mutter that there had been people who had sold their dogs, and who had found out later that at the same time they had been selling *something else*. And the dog himself, but now turned coal-black, forked-tailed, and dragonish of breath,—would in due season return to require that *something* of them! It was only too well remembered, indeed, with what diabolical a blending of exultation and fury that buyer of dogs had roared upon their former owners, once the bargain had been completed. If the Colonel had returned only a few weeks later, he would have encountered many canines which he could not have purchased had he had behind him the united funds of the Bank of England and the *Crédit Lyonnais*!

But when, *this* time, the old gentleman finally took his departure, the majority

of those who looked on were of the opinion that there did not seem to be any *immediate* necessity for his return.


Some of us were so fortunate as to be able to tramp the length of the "Farm" with him the Christmas following. Obviously it contained all the dogs that he could have any present use for. Nor had he as yet been able to get the idea out of the minds of many of his humbler neighbors that he had some commercial scheme ahead which called for the employment of canine hair or peltries. "Sho," he said shamefacedly, "you don't need to look at 'em so te'ible close to see that theh ain't any mighty likelihood of *that*! The new life is only beginnin' to get into theih *vitals* and *bones*; it'll be anotheh yeah befoh it wo'ks out of theih *epidermises*!"

The new life was certainly there, however. We found dogs tearing deliriously through the bush with no apparent aim save that of unrestricted motion. Others would suddenly be seized with the fit and dash round and round in a circle, ten or fifteen courses at a stretch. And having done so they would as suddenly drop tail and ears and slip away again before Fate should notice them, and once more recall the cart and harness. "But they ah pickin' up, pickin' up," said the old gentleman, forcing an affectionate channel through some fifty or three score of them. "Yes, sehs, and some of the *youngeh* ones have actchully got fah enough to begin to fight!"

Coming back, one of our party was so tactless as to speak of the matter of buying pictures. Strangely enough, the Colonel was not offended, however. In fact, it seemed to give him an opportunity of making an explanation which for a long time had been upon his mind.

"Pictchuhs? Look heah, sehs," he whispered in all confidence; "of cou'se I did n't want to staht any ahgument with Belknap by saying so oveh theh, but I 'm fo'ced to confess to *you*, gentlemen, that havin' seen the best ancient and havin' seen the best mode'n, I 've got a niece in New Yo'k that can twuhl a bresh around the whole *passel* of 'em."



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole from the painting in the National Gallery, London. See "Open Letters" 

DOÑA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL, BY GOYA

BY STAGES

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



DID N'T see the pickles anywhere, John."

"They're in the boot with the other things, Mummy."

"Then why don't we start?"

The driver of the Raymond-Yosemite Cannon Ball Express, a slim, tall, brown man in a long dust-coat and wide felt hat, wearing as to his hands fringed gauntlets and as to his upper lip a veritable swash-buckler's mustache, half black and half white, turned upon the fat proprietor of the Raymond Hotel a pair of lazy, insouler gray eyes and said in a sad voice:

"Jest step inside, Georgie, and put a little catch-up on the belated traveler's aigs."

"Then we are waiting for some one," said Mrs. Selkirk to John.

"Yes, Mummy."

"But I don't see where he 's going to sit. We booked the two middle seats."

"There be three middle seats, Mummy. You shall sit on the outside, I 'll sit in the middle, and he can have the other rail."

"He 's a her," drawled the driver, in his sad voice.

At that moment she came out of the dining-room. She was a slim maiden in a dust-coat, with a gay, little, wistful face that looked straight into your eyes from the heart of a brown sunbonnet. John Selkirk thought that he had never before seen a maiden whom a sunbonnet became. He stepped from the stage to the platform and lifted his hat.

"Would you prefer the middle or the outside seat?" he said.

She was the kind of girl who blushes before speaking, and then speaks in a perfectly assured voice, and discloses two rows of white teeth.

"I 'll sit in the middle," she said.

When they were seated and had tucked a thin dust-cloth about their knees, a voice in the rear of the stage called, "All ri'," the driver drawled, "Git ap!" and cracked his whip, and the horses entered the first mile of the seventy which the stage was to travel that day at a respectable trot.

The box-seat was occupied by the driver, and the Honorable Butler-Lee and wife of London, England; the middle seat by Mrs. Selkirk, the fair stranger, and John Selkirk, in the order named; and the rear seat by a Chinese dignitary and two members of his suite. Just outside of Raymond the stage began to be overtaken by clouds of dust of its own making. The driver chewed and spat; the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee coughed and complained; Mrs. Selkirk dozed, for it was only six in the morning; and the three Orientals, to whom dirt is the capital sin, assumed expressions of dignified disgust which they were to forsake for only one moment during the entire journey. But John Selkirk and the fair stranger were already deep in a conversation, and objected neither to the heat of the sun nor to the assaults of the dust.

The Selkirks, mother and son, were moneyed San Franciscans of good family. John Selkirk was thirty-five, at a guess, a little stout, a good shot, able enough to look after his own and his mother's property, an amiable club-man, and something of a snob. His youth had been wild, and he had reached the border of middle age without the least wish to sacrifice his lazy independence to a wife or to give hostages to fortune.

"Yes," said the fair stranger, "I 'm going to join friends in the valley; and as for traveling alone—why, a woman can go anywhere in America by herself, the men are so chivalrous."

"Yes, are n't they?" said Selkirk, rather proud to be included in the generality. "And are you and your friends going to be strenuous, and climb all the trails, and have your pictures taken on overhanging rocks, and all that?"

"I shall be strenuous," said the fair stranger, with a slight accentuation of her usual ante-responding blush, "but I shall not do any climbing. I shall remain strictly on the ground floor of the valley and—and do—chores."

"I never do any chores if I can help it," said Selkirk. "I've even acquired something of a name for general uselessness."

"You say that with a tinge of pride."

"Yes; I think men are usually very well satisfied to have any reputation at all. A man might have none, and that would indicate beyond doubt that nobody took any interest in him. Would you mind waking my mother? I am afraid she will fall out."

"She must n't be waked," said the fair stranger; "getting up early and sleeping on trains is much too hard on older women. I'll see that she does n't fall."

She slipped her slender arm over the back of the seat and part way around Mrs. Selkirk's angular shoulders: a slight guttural sound on the part of the aristocratic old lady was the only response to this kindly intentioned act; and it may be that the old lady also leaned a trifle toward and on her young protectress. There was something so simple and hearty about the episode that John Selkirk felt a certain enlargement and warming in the region of his heart.

"You must n't tire yourself," he said.

"Indeed, no," she said; "it is so nice to have something to do."

"Shall you be in the valley long?"

"Oh, yes, quite a long time. And you?"

"It depends," said Selkirk, "on circumstances. If we like it, you know, and if—if mama finds somebody to talk to, and—"

The stage lurched with violence, and Mrs. Selkirk woke with a start.

"Good heavens!" she said. "Have I been asleep?"

The good heavens did not answer, but John Selkirk said, "Audibly, Mummy," and laughed his pleasant laugh.

Mrs. Selkirk felt the fair stranger's arm

being stealthily withdrawn from about her shoulders.

"My dear," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I am *very* grateful, and I promise you I shall not go to sleep again."

"I wonder," said John Selkirk to himself, "if anything interesting would happen if I should go to sleep and show signs of falling out?"

It was five o'clock. Up the last piece of tortuous and steeply inclined road between the outer world and Yosemite, and drawn by its last relay of jaded horses, crept the Cannon Ball Express. Occidentals and Orientals were of one color, and of one degree of exhaustion. Their eyes were full of dust, their ears, noses, mouths, and throats were full of dust. Their shoes were full of dust, their pockets, purses, watches, and minds were full of dust. Only the driver looked human. The noses of the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee, which at starting had been cheerful and red, were now a sickly gray, and their owners leaned against each other like persons sick at sea. Fong Lang Tang and the two members of his suite were a sickly gray from top to toe, but what could be seen of their faces continued to wear expressions of dignified disgust. In the very middle of the middle seat, with arms extended on each side for props, and far too exhausted to sleep, sat Mrs. Selkirk. Quarter of a mile ahead of the stage, tramping through the dust, were the only cheerful members of the party.

"But you're not going to forsake us entirely for your friends in the valley, Miss Chester? You'll throw a man a word now and then, and even go for a walk, won't you? It's not quite the square thing to make a whole journey endurable and then desert."

Little Miss Chester allowed something like a sigh to escape her.

"Shall we hurry," she said, "and try to get to Inspiration Point before the others? Somehow I think it would be more—more fun to see it for the first time like this."

"So do I," said Selkirk, and they set off at a great pace.

"Do you see that cream-colored rock through the tops of the trees? No; higher—there. That must be part of the valley."

"Yes," said little Miss Chester; "that must be El Capitan. Don't you feel as if

something wonderful were going to happen—just round the corner?"

They had crossed the top of the divide and were descending the zigzagging road which is at the actual lower end of the valley, but cut off from any vision of it by a whole forest of magnificent pines. And then suddenly and tranquilly the curtain of pines swept back, as it were, and they were on a bare space of moss and rock, and before them and around them and above was spread the valley.

"Heavens!" said Selkirk, "but it's peaceful!" They seated themselves side by side on a smooth stone, and for some moments did not speak.

"I'm glad," said Selkirk, presently, "that we saw it first like this, without the others."

"It is good, is n't it?" she said.

"It—it," said the lazy and careless Selkirk, "makes a man think different. It's the only beautiful thing I ever saw that—that was n't sad, too."

"Yes," she said, "it's very, very cheerful and hopeful." It may be that it was accidental: she started to her feet. "Here comes the stage," she said.

"I—I—beg your pardon," said Selkirk, "I—"

The stage came rumbling and clattering down the hill and drew up in the open. The Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee gazed upon the serene valley, but were too exhausted to speak; Mrs. Selkirk tried to smile at her son, but the dust on her face turned the expression into a very fair representation of a death's-head; and the three Orientals for one fleeting instant put away their expressions of dignified disgust.

THREE hours later Mrs. Selkirk and her son, bathed and refreshed, were shown seats in the dining-room. Everybody else had been fed, and they had the place to themselves.

Selkirk glanced over the menu and, without looking up, gave the orders to the servant-girl.

"You did n't look at her, John," said his mother.

"At whom?"

"The maid. She—she's *notre compagne de voyage*."

"Why, Mummy, you don't mean—a servant—waiting on us—on *me*."

"Yes, my dear."

He pushed back his chair.

"In that case," he said, "I've dined quite enough. You'll find me outside."

"John," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I knew all along. We had a little talk after lunch at Wawona. Her father was the celebrated Emmanuel Chester of Oakland. There is no better blood in the State. But the estate went to pieces after he died, and Jean Chester has to—to do this sort of thing to support her mother. I have no feelings toward her but of admiration. No, don't make things any harder for the poor girl. She—she cried on my shoulder at Wawona."

Little Miss Chester came in from the kitchen bearing a tray upon which were two plates of barley consommé and two plates of fried trout.

John rose with the utmost deference.

"Have you dined, Miss Chester?" he said.

"Why—why, not yet, Mr. Selkirk; there's a big Raymond party in, and we've been very busy in—in the kitchen."

"Then you will oblige me," he said, "by joining my mother and me. We have not dined, either."

Little Miss Chester looked very much perplexed.

"Please sit down," he said.

She looked pitifully from Selkirk to the vacant chair to which he was pointing. He took the tray from her, and set it at one side.

"Miss Chester," he said, "I have never used force toward a woman, but if you don't sit down with my mother and me I shall make you." Then she sat down at his right hand.

"Will you begin on soup?" he said in his ordinary, lazy voice.

"But—" she protested.

"You are here," he said, "on a pleasure trip with my mother and me. You will go back to town with us and back to your mother in Oakland, and if it is necessary that you should work, we will find something better for you to do."

Her hands rested nervously on the edge of the table. Quite openly Selkirk covered one of them with one of his.

"Please don't," said little Miss Chester; "I think I'm going to cry."

The head waitress stood uncomfortably

near the little comedy, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Please," said Selkirk, "will you get some more soup and fish?"

With one haughty stare at little Miss Chester the head waitress swung on her lippy heel and vanished through the swinging door into the kitchen.

John Selkirk chuckled.

"To-morrow," he said, "Miss Chester, you and I will get on a couple of donkeys and ride up to—Glacier Point."

But little Miss Chester was crying very quietly into her soup.

And at sight of that, without more ado, once and forever, Selkirk gave himself over to the indolent luxury of loving and being loved.



THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.



THIRTY years ago, when I was a boy in Georgia's central city, one part of the suburbs given over to negroes contained an aggregation of unfurnished, ill-kept, rented cabins, the occupants untidy, and, for the most part, shiftless. Such a thing as virtue among the female members was in but few instances conceded. Girls from this section roamed the streets at night, and vice was met with on every corner. Recently, in company with a friend who was interested in a family residing in the same community, I visited it. I found many families occupying their own homes, flowers growing in the yards and on the porches, curtains at the windows, and an air of homelike serenity overflowing the entire district. In the house we entered, the floors were carpeted, the white walls were hung with pictures, the mantels and tables held bric-à-brac. In one room was a parlor organ, in another a sewing machine, and in another a piano, where a girl sat at practice.

In conversation with the people of the

house and neighborhood, we heard good ideas expressed in excellent language and discovered that every one with whom we came in contact was possessed of sufficient education to read and write, while many were much further advanced.

Just one generation lies between the two conditions set forth, and the change may be said to indicate the urban negro's mental and material progress throughout the whole South. Of those of us who see only gloom ahead for the negro, the question may be fairly asked, Where else in the world is there a people developing so rapidly?

The men who have purchased these houses, the women who keep them, have achieved a higher standard of citizenship, and the reaction on their descendants has, so far as their influence is operative, helped to free the streets of vice. So far as this community is concerned, one great stride toward the elevation of the race has been taken and the pace set.

I single out this community because it is near at hand, and its history within my own experience, and because the factors

underlying its regeneration are those on which the South must rely for an eventual settlement of the most dangerous phase of the so-called race question—a settlement to arrive rapidly along natural lines, if undisturbed by the mistaken zeal of meddlers, and slowly in proportion to their interference.

The community is on the high-road to a better civilization, because the male members command a higher scale of wages, and because they have become home-owners. And they command higher wages partly because the country is prosperous, but mainly because education has opened up to them a pathway for ideas and taught them to observe and think. For it may be stated as a fundamental that progress ever travels on ideas and abject poverty is embalmed in ignorance.

To attempt an analysis of the singular but well-known sense of manhood and independence that comes with the consciousness of a home all paid for by one's own labor, would require more space than this whole article may hope to command; and it would be unnecessary to a full appreciation of it by the home-owning public. Every man who has possessed in fee simple a spot of land knows the feeling. The happiness of home-owning strikes the American negro with peculiar force. The centuries have taught him that the people who command respect are the owners of lands and homes; and once in his own home, the home itself begins to teach him higher things. The home at once demands to be made attractive. It demands respect not only from its occupants, but from its neighbors. It demands safety from invasions. It takes on a sanctity that extends to every member of the family, and decent living is the rule. No stranger may at night signal in the shutters of this house, no woman venture forth to roam the streets. It has become the home of a self-respecting American citizen.

And having secured for himself a permanent home, the possessor adds himself to the higher class and demands that the public around him share the respect he feels for himself. Moreover he becomes amenable to the reasons which sway all other home-owners. He sees the force of arguments for low taxation, good streets, adequate police service, quick transporta-

tion, and fire departments. And seeing so much, he eventually learns that his ballot must neither be suppressed nor sold.

And every man removed from the ranks of the homeless to the ranks of the home-owners is an element of danger to a community converted into an element of safety.

The safety of the South lies in such conversions. The first attack on the problem of the negro, therefore, is to make his interests coincide with those of the whites—make him a home-owner.

There is, however, a deeper philosophy in the possession by fee simple of a home than is indicated in the foregoing. At the risk of becoming dogmatic, I confidently venture the statement that no man can expand to his full possibilities in a rented house. The Christian virtues blossom in their perfection about one's own fireside. Every lesson of morality, every elevated thought, doubles there its power and influence. And this is as true of the nomad's tent, the negro's cottage, as of the homes of the rich and strong. Here is the beginning of all good government; the family is the type of the state. The men who have learned to command their own full powers and restrain themselves constitute, when united, a community, and the union of communities is the state. As a nation, we may bathe our brows in the clouds, but we shall always warm our feet by the firesides of home.

While I do not advocate the selling of their farming lands by Southerners to anybody, the logic of the Southern solution is to lay a pathway by education to the jungles of the negro's mind and encourage him to become a home-owner and a citizen. And so irresistible is this logic that those who stand for his total disfranchisement stand also committed against his education. In protecting his own home, he will necessarily protect those of his white neighbors. In rendering his family secure, he will secure also the families of all. It is the give and take of civilization, and history records revolution and ruin where one element of society is too long reckless of the safety and welfare of another.

And in the conclusion of this argument for the negro in his own home, I shall state that though closely connected with the press for twenty-five years, I

have never known a home-owning negro to commit the nameless crime.

Perhaps I am too much an optimist to be a valuable witness in the unending trial of the negro before the bar of public opinion by press and pulpit; but I see no unavoidable danger to the South in his presence. On the contrary, I believe in his final, complete, and peaceful incorporation into the American system without injury to himself or to his white neighbor. Forty years ago he emerged from slavery virtually without more than the clothes he wore on his back. Twenty years later he owned in this city (Macon) \$167,990 worth of taxable property, and in 1903, \$253,950. In 1886 the aggregate value of the negro's property in this city and the surrounding county was \$445,220, and these values had risen in 1904 to \$823,295. Elsewhere he has done even better. There is hope for a race with such a history, and those who talk of substitution and deportation may do well to consider where the South will find a substitute who will preserve the peace and achieve more. The negro has much to learn, but the question arises, Is it easier to teach him, put him to work when idle, restrain him when evil-minded, and strip him down to an earnest, industrious worker while the leaven of home influence is working in him, or easier to call in an illiterate alien of different language and centuries of the shadow of a king and make an American of him?

And who is going to deport the negro, and under what law? Deportation is the idlest dream ever dreamed by an American. The fact is, few serious-minded Southerners want to part with him.

It is the negro's misfortune that he may by a few stump speeches and a pot of ink be made a bogey on the approach of every election. Let us meet this fact squarely and philosophically; no man, woman, or child living to-day will ever see an end to this bogey business in politics. Its recurrence is inevitable. But all the people need not be fooled all the time; and so may we of to-day who have graduated take a dispassionate view of the solution.

Looking back through the American history of the negroes and considering the vicissitudes of their life, the hardships some of them have endured and the resultant condition, their faithfulness in

captivity, their peacefulness for two hundred years, their swift evolution from complete ignorance, their rapid adoption of the white man's methods, and their amiable life as a people, the fair-minded and unprejudiced student must accord them a high place among the laboring populations of the earth. As a race they have done well. As a race they are doing well. As a race they can and do produce criminals. So does our own; so does every race under the sun, every state, every city.

But the crime of a white man against a white man or white woman is one thing, and the crime of a negro against a white man or white woman is another. Human nature and the instinct of the race make it so. It is the South's misfortune; it is the misfortune of the law-abiding negro. There is no remedy for the fierce passions of resentment against the negro criminal except the complete evolution of the negro.

Shall we assist or retard it? For what is the South spending its millions on the negro if not to assist it? I regret that there are good men in some regions who believe that an ignorant, hopeless people are easier to control and safer to live with than an educated and aspiring people. We are accustomed to call the South's difficulty "the race question," and in accepting this term we lose sight of the real issue, and debate impossible remedies. It seems to me that the real difficulty lies in the fact that we have in the South a conflict between two degrees of moral development embarrassed by a difference in race. There is no race conflict. The South is immensely friendly to the good negro.

Is there anything in the South's domestic organization so endangered by these people as to justify a sacrifice of individual independence and freedom of thought? The white race controls the legislative departments as well as the judiciary, political, and municipal. They have the military organization and control of the schools, and are greatly in the majority, with the ratio working yearly in their favor to an increased degree. They have the wealth of the South, the lands, the mines, and the railroads. And they have the experience of centuries as well as the sympathy of the world, including

that of their late opponents, whose money they are handling by millions. Over and above all, they are backed by the Anglo-Saxon instinct to command.

We know to the youngest college boy that this country will never in part or in the whole be governed or directed by other than the white race. There is room enough here for the negro as a citizen, room to expand, develop, and be a man; and nowhere on earth is he safer in person and property than in the South: but there is no chance for him, or for any other than the Caucasian, to control the destinies of this nation or any State therein. The situation is not of his or anybody's making. Neither political party is responsible for it. It is simply a question of race and majority against race and minority; and the white race increases both by natural increase and accessions from without, while the negro is limited to natural increase.

There is no threat to the South in the negro's presence there. For at last the only negro who threatens our civilization is the criminal negro; and the only white man who threatens the negro is the white criminal; and our whole system is a failure if this question may not be left where Georgia has placed it, in the keeping of the courts, the church, and the school-house. It is safe to leave it there. And while he gropes his way toward the light,

it is wise and charitable to give him aid, comfort, and the benefit of a broad Christian tolerance.

The situation is one that appeals to the common sense of the Southern people; and this term may be enlarged to embrace the law-abiding, property-holding, and intelligent men of African descent. I believe these men, recognized as factors in our industrial development, will become passionate lovers of their native land and defenders of their homes side by side with their white neighbors. It needs only tolerance, forbearance, encouragement, and the recognition of individual merit to accomplish this. Social equality, the nightmare of the former generation, the jest of this, has no bearing on the subject. Let us, without regard to party, invoke the material aid of these people to build up the South, and continue, but in an increased degree, to give them guarantee of the same security of life, liberty, and property that we enjoy.

As among us the higher type control, so among them. Side by side, each in his own sphere, the Southern white man and the Southern negro may abide mutually helpful as Americans.

Neither can settle the questions involved in their lives, but both may; and despite political riders, I believe both will. I must believe this or prepare my descendants to face anarchy.



NATIONAL MONUMENTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

COUNT not the cost of honor to the dead!
 The tribute that a mighty nation pays
 To those who loved her well in former days
 Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
 For every noble man that she hath bred,
 Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
 Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
 To lead our sons as he our fathers led.
 These monuments of manhood, brave and high,
 Do more than forts or battle-ships to keep
 Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
 The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
 They build eternal bulwarks, and command
 Eternal strength to guard our native land.



IN THE STRAND, APPROACHING ST. MARY LE STRAND



THE LONDON 'BUS'

• PICTURES BY •
• THORNTON •
• OAKLEY •



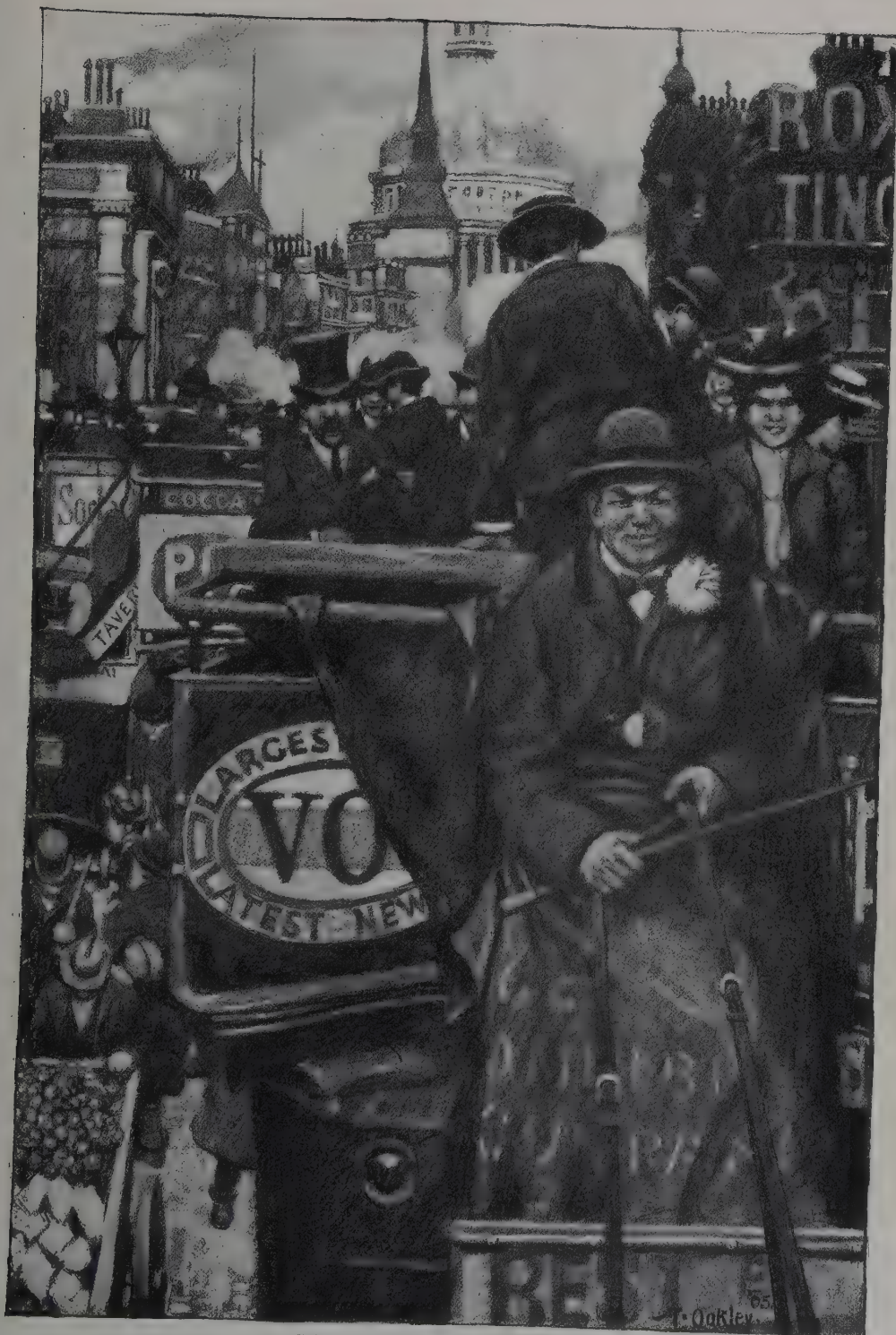
Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STRAND



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A JAM ON LONDON BRIDGE—TOWER BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

LUDGATE HILL—ON THE WAY FROM ST. PAUL'S



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"CARRIE CAME UP TO HIM AND LINKED HER ARM IN HIS" (SEE PAGE 239)

He was n't big enough. A Whistler might be insolent, and gain by it; but the smaller men must keep civil tongues in their heads. Oh, yes, talent of course—enormous talent!—but a poor early training, and a man wants all his time to get the better of *that*,—instead of spouting and scribbling all over the place. No—John Fenwick would do nothing more of importance.—Mrs. Wilson might take his word for that—sorry if he had said anything unpleasant of a friend of hers. General reproach besides made him an unhappy, moody kind of fellow, living alone, with very few friends, taking nobody's advice,—and as obstinate as a pig about his work.

So said this young Daniel-come-to-judgment, between the whiffs of his pipe, in the Canadian farm-garden, while the darkness came down and hid the face of the silent woman beside him.

And so Remorse, and anguished Pity, sprang up beside her—gray and stern comrades—and she walked between them night and day. John, a lonely failure in England—poor and despised. And she, an exile here, with her child. And this dumb irrevocable Time, on which she had stamped her will, so easily, so fatally, flowing on the while, year by year, toward Death and the End!—and these voices of “Too late !” in her ears!

But still the impulse of return grew,—mysteriously it seemed,—independently. And other facts and experiences came strangely to its aid. In the language of Evangelicalism which had been natural to her youth, Phœbe felt now, as she looked back, that she had been wonderfully “led.” It was this sense indeed which had softened the humiliation and determined the actual steps of her homeward pilgrimage; she seemed to have been yielding to an actual external force in what she had done.

For it had not been easy, this second uprooting. Carrie, especially, had had her own reasons for making it difficult. And Phœbe had never yet had the courage to tell her the truth. She had spoken vaguely of “business” obliging them to take a journey to England,—had asked the child to trust her—and taken refuge in tears and depression from Carrie's objections. In consequence, she had seen the first shadow descend on Carrie's

youth; she had been conscious of the first breach between herself and her daughter.

In a sudden agony, she walked back to the window in her own room, looking this time, not towards Elterwater and the post, but towards Dungeon Ghyll and the wild upper valley.

Anna Mason had taken Carrie for a walk. At that moment, on Phœbe's prayer, she was telling the child the story of her father and mother.

Phœbe's eyes filled. She was, in truth, waiting for judgment—at the hands of her husband—and her daughter. Ever since their flight together, Carrie had been taught to regard her father as dead. As the years went on, “poor Papa” was represented to her by a few fading memories, by the unframed picture which her mother kept jealously locked from sight, which she had been only once or twice allowed to see.

And now? Phœbe recalled the anguish of that night, when Carrie, returning to her mother in Surrey, from a day's expedition to town, with a Canadian friend, described the queer, passionate, gray-haired man—“Mr. Fenwick they called him”—whom she had seen directing the rehearsal at the Falcon Theatre. Phœbe had a vision of herself leaning back in her chair, wrapped in shawls, feigning the exhaustion and blindness of nervous headache,—while the child gave her laughing account of the scene, in the intervals of kissing and comforting “poor mummy?”

And that drive from Windermere, beside Miss Anna, with Carrie opposite!—Carrie excitable, happy, talkative,—her father's child,—now absorbed in a natural delight, exclaiming at the beauty of the mountains, the trees, the river, catching her mother's hand, to make her smile too, and then in a sudden shyness and hardness, looking with her deep jealous eyes at the unknown friend opposite, wondering clearly what it all meant, resenting that she was told so little, and too proud to insist on more,—or, perhaps, afraid to pierce what might turn out to be the unhappy or shameful secret of their life?

Yet Phœbe had tried to make it plausible. They were going to stay with an old friend, in a place which Carrie and her parents had lived in when she was a baby, near to the town where she was born. She knew already that her mother

was from Westmoreland, from a place called Keswick; but she understood that her mother's father was dead, and all her people scattered.

Until they came actually in sight of the cottage, the child had betrayed no memory of her own; though as they entered Langdale her chatter ceased, and her eyes sped nervously from side to side, considering the woods and fells and whitewashed farms. As they stopped, however, at the foot of the steep pitch leading to the little house, Carrie suddenly caught sight of it,—the slate porch, the yew-tree to the right, the sycamore in front. She changed color, and as she jumped down, she wavered and nearly fell.

And without waiting for the others she ran up the hill and through the gate. When she met them again at the house-door, her eyes were wet.

"I've been into the kitchen,"—she said, breathlessly,—*"and it's so strange! —I remember sitting there, and a man"*—she drew her hand across her brow—"a man, feeding me. That—that was father?"

Phœbe could not remember how she had answered her; only some trembling words from Anna Mason, and an attempt to draw the child away,—that her mother might enter the cottage alone and unwatched. And she had entered it alone,—had walked into the little parlor.

The next thing she recollected—amid that passion of desperate tears which had seemed to dissolve her, body and soul—were Carrie's arms round her, Carrie's face pressed against hers.

"Mother! mother! Oh! what *is* the matter? Why did we come here? You've been keeping things from me all these weeks,—for years even. There is something I don't know—I'm sure there is. Oh, it *is* unkind. You think I'm not old enough—but I am. Oh! you ought to tell me, mother!"

How had she defended herself? staved off the inevitable, once again? All she knew was that Miss Anna had again come to the rescue, had taken the child away, whispering to her. And since then, in these last forty-eight hours,—oh! Carrie had been good! So quiet, so useful,—unpacking their clothes, helping Miss Anna's maid with the supper, cooking, dusting,

mending, as a Canadian girl knows how,—only stopping sometimes to look round her, with that clouded, wondering look, as though the past invaded her.

Oh! she was a darling! John would see that,—whatever he might feel toward her mother. "I stole her,—but I've brought her back. I may be a bad wife,—but there's Carrie! I've not neglected her—I've done the best by her."

It was in incoherent, unspoken words like this that Phœbe was for ever pleading with her husband, even now.

Presently, in her walk about the room, she came to stand before the mantelpiece, where a photograph had been propped up against the wall by Carrie,—of a white-walled farm, with its outbuildings and orchards—and, gleaming beneath it, the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Phœbe shuddered at the sight of it. Twelve years of her life had been wasted there.

Carrie, indeed, took a very different view.

Restlessly the mother left her room and wandered into Carrie's. It was already—by half-past nine—spotlessly clean and neat; and Eliza, the girl from Hawkshead, had not been allowed to touch it. On the bed lay a fresh "waist," which Carrie had just made for herself, and on the dressing-table stood another photograph,—not a place this time, but a person,—a very evident and very good-looking young man!

Phœbe stood looking at it forlornly. Carrie's young romance,—and her own spoilt life,—these two images held her. Carrie would go back, in time, across the sea,—would marry, would forget her mother.

"And I'm not old, neither,—I'm not old."

Trembling she left the room. The door of Miss Anna's was open. Phœbe stood on the threshold, looking in. It had been her room and John's in the old days. Their very furniture was still there,—as in the parlor, too. For John had sold it all to their landlord, when he wound up affairs. Miss Anna knew even what he had got for it,—poor John!

She dared not go in. She stood leaning against the door-post, looking from outside, like one in exile, at the low-raftered room, with its oak press, and its bed, and its bit of green carpet. Thoughts

passed through her mind,—thoughts which shook her from head to foot.

The cottage was now enlarged. Miss Mason, when she took it on lease three years before this date, had built two new rooms, or got the Hawkshead landlord to build them. She had retired now, on her savings; and there lived with her an old friend, a tired teacher like herself. It was one of those spinster marriages,—honorable and seemly *ménages*—for which the Lakes have always been famous. But Miss Wetherby was now away, visiting her relations in the south. Had she been there, Phœbe could never have made up her mind to accept Miss Anna's urgent invitation. She shrank from everybody, —strangers, or old acquaintance, it was all one. The terror which rankled in her mind, next to the disabling, heart-arresting terror of the first meeting with her husband, was that of the first moment when she must discover herself to her old acquaintance in Langdale or Elterwater, —in Kendal or Keswick,—as Phœbe Fenwick. She had arrived, closely veiled, as "Mrs. Wilson," and she had never yet left the cottage door.

Then again she caught her breath, remembering that at that very moment Carrie was learning her true name from Miss Anna,—was realizing that she had seen her father without knowing it, was hearing the story of what her mother had done.

"Perhaps she'll hate me!" thought Phœbe miserably. Through the window came the soft spring air. The big sycamore opposite was nearly in full leaf, and in the field below sprawled the helpless, new-born lambs, so white beside their dingy mother. The voice of the river murmured through the valley, and sometimes, as the west wind blew stronger, Phœbe's fine and long-practiced ear could distinguish other and more distant sounds, wafted from the leaping waterfalls which threaded the ghyll, perhaps even from the stream of Dungeon Ghyll itself, thundering in its prison of rocks. It was a characteristic Westmoreland day, with high gray cloud, and interlacing sun, the fells clear from base to top, their green or reddish sides marked with white farms, or bold clumps of fir; with the blackness of scattered yews, landmarks through generations; or the purple-gray of the emerg-

ing limestone. Fresh, lonely, cheerful,—a land at once of mountain solitude, and of a long-settled, long-humanized life,—it breathed kindly on this penitent, anxious woman; it seemed to bid her take courage.

Ah! the sound of a horn echoing along the fell. Phœbe flew down to the porch; then, remembering she might be seen, perhaps recognized by the postman, she stepped back into the parlor, listening, but out of sight.

The servant, who had run down to fetch the letters, seemed to be having something of an argument with the postman. In a few minutes she reappeared breathless.

"Ther 's no letters, mum," she said, seeing Phœbe at the parlor window—"And I don't think this has owt to do here." She held up a telegram, doubtfully,—yet with an evident curiosity and excitement in her look. It was addressed to "Mrs. John Fenwick." The postman had clearly made some remark upon it.

Phœbe took it.

"It's all right. Tell him to leave it."

The girl, noticing her agitation and her shaking fingers, ran down the hill again to give the message. Phœbe carried the telegram up-stairs to her room, and locked the door.

For some moments she dared not open it. If it said that he refused to come?—that he would never see her again? Phœbe felt that she should die of grief,—that life must stop.

At last she tore it open:—

"Sending messenger to-day. Hope to follow immediately. Welcome."

She gasped over the words, feeling them in the first instance as a blow,—a repulse. She had feared,—but also she had hoped,—she scarcely knew for what,—yet at least for something more, something different from this.

He was not coming, then, at once! A messenger! What messenger could a man send to his wife in such a case? Who knew them both well enough to dare to come between them? Old fiercenesses woke up in her. Had the word been merely cold and unforgiving it would have crushed her indeed; but there was that in her which would have scarcely dared complain. An eye for an eye—no

conscience-stricken creature but admits the wild justice of that.

But a "messenger!"—when she that was lost is found, when a man's wife comes back to him from the dead! Phœbe sat voiceless, the telegram on her lap, a kind of scorn trembling on her lip.

Then her eye caught the word "welcome,"—and it struck home. She began to sob, her angry pride melting. And suddenly the door of her room opened, and there on the threshold stood Carrie,—Carrie, who had been crying too,—with wide, startled eyes, and flushed cheeks. She looked at her mother, then flew to her, while Phœbe instinctively covered the telegram with her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother!—how could you? And I *laughed* at him—I did—I *did!*" she cried, wringing her hands. "And he looked so tired! And on the way home Amélie mimicked him—and his voice—and his queer ways; and I laughed. Oh! what a beast I was! Oh! mother, and I told you his name, and you never—never—said a word!"

The child flung herself on the floor, her feet tucked under her, her hands clasped round her knees, swaying backwards and forwards in a tempest of excited feeling, hardly knowing what she said.

Phœbe looked at her bewildered; then she removed her hand, and Carrie saw the telegram. She threw herself on it, read the address, gulping, then the words—

"A messenger!" She understood that no more than her mother. It meant a letter perhaps? But she fastened on "immediately"—"welcome."

And presently—all in a moment—she leapt to her feet, and began to dance and spring about the room. And as Phœbe watched her, startled and open-mouthed, wondering if this was all the reproach that Carrie was ever going to make her, the flushed and joyous creature came and flung her arms round Phœbe's neck, so that the fair hair and the brown were all in a confusion together, and the child's cheek was on her mother's,—

"Mummy!—and I was only five, and you were n't so very old—only seven years older than I am now—and you thought father was tired of you—and you went off to Canada right away. My!—it was plucky of you—I will say that for you.

And if you had n't gone, I should never have seen George. But—oh! mummy, mummy!"—this between laughing and crying—"I do guess you were just a little fool!—I guess you were!"

MISS ANNA sat down-stairs listening to the murmur of those hurrying voices above her in Phœbe's room. She was darning a table-cloth, with the Manchester paper beside her; and she sat peculiarly erect, a little stern and pinched,—breathing protest.

It was extraordinary how Carrie had taken it. These were your Canadian ways, she supposed. No horror of anything—no shyness. Looking a thing straight in the face, at a moment's notice,—with a kind of humorous common-sense,—refusing altogether to cry over spilt milk, even such spilt milk as this,—in a hurry, simply, to clear it up! A mere metaphorical refusal to cry, this,—for after all there had been tears. But the immediate rebound, the determination to be cheerful, though the heavens fell, had been so amazing! The child had begun to laugh before her tears were dry,—letting loose a flood of sharp, shrewd questions on her companion; wondering, with sparkling looks, how "George" would take it; and quite refusing to provide that fine-drawn or shrinking sentiment, that "moral sense," in short, with which, as it seemed to the elder woman, half hours of this quality in life should be decently accompanied. Little heathen! Miss Anna thought grimly of all the precautions she had taken to spare the young lady's feelings,—of her own emotions,—her sense of a solemn and epoch-making experience. She might have saved her pains.

But at this point the door up-stairs opened, and the "little heathen" descended presently to the parlor, bringing the telegram. She came in shyly, and it might perhaps have been seen that she was conscious of her disgrace with Miss Anna. But she said nothing; she merely held out the piece of pink paper; and Miss Anna surprised out of her own "moral sense," fell upon it, hastily adjusting her spectacles to a large and characteristic nose.

She read it frowning. A messenger! What on earth did they want with such a person? Just like John!—putting the

disagreeables on other people. She said to herself that one saw where the child's levity came from.

"It 's nice of father, is n't it?" said Carrie,—rather timidly,—touching the telegram.

"He'd better have come himself," said Miss Anna, sharply.

"But he is coming!" cried Carrie. "He's only sending a letter—or a present—or something—to smoothe the way—just as George does with me. Well, now then,"—she bent down, and brought her resolute little face close to Miss Anna's—"where's he to sleep?"

Miss Anna jumped,—pushed back her chair,—and said coldly: "I'll see to that."

"Because, if he's going into my room," said Carrie, thoughtfully,—“something'll have to be done to lengthen that bed. The pillow slips down, and even I hung my feet out last night. But, if you'll let me, I could fix it up—I could make that room real nice."

Miss Anna told her to do what she liked. "And where'll you sleep to-night, pray?"

"Oh! I'll go in to mother."

"There's a second bed in my room," said Miss Anna, stiffly.

"Ah! but that would crowd you up," said the girl softly; and off she went.

Presently there was a commotion upstairs,—hammering, pulling, pushing.

Miss Anna wondered what on earth she was doing to the bed.

Presently Phœbe came down, white and fluttered enough to satisfy the most exacting canons. Miss Anna tried not to show that she was dissatisfied with the terms of the telegram, and Phœbe did not complain. But her despondency was very evident, and Miss Anna was extremely sorry for her. In her restlessness she presently said that she would go out to the ghyll, and sit by the water a little. If anybody came, they were to shout for her. She would only be a stone's-throw from the house.

She went away along the fell-side, her head drooping,—so tall and thin, in her plain dress of gray Carmelite, and her mushroom hat trimmed with black.

Miss Anna looked after her. She knew very little indeed, as yet, of what it was that had really brought the poor thing

home. Her own fault, no doubt. Phœbe would have poured out her soul, without reserve, on that first night of her return to her old home. But Miss Anna had entirely refused to allow it. "No, no!" she had said, even putting her hand on the wife's trembling lips; "you sha'n't tell me. Keep that for John,—it's his right. If you've got a confession,—it belongs to *John*!"

On the other hand, of the original crisis,—of the scene in Bernard Street, the spoilt picture, and the letters of Madame de Pastourelles, Miss Anna had let Phœbe tell her what she pleased, and in truth,—although Phœbe seemed to be no longer of a similar opinion,—it appeared to the ex-schoolmistress that John had a good deal to explain,—John and the French lady. If people are not married, and not relations, they have no reasonable call whatever to write each other long and interesting letters. In spite of her education, and her reading, Miss Anna's standards in these respects were the small puritanical standards of the English country town.

THE gate leading to the steep pitch of lane opened and shut. Miss Anna rose hastily and looked out.

A lady in black entered the little garden, walked up to the door, and knocked timidly. Was this the "messenger?" Miss Anna hurried into the little hall.

"Is Mrs. Fenwick in?" asked a very musical voice.

"Mrs. Fenwick is sitting a little way off on the fell," said Miss Anna, advancing. "But I can call her directly. What name, please?"

The lady took out her card.

"It's a French name," she said, with smiling apology, handing it to Miss Anna.

Miss Anna glanced at it, and then at the bearer.

"Kindly step this way," she said, pointing to the parlor, and holding her gray-capped head rather impressively high.

Madame de Pastourelles obeyed her, murmuring that she had sent her carriage on to the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, whence it would return for her in an hour.

EUGÉNIE had made her first speech,—her first embarrassed explanation. She and Miss Anna sat on either side of the parlor

table, their eyes on each other. Eugénie felt herself ill at ease under the critical gaze of this handsome gray-haired woman, with her broad shoulders, and her strong brows. She had left London in hurry and agitation, and was after all but very slenderly informed as to the situation in Langdale. Had she inadvertently said something to set this formidable-looking person against her and her mission?

On her side Miss Anna surveyed the delicate refinement of her visitor; the black dress, so plain, yet so faultless; the mass of brown hair, which even after a night's railway journey was still perfectly dressed,—no doubt by the maid without whom these fine ladies never venture themselves abroad; the rings which sparkled on the thin fingers; the single string of pearls, which alone relieved the severity of the black bodice. She noticed the light, distinguished figure, the beauty of the small head; and her hostility waxed within her. John's smart friend belonged to the pampered ones of the earth, and Miss Anna did not intend to be taken in by her, not for a moment.

"Mr. Fenwick has been terribly overworked,"—Eugénie repeated, coloring against her will,—*"and yesterday, he was quite broken down by your letter. It seemed too much for him. You will understand, I'm sure. When a person is so weak, they shrink,—don't they?—even from what they most desire. And so he asked me—to—to come and tell Mrs. Fenwick something about his health, and his circumstances these last two years—just to prepare the way. There is so much—is n't there?—Mrs. Fenwick cannot yet know; and I'm afraid—it will pain her to hear."*

The speaker's voice faltered and ceased. She felt through every nerve that she was in a false position, and wondered how she was to mend it.

"Do I understand you that John Fenwick is coming to see his wife to-night?" said Miss Mason at last, in a voice of battle.

"He arrives by the afternoon train," said Eugénie, looking at her questioner with a slight frown of perplexity.

"What is the matter with him?" said Miss Anna, drily.

Eugénie hesitated; then she bent for-

ward, the color rushing again into her cheeks.

"I think"—her voice was low and hurried, and she looked round her to see that the door was shut, and they were really alone,—*"I think it has been an attack of depression—perhaps—perhaps—melancholia. He has had great misfortunes and disappointments. Unfortunately my father and I were abroad, and did not understand. But, thank God!"—she clasped her hands involuntarily—"I got home yesterday—I went to see him—just in time——"*

She paused, looking at her companion as though she asked for the understanding which would save her further words. But Miss Anna sat puzzled and cold.

"Just in time?" she repeated.

"I did n't understand at first," said Eugénie, with emotion; *"I only saw that he was ill and terribly broken. But he has told me since—in a letter I got just before I started. And I want you to advise me—to tell me whether you think Mrs. Fenwick should know——"*

"Know what?" cried Miss Anna.

Madame de Pastourelles bent forward again, and said a few words under her breath.

Anna Mason recoiled.

"Horrible!" she said,—*"and—and so cowardly! So like a man!"*

Eugénie could not help a tremulous smile; then she resumed,—

"The picture had come,—just come. It was that which saved him. Ah, yes,"—the smile flashed out again—*"I had forgotten! Of course, Mrs. Fenwick must know! It was the picture—it was she that saved him, but your note, by some strange accident, had escaped him. It had fallen out, among some other papers on the floor,—and he was nearly beside himself with disappointment. I was lucky enough to find it, and give it him. But oh! it was pitiful to see him."*

She shaded her eyes with her hand a moment, waiting for composure. Miss Anna watched her, the strong mouth softening unconsciously.

"And so, when he asked me to come and see his wife first,—to tell her about his troubles and his breakdown,—I felt as if I could not refuse,—though, of course, I know"—she looked up appealingly—*"it may well seem strange and*

intrusive to Mrs. Fenwick. But perhaps when she understands how we have all been searching for her these many months——"

"Searching!" exclaimed Miss Anna. "Who has been searching?"

Her question arrested her companion. Eugénie drew herself more erect, collecting her thoughts.

"Shall we face the facts as they are?" she said at last, quietly. "I can tell you very shortly how the case stands."

Miss Anna half rose—looked at the door—sat down again.

"Mrs. Fenwick, you understand, may return at any time!"

"I will be very short. We must consult—must n't we?—for them both."

Timidly—her eyes upraised to the vigorous old face beside her—Eugénie held out her delicate hand. With a quick impulsive movement—wondering at herself—Miss Anna grasped it.

A little while later Miss Anna emerged from the parlor. She went up-stairs to find Carrie.

Carrie was sitting beside the open door of her room, calmly ripping up a mattress. The bed behind her had been substantially lengthened, apparently by the help of a packing-case, in which Mrs. Fenwick had brought some of her possessions across the Atlantic. A piece of white dimity had been tacked round the packing-case.

"Carrie! what on earth are you doing?" cried Miss Anna in dismay.

"It's all right," said Carrie,—"*I'm* only making it over. It's got lumpy." Then she laid down her scissors, flushed, and looked at Miss Anna.

"Who 's that down-stairs?"

"It's a lady who wants to see your mother. Will you go and fetch her?"

"Father's 'messenger'?" cried Carrie, springing up, and breathing quick.

Miss Anna nodded. "Your mother should be very grateful to her," she said in rather a shaky voice.

Carrie put on her hat in silence, and descended. The door of the parlor was open, and between it and the parlor-window stood the strange lady, staring at the river and the fell opposite,—apparently deep in thought.

At the sound of the girl's step Eugénie turned.

"Carrie!" she cried involuntarily—"you are Carrie!" And she came forward, impetuously holding out both her hands. "How like the picture—how like!"

And Eugénie gazed in delight at the small, slight creature, so actively and healthily built, in spite of her fairy proportions, at the likeness to Fenwick in hair and skin, at the apple-freshness of her color, the beauty of her eyes, the lightness of her pretty feet.

Twelve years!—and then to find *this*, dropped into your arms by the gods—this living, breathing promise of all delight! Deep in Eugénie's heart there stirred the pang of her own pitiful motherhood, of the child who had just flickered into life, and out of it, through one summer's day.

She shyly put her arm round the girl.

"May I"—she said timidly—"may I kiss you?"

Carrie, with down-dropped eyes, a little grave, submitted.

"I am going to tell my mother. Father sent you, did n't he?"

Eugénie said "Yes" gently, and released her. The child ran off.

PHŒBE came slowly into the room, with an uncertain gait, touching the door and the walls like one groping her way.

"Oh! Mrs. Fenwick!"

It was a little cry from Eugénie—deprecating, full of pain. Phœbe took no notice of it. She went straight to her visitor.

"Where is my husband, please?" she said, in a strong, hoarse voice, mechanically holding out her hand, which Eugénie touched, and then let drop,—so full of rugged, passionate things were the face and form she looked at.

"He's coming by the afternoon train." Eugénie threw all her will into calmness and clearness. "He gets to Windermere before five,—and he thought he might be here a little after six. He was *so* ill yesterday—when I found him—when I went to see him! That's what he wanted me to tell you before you saw him again,—and so I came first,—by the night train."

"You went to see him—yesterday?" said Phœbe, still in the same tense way. She had never asked her guest to sit, and

she stood herself, one hand leaning heavily on the table.

"I had heard from the lawyers—the lawyers my father had recommended to Mr. Fenwick—that they had found a clue—they had discovered some traces of you in Canada—and I went to tell him."

"Lawyers?" Phœbe raised her left hand in bewilderment. "I don't understand."

Eugénie came a little nearer. Hurriedly, with changing color, she gave an account of the researches of the lawyers during the preceding seven months,—interrupted in the middle by Phœbe.

"But why was John looking for us, after—after all this time?" she said, in a fainter, weaker voice, dropping at the same time into a chair.

Eugénie hesitated; then said firmly, "Because he wished to find you, more than anything else in the world. And my father and I helped him all we could——"

"But you did n't know?"—Phœbe caught piteously at her dress,—“you did n't know——?”

"That Mr. Fenwick was married? No—never!—till last autumn. That was his wrong-doing, toward all his old friends."

Phœbe looked at the dignity and pureness of the face before her, and shrank a little. "And how was it found out?" she breathed, turning away.

"There was a Miss Morrison——"

"Bella Morrison!" cried Phœbe suddenly, clasping her hands,—“Bella! Of course, she did it to disgrace him.”

"We never knew what her motive was. But she told—an old friend—who told us."

"And then—what did John say?" The wife's hands shook,—her eyes were greedy for an answer.

"Oh! it was all miserable!" said Eugénie, with a gesture of emotion. "It made my father very angry, and we could not be friends any more,—as we had been. And Mr. Fenwick had a wretched winter. He was ill—and his painting seemed to go wrong—and he was terribly in need of money—and then came that day at the theatre——"

"I know," whispered Phœbe, hanging on the speaker's lips,—“when he saw Carrie?”

"It nearly killed him;" said Eugénie

gently. "It was like a light kindled, and then blown out."

Phœbe leant her head against the table before her, and began to sob,—“If I'd never let her go up that day! When we first landed I did n't know what to do—I could n't make up my mind. We'd taken lodgings down at Guildford—near some acquaintances we'd made in Canada. And the girl was a great friend of Carrie's,—we used to stay with them sometimes in Montreal. She had acted a little at Halifax and Montreal,—and she wanted an opening in London—and somebody told her to apply at that theatre—I forget his name."

"Halifax!" cried Eugénie,—“Halifax, Nova Scotia? Oh, now I understand! We have searched England through. The stage-manager said one of the young ladies mentioned Halifax. Nobody ever thought——"

She paused. Phœbe said nothing; she was grappling with some of the new ideas presented to her.

"And this was his second search, you know," said Eugénie, laying a hand timidly on Phœbe's shoulder. "He had done all he could—when you left him. But when he lost sight of Carrie again—and so of you both—it wore his heart out. I can see it did. He is a broken man." Her voice trembled. "Oh, you will have to nurse—to comfort him. He has been in despair about his art—in despair about everything. He——"

But she checked herself. The rest was for him to tell.

"For a long time he seemed—so—so successful," said Phœbe, plucking at the table-cloth, trying to compose voice and features.

"Yes—but it did n't last. He seemed to get angry with himself—and everybody else. He quarreled with the Academy—and his work did n't improve—it went back. But then—when one's unhappy——"

Her smile and the pressure of her hand said the rest.

"He'll never forgive me!" said Phœbe, her voice thick and shaking. "It can never be the same again. I was a fool to come home."

Eugénie withdrew her hand. Unconsciously, a touch of sternness showed itself in her bearing, her pale features.

"No, no!" she said, with energy. "You will comfort him, Mrs. Fenwick—you will give him heart and hope again. It was a cruel thing—forgive me if I say it once!—it was a cruel thing to leave him! A man like that—with his weaknesses and his temperament—which are part of his gift really—its penalty—wants his wife at every turn,—the woman who loves him—who understands. But to desert him for a suspicion!—a dream! Oh! Mrs. Fenwick, there are those who—who are really starved—really forsaken—really trampled under foot—by those they love!"

Her voice broke. She stood gazing straight before her, quivering with the passion of recollection. Phœbe looked up—awed—remembering what John had said, so long ago, of the unhappy marriage, the faithless and cruel husband. But Eugénie's hand touched her again.

"And I know that you thought—I—had made Mr. Fenwick—forget you. That was so strange! At that time—and for many years afterwards—my husband was still alive. If he had sent me a word—any day—any hour—I would have gone to him—to the ends of the world. I don't mean—I don't pretend—that my feeling for him remained unchanged. But my pride was—my duty was—that he should never find *me* lacking. And last year—he turned to me—I was able to help him—through his death. I had been his true wife—and he knew it."

She spoke quietly, brushing the tears from her eyes. But with the last words, her voice wavered a little. Phœbe had bowed her head upon the hand which held hers, and there was no spectator of the feeling in Eugénie's face. Was her pure conscience tormented with the thought that she had not told all, and could never tell it? Her innocent tempting of Fenwick,—as an act partly, of piteous self-defence against impulses of quite another quality and power,—this must remain her secret to the end. Sad evasions, which life forces upon even the noblest worshippers of truth!

After a minute, she stooped and kissed Phœbe's golden hair.

"I was so glad to help Mr. Fenwick—he interested me so. If I had only known of you—and the child—why, how happy we might all have been!"

She withdrew her hand, and walked

away to the window, trying to calm herself. Phœbe rose and followed her.

"Do you know?"—she said piteously,—"can't you tell me?—Will John take me back?"

Eugénie paused just a moment; then said steadily, "He is coming here, because you are his wife,—because he is faithful to you,—because he wants you. Don't agitate him too much! He wants resting and healing. And so do you!" She took Phœbe's hands again in hers. "And how do you think anybody is to deny you anything, when you bring such a gift as that?"

Carrie and Miss Mason were entering the little garden. Eugénie's smile, as she motioned towards the girl, seemed to reflect the May sunshine, and Carrie's young charm.

BUT after Madame de Pastourelles was gone, a cloud of nervous dread fell upon the little cottage and its inmates. Phœbe wandered restlessly about the garden, waiting—and listening—hour after hour.

The May evening drew towards sunset. Flame descended on the valley, striking athwart the opening which leads to its farthest recess, superbly guarded by the crags of Bowfell, and turning all the mountain-side above the cottage, still dyed with the fern of "yester-year," to scarlet. A fresh breeze blew through the sycamore leaves, bringing with it the cool scents of rain-washed grass. All was hushed—richly hued—expectant—like some pageant waiting for its king.

Alas—poor king! In the full glory of the evening light, a man alighted from a wagonette at the foot of the cottage hill, and dragged his weary limbs up the steep ground. He opened the gate, looking round him slowly to right and left.

Then, in the porch, Fenwick saw his wife. He walked up to her, and gripped her wrists. She fell back with a stifled cry; and they stood there,—speechless and motionless—looking into each other's eyes.

XIV

PHŒBE first withdrew herself. In that first moment of contact, Fenwick's changed aspect had pierced her to the heart. But the shock itself brought self-control.

"Come in," she said, mechanically; "Miss Anna's gone out."

"Where's Carrie?" He followed her in, glancing from side to side.

"She—she'll be here directly." Phœbe's voice stumbled over the words.

Fenwick understood that the child and Anna Mason were leaving them to themselves out of delicacy; and his exhaustion of mind and body recoiled impatiently from the prospect of a "scene," with which he felt himself wholly unable to cope. He had been sorely tempted to stay at Windermere, and telegraph that he was too ill to come that day. Such a course would at least have given him the night's respite. But a medley of feelings had prevailed over the impulse; and here he was.

They entered the little parlor, and he looked round him in amazement, muttering, "Why, it looks just as it did,—not a thing changed."

Phœbe closed the door, and then turned to him trembling.

"Won't you—won't you say you're glad to see me, John?"

He looked at her fixedly, then threw himself down beside the table, and rested his head on his hands.

"It's no good to suppose we can undo these twelve years," he said, roughly; "it's no good whatever to suppose that."

"No," said Phœbe—"I know."

She too sat down, on the other side of the table, deadly pale, not knowing what to say or do. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at her, with his searching painter's eyes.

"My God!" he said, under his breath,—"we are changed, both of us—are n't we?"

She too studied the face before her, the gray hair, the red-rimmed eyes, of which the lids fluttered perpetually, shrinking from the light, the sombre mouth; and slowly a look of still more complete dismay overspread her own; reflected, as it were, from that half-savage discouragement and weariness which spoke from the drawn features, the neglected dress, and slouching figure, and seemed to make of the whole man one sore, wincing at a touch. Her heart sank,—and sank.

"Can't we begin again?" she said in a low voice, while the tears rose

in her eyes. "I'm sorry for what I did."

"How does that help it?" he said irritably.—"I'm a ruined man. I can't paint any more,—or at any rate the world does n't care a ha'p'orth *what* I paint. I should be a bankrupt,—but for Madame de Pastourelles——"

"John!" cried Phœbe, bending forward—"I've got a little money—I saved it—and there are some shares a friend advised me to buy, that are worth a lot more than I gave for them. I've got eight hundred pounds,—and it's all yours, John,—it's all yours."

She stretched out her hands in a yearning anguish, and touched his.

"What friend?" he said, with a quick suspicious movement, taking no notice of her statement; "and where have you been—all these years?"

He turned and looked at her sharply.

"I've been in Canada—on a farm—near Montreal."

She held herself erect, speaking slowly and carefully, as though a moment had arrived for which she had long prepared; through rebellion, and through yielding; now in defiance, and now in fear: the moment when she should tell John the story of her flight. Her manner, indeed,—for one who could have understood it,—proved a curious thing; that never, throughout their separation, had she ceased to believe that she should see her husband again. There had been no finality in her action. In her eyes the play had been always going on, the curtain always up.

"You know I told you about Freddy—Freddy Tolson's—coming to see me—that night? Well, it was the things he said about Canada made me do it. Of course I didn't want to go where he was going. But he said that one could get to Canada for a few pounds, and it took about nine days. And it was a fine place, and anyone could find work. He'd thought of it, he said, but as he had friends in Australia, he was going there. And so, when he'd left the cottage, I thought—if, when I came up to town,—I—I did find what I expected,—I'd take Carrie,—and go to Canada."

Fenwick rose, and thrusting his hands into his pockets began to walk up and down excitedly.

"And of course—as you expected it—you found it," he said bitterly. "Who could ever have *conceived* that a woman could act in such a way! Why, I had been kissing your photograph the minute before! Lord Findon had been there, to tell me my pictures were in the Academy all right, and he 'd given me five hundred pounds for them—and the check——"

He stopped in front of her, rapping the table with his finger for emphasis,—"The check was actually in the drawer!—under your hand—where I 'd left it. It was too late to catch the north post for a letter to you, so I went out to tell one or two people, and on the way I bought some things for you at a shop,—prettinesses that I 'd never been able to give you. Why, I thought of nothing but you."

His voice had risen to a cry. He stooped, bending over the table, his haggard face close to hers.

She recoiled, and burst into a wild sob—

"John, I—I could n't know!"

"Well, go on,"—he said abruptly, raising himself—"go on. You found that picture in my room,—I 'll tell you about that presently,—and you wrote me the letter. Well, then you went back to Euston, and you sent Daisy away. After that?"

His stern, sharp tone, which was really the result of a nerve tension hardly to be borne, scared her. It was with painful difficulty that she collected her forces enough to meet his gaze and to reply.

"I took Carrie to Liverpool. We had to wait three days there. Then we got on a steamer for Quebec. The voyage was dreadful. Carrie was ill, and I was so—so miserable! We stopped at Quebec a little. But I felt so strange there, with all the people speaking French—so we went on to Montreal. And the Government people there who look after the emigrants found me a place. I got work in a hotel—a sort of housekeeper. I looked after the linen, and the servants, and after a bit I learnt how to keep the accounts. They paid me eight dollars a week, and Carrie and I had a room at the top of the hotel. It was awfully hard work. I was so dead tired at night, sometimes I could n't undress. I would sit down on the side of my bed to rest my

feet; and then the next thing I 'd know would be waking in the morning, just as I was, in my clothes. But so long as I slept, it was all right.—It was lying awake—that killed me!"—

The trembling of her lips checked her, and she began to play nervously with the fringe of the table-cloth, trying to force back emotion. He had again seated himself opposite to her, and was observing her with a half-frowning attention, as of one in whom the brain action is physically difficult. He led her on, however, with questions, seeing how much she needed the help of them. From Montreal, it appeared, she had gone to a fruit-farm in the Hamilton district, Ontario, as housekeeper to a widower with a family of children varying in age from five to sixteen. She had made the acquaintance of this man,—a decent, rough, good-tempered fellow, Canadian-born,—through the hotel. He had noticed her powers of management, and her over-work; and had offered her equal pay, an easier task, and country air, instead of the rush of Montreal.

"I accepted for Carrie's sake. It was an apple-farm, running down to Lake Ontario. I had to look after the house and the children, and to cook—and wash—and bake—and turn one's hand to anything. It was n't too hard,—and Carrie went to school with the others,—and used to run about the farm. Mr. Crósson was very kind. His old mother was living there,—or I—would n't have gone,"—she flushed deeply—"but she was very infirm, and could n't do anything. I took in two English papers,—and used to get along somehow. Once I was ill, with congestion of the lungs,—and once I went to Niagara, with some people who lived near. And I can hardly remember anything else happening. It was all just the same—day after day,—I just seemed to be half alive."—

"Ah! you felt that?" he said eagerly—"you felt that? There's a stuff they call curair. You can't move,—you're paralyzed,—but you feel horrible pain. That's what I used to feel like,—for months and months. And then sometimes—it was different—as if I did n't care twopence about anything, except a little bit of pleasure,—and should never vex myself about anything again. One

was dead, and it did n't matter—was rather pleasant indeed."

She was silent. Her seeking, pitiful eyes were on him perpetually, trying to make him out, to acquaint herself with this new personality, which spoke in these harsh staccato phrases,—to reconcile it with the excitable, sanguine, self-confident man whom she had deserted in his youth.

"Well,"—he resumed, "and what was your farmer like?" Then, suddenly,—lifting his eyes—"Did he make love to you?"

She colored hotly, and threw back her head.

"And if he did, it was no one's fault!—neither his nor mine. He was n't a bad fellow!—and he wanted some one to look after his children."

"Naturally. Quite content also to look after mine!" said Fenwick, with a laugh which startled her,—resuming his agitated walk, a curious expression of satisfaction, triumph even, on his dark face. "So *you* found yourself in a false position?"

He stopped to look at her, and his smile hurt her sorely. But she had made up her mind to a long patience, and she struggled on.

"It was partly that made me come home,—that, and other things?"

"What other things?"

"Things—I saw—in some of the papers about you," she said, with difficulty.

"What—that I was a flat failure?—a quarrelsome ass, and that kind of thing? You began to pity me?"

"Oh, John, don't talk to me like that?" She held out her hands to him in appealing misery. "I was *sorry*, I tell you!—I saw how I'd behaved to you. I thought if you had n't been getting on, perhaps it was my fault. It upset me altogether!"

But he did n't relent. He still stood—fiercely interrogative—his hands in his pockets, on the other side of the table.

"And what else was there?"

Phœbe choked back her tears.

"There was a woman—who came to live near us,—who had been a maid"—She hesitated—

"Please go on!"

"Maid to Madame de Pastourelles,"—

she said hastily, stumbling over the French name.

He exclaimed: "In Ontario!"

"She married a man she had been engaged to for years; he'd been making a home for her out there. I liked her directly I saw her; and she was too delicate for the life; she came in the fall, and the winter tried her dreadfully. I used to go in to nurse her—she was very much alone,—and she told me all about herself—and about"—

"Madame?"

Phœbe nodded, her eyes swimming again in tears.

"And you found out you'd been mistaken?"

She nodded again.

"You see—she talked about her to me a great deal. Of course I—I never said anything. She'd been with her fifteen years—and she just worshiped her. And she told me about her bad husband—how she'd nursed him, and that,—and how he died last year!"

A wild color leapt into Fenwick's cheeks.

"And you began to think—there might be a false position—there too,—between her and me?"

His cruel broken words stung her intolerably. She sprang up, looking at him fiercely. "And if I did, it was n't all selfishness. Can't you understand, I might have been afraid for her,—and you,—as well as for myself?"

He moved again to the window, and stood with head bent, twisting his lip painfully.

"And to-day you've seen her?" he said, still looking out.

"Yes—she was very, very kind," said Phœbe humbly.

He paused a moment, then broke out—"And now you see—what you did!—what a horrible thing!—for the most ridiculous reasons! But after you'd left me—in that way—you could n't expect me to give her up—her friendship—all I had. For nine or ten years,* if I prospered at all, I tell you it was her doing—because she upheld me,—because she inspired me—because her mere existence shamed me out of doing—well, what I could never have resisted, but for her. If I ever did good work, it was her doing—if I have been faithful to you,

in spite of everything, it was her doing too!"

He sank down upon the window-seat, —his face working. And suddenly Phoebe was at his knees.

"Oh, John—John—forgive me!—do. John!—try and forgive me!" She caught his hands in hers, kissing them, bathing them with her tears. "John, we *can* begin again!—we're not so old. You'll have a long rest—and I'll work for you night and day. We'll go abroad with some of my money. Don't you know how you always said, if you could study abroad a bit, what good it'd do you? We'll go, won't we? And you'll paint as well as ever—you'll get everything back. Oh John! don't hate me!—don't hate me! I've loved you always—always—even when I was so mad and cruel to you. Every night in Canada, I used to long for it to be morning—and then in the morning I longed for it to be night. Nothing was any good to me, or any pleasure—without you. But at first, I was just in despair—I thought I'd lost you forever—I could never, never come back. And then afterwards—when I wanted to come back—when I knew I'd been wicked—I didn't know how to do it,—how to face it. I was frightened—frightened of what you'd say to me—how you'd look!"

She paused, her arms flung round him, her tear-stained face upraised. In her despair, and utter sincerity, she was once more beautiful,—with a tragic beauty of character and expression, not lost for one moment upon the man beside her.

He laid his right hand on her head amid the masses of her fair hair, and held it there, forcing her head back a little, studying her in a bitter passion,—the upper lip drawn back a little over the teeth, which held and tormented the lower.

"Twelve years!"—he said slowly, after a minute, his eyes plunging into hers—"twelve years!—What do you know of me now?—or I of you? I should offend you twenty times a day. And—perhaps—it might be the same with me."

Phoebe released herself, and laid her head against his knee.

"John!—take me back—take me back!"

"Why did you torture me?" he said

hoarsely. "You sent me Carrie six weeks ago—and then swept her away again."

She cried out. "It was the merest accident!" And volubly—abjectly—she explained. He listened to her, but without seeming to understand,—his own mind working irrelevantly all the time. And presently he interrupted her,—

"Besides,—I'm unhinged,—I'm not fit to have women dependent on me. I can't answer for myself. Yesterday—if that picture had come at eight o'clock instead of seven—it would have been too late!"

His voice altered strangely. Phoebe fell back upon the floor, huddled together,—staring at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I should have destroyed myself. That's what I mean. I had made up my mind. It was just touch and go."

Phoebe sat speechless. It seemed as though her eyes—so wide and terrified—were fixed in their places, and could not release him. He moved impatiently; the appeal, the horror of them, were more than he could bear.

"And much better for you if I had!—and as for Carrie!—Ah!—good heavens! there she is."

He sprang up in agitation, looking through the open window, yet withdrawing from it. Phoebe too rose, the color rushing back into her cheeks. This was to be her critical, her crucial moment. If she recovered him, she was to owe it to her child.

Carrie and Miss Mason came along the path together. They had been in a wood beside the Elterwater road; not knowing how to talk to each other; wandering apart, and gathering flowers idly, to pass the time. Carrie held a large bunch of bluebells in her hand. She wore a cotton dress of grayish-blue, just such a dress as Phoebe might have worn in her first youth. The skirt was short, and showed her tripping feet. Under her shady hat with its pink rose, her eyes glanced timidly towards the house, and then withdrew themselves again. Fenwick saw that the eyes were in truth darker than Phoebe's, and the hair much darker,—no golden mist like her mother's, but nearer to his own,—a warm brown, curly and vigorous. Her face was round and rosy, but so delicately

cut and balanced, it affected him with a thrill of delight. He perceived also that she was very small,—smaller than he had thought, in the theatre. But at the same time, her light proportions had in them no hint of weakness or fragility. If she were a fairy, she was no twilight spirit; but rather a cheerful dawn-fairy,—one of those happy household sprites, that help the work of man.

He went and opened the door for them, trembling.

Carrie saw him there—paused—and then walked on quickly—ahead of Miss Mason.

"Father!" she said gravely, and looking at him, she held out her hand.

He took it, and then, drawing her to him, he kissed her hurriedly. Carrie's cheeks grew very red, and her eyes moist, for a moment. But she had long since determined not to cry,—because poor mummy would be sure to.

"I guess you'll be wanting your tea," she said shyly, looking from him to her mother,—*"I'll go and see to it."*

Miss Anna came up behind, concealing as best she could the impression made upon her by the husband and wife as they stood in the porch, under the full western light. Alack! here was no happy meeting!—and it was no good pretending.

Fenwick greeted her with little or no demonstration of any sort, though he and she, also, had never met since the year of Phœbe's flight. His sunken eyes indeed regarded her with a look that seemed to hold her at bay,—a strange look full of bitterness. She understood it to mean that he was not there to lend himself to any sham sentimental business; and that physically he was ill, and could stand no strain, whatever women might wish.

After a few questions about his journey, Miss Anna quietly begged him to come in and rest. He hesitated a moment, then with his hands in his pockets followed her to the parlor; while Phœbe, with Carrie's arm round her, went faltering upstairs.

MISS ANNA made no scene, and asked for no information. She and Carrie bustled to and fro, preparing supper. Fenwick at his own request remained alone in the parlor. But when supper-

time came, it was evident that he was too feeble to face an ordinary meal. He lay back in Miss Anna's armchair with closed eyes, and took no notice of Phœbe's timid summons. The women looked in upon him, alarmed and whispering together. Then Miss Anna drew Phœbe away and mixing some milk and brandy sent Carrie in with it. "He go away to-morrow!" she said, in Phœbe's ear,—*"we shall see!"*

As Carrie entered the parlor with the milk and brandy, Fenwick looked up.

"Where am I to sleep?" he asked her abruptly, his eyes lingering on her.

"In my room," she said softly; "I'm going in to Miss Anna. I've lengthened the bed!"

A faint smile flickered over his face.

"How did you do that?"

"I nailed on a packing-case. Isn't it queer?—Miss Anna had n't any tools. I had to borrow some at the farm,—and they were the poorest scratch lot you ever saw. Why, everybody in Canada has tools."

He held her with a shaking hand, still looking intently at her bright face.

"Did you like Canada?"

She smiled.

"Why, it's *lovely!*" Then her lips parted eagerly. She would have liked to go on talking, to make acquaintance. But she refrained. This man,—this strange new father—was "sick,"—and must be kept quiet.

"Will you help me up to bed?" he murmured, as she was just going away.

She obeyed, and he leant on her shoulder as they mounted the steep cottage stair. Her physical strength astonished him,—the amount of support that this child of seventeen was able to give him.

She led him into his room, where she had already brought his bag, and unpacked his things.

"Is it all right, father? Do you want anything else? Shall I send mother?"

"No; no," he said hastily—"I'm all right. Tell them I'm all right; I only want to go to sleep."

She turned at the door, and looked at him wistfully.

"I did make that mattress over—part of it. But it's a real bad one."

He nodded, and she went away.

"A dream!" he said to himself—*"a dream!"*

He was thinking of the child as she stood bathed in the mingled glory of sunset and moonlight flowing in upon her from the open window; for the long day of northern summer was still lingering in the valley.

"Ah! if I could only *paint*!— oh God, if I could *paint*!"—He groaned aloud, rubbing his hands together in a fever of impotence and misery.

Then he tumbled into bed, and lay there weak and passive, feeling the strangeness of the remembered room, of the open casement window, of the sycamore outside, and the mountain forms beyond it; of this pearly or golden light in which everything was steeped.

In the silence he heard the voice of the beck, as it hurried down the ghyll. Twelve years, since he had heard it last; and the eternal water "at its priest-like task" still murmured with the rocks, still drank the rain, and fed the river. No rebellion there; no failure; no helpless will!

He tried to think of Phœbe, to remember what she had said to him. He wondered if he had been merely brutal to her. But his heart seemed a dry husk within him. It was, as it had been. He could neither think nor feel.

Next day he was so ill that a doctor was sent for. He prescribed long rest, said all excitement must be avoided, all work put away.

Four or five dreary weeks followed. Fenwick stayed in bed most of the day, struggled down to the garden in the afternoon, was nursed by the three women, and scarcely said a word from morning till night that was not connected with some bodily want or discomfort. He showed no repugnance to his wife, would let her wait upon him, and sit beside him in the garden. But he made no spontaneous movement towards her whatever; and the only person who evidently cheered him was Carrie. He watched the child incessantly,—in her housework, her sewing, her gardening, her coaxing of her pale mother, her fun with Miss Anna, who was by now her slave. There was something in the slight foreignness of her ways and accent, in her colonial resource and independence, that delighted and amused him like a pleasant piece of acting. She had the cot-

tage under her thumb. By now she had cleaned all the furniture, "coloured" most of the walls, and mended all the linen, which had been in a sad condition,—Miss Anna's powers being rather intellectual than practical. And through it all, she kept a natural daintiness and refinement; was never clumsy, or loud, or untidy. She came and went so lightly,—and always bringing with her the impression of something hidden and fragrant, a happiness within, that gave a dancing grace and perfume to all her life.

To her father she chattered mostly of Canada, and he would sit in the shade of the cottage, listening to her while she described their life; the big rambling farm, the children she had been brought up with, the great lake, with its ice and its storms, the apple orchards, the sleighing in winter, the beauty of the fall, the splendour of the summers, the boom that was beginning "up west." Cunningly, in fact, she set the stage for an actor to come; but his "cue" was not yet.

It was only from her indeed that he would hear of these things. If Phœbe ventured on them his manner stiffened at once. Miss Anna's strong impression was, still, that with his wife he was always on his guard against demands he felt himself physically unable to meet. Yet it seemed to her, as time went on, that he was more and more aware of Phœbe, more sensitive to her presence, her voice.

She too watched Phœbe, and with a growing involuntary respect. This changed woman had endured "hardness," had at last followed her conscience; and rebuffed and unforgiven as she seemed to be, she was clothed none the less in a new dignity, modest and sad, but real. She might be hopeless of recovering her husband; but all the same, the law which links that strange thing, spiritual peace, with certain surrenders, had already begun to work, unknown even to herself.

As she moved about the cottage and garden indeed, new contacts, new relations slowly established themselves, unseen and unexpressed, between her and the man who scarcely noticed her in words, from morning till night. "I should offend you twenty times a day," he had said to her—"and perhaps it might be the same with me!" But they did not offend each other!—That was the

merciful new fact, asserting itself through this silent, suspended time. She was still beautiful. The mountain air restored her clear pure colour; and what time had robbed her of in bloom, it had given her back in *character*,—the artist's supreme demand. Self-control, bitterly learnt,—fresh capacities, moral, or practical,—these expressed themselves in a thousand trifles. Not only in her tall slenderness and fairness was she presently a challenge to Fenwick's sharpening sense; she began, in a wholly new degree, to interest his intelligence. Her own had blossomed; and in spite of grief, she had brought back with her some of the ways of a young and tiptoe world. Soon he was, in secret, hungry for her history,—the history he had so far refused to hear. Who was this man who had made love to her?—how far had it gone?—he tossed at nights thinking of it. There came a time when he would gladly have exchanged Carrie's gossip for hers; and through her soft silence, as she sat beside him, he would hear suddenly in memory, the echoes of her girlish voice, and make a quick movement towards her,—only to check himself in shyness or pride.

Meanwhile he could not know that he too had grown in her eyes, as she in his. In spite of all his errors and follies, he had not wrestled with his art, he had not lived among his intellectual peers, he had not known Eugénie de Pastourelles through twelve years, for nothing. Embittered he was, but also refined. The nature had grown harsher and more rugged,—but also larger, more complex, more significant, better worth the paterfamilias of love. As for his failure, the more she understood it, the more it evoked in her an angry advocacy, a passionate championship, a protesting faith,—which she had much ado to hide.

And all this time letters came occasionally from Madame de Pastourelles,—indifferently to her or to him,—full of London artistic gossip, the season being now in full swim, of sly stimulus and cheer. As they handed them to each other, without talking of them, it was as though the shuttle of fate flew from life to life,—these in Langdale, and that in London,—weaving the three into a new pattern

which day by day replaced and hid away the old.

THE days lengthened towards midsummer. After a spell of rain, June descended in blossom and sunshine on the Westmoreland vales. The hawthorns were out, and the wild cherries. The bluebells were fading in the woods, but in the cottage gardens the lilacs were all fragrance, and the crown-imperials showed their heads of yellow and red. Each valley and hill-side was a medley of soft and shimmering colour, save in the higher, austerer dales, where as in Langdale, the woods scarcely climb, and the bare pastures have only a livelier emerald to show, or the crags a warmer purple, as their testimony to the spring.

Fenwick was unmistakably better. The signs of it were visible in many directions. His passive, silent ways, so alien to his natural self and temperament, were at last breaking down. One evening, Carrie, who had been to Elterwater, brought back some afternoon letters. They included a letter from Canada, which Carrie read over her mother's shoulder, laughing and wondering. Phœbe was sitting on a bench in the garden, an old yew-tree just above her on the slope. The heads of both mother and child were thrown out sharply on the darkness of the yew background,—Phœbe's profile, upturned, and the abundant coils of her hair, were linked in harmonious line with the bending figure and beautiful head of the girl.

Suddenly Fenwick put down the newspaper which Carrie had brought him. He rose, muttered something, and went into the house. They could hear him rummaging in his room, where Phœbe had lately unpacked some boxes forwarded from London. He had never so far touched brush or crayon during his stay at the cottage.

Presently he returned with a canvas and palette.

"Don't go!" he said peremptorily to Carrie, raising his hand. "Stand as you were before."

"You don't want me?" asked Phœbe, startled, her pale cheeks suddenly pink.

"Yes, yes, I do!" he said impatiently. "For God's sake don't move, either of you!"

He went back for an easel, then sat down and began to paint.

They held themselves as still as mice. Carrie could see her mother's hands trembling on her lap.

Suddenly Fenwick said in emotion: "I don't know how it is,—but I *see* much better than I did."

Miss Anna looked up from the low wall on which she was sitting. "The doctor said you would, John, when you got strong," she put in quickly. "He said you'd been suffering from your eyes a long time without knowing it. It was nerves like the rest."

Fenwick said nothing. He went on painting, painting fast and freely,—for nearly an hour. All the time Phœbe could hardly breathe. It was as though she felt the doors opening upon a new room in the House of Life.

Then the artist put his *canvas* on the grass, and stood looking at it intently.

"By Jove!" he said presently. "By Jove!—that'll do."

Phœbe said nothing. Carrie came up to him and linked her arm in his.

"Father, that's enough. Don't do any more."

"All right. Take it away,—and all these things."

She lifted the sketch, the palette and brushes, and carried them into the house.

Then Fenwick looked up irresolutely. His wife was still sitting on the bench. She had her sewing in her hands.

"Your hair's as pretty as ever, Phœbe," he said, in a queer voice. Phœbe raised her deep lids slowly, and her eyes spoke for her. She would offer herself no more,—implore no more,—but he knew in that moment that she loved him more maturely, more richly, than she had ever loved him in the old days. A shock, that was also a thrill ran through him. They remained thus for some seconds gazing at each other. Then, as Carrie returned, Phœbe went into the house.

Carrie studied her father for a little, and then came to sit down on the grass beside him. Miss Anna had gone for a walk along the fell.

"Are you feeling better, father?"

"Yes—a good deal."

"Well, then—now—I can tell you my news."

And she deliberately drew out a photo-

graph from her pocket, and held it up to him.

"Well,"—said Fenwick, mystified. "Who's the young man?"

"He's *my* young man,"—was Carrie's entirely self-possessed reply. "I'm going to marry him."

"*What?*" cried Fenwick. "Show him to me."

Carrie yielded up her treasure rather timidly.

Fenwick looked at the picture, then put it down angrily.

"What nonsense are you talking, Carrie! Why, you're only a baby. You ought n't to be thinking of any such things."

Carrie shook her head resolutely.

"I'm not a baby. I've been in love with him more than a year."

"Upon my word!" said Fenwick, "you must have begun in the cradle! And has it never occurred to you—lately—that you'd have to ask my leave?"

Carrie hesitated.

"In Canada I would n't have to," she said at last decidedly.

"Oh! they've abolished the Fifth Commandment there, have they?"

"No—no. But the girls choose for themselves!" said Carrie, tossing back her brown curls with the slightest touch of defiance. Fenwick observed her, his brow clouding.

"And you suppose that I'm going to say Yes at once to this mad proposal?—that I'm going to give you up altogether, just as I've got you back? I warn you at once, I shall not consent to any such thing!"

There was silence. Fenwick sat staring at her, his lips moving, angry sentences of authority and reproach forming themselves in his mind,—but without coming to speech. It was intolerable, inhuman,—that at this very moment, when he wanted her most, this threat of fresh loss should be sprung upon him. She was *his*—his property. He would not give her up to any Canadian fellow, and he altogether disapproved of such young love-affairs.

"Father—" said Carrie, after a moment,—“when George asked me—we did n't know—”

"About me? Well, now you do know," said Fenwick, roughly. "I'm here,—and

I have my rights." He put out his hand and seized her arm, looking at her, devouring her, in a kind of angry passion.

Carrie grew a little pale and, coming nearer, she laid her head against his knee.

"Father, you don't understand what we propose."

"Well, out with it, then!"

"We would n't think about being married for three years. Why, of course we would n't! I don't want to be settled all that soon. And besides we're going abroad,—you, and mummy, and I. I'm going to take you!" She sat up, tossing her pretty head, her eyes as bright as stars.

"And be thinking all the time of the Canadian chap?—bored with everything!" growled Fenwick.

Carrie surveyed him. A film of tears sparkled.

"I'm never bored. Father!"—she held herself erect, throwing all her soul into every word—"George is—*awfully—nice!*"

Ah! the "life-force"! There it was before him, embodied in this light, ardent creature, on whose brown head, and white dress the June sun streamed, through the sycamore-leaves. With a groan—suddenly—Fenwick weakened.

"What's his horrid name?—who is he?—quick!"

Carrie gave a little crow—and began to talk, sitting there, on the grass, with her hands round her knees. The interloper it appeared had every virtue, and every prospect. What was to be done? Presently Carrie crept up to him again.

"Father!—he wants to come to Europe. When you've found a plan,—if we let him come and hitch up alongside of us somewhere,—why, he would n't be any trouble!—*I'd see to that!* And you don't know whether—whether a son—might n't suit you!—Why!—you've never tried!"

He made an effort, and held her at arm's length.

"I tell you, I can say nothing about it—nothing—till George has written to me!"

"But he has,—this mail!" And in triumph she hastily dragged a letter out of the little bag at her waist, and gave it him. "It came this afternoon, only I did n't know if you might have it."

He laughed excitedly, and took it.

AN hour later, Fenwick rose. The day had grown cool. A fresh breeze was blowing from the north down the fell-side. He put his arm round Carrie as she stood beside him, kissed her, and in a gruff, unintelligible voice murmured something that brought the tears again to her eyes. Then he announced that he was going for a short walk. Neither Phœbe nor Miss Anna was to be seen. Carrie protested on the score of his health.

"Nonsense! The doctor said I might do what I felt I could do."

"Then you must say good-bye to me. For Miss Anna and I are going directly."

Fenwick looked scared, but was soon reminded that Miss Anna was to drive the child that evening to Bowness, where Carrie was to be introduced to some old friends of Miss Anna's and stay with them a couple of days. He evidently did not like the prospect, but he made no audible protest against it, as he would perhaps have done, a week before.

Carrie watched him go,—followed his figure with her eyes along the road.

"And I'm glad *we* 're off!" she said to herself, her small feet dancing; "we 've been cumbering this ground—Miss Anna and I—a deal too long!"

HE was soon nearly a mile from home; rejoicing strangely in his recovered power of movement, and in the freshness of the evening air. He found himself on a hill above Elterwater, looking back on the lake, and on a wide range of hills beyond, clothed, in all their lower slopes, with the full leaf of June. Wood rose above wood, in every gradation of tone and loveliness, creeping upward through blue haze, till they suddenly lost hold on the bare peaks, which rose augustly clear, into the upper sky. The lake with its deep or glowing reflections,—its smiling shore,—the smoke of its few houses,—lay below him; and between him and it, glistening sharply, in a sun-steeped magic, upon the blue and purple background of the hills and woods,—a wild cherry, in its full mantle of bridal white.

What tranquillity!—what color!—what infinite variety of beauty! His heart swelled within him. Life of the body,—and life of the soul—seemed to be flow-

ing back upon him, lifting him on its wave, steeping him in its freshening strength. "My God!" he thought, remembering the sketch he had just made, and the mastery with which he had worked—"if I am able to paint again!—if I am!"

An ecstasy of hope arose in him. What if really there had been something wrong with his eyes!—something that rest might set right? What, if he had wanted rest for years?—and had gone on defying nature and common sense?

And, in a moment, as he sat there, looking out into the evening, the old whirl of images invaded him,—the old tumult of ideas—clamouring for shape and form,—flitting, phantom-like, along the woods, and over the bosom of the lake. He let himself be carried along, urging his brain, his fancy, filled with indescribable happiness. It was years since the experience had last befallen him! Did it mean the return of youth?—conception?—creative power? What matter!—years, or hardship?—if the mind could still imagine, the hand still shape?

He thought of his own series of the "Months"—which he had planned among these hills, and had carried out perfunctorily and vulgarly, in the city, far from the freshness and infinity of Nature. All the faults of his designs appeared to him; and the poverty of their execution. But he was only exultant, not depressed. Now that he could judge himself, now that his brain had begun to react once more, with this vigor, this wealth of idea,—surely all would be well.

Then for the first time, he thought of the money which Phœbe had saved. Abroad. Abroad! Italy?—or France? To go as a wanderer and a student, on pilgrimage to the sources of beauty and power. What was old, or played-out? Not Beauty!—not the mind within him,—not his craftsman's sense. He threw himself on the grass, face downwards, praying as he had been wont to do in his youth, but in a far more mystical, more inward way; not to a far-off God, invited to come down, and change or tamper with external circumstances; but to something within himself, identified with himself, the power of beauty in him, the resurgent forces of hope—and love.

At last, after a long time, as the summer twilight was waning, there struck through his dream the thought of Phœbe,—alone in the cottage,—waiting for him. He sprang up, and began to hurry down the hill.

PHŒBE was quite alone. The little servant who only came for the day had gone back to the farm where she slept, and Carrie and Miss Anna had long since departed on their visit.

Carrie had told her mother that "Father" had gone for a walk. And strangely enough, though he was away two hours, and she knew him still far from his usual strength, Phœbe was not anxious. But she was mortally tired,—as though of a sudden, a long tension had been loosened, a long effort relaxed.

So she had gone up-stairs to bed. But she had not begun to undress, and she sat in a low chair near the window, with the casements wide open, and the twin-peaks visible through them under a starry sky. Her head had fallen back against the chair; her hands were folded on her lap.

Then she heard Fenwick come in, and his step coming up the stairs.

It paused outside her door, and her heart beat so that she could hardly bear it.

"May I come in?"

It seemed to her that he did not wait for her low reply. He came in and shut the door. There was a bright color in his face, and his breath came fast, as he stood beside her, with his hands on her sides.

"Are you sure you like my coming?" he said brusquely.

She did not answer in words, but she put out her hand, and drew him toward her.

He knelt down by her, and she flung an arm around his neck, and laid her fair head on his shoulder with a long sigh.

"You are very tired?"

"No. I knew you would come."

A silence. Then he said waveringly, stooping over her—

"Phœbe,—I was very hard to you. But there was a black pall on me—and now it's lifting. Will you forgive me?—my dear—my dear!"

She clung to him with a great cry. And once more the torrent of love and repentance was unsealed, which had been arrested through all these weeks. In broken words—in mutual confession—each helping, each excusing the other,—the blessed, healing time passed on its way; till suddenly, as her hand dropped again upon her knee, he noticed, as he had often bitterly noticed before, the sham wedding-ring on the third finger.

She saw his eyes upon it, and flushed.

"I had to, John," she pleaded. "I had to."

He said nothing, but he thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and brought out the same large pocket-book which still held her last letter to him. He took out the letter, and offered it to her. "Don't read it," he said peremptorily. "Tear it up."

She recognized it, with a sob, and, trembling, did as he bade her. He gathered up the small fragments of it, took them to the grate, and lit a match under them. Then he returned to her—still holding the open pocket-book.

"Give me your hand."

She held it out to him, bewildered. He slowly drew off the ring, put it aside; then from the inmost fold of the pocket-book he took another ring, slipped it on her finger, and kissed the hand. After which he knelt down again beside her, and they clung to each other,—close and long.

"I return it"—he murmured—"after twelve years! God bless you for Carrie. God bless you for coming back to me. We'll go to Italy. You shall do that for me. But I'll repay you—if I live. Now, are you happy? Why, we're young yet!"

And so they kissed; knowing well that the years are irreparable, and yet defying them; conscious, as first youth is never conscious, of the black forces which surround our being, and yet full of passionate hope; aware of death, as youth is never aware of it, and yet determined to shape something out of life; sad and yet rejoicing, "cast down, but not destroyed."

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EPILOGUE

OF Eugénie, still a few words remain to say. About a year after Fenwick's return she lost her father. A little later Elsie Welby died. To the end of her life she had never willingly accepted Eugénie's service, and the memory of this alack, is for Eugénie among the pains that endure. What influence it may have had upon her later course can hardly be discussed here. She continued to live in Westminster, and to be the friend of many. One friend was tacitly accepted by all who loved her as possessing a special place, and special privileges. Encouraged and inspired by her, Arthur Welby outlived the cold and academic manner of his later youth, and in the joy of richer powers, and the rewards of an unstained and pure affection, he recovered much that life seemed once to have denied him. Eugénie never married him. In friendship, in ideas, in books, she found the pleasures of her way. Part of her life she spent—with yearning and humility—among the poor. But with them she never accomplished much. She was timid in their presence, and often unwise; neither side understood the other. Her real sphere lay in what a great Oxford preacher once enforced at St. Mary's, as—"our duty to our equals"—the hardest of all. Her influence, her mission, were with her own class; with the young girls just "out," who instinctively loved and clung to her; with the tired or troubled women of the world, who felt her presence as the passage of something pure and kindling which evoked their better selves; and with those men, in whom the intellectual life wages its difficult war with temperament and circumstance, for whom beauty and truth are realities, and yet—great also is Diana of the Ephesians! Thus in her soft, glancing woman's way, she stood with the "helpers and friends of mankind." But she never knew it. In her own opinion few persons were so unprofitable as she; and but for her mystical belief, the years would have brought her melancholy. They left her smile, however, undimmed. For the mystic carries within a little flame of joy, very hard to quench. The wind of Death itself does but stir and strengthen it.



THE JAY-BIRD

BY LE ROY T. WEEKS

H O, there, gay marauder,
Rummaging the wood!
Pompous self-applauder,
Braggart and defrauder,
Bold as Robin Hood.
Saucy imp in white and blue,
What 's your title? Tell me true.
Comes the answer, sharp, metallic:
"Smart

Aleck!

Smart

Aleck!"

Impudent freebooter,
Pirate of the grove,
Scoffer and disputer,
Harasser and looter,
Everywhere you rove.
But from out that noisy throat
Often comes a liquid note:

"Kickapoo,

Peek-a-boo,

Link-a-loo,

Inkle-poo!"

Then again he 'll whisper—
Oh, but he is sly!
Like a happy vesper
You will hear the lisper,
In the leaves near by,
Crooning to his nesting mate
Songs beyond me to translate:
"Tear,

Tee,

Twink,

Twee!

Room for two—just you and me!"

Here I lie a-soaking
In the scented shade,
While he goes a-poking
All about and joking
Like a jolly blade.
Then he 'll order round his wife,
With her busy, busy life:
"Fill the kittle!

Fill the kittle!

Fill up the kittle!

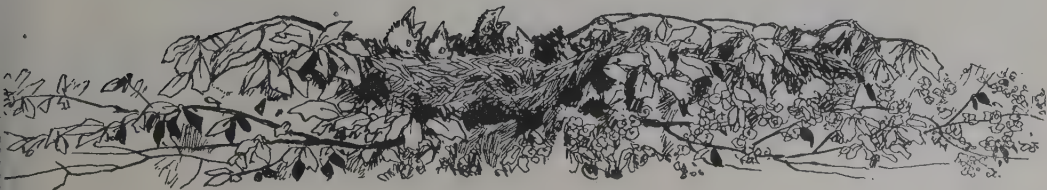
Fill the tea-kittle!"

Once I watched a robin
Plastering her nest.
How she kept a-bobbin'
In and out, and daubin',
Shaping with her breast.
Jay-bird came a-dancing by,
And the dwelling caught his eye—
Sucked the eggs and flew away!
Jay!

Jay!

Jay!

Jay!"



SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

I. THE GROVE OF DODONA

BY ANDRÉ SAGLIO



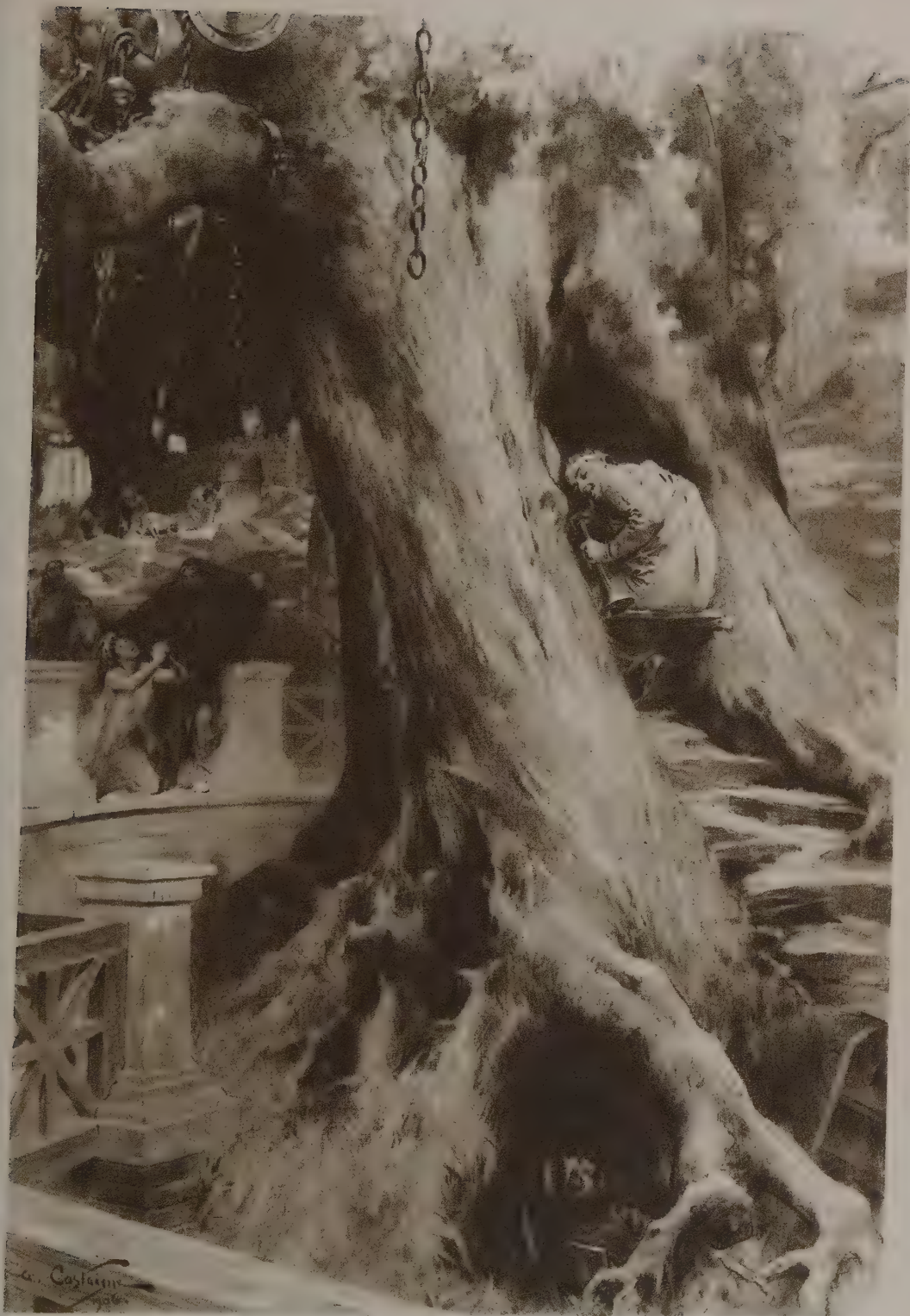
JUST as the flood tide, in receding, leaves a dark pool in the hollow of a rock, so the first conquerors of the soil of Greece, overwhelmed by new invaders, had left a reminder of their passage in the small colony that lingered on in one of the wild valleys of Epirus, where the wail of the cold wind of the mountains vied with the greater voice of the thunder, which is so prevalent in the mountains of Epirus. This weird spot was called Dodona, and was dedicated to the worship of Zeus.

The descendants of Hellenes, rough, uncouth men, appointed themselves priests of this faith inherited from their ancestors, and became interpreters of the divine revelations. They foretold the future in the flight of the doves, as they moved in the thick branches of the sacred grove, in the rustle of the leaves of the oaks, in the murmur of the fountain, or in the sound of the wind on the bronze tripods about the temple.

Even long before Homer's time pilgrims toiled along the roads leading to Dodona, to interrogate the oracle. This faith lasted till Christian emperors had ruined the temples, and burnt the last of the speaking trees. Tradition had it that it was there Hercules learned that the end of his labors was nigh; Cræsus, King of Lydia, sent ambassadors there; Agesilaus, King of Sparta, did not start on his Asian campaign until he had consulted the venerable oaks; and Demosthenes gained the ear of the Athenians by telling them to inquire of Dodona what attitude to assume toward Philip of Macedon.

Often, and with reason, the prophecy was confused or even false; but such was the faith in the infallibility of the holy oracle that the victims attributed their failure to their own lack of intelligence. It happened in this wise that the Athenians, having engaged in a disastrous campaign in Sicily because the oracle had ordered them to found a colony at Syracuse, discovered, all too late, the existence of another Syracuse, a neighboring village in a valley not far away. No more was needed to convince them that the great Zeus had intended to designate this spot, despite its evident inadaptability for such colonization. Thus, during many centuries, the oracle of Dodona enjoyed both fame and wealth. A dove spread its wings over the topmost branches of the ancient trees, around which were twined garlands of flowers; about the rugged trunks stood precious tripods in which incense fumed; an army of priests and priestesses received the offerings, put in place the propitiatory baskets of cakes and sacred barley, and offered the victims in sacrifice.

But little by little this holy zeal flagged. Sceptic conquerors robbed the temple of its valuable ex-votos, and these were followed again by mere brigands, who pillaged without arousing the humiliated divinities to the punishment of such audacious profanity. A new era had come. A church replaced the pagan temple; a bishop reigned at Dodona in the place of the forgotten oracles. The voice of the fateful valley is heard to-day only by the scholar, who, searching in the soil, finds there ashes of great conflagrations and relics of mighty conflicts mingled with the debris of ancient and forgotten sacrifices.



THE GROVE OF DODONA. BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

TO THE JUNGFRAU PEAK BY TROLLEY

A WONDERFUL ALPINE RAILWAY

BY ERNST VON HESSE WARTEGG



SWITZERLAND is the home of mountain railways. With an area not larger than one third of the State of New York, there may be counted about a hundred railways for the sole purpose of carrying passengers to mountain-tops varying in height from a few thousand to six or eight thousand feet. The month of August, 1905, witnessed the opening of a way carrying tourists even far above these altitudes, beyond the clouds, to ten thousand five hundred feet; and, when completed, its highest point will reach nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea—at the top of the famous Jungfrau, the queen of the Berner Oberland.

There are other mountain railways on the globe attaining much higher altitudes than even this, and on the Ovoya Railway of Peru I myself traveled a considerable distance above sixteen thousand feet; but most of these roads were built for the development of commerce and mining industries. The Swiss mountain railways, however, are almost exclusively in the service of tourists only, numbering in Switzerland alone not far from a million every year. They come to admire the scenic wonders of the little country on the roof of Europe, or to seek shelter against summer heat at the many mountain resorts. The majority of these mountain railways are paying investments. Switzerland, being a country of mountains, is consequently, also, a country of water-courses, fed by the inexhaustible store of snow and ice covering many square miles of the Alpine chains. Alaskan ice-fields

are bedded in between the peaks right in the heart of Switzerland, and although a great deal has been written about the general recession of glaciers, which in some instances amounts to a hundred and more feet year for year, such losses are quite insignificant compared with the enormous extent of these ice-deposits. A number of them have depths of several thousand feet, with millions of tons of solid hard-frozen ice, continually supplied from fresh snowfalls above. They feed Rhine and Rhone, Po and Danube, during the dry summer months, and the many mountain streams of Switzerland, forming beautiful cascades and falls and rapids, furnish the power which carry tourists in comfortable railway-carriages to the very tops from which they themselves come. They are led to turbine-pits, drive-wheels, and generators, and are thus converted into electric power. The Swiss, having no coal-deposits of their own, have become acknowledged experts in this branch of technical engineering, furnishing turbines and electric plants for the whole world. Thus, for instance, the gigantic turbines at Niagara Falls, many of which generate forces of from ten to twelve thousand horse-power each, have been constructed almost without exception by Swiss firms.

The success of the Alpine railways, notably of those around Interlaken, encouraged Mr. Guyer-Zeller, an engineer of Zurich, to venture a railway to the top of the Jungfrau. He obtained the concessions from the Swiss federal council, and being a man of wealth and enterprise, he set to work at once, notwithstanding

apparently insurmountable difficulties. To-day the first half of the work is completed, and thousands of tourists visit the famous glaciers of the Eiger and the sea of ice on the other side of the Jungfrau range as an afternoon excursion, sipping their five-o'clock tea in the subterranean station of the Eiger pyramid, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea!

Poor Guyer-Zeller did not see the success of his enterprise. Like Favre, the creator of the Gotthard Railway, still unsurpassed as a technical and scenic marvel, and Brandt, the builder of the Simplon Railway, he died in the midst of his work, like a soldier on the battle-field.

Every visitor to Interlaken is naturally familiar with the Berner Oberland Railway, leading through the wildly romantic gorge of the Zweilütschinen River to the station of the same name. At this charming spot, surrounded by the snow-covered giants of the Oberland, the river is formed by the junction of the Black and the White Lütschine, the former coming from the glaciers of famous Grindelwald and the picturesque Wetterhorn group, the latter from the vast ice-fields of the Jungfrau range proper. Between the valleys of these gushing, foaming, turbulent mountain streams rises one of the loveliest mountains of Switzerland, the Wengernalp, with dark pine woods and bright-green pastures, where great quantities of *Alpenrosen*, a species of small, red rhododendron, may be gathered during the summer months, and from where the Jungfrau group is best seen in all its wonderful glory. From Zweilütschinen the Oberland Railway skirts the western foot of the Wengernalp, following the deep wooded gorge of the White Lütschine to Lauterbrunnen, passes over the Wengernalp Mountain to Grindenwald, returning to Zweilütschinen along the course of the Black Lütschine, thus describing the outlines of a pan with the handle attached to it. At the end of the handle is Interlaken. The scenery along this popular road rivals in beauty and imposing grandeur that of the Andes and northern India.

In order to reach the Jungfrau Railway, the tourist takes this *Oberlandbahn* as far as the Kleine Scheidegg, the highest point of the Wengernalp pass, 6800 feet above sea-level. Shortly before reaching Zwei-

lütschinen, he will notice, bedded deeply in the river-gorge, a few large buildings half covered by the branches of gigantic pine-trees above. Here the power plant of the Jungfraubahn is located. To obtain the required height of fall, the water of the Lütschine is taken from far up the river and conducted through steel tubes six feet in diameter to a point one hundred and thirty feet above the turbine-wheels. The pits contain six turbines, the two largest of which have a capacity of 500 horsepower each. Altogether a force of 2650 horse-power is obtained, quite sufficient for driving the electric locomotives, lighting the tunnels, and warming the houses of the working force up among the glaciers. After the completion of the railway to the top of the Jungfrau, another plant, with a capacity of 10,000 horsepower, will be established on the banks of the Black Lütschine, near the romantic village of Burglauenen, below Grindelwald.

In summer-time, when the warm sun is melting off the ice-deposits, both streams are filled to overflowing; but in spring and autumn there is at times insufficient water to drive the turbines, and for this emergency gas-engines have been installed at the power-houses.

As at the Niagara Falls plant, the generators are firmly joined to the turbine-shafts, rotating along with the wheels at the rate of 380 revolutions a minute. The electricity thus generated is conducted over three copper wires to the mountains above, and the high wooden poles carrying them accompany the railway-track as far as the Kleine Scheidegg. Here, in full view of the three giants, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, the new railway branches off in easterly direction toward the enormous ice-fields of the Eiger, while due south, not over four miles from the starting-point as the crow flies, the Jungfrau raises her snowy head above the clouds.

A direct route from the Scheidegg to the Jungfrau being out of the question, this roundabout course for the track had to be adopted. Between these two points spreads one of the most terrible gorges of the Swiss Alps, cut thousands of feet deep through the hard rock and surrounded by enormous glaciers and snow-fields. Down below rushes the roaring



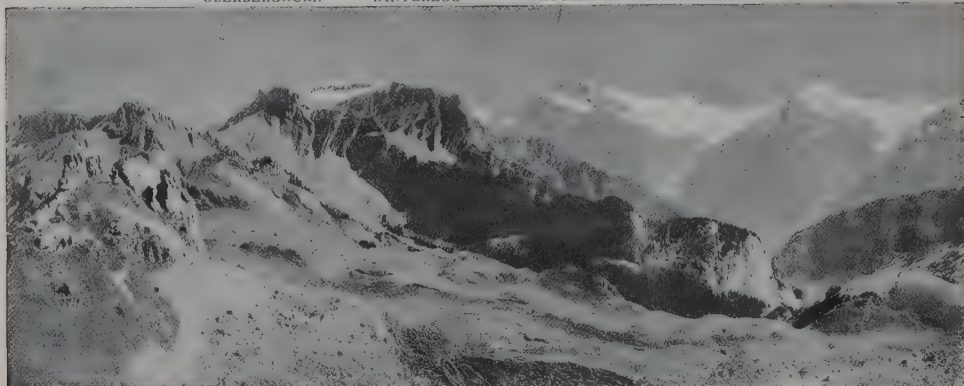
INTERLAKEN, WITH THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

Trümmelbach, the discharge of all these masses of ice being so powerful that in the course of ages even the towering walls of the Black Monk were cut in two in order to find its outlet to the Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Yosemite of Switzerland. The entire height of the Trümmelbach Falls from the source of this stream down to the valley, a distance of only two miles and a half, is over a mile and a half! The tremendous force of this stream can therefore be imagined.

With perpendicular rocks on all sides, the gorge of Trümleten, cut out by the Trümmelbach, could naturally not be spanned by a bridge, nor even doubled by an open-air railway, for there is not an inch of solid level ground available for the foundation. The glaciers themselves are moving slowly, imperceptibly, downward, and even if sufficient rock-bed could be found, the numerous avalanches of snow and rock and ice would frustrate every effort to get across this deadly abyss. Visitors to the Wengernalp may witness this grand spectacle daily during the summer. Hundreds and thousands of tons of ice, mingled with snow and masses of rock and sand, are then beginning to

move slowly downward, increasing in speed the lower they get, till they break up and tumble furiously in big jumps to the deep gorge below, amid deafening thunder, echoed many times by the towering mountains around.

Consequently there was only one way to get the railway to the top—the way through the mountains themselves. For the first mile the track crosses the green pastures of the Wengernalp toward the Eiger glacier till the station of that name is reached, and a short distance beyond one sees the entrance of the tunnel, which, when completed, will be six miles in length, to the ten miles of the famous Gotthard tunnel. At Eigergletscher, a station about seven thousand feet above sea-level, has sprung up within a few years one of the highest settlements of Europe. This curious place, surrounded by perpetual ice, without a tree or shrub or any vestige of vegetation, with eight months of winter and no spring or autumn, has been chosen for the headquarters of the railway, with work-shops, engine-houses, residences for officials, and barracks for workmen. These are mostly Italians, of whom about a hundred and



PANORAMA FROM THE SCHYNIGE PLATTE.—PART I

fifty are constantly at work higher up the road, day and night, in turns of eight hours each, without any ill effect on account of the high altitude. As the village is sometimes entirely cut off from the outside world by snow, storehouses have been erected, containing provisions for several months. An electric bakery furnishes fresh bread, and an electric plant produces water by melting snow and ice.

The railway track has a third rail for the cog-wheels of the electric engines and the two small cars forming a train. Inside the tunnel the grade is rather steep, in few places less than twenty-five per

cent. The cars are comfortable, the road-bed surprisingly smooth, the tunnel itself is well lighted by electricity, and the tourist may think himself traveling in the underground railway of Paris. The illusion is even enhanced on reaching the third station, Eigerwand, after a ride of twenty minutes. The train stops, and the passengers alight inside a vast hall, with signal-boxes and other installations as in underground Paris. Only the temperature is different. Tourists are shivering in the intense cold, sometimes below the freezing-point, although the warm summer sun may shine outside.



THE WENGERNALP



PART II.—(THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES THE ROUTE OF THE JUNGFRAU RAILWAY)

At Eigerwand the road has reached ten thousand feet, double the height of the Adirondack summit. A post-office and telephone-station, a large restaurant with buffet and bar and numerous tables, have been established here, and the traveler may rest and take his refreshments as in the Champs Elysée. Only when he approaches the large openings in the rock through which this underground station receives light from outside will he be forcibly reminded of the real character of his surroundings.

Nobody who has traveled on the Wengernalp road down to Grindelwald will

ever be able to forget the stupendous natural pyramid of the Eiger, rising almost perpendicularly through the clouds, without any break or step, the icy diadem of its head glittering above them in the rays of the bright sun, two miles above the valley. One might be reminded of the towering stone masses of the Cologne Cathedral, the largest Gothic structure of Europe. But fifteen of such cathedrals placed side by side, and seventy more piled in eighteen rows upon one another, may give an idea of the dimensions of the Eigerwand.

If examined with a powerful glass, a



KLEINE SCHEIDEGG STATION—THE WETTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND

row of five holes not larger than pinheads may be detected in the upper half. They represent the five window-openings, each fifteen feet wide, cut through the rock in the station. The view, as seen from them, comprises not only the northern part of Switzerland, with mountain-range after

travelers will find the rough, rocky walls and the roof of this cave station finely paneled with wood, good parqueting laid on the floor, huge glass windows, and a large restaurant where table d'hôte will be served by waiters in dress-coats. Moreover, there will be a telegraph and telephone station, a post-office for postal-card "fiends," a station-house, and quarters for the railway officials. Even an underground hotel is in course of construction, with comfortable rooms for the accommodation of travelers. Imagine a hotel in the bowels of the Eiger at the height of ten thousand feet, with glaciers and snow-fields and clouds below! A glimpse out of the huge



THE EIGER AND MÖNCH
FROM THE EIGERLET-
SCHER STATION

mountain-range, but also a large portion of Germany; for the Vosges Mountains of Alsace and the Black Forest of the Grand Duchy of Baden are clearly visible, while far below, at the foot of the Eiger, the vast hotels and dwelling-houses of pretty Grindelwald are seen, appearing not larger than match-boxes.

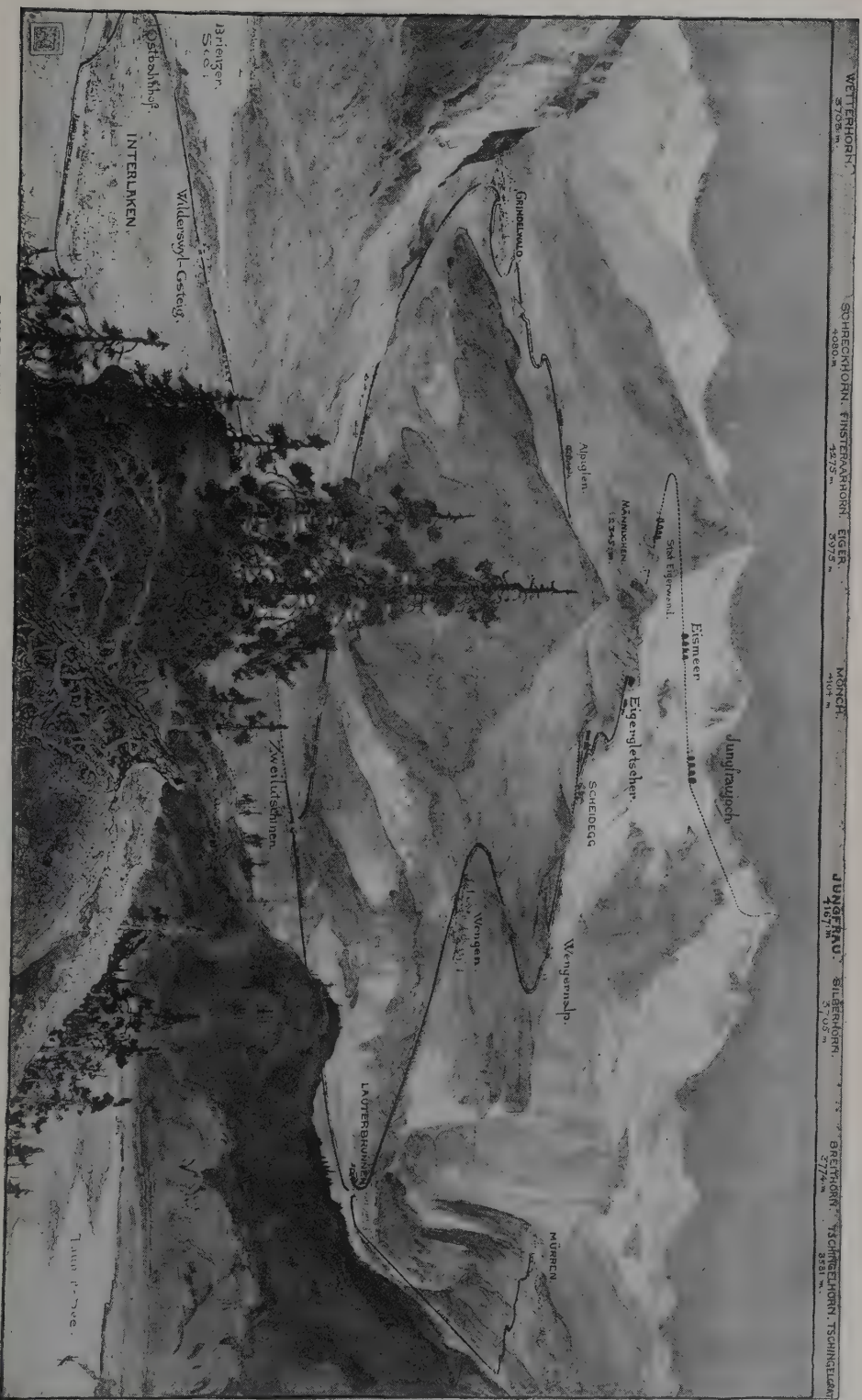
The overpowering effect of this wonderful sight is withal somewhat softened by the green pastures and dark forests, by the *Sennhütten* nestling on the slopes, and by the towns and villages far down in the valleys. A ride of ten minutes more brings the tourist to the Ultima Thule for the time being, station Eismeer.

The station itself is similar to the previous one—a vast cave hewn out of the natural chalky rock, with massive columns left standing to support the roof. Future



EIGERLETSCHER STATION—THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

rock windows will show the tourist, as the port-hole of an arctic ship, a vast frozen sea. Imagine a portion of the ocean whipped into towering waves by a furious cyclone, and then this cyclone suddenly stopped, the motion of the turbulent waves arrested, and the water frozen to hard ice. This is the Eismeer, stretching for miles eastward from the very feet of the onlooker. A few steps down a stairway hewn in the



WETTERHORN 3703 m. SCHNECKHORN, FINSTERARHORN, EIGER 3596 m. MÜNCH 4104 m. JUNGFRAU 4114 m. SILBERHORN 3705 m. GRENZKOPF 3772 m. TSCHINGELHORN, TSCHINGELHORN 3831 m.

Jährigen
St. G.

Wilderswil-Gastg.

INTERLAKEN

Ostschaffh.

Grindelwald

Alpstein
4000 m.

Männlichen
1570 m.

St. Ignaz
1400 m.

Eismeer
3400 m.

Jungfraujoch
3454 m.

Eigenletscher

SCHNEDEG

Wengernalp

Wengen
1200 m.

LAUTERBRUNNEN
1036 m.

Mürren
1676 m.

1. Juni 1876

PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RAILWAY FROM INTERLAKEN TO THE JUNGFRAU PEAK

rock will bring him on the ice. He will be surrounded by enormous blocks, hundreds of tons in weight, like frozen waves, side by side or piled upon one another, cracked and broken by the imperceptible but constant movement of the glacier over its rocky bed downward to the Grindelwald gorge, sheets of ice overlapping, heaps of ice, pinnacles of ice, fields of ice, with wide



THE LOOK-OUT FROM THE EIGERWAND STATION



INTERIOR OF THE EIGERWAND STATION

cracks of immeasurable depth running in all directions. Surrounding this picture of the wildest desolation, this landscape of the moon, standing boldly forth against the clear background of the blue sky, are the kings of the Alps—the dark masses of the Wetterhorn group, the terrible Schreckhorn, the towering peaks and precipitous ridges of the highest giants of the Bernese Alps, the Finsteraarhorn, the Lauteraarhorns, the Strahleggorns, the two Viescherhorns, and, finally, closing this vast amphitheater, the lower Mönchsloch, nearly joining the Eiger.

And while we are admiring silently and awe-stricken this majestic panorama, one of the grandest of the Alps, it may happen that monstrous masses of ice,

suddenly break loose from the top and tumble down toward the rocky, icy gorges below with thunderous roar, reëchoed by all the peaks of this Alpine theater. Snow and icy spray as dry as dust may be driven by the tremendous force of the air toward the dumfounded spectators, frightening them away to the interior of the cave; and when the echo has died away, stillness will set in

again in these regions of death—stillness as it is unknown to humanity below, stillness unbroken even by the flight of bird or by the chirping of cricket; for there is no vestige of organic life to be found here. Those who tarry there will be like the man in the moon, with ice-fields for lawns, snowflakes for grass, and wild rocks for a forest.

Those fond of winter sports will enjoy all the skating, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and curling their hearts may desire. Moreover, the whole climbing sport must necessarily be revolutionized by the Jungfrau Railway. Henceforth climbers will avoid the fatigue of the first day's climbing to the regions of the Eismeer by taking the train to that station. And when the Jungfraubahn is finished, tourists not

devoted to Alpine sports will be able to sit on the top of the Jungfrau, bask in the rays of the sun, and admire the magnificent panorama, without climbing higher than the footboard of a railway-carriage. It has taken six years and as many millions of francs to bring the road to the Eismeer, half-way up; it will take as much time and money again to finish the tunnel.

From a point about two hundred and thirty feet below the Jungfrau summit an electric lift will be constructed through the gneiss rock to the very top. Then tourists from Interlaken will be able to undertake one of the most delightful excursions, and witness one of the grandest sights in the world, within a few hours, at an expense of about eight dollars.



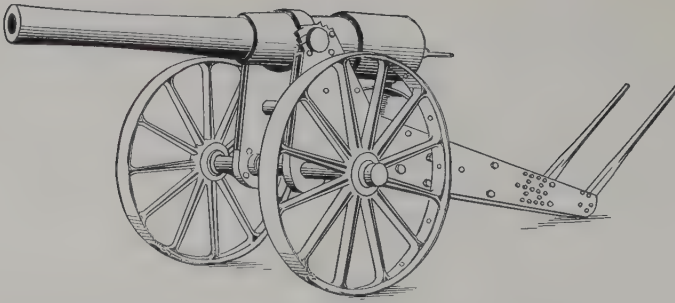
LOOKING FROM WITHIN THE ENTRANCE TO THE EIGER TUNNEL—
THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

BROWNING

BY JEANIE PEET

NEAR a great forest, one cried out "Obscure!"
As if it angered him; the other, "True;
Yet none the less those shadowed deeps allure.
Keep to the sanded alleys, friend! For you
Such paths were laid. 'T is one good reason more
Why I prefer the forest to explore.

"Just where the thick-starred tapestry of vines
Seems to say 'No admittance,' look, they part!
Far sweep the fragrant vistas through the pines.
Obscure? Like nature, like the human heart."



THE 4-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN CALLED "LONG CECIL," CONSTRUCTED
BY MR. LABRAM DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

THE AMERICAN HERO OF KIMBERLEY

BY T. J. GORDON GARDINER



WHEN a man rises to eminence under a foreign flag, especially by distinguished service in war, his career usually awakens interest among his compatriots. It is strange, therefore, that the name of George F. Labram of Detroit should be virtually unknown in this country. Mr. Labram, although a citizen of the United States and a non-combatant, holds a unique position in the military history of Great Britain. His services during the siege of Kimberley received the thanks of the British government and were publicly referred to by Lord Roberts as not only among the most momentous in the South African campaign, but in their own way unparalleled in modern warfare. Yet the story of his work—a story of American enterprise and resource in strange and dramatic surroundings, is but little known among his fellow-countrymen.

It is now a matter of history that when President Kruger's ultimatum expired on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11, 1899, the British colonies in South Africa were ill prepared for war. Nowhere was this unreadiness more apparent than in Kimberley. From the proximity of the town to the Transvaal and Free State borders, and in view of the notorious bad

feeling existing in the republics toward the people of the diamond fields, it might have been expected that the British government would take steps to protect a place of such commercial and strategical importance. This was so far from being the case, however, that when, after the collapse of the Bloemfontein Conference, the inhabitants appealed to the Cape administration for arms and ammunition to defend their town, they received through the Civil Commissioner the following reply:

"There is no reason whatever for apprehending that Kimberley is, or in any contemplated event will be, in danger of attack, and Mr. Schreiner¹ is of opinion that your fears are groundless and your anticipations without foundation."

The Imperial government, it is true, had so far recognized the danger of the situation as to send to the diamond fields, toward the end of September, 1899, a small body of regular troops amounting to some 564 officers and men. These were under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Robert George Kekewich of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Malay Peninsula and on the Nile. The Colonial troops in and around Kimberley when the

¹Prime Minister of Cape Colony.

war began were some 530 of the Cape Mounted Police, a very efficient semi-military body, and about 550 local volunteers, corresponding in training and equipment to the State militia in this country.

With a total command, therefore, of not more than 1650 trained men, Colonel Kekewich had to prepare to defend a town of 45,000 inhabitants and a perimeter of over eight miles. As such a garrison was wholly insufficient for the purposes of defence, he proceeded without delay to enroll a town guard. The men enlisted were mostly De Beers employees, civil servants, clerks, and shop assistants, very few of whom had had any military training. Fortunately, colonial life produces sportsmen in all classes, so that many of these citizen soldiers, although ignorant of the profession of arms, knew how to use a rifle, and in both veldt and camp could teach the regular troops some useful lessons.

On the 14th of October, 1899, when, by the red flags fluttering from the shaft-heads and the prolonged screaming of the De Beers sirens, the people of the diamond town knew that the investment of Kimberley had begun, Colonel Kekewich was able to man the trenches and forts with about 4500 armed troops of all ranks, of whom about four fifths were Kimberley men.

The town lies on the open, rolling veldt.

A unique feature of the place is the great mass of tailings from the mines—locally called debris heaps—which, during the last twenty years, have been piled up round the outskirts. These blue-gray mounds rise to a considerable height along some miles of the circumference and, from the point of view of defence, occupy a good strategic position. An ordinary wire fence, officially known as "the barrier,"

was erected along the whole perimeter, and on this at frequent intervals the Royal Engineers had built sand-bag and earth redoubts.

Besides the task of garrisoning and fortifying the town, Colonel Kekewich had to face innumerable difficulties in which local conditions counted for much, and he and his officers had frequently to rely on the information and advice of civilian residents.

Among the first of these with whom the commander was brought in contact was Mr. George F. Labram, chief engineer of the De

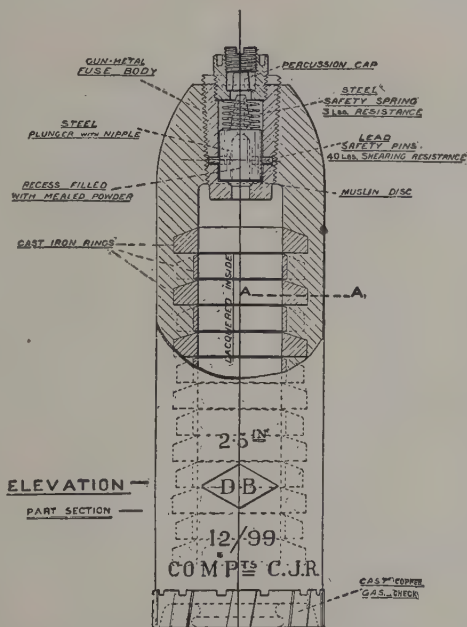


DIAGRAM OF THE RIFLE-SHELLS MADE BY MR. LABRAM FOR THE "LONG CECIL"

Beers Consolidated Mines.

Mr. Labram was born in Detroit and was reared in Hancock, Michigan. After working for some years in the mines of Mexico and Arizona, he went to South Africa, in 1893, to erect and run a crushing plant for the De Beers mines.¹ Three years later, when only thirty-six years old, he was appointed chief engineer and electrician of that company. From his father, an engineer of Scotch

¹My brother, George Labram, was born in 1859 in Detroit, Michigan. About 1864 his parents moved to the Quincy Mine, Michigan, where he attended school. His spare time was taken up with books on machinery and engineering. When a comparatively young man he entered the employ of S. F. Hodge & Company of Detroit, who were manufacturers of machinery. He left the latter place for Chicago, becoming in time

an employee of Fraser & Chalmers, who were also manufacturers of machinery. Previous to his connection with the latter firm he was employed by the M. C. Bullock Manufacturing Company of Chicago. His next move was to Arizona, to take charge of the machinery of the Silver King Mining Company. From Arizona he went to Anaconda, Montana, as mechanical engineer at the smelter. He then erected

extraction at the Quincy Mine, Mr. Labram inherited a genius for mechanics. His home had been poor and his education desultory, but the spirit of the student and the specialist had been born in him. From his earliest youth the problems and discoveries of mechanical engineering filled his thoughts, and in the pages of "The Scientific American," the only professional publication within his reach, he found material for constant study and experiment.

In his development the process by which this country remakes a nationality in one generation was strikingly demonstrated. Born of parents who combined with British perseverance the limitations of their class and up-bringing, he developed in his childhood the enterprise, the freedom from traditional restrictions, and the self-confidence which the world recognizes as typically American. His personality was essentially of the New World. Amid the little groups of English officers who directed the defence of Kimberley, his gaunt, quick-moving frame and deliberate, nasal accents were as conspicuous as was his loose civilian dress among the dapper uniforms. Forced by circumstances and duty to take daily part in military councils and operations, his point of view remained that of a man of business. He saw in them many of the conditions of commercial competition, and, unaffected by military usage and traditions, applied to the problems of defence the inventive genius and enterprise which had won him success in his profession. Among the officers of the garrison he was very popular. He had a keen sense of humor, and his Western habit of quaint expression introduced a new element into the councils of the British staff.

Colonel Kekewich first consulted Mr. Labram about fitting out the armored trains which did such useful service during the siege. The commanding officer was immediately impressed by the confi-

dence with which the engineer undertook a piece of work so entirely novel; he realized that he had found an assistant with an open mind and uncommon skill.

Mr. Labram then took in hand the converting of one of the great shaft-heads situated near the center of the town into a watch-tower. Upon the summit of the immense steel structure he built a protected platform, from which one could see almost the whole town and many miles of the surrounding country. This he connected by telephone with the forts on the barrier, the railway station, the artillery and ambulance headquarters, and the armored train. Colonel Kekewich could thus personally direct from the conning-tower, as the fortified shaft-head was officially named, not only the whole daily conduct of the defence, but when a sortie was delivered along the railway line he could keep in touch, through the armored train, with the troops.

Mr. Labram's telephone system, though hurriedly erected from inadequate material, was remarkably successful. Throughout the siege the conning-tower was the central point of the defence. Like the Eiffel tower in the Paris Exposition of 1900, it dominated the landscape, and the troops came to look on it with something of the awe with which the Israelites of old regarded the pillar of smoke.

Mr. Labram's skill as an electrician proved even more valuable in another direction. From the first it was apparent that Kimberley must be in grave danger after nightfall. The circumference to be guarded was out of all proportion to the size of the garrison. The town guard, who manned the barrier, were for the most part without military training, and their lack of discipline seemed likely to prove a serious embarrassment in the alarms of a night attack. The openness of the surrounding country, though a safeguard by day, became a menace after dark. Save for the uncertain light of the moon, which was near its full when the siege

machinery for the Boston and Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company of Butte, Montana, for a short period. After this he accepted a position with the Butte and Boston Mining Company of Butte, Montana, as engineer in charge of the machinery. After about a year he went to Dakota, to erect a tin mill. During the dull season of 1893 he had charge of a machinery exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair,

and later in the same year he was selected from a number to go to London, England, to revise plans for a concentrating plant for the De Beers Company of Kimberley, South Africa. He afterward erected the plant, and remained with the company until his death.

Clara Labram Vivian.

BUTTE, MONTANA, Jan. 20, 1906.

began, there was little to hinder the enemy from concentrating at comparatively close quarters and delivering two or more simultaneous attacks, which, if well planned and vigorously executed, must have had disastrous consequences.

During the first nights of the siege this thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the defenders. It sent the chief engineer of De Beers to Colonel Kekewich with another suggestion. The next day wooden scaffoldings began to rise in the four forts which may be conveniently described as forming the corners of the town. When these were completed, Mr. Labram and his assistants mounted on the summit of each a large cauldron-like object. That night the white beams of powerful search-lights played tentatively round the watching town, and until the end of the siege the perilous zone was swept from sunset to dawn by a dazzling white light which precluded the possibility of any sudden attack in force. During a later period in the investment, it was by means of these search-lights that communication with the relief column under Lord Methuen was established and maintained.

From this time Mr. Labram was much with Colonel Kekewich. Although he never accepted military rank, he became unofficially a member of the commander's staff, and not only spent each evening with the principal officers of the defence, but frequently relieved Colonel Kekewich at the conning-tower. The quiet Englishman on whom the responsibilities of those days of heat and turmoil rested gained relief and stimulus in the society of one whose restless genius found in every crisis only an opportunity for expression.

As chief engineer of De Beers, Mr. Labram's close connection with the military authorities placed him in a somewhat difficult position. It is an open secret that even at an early date in the siege there was friction between Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the head of the great diamond company, and the officer commanding the troops. When hostilities began, Mr. Rhodes had hurried north from Cape Town, arriving in Kimberley by one of the last trains which penetrated the enemy's lines. In view of the peculiar malevolence felt by the Boers against his person, this was a brave act, and unquestionably Mr. Rhodes

risked his life from a fine sense of duty toward the town in which he had made his fortune. When he arrived in Kimberley martial law had been proclaimed. A lieutenant-colonel of the line was in supreme command of the people among whom his influence had hitherto been paramount. At first it seemed as though there were to be two kings at Brentford, but conditions under which the most distinguished civilian becomes of less account than the latest recruit proved too strong even for Mr. Rhodes. He retired to the seclusion of the sanatorium, and it is to his honor that although his personal relations with Colonel Kekewich were clouded by a bitter animosity, his public services throughout the siege were generous and patriotic.

That Mr. Labram continued to be welcome both at the conning-tower and at the sanatorium was a tribute not only to his tact and good sense, but also to his idea of duty. From the officers of the staff he learned the daily needs and difficulties of the garrison, and, as chief executive engineer of De Beers, he could supply, with Mr. Rhodes' consent, many of these requirements from the company's workshops. His next notable work was to develop the resources of the mines in a totally new direction.

On the 17th of October the enemy dealt an alarming blow at the town. They occupied the pumping-station at Riverton and disconnected the mains which carry the water supply of Kimberley from the Vaal River, seventeen miles away. Consternation filled the city when this news leaked out, for the most dreaded of all possibilities seemed to threaten the population. There was barely thirty days' store in the reservoir. When that gave out, the town would be dependent on the wells which had given a precarious supply in the old days when Kimberley was a mining camp and water was sold in the streets at exorbitant prices.

The hot weather was at hand. Streets and compounds congested with refugees from the surrounding country were ripe for pestilence. The De Beers compounds alone contained a population of 10,000 native workmen. Throughout the entire siege these natives, many of them of fierce Zulu and Matabele stock, were a serious menace to the safety of the

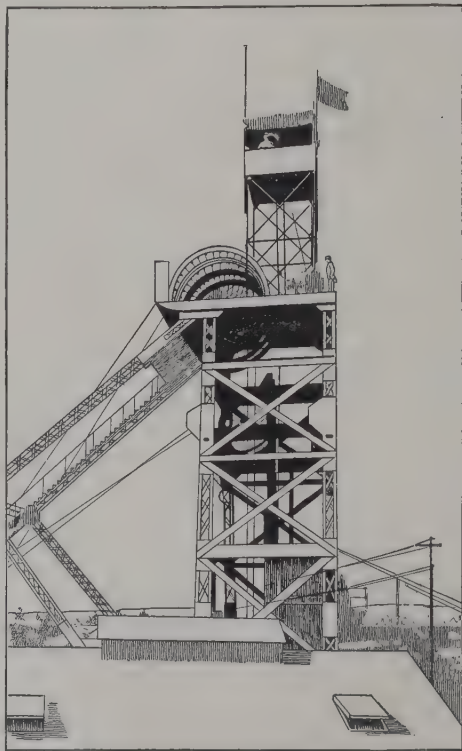
white inhabitants. They chafed at being excluded from their national pastime of war, and as hardship and disease increased, they developed so dangerous a temper as to require vigilant watching. A water famine might lead to an outbreak beyond the controlling power of their guards. With most of the able-bodied male population on duty in the trenches, women and children might find themselves at the mercy of these maddened savages.

In this emergency Mr. Labram came forward with the news that the De Beers mines contained something more precious at that moment than all the diamonds of South Africa. It appeared that in the Wesselson Mine there was virtually an inexhaustible supply of good water. In spite of the difficulties involved in framing and carrying through a new water scheme for a besieged town of 45,000 inhabitants, Mr. Labram took the matter in hand with prompt confidence. Before the inhabitants had suffered any inconvenience from the

enemy's blow, a daily supply of 300,000 gallons was pouring into the city reservoirs, and throughout the rest of the siege the whole population, white and black, had sufficient water for all its needs. It was undoubtedly to this abundance that Kimberley owed its comparatively low death-rate from disease.

Only second in importance to water was the food supply. No efforts had been made by the British government to provision the town, but by a fortunate chance there was a large stock of food-stuffs in the merchants' stores when the siege be-

gan. At first the daily meat ration was set at one pound per head of the adult European population. As time went on this allowance was steadily reduced, and early in January horse flesh began to take the place of bullock. During the last month of the siege the daily ration had sunk to $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of horse flesh, six ounces of bread, some dried Indian corn, and a little coffee and sugar. Small as this supply is, it is sufficient to keep a healthy man in moderate condition. But a population of 45,000 people, confined in a beleaguered city for the four hottest months of a South African summer, must number many who do not answer to that description. From Christmas there were many sick, especially among the women and children. For these, and for the wounded; the eating of the regulation horse ration would have been an almost impossible task. Happily for them, a nourishing and fairly palatable soup was procurable. This was made in soup kitchens organized and run



THE CONNING TOWER DEvised BY MR. LABRAM TO AID THE BESIEGED

by Mr. Rhodes, The Honorable Mrs. Rochefort Maguire, and other ladies and gentlemen to whose unwearying services the people of Kimberley were greatly indebted. It was, however, Mr. Labram's forethought and enterprise that made such relief work possible. There were a considerable number of cattle in and around Kimberley when the siege began. The difficulty was to find food for them. Neglected as the streets were, no grass grew among their dusty cobbles; the narrow area of veldt outside the barrier on which, under a mounted guard, a few

cattle could be grazed, became each day more barren of nourishment. If the animals died of hunger, it was obvious that they would be almost useless as food, while to kill them off-hand would be to glut the town with meat, which at that season would not remain edible twenty-four hours.

Mr. Labram solved the difficulty by presenting plans for a cold-storage building of 14,000 cubic feet capacity. On the scheme being approved, he superintended the erection of the storage house and the installation of the plant. The cattle were then killed while in fairly good condition, and their carcasses preserved for future use.

In this matter Mr. Labram's care was of the utmost value to the people of Kimberley. The paramount danger to administrative efficiency during a siege lies in uncertainty. Relief is expected—not infrequently on good grounds—long before it comes, and the temptation merely to fight on from day to day and live in hope is overpowering. Although the establishment of a storage plant may seem to have been a very obvious precaution in the circumstances, most of the defenders regarded the scheme as unnecessary. As the Kimberley men marched out to the trenches on the 14th of October they expected to hear the British guns thundering among the Spytfontein Hills within a few days. On the 11th of December they heard them there—at Magersfontein. All that day the noise of battle rumbled over the open veldt, and hourly the garrison expected to see Lord Methuen's division emerge from the shadows of the distant hills. Evening came, and the echoes of the British attack died sullenly away. Not until over two months later—on the 15th of February, 1900, did the relief which had been looked for throughout each of the long hours of these 124 days actually arrive. It was in the stress of these later times that Kimberley owed so much to Mr. Labram's storage scheme.

Although in this and in other matters Mr. Labram's services were known and appreciated by the authorities, it was not until the second month of the siege that the people of the town as a whole and the rank and file of the troops came to realize the versatility of his genius. From

the somewhat prosaic problems of water, food, and lighting the chief engineer of De Beers suddenly turned to a work which set all Kimberley talking.

When the siege began, the artillery strength of the town consisted of the 23rd Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, with six 7-lb. mountain guns, and a local volunteer battery of six 7-lb. guns. These twelve pieces had each an effective range of about 4000 yards; two unreliable old Cape police seven-pounders completed the list. The inadequacy of such equipment was in itself serious enough. It paralyzed the whole scheme of defence. The full gravity of the situation did not appear, however, until the beginning of November, when Colonel Chamier, who commanded the artillery forces, reported that the ammunition for his guns was giving out. A moment's reflection will show that, with her cannon silenced, Kimberley's doom was accomplished. Small as her guns were, they prevented the enemy from bringing up their heavy ordnance to within 4000 yards of the town, and they made possible a number of minor operations outside the barrier, such as reconnaissances, patrols, and the grazing of horses and mules. In fact, their presence insured a marginal area round the town essential to defence. If they went out of action, the enemy would inevitably move up their artillery and batter the place from point-blank range.

The authorities at once reduced the expenditure of ammunition; but still the supply dwindled. Apparently there was only one possible upshot. At a meeting of the staff Mr. Labram asked if he might see one of the 7-lb. shells. After examining it carefully he said, "I guess I can make things like that all right." His confidence was not immediately communicated to the officers about him. They knew that the manufacture of shells is highly specialized work, and is confined to the great arsenals of the world.

On inquiry, it appeared that the only powder procurable in Kimberley was intended for blasting, and was, without special preparation, wholly unsuitable for artillery uses. Mr. Labram, however, refused to be deterred by such considerations. That afternoon he obtained a requisition from the military stores of such

material as was likely to be of use in the experiment, and began work in the De Beers shops. His foundry may be said to have been the child of his own brain, for he was without even reliable hand-books to guide him. The most important part of shell manufacture is the fixing of a satisfactory fuse. Mr. Labram overcame this difficulty by invention. He designed a percussion-fuse to be inserted in a hole drilled for its reception in the point of the shell. The fuse consisted of a brass body with a screw thread outside and a steel block, or plunger, working freely in an axial direction inside. The plunger, through which a small hole was bored, was pointed at the front end. In a recess in front, a percussion-cap was held in position by a screwed plug. While the shell traveled forward, the plunger, being loose, remained at the back of the fuse. On a sudden stoppage, however, it shot forward and struck the percussion-cap. A spark then traveled along the hole and exploded the bursting charge of gunpowder contained in the body of the shell. To prevent the plunger from moving when the shell was handled, a light spiral spring was so placed as to require compression before the nipple could touch the cap. As an extra precaution, safety wires were provided, which had to be broken before the plunger could move. The united strength of these safety attachments was not more than sufficient to prevent premature explosion in case of accidental fall.

In practice Mr. Labram's astonishing invention proved entirely satisfactory. In an amazingly short time this man, who had scarcely seen a shell until a few days before, was supplying the artillery headquarters with between sixty and seventy projectiles every twenty-four hours—shells, moreover, of a quality which the military authorities, after the exhaustive test of over three months' continual use, pronounced "extraordinarily good."

In so far as Kimberley's round dozen of seven-pounders could affect the situation, Mr. Labram's inventive genius had proved of the utmost service. Toward the end of December, however, the Boer artillery began a bombardment to which the town was powerless to reply. From the beginning of the investment Colonel Kekewich's schemes had been ham-

pered by lack of adequate artillery. Ridiculous as the mountain pieces appeared when masquerading as siege ordnance, they were too urgently required in that rôle to be risked at their legitimate work of supporting troops in the open. A distressing loss of life had in consequence attended more than one sortie. The whole matter was a sore one with the inhabitants. They felt that between the levity of the Cape administration and the paltering of the Home government, they had been placed in the position of a man who, when attacked, cannot strike back. The possession of even one heavy-caliber mobile gun would have changed the situation. Colonel Kekewich and his officers realized this, but they were too busy to waste time in vain regrets; their only course seemed to be to make the best resistance possible in the circumstances.

To Mr. Labram the matter appeared in a different light. Kimberley required such a gun just as she had required her water, her search-lights, and her ammunition. Could this later and most pressing need be supplied as the others had been? The engineer thought the question over and came to the conclusion that it could. He went to Colonel Kekewich and offered to make a gun of the sort required.

Mr. Labram's proposal occasioned much comment. The construction of an effective modern cannon is elaborately technical and is the cumulative result of experiment. The be-patented machinery of an arsenal, the trained skill of its mechanics, the scientific equipment of its directors—for these it would be hard to find substitutes in a little besieged town in the heart of the veldt. Neither Mr. Labram nor any of his principal assistants had experience of such work. The De Beers shops, except for the recently installed plant for making shells, were no more like an arsenal than their name implies. Two old hand-books on gunnery, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and an old file of "Engineering" were the only "authorities" on the subject to be found in Kimberley. In spite of his achievements earlier in the siege, it is scarcely surprising that his proposal should have been generally regarded as impracticable.

There is a report current that in making the gun Mr. Labram was discouraged and opposed by the military authorities.

Such a statement is most misleading. One senior officer of little distinction treated the scheme contemptuously, but from its beginning the work had the support and keen interest of the commanding officer, and Mr. Labram profited on more than one occasion by the advice of Major O'Meara, a scientific officer of the Royal Engineers.

On Christmas eve Mr. Labram received his requisition, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes signed the order empowering him to use the De Beers workshops for making the gun. Two days later the work began. The basis of the gun were a 10-ft. billet of hammered mild steel, 10.5 in. in diameter, weighing 2800 pounds, originally intended for shafting, and several bars of 6 in. by 2.5 in. Lowmoor iron, all of which happened to be in the shops. The rough turning began on the 26th of December. As many different parts were kept simultaneously under construction as possible, the thirteen strengthening rings and trunnion rings being prepared while the preliminary boring was in progress. The forging of the trunnion rings was, under the circumstances, a large piece of work each ring being 5 in. in diameter, 24 in. from end to end, and the collars at the ends 6 in. in diameter. The final bore was 4.1 in. The rifling consisted of thirty-two spiral grooves each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ in. deep, with a variable twist beginning at the powder chamber equal to one turn in 100 calibers and increasing to a twist of one turn in 32 calibers at a point near the muzzle, from where it continued at that rate to the end.

No satisfactory description can be given in the space of this article of the ingenious devices employed by Mr. Labram and his assistants in handling the immense mass of metal; in boring and rifling; in affixing the trunnion rings and strengthening rings; in constructing the breech and block, planning the vent-holes, toughening the obturator, and in sighting. The work went on night and day, often under heavy fire. While the gun was being made, the necessary 28-lb. shells were cast, each being fitted with Mr. Labram's specially invented fuse. The construction occupied the incredibly short time of twenty-four whole days. On the 18th of January the gun, with carriage and fit-

tings complete, left the workshops. As the twelve-foot mass of shining steel rumbled through the dusty streets behind its team of ten mules, it seemed to the people of Kimberley, accustomed, as they were, to their battered little seven-pounders, a very impressive engine of war.

On Monday the 19th, after one or two slight adjustments, the new gun opened fire on the enemy's laager at the pumping station, full 8000 yards from the barrier. The shell exploded with an effect much like disturbing a gigantic ant-hill. Before the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared away, the veldt around the laager was blackened with half-awakened burghers rushing hither and thither. Their consternation could be guessed at by those who knew anything of the national characteristics of their race. The South-African Dutch are a simple people; they believe implicitly in the existence of a living and moving devil. From the beginning of the siege the laagers which encompassed the diamond town had been uneasy with rumor. The agonized wailing of the De Beers sirens calling Kimberley to quarters had, when first heard, terrified many of the besiegers into open flight, and although on that occasion the burgher leaders had succeeded in restoring discipline, the nerves of their following had been severely shaken. Then came the night when from out the blind darkness over the town the white eyes of the search-lights had suddenly flashed across the veldt. To men who from childhood had gone to bed with the sun and whose experience of illumination was limited to one tallow candle power, these restless beams, flashing to and fro amid the midnight squalor of their shelter trenches, were fraught with horror. Of late, too, the British guns had sent among them shells which bore a message from one whom every good burgher knew to be in league with the arch-fiend.¹ And now that Kimberley in the midst of her distress should have given birth to a cannon—a prodigy more terrible by far than her entire brood of puny ordnance—must have seemed to the farmer-soldiers an inexplicable and portentous circumstance.

From that day until the end of the

¹ Mr. Labram's shells bore the inscription "With compts. C. J. R."—(Cecil John Rhodes.)

siege "Long Cecil," as the gun was christened, fired 255 shots without suffering any appreciable wear in bore or rifling. In the hands of a picked crew from the Diamond Fields Artillery it proved from the first remarkably accurate. In the scheme of defence it did valuable service by relieving the pressure of the bombardment and by hurling back the enemy's base. It could be readily moved from point to point, and its long range enabled the defenders for the first time to interfere seriously with the enemy's operations. Above all, in moral effect, where; especially during a siege, the value of artillery so largely lies, its presence was as stimulating to the hard-pressed garrison as it was unwelcome to the burghers.

Not, however, until the first week of February did Kimberley thoroughly realize how much she owed to Mr. Labram's unique achievement. On a lofty heap of debris at Kamfersdam, three miles across the veldt, the enemy established a 6 in. Creusot cannon; shortly before noon on the 8th the first of the huge 100-lb. shells which afterward devastated the town crashed into the Market Square. A new and terrible phase in the siege then began. The big gun was seldom directed against the fortifications on the barrier; shell after shell screamed into the heart of the town, where, among the flimsy galvanized-iron buildings, they burst with terrific noise and effect. The high muzzle velocity of the Creusot gun invested its projectiles with an added danger and terror. Before the sound of the cannon's discharge had time to travel across the veldt, the shell was splitting with a deafening explosion into a hundred jagged fragments in the midst of the town.

A bugler was stationed on the conning-tower with orders to warn the inhabitants by a sharp call of alarm when he saw the smoke of the Kamfersdam gun. To the women and children in the town these were times of dread; imprisoned throughout the long, stifling days in the partial security of cellars and basements, separated from husbands and fathers, whose duty called them to the trenches, ill fed, without occupation, their nerves stretched to breaking by months of anxiety and deferred hope, to them the minutes passed in terror while they listened through all

the lesser turmoil of the bombardment for the piercing call from the conning-tower. There were few shell-proof shelters in the town; scarcely a house was safe from the effects of the projectiles. Only in the depths of the De Beers mines could security be found. Thither thousands of women and children fled, preferring the reeking gloom of the galleries and shafts to the shell-swept streets above. In such a crisis the British seven-pounders were useless; outranged and outclassed, they could not even enter the lists. Throughout these days of stress and danger the task of defending Kimberley fell upon Mr. Labram's gun. It was fortunate then for the defenders of the diamond town and for the prestige of the British in South Africa that the flagging spirit of the heterogeneous civilian population of Kimberley was fortified and stimulated by the sound of "Long Cecil's" cannonading and by the success of her valiant defence.

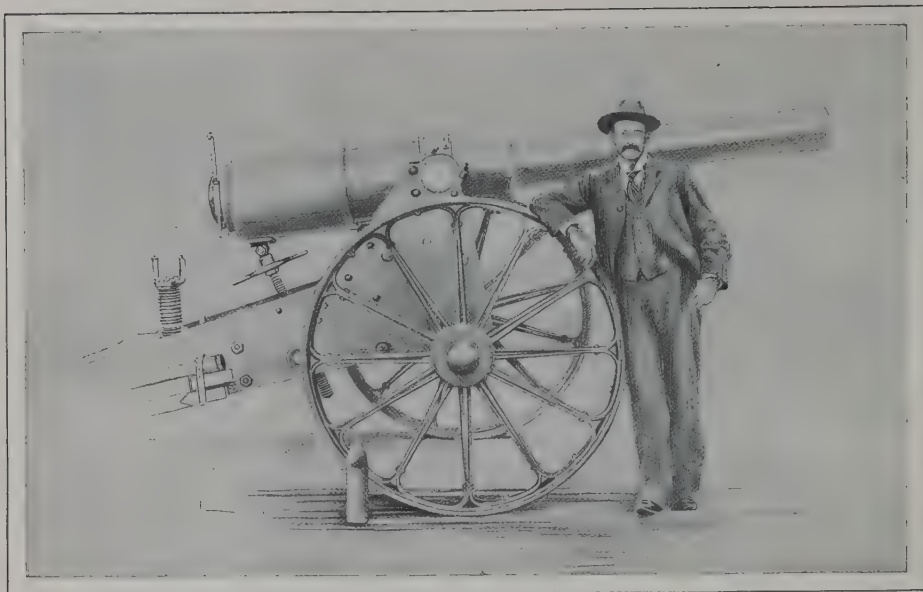
During these final weeks of the siege Mr. Labram became famous. In sun-scorched trenches and baking, dusty forts, in the dripping galleries of the mine, and aloft on the windy conning-tower, his work was discussed and marveled at. Then it was that the men and women of the diamond fields came fully to understand what they owed to the American civilian whose genius had served them, not once and again, but in every crisis of these months of common trial. The imminent danger of night assault, the peril of water famine and pestilence, the horror of a starving populace, from these he had labored to save their town. His telephone wires were the nerves of the defence; his shells armed their attack. And now against the fury of this later bombardment, his gun, the complicated and deadly weapon created, as it were, before their eyes from the resources of a mining workshop—this final triumph of his enterprise and skill—maintained unsupported the brunt of their resistance. Small wonder that, without one thought of disloyalty to the gallant British officer who commanded their town, the people spoke of Mr. Labram as the hero of Kimberley.

On the afternoon of the 9th of February, while on leave from my redoubt, I met Mr. Labram in the hall of the Grand Hotel. He looked haggard and depressed,



Drawn by C. M. Relyea. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH, IN COMMAND OF THE DEFENCE
OF KIMBERLEY



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

GEORGE F. LABRAM AND HIS 4-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN AND SHELL

and spoke of having had a narrow escape earlier in the day from a bursting shell.

"I'm no fighting man, and this sort of thing is getting on my nerves," he remarked with a momentary smile. I had not seen him for some time and was struck by the alteration in his appearance. The strain of the siege showed in his face; his eyes were restless and distressed; behind his heavy mustache the pleasant lines about his mouth had changed.

After a few minutes of conversation Mr. Labram left me and went upstairs to his room. The sun was setting on the iron roofs as I left the hotel. From the sky came the scream of shells, and the stifling streets resounded with explosions. The evening bombardment was at its height. As I hurried across the Market Square I heard the bugle call from the conning-tower; a moment later came the high note of the shell, and I bent involuntarily and held my breath. There was a deafening crash, the muffled rending of iron fragments, and then stillness; a thin, brown cloud of dust rose from among the roofs behind me.

That was the last shot of the day—the "good-night" shell, aimed perhaps at a venture, in the impersonal, often half good-humored spirit with which besiegers

and besieged alike bombarded each other. It struck Mr. Labram in his room at the Grand Hotel, covering his shattered body with wreckage and mercifully killing him on the spot.

We buried him the following night with full military honors. Shortly before nine o'clock the troops fell in outside the hospital where the body lay. There was no moon, and a chill ground fog hid the stars. As the last stroke of nine sounded from the tower of the government buildings, the mist on our left quarter reddened and the air rustled suddenly against our ear-drums. A murmur of "Kamfersdam!" ran down the lines; a moment later came the shriek of the shell and the dull roar of the gun. As the clatter of the flying fragments ceased, the first bars of the "Dead March" sounded out of the darkness in front, and the long column of men moved forward. The cemetery lay on the far side of the town. Treachery must have carried the news of our errand across the veldt, for as we marched through the deserted streets one by one the enemy's guns awoke. In the darkness under the eucalyptus-trees of the cemetery we listened to the voice of the venerable Archdeacon of Kimberley reciting the words of the burial service, while against the distant flashes the lines of men around

the grave appeared and disappeared. The last salute of three volleys was omitted, for we were in danger; instead, the bugles sounded "Retreat," the call for sundown. So, amid the wailing shells and the boom of many guns, we took farewell of the American civilian whose genius had been the mainstay of our defence.

Kimberley was relieved on the 15th of February. In the midst of the morning bombardment the big gun at Kamfersdam ceased firing, and a report ran round the trenches that the Boer cannon had been disabled by a shot from "Long Cecil." While the defenders were eagerly discussing this news, which had been brought by a native runner, another rumor spread from fort to fort. From among the low hills to the east of the Spytfontein Range, in the direction of Jacobsdal, an immense column of dust was bearing down upon the town. As it rolled and smoked over the veldt, the figures of a large number of mounted men showed amid the yellow cloud, riding furiously. The usual apathy of the town gave place to intense excitement, and along the barrier speculation ran from

sentry to sentry. Were these horsemen friends or enemies? Men strained their eyes southward through the dancing heat haze, and then turned anxiously to the conning-tower for an answer. No red flag of alarm fluttered from the signal-staff; one by one the Boer guns at Carter's Ridge and the Lazaretto went out of action; on a wagon behind a team of innumerable oxen the Kamfersdam cannon was pitching over the veldt toward the Free State. Hope flew through the town. Again the question, Who were these approaching horsemen? If this were relief, it was coming from an unexpected quarter. Methuen was at the Modder and without horses. Who were these? A heliograph flickered among the Kopjes and answered the question. General French was leading his cavalry brigade into Kimberley.

Evening came up as the troopers of the relief column straggled through the Beaconsfield barrier—New Zealanders, Australians, guardsmen, and yeomanry. Their wearied horses blocked the approaches to the town, while north and east across the darkening veldt the enemy fled toward the Free State border.



Drawn by C. M. Relyea.

EFFECT OF THE SHOT WHICH KILLED MR. LABRAM IN A ROOM OF THE
GRAND HOTEL, KIMBERLEY



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE BROUGHT ME HER TWO CHUBBY FISTS FULL OF TIGER-LILIES" (SEE PAGE 271)



"MISS TIGER LILY"

wet night during my earliest visit to Nikko the Magnificent, the professional beauty of Japan. I had wandered up among the dark temple woods for the sheer pleasure of seeing the nodding branches make faces at me. My waterproof was drenched, my boots squashed up and down with the wet; but I was supremely happy, listening to the wind roar like the waves of the sea. The long avenues, hemmed in by moss-covered border-walls, were as dark as the aisles of a great cathedral at midnight, and deserted except for here and there a stone Buddha sitting placidly with an expression of profound and benignant melancholy.

Presently I heard a confused murmur, a gentle shuffle over the wet stones, beginning far away in the direction of the great Red Pagoda. Gradually the noise approached, and a small person, a very minute person, with a lantern, appeared. We called a halt at ten paces to reconnoiter. Then this small person became smaller, doubled up after the manner of a jackknife, and drew a great luminous shell, like a phosphorescent mushroom, over itself. The lantern disappeared altogether underneath. My curiosity leaped up like a sprightly flame. Was I about to discover a new variety of hedgehog, or was I about to make the acquaint-

EAR little O Yuri San, how well I remember our first meeting! It was on a wild,

tance of an *Obake*? You don't know what an *Obake* is? You have never met one? Well, by way of explanation, he is the Japanese equivalent of an "honorable hobgoblin," the very essence of mystery and mischief, exactly what one might expect to meet at night in a Buddhist avenue.

My anxiety was soon removed. The queer bundle righted itself, and then bobbed again. The evolutions were as regular as the flashes of a revolving light in a lighthouse, only after each one the quaint little figure was transported several paces nearer me. I can not say whether it hopped like a kangaroo or ran like a startled jack-rabbit, but six times at least the quaint contortion happened until, finally, we were close—and I discovered a wee midget of a Japanese maiden under a yellow, oil-paper umbrella three times as big as herself, and with a round red lantern like a luminous radish held very firmly in her tiny hand. The mystery was solved: she was simply bowing to me, greeting me as her ornate code of politeness demanded, metaphorically touching the ground with her forehead in salutation.

How quaint she was, with her microscopic kimono tucked up into her obi to keep it from dragging in the wet, with her coils of blue-black hair, and her softly solemn eyes! She came gracefully over to me, and, holding up the umbrella to the full length of her baby arm, invited me to share its shelter. We divided the labor, she holding the dainty lantern,

my longer arm steadying the heavy umbrella, and proceeded along the silent avenue, our bobbing light cutting sharply into the shadows.

My knowledge of Japanese was certainly as rickety as a scaffolding, but we began a patchwork conversation, notwithstanding, by the exchange of our "honorable names." Her name was O Yuri San, the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily, she told me in a lisping baby voice, and the "poor house" of her father was close to the Gammon Bridge. Where was "the magnificent home of my worthy parents?" I answered her with a proper humility, which obliged me to use every deprecating adjective, that I was living in the "miserable hotel." Luckily, we found our paths lay in the same direction.

The rain had stopped by that time, and the clouds, hanging low, were torn into strips by the high trees. Then the wind swept them away. I was sorry to see the sky clearing. There was no longer any real reason for our partnership. We might separate, O Yuri San and I, and go our divers ways at any moment. Fearing, with her wise gravity, she would not appreciate this, I fanned with all my might the flickering conversation. She answered readily. Where had she been alone in those dark woods? Oh, she had been to the grave of her brother, to set a lantern there, since this was the festival of the *Bon Matsuri*. A childish, ringing peal of laughter broke out when she spoke of the poor little dead brother. It was a shock to me, just like a bunch of cold rain drops falling from the end of a branch upon my face. But now, in the light of further knowledge, I understand her motives. It is the custom of her country to laugh when one speaks of death, and so to spare the listener one's own sadness. This wee mite already was beginning the imitative lesson of self-control.

Too soon our little walk was over, and the parting of the ways reached; but not before I had begged to come and visit the "Honorable Interior," her mother. After a courteous permission, O Yuri San slipped away smiling into the darkness with the same succession of dainty, discreet bows, calling to me in her baby voice the sweet salutation of her people,

"*Sayonara*" ("Since it must be, since it must be").

The very next day the sun shone down with a feverish savage heat. Through the middle hours of the afternoon the hills lay in a heavy drowsiness. The earth was steeped in languorous semiconsciousness. But when the fresh evening time was come, the hour when Midas, let free of his imprisonment among musty gods, descends to touch the world with his touch of gold, I went to find my little friend of yesterday, O Yuri San of the Hundred Bows.

The road led me down to the river racing gaily over its stones, then across a little bridge, and up a narrow pathway to the thick grove of trees which announced the village straggling along an undetermined little street.

In the center of the sandy roadway a naked yellow atom like a marmoset crouched, intently interested in something which, on nearer view, proved to be a lizard, a glorious tropical lizard of a wonderful blue, with two burning ruby eyes.

He scampered away over the sand at my coming, and the baby looked up. It was O Yuri San in her birthday suit, solemnly confiding in the queer little animal. She recognized me, and went through her quaint salutations, rendered irresistibly comic by her undress uniform of one soft silver bracelet.

I was escorted ceremoniously to the house, a square, picturesque mansion with a lowering, beetle-browed roof. A long iron chain hanging from the rafters was the principal piece of furniture, and to it clung desperately the iron pot for cooking the family meals. A cheerful voice saluted me. It was the "Honorable Interior" herself, peeping over the rim of a big wooden tub. Her "noble husband," she explained, having bathed, she was now taking her turn at the "venerable hot water." O Yuri San, with patience, would scramble in next, and then, later the very tiny baby sister; perhaps last of all the coolie who helped her husband in the fields, each in a regular progression. Looking round the corner, I saw, sure enough, her "noble husband" airing and drying himself in the side garden. He was smoking a miniature pipe and knocking the ashes *tan, tan, tan*, out of the

お百人舌人



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

O YURI SAN IN THE DARK AND THE RAIN

tiny bowl against the outer edge of the veranda.

The "Honorable Interior" was not the least disconcerted. Bathing in the quiet villages of Dai Nippon is not permitted to interfere with an opportunity for gossip, and so we had a conventional call, her head peeping over the shining wooden rim of the tub, which looked like a halo that had grown too big for its wearer and had slipped down from her forehead.

But I, distressed all the while at breaking in upon such an intimate domestic incident, dissolved in apologies. It was to quiet them that she presently slipped her lobster-colored neck a few inches out of the water, called the child to serve me with thimble cups of tea, and closed the paper *shoji* which separated the living room from the bathing place.

Almost before the tea was poured she re-appeared in a fresh cotton kimono, her wrinkled face grinning at my surprise, and showing two rows of blackened teeth.

It was evident that O Yuri San belonged to a staid, old-fashioned household, since the "noble husband" pursued the ancient dog-in-the-manger policy of requiring his wife to disfigure her pretty white teeth in order that she be unattractive to others—and incidentally to himself.

Such was my introduction to O Yuri San at home, at the convivial hour of the bath. Just as I was leaving, she brought me her two chubby fists full of tiger-lilies, her face all one bright smile, a comical little smile. They were her namesakes, these glowing flowers. The "Honorable Interior" explained to me that they were just bursting into bloom as O Yuri San's own little spirit unfolded its baby wings. She showed me the splendid bed of them growing on the flat ridge-pole, swaying lightly with the breath of the wind. They were banished from the gardens centuries ago, legend says, by a certain emperor dowered with a hypersensitive conscience. He disapproved of feminine vanities, and, as the poor lilies yielded their roots to make a face powder, he ordered the people to dig them up from their gardens. Thus they were exiled, according to the old

story. But the country folk planted them on the roofs, where to-day you will see them still waving like an oriflamme from every house.

II

It was several years before I came again to Nikko. On the first evening there I went in search of my little friend O Yuri San along the same dainty greenwood path. Her house stood there just as before, the tiger-lilies nodding and beckoning. Several babies who were tottering off in search of adventures called out "*Ohayo*," which was singularly unsuitable. But the little things have found that morning tourists will repay the greeting with coppers. Therefore, understanding no better, they imagine that afternoon passers-by should be equally willing to nibble at the same lispig bait. Alas! O Yuri San did not run with the rest to meet me. I imagined she had forgotten.

The woman of the house, in reply to my questions, said that the family which had lived there before had gone, lost like a drop in a river, disappeared among the cities.

Why? Ah, that she could not tell; poverty, perhaps. O Yuri San herself was still in Nikko, the pupil of a celebrated geisha, learning to dance and sing and entertain. The woman had apprenticed her because she was pretty, until such time as a husband should deign to require and purchase her. It sounded natural and true enough, for, as I well knew, in Eastern countries the lot of woman is entirely subservient to the will of man.

She may be bought, sold, apprenticed, or married. Her voice is the one which does not count in the matter.

"But why did her parents sell her?" I asked, probing for reasons. The woman did not know. From the other side of the open fire, across the bronze kettle which was singing merrily, her husband, as brown as if he had been toasted, ventured a cynical witticism. "Perhaps the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily became too talkative. Therefore her father sold her, it may be for a price which would buy him three pack-horses, all pledged to silence."

I found the geisha house and O Yuri San. She remembered. But on the subject of her home she was as silent as the ancestral tablets set up in the corner with the bowl of rice before them. Her parents were gone—beyond the mountains. She appeared with the settled Oriental fatalism, which is not quite melancholy, neither to think of nor wish for them. Physically she had changed tremendously—grown, perfected, developed, all at once. She no longer begged for cash with babyish gestures and shrill "*Oh-ayos.*" A certain timid, maidenly grace clung to her. Her face had a delicate, wistful expression, across which the old childish smile played.

In short, O Yuri San was no longer the simple baby, but a composite mixture, a young girl, a child, and an imp of mischief—

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

She was learning the quaint music of her country, set to vague, mysterious words, with its delirious love-songs and frenzied dances in which it was hard to tell where pure gaiety merged into shadowy mysticism. I asked her to sing for me, and she complied willingly, accompanying herself on the *samisen*. Most of her songs were short and primitive, and sad with scales of divided intervals, and here and there falsetto notes dropping suddenly to deep cries. They are comparable to no music that we know. She was never required to work and she seemed quite happy. With a little wistful smile she told me so. Her nature had remained sweet and gentle, simple and sincere, a strange contrast to the artificiality of her rich dresses and her splendid hair built up on a scaffolding of pins.

It was a wonderfully complex operation, the arranging of it. Once a week it took place, and the whole day was required. O Yuri San would sit for hours on the white mats before the old hairdresser who patiently worked over her.

First the coils of hair were undone; the thick masses were carefully combed, and then they were re-done, molded into elaborate loops and whirls and volutes, all

stiffened and held in place with castor oil. One by one the coral beads were put in, and finally the gold lacquer combs. Lastly, in the nape of her neck a little wavy piece was coaxed to stay, held by an ivory pin artistically arranged to complete the curve, as graceful as a bent bow.

O Yuri San proved my complete guide to Nikko. How indefatigably she could walk, this delicate little doll! Together we climbed to every shrine and laid the pebbles of our prayers in the motherly laps of mossy Poussas. Every one, I think, needs to return to the pagan state occasionally, to worship the trees and find "sermons in stones." It may be, as O Yuri San believed, that there is virtue in asking Omi-Kami to wash us "white of our sins in the river Kamo." What matter, said she, by what name we call our protector? Is Lethe any sweeter-sounding to the ear than Kamo? I agreed with her. Thus in deep discussions leading on to intimacy we discovered a closer bond of sympathy between us.

III

I REMEMBER well the very last walk we took together, O Yuri San and I, up to a little shrine in the heart of the woods. It was a favorite pilgrimage. The poor weather-beaten image there had lost all traces of expression. Perhaps this misfortune endeared the little god doubly to us. It might be that he would hear and pity the defacements of mortals more easily.

Around us spread a forest of wonderful green, ever fresh, an emerald green which temperate trees can never hope to attain, not even in the full splendor of a June. I walked solemnly over fragrant pine needles, but O Yuri San flitted through the wood like a bright butterfly in her gay kimono—"a butterfly who comes in the early autumn to seek in the deep green places the last flowers of summer," as one of her own poets expresses it. Patiently we climbed a flight of mossy steps side by side, O Yuri San smiling gaily up at me and trudging bravely along on her wooden clogs, which beat a tattoo on the stones. Her kimono, which was tucked up, as on our first meeting, through the magnificent

brocaded obi tied in a stiff puff behind, left her little legs bare to the knees but for the short red crape petticoat that fluttered like a tiny flag.

"*Nam amida, nam amida*"—the soft chant of the Buddhist priests at benediction in the dark temples floated through the trees like a faint perfume, and the answering echo followed as the worshippers at the hundred little shrines hidden in the hills clapped their hands and repeated the prayer, "*Nam amida.*" O Yuri San stood still, bent her little hands together, bowed her head over them, and repeated it.

Then, with redoubled energy, we climbed to our little altar. I secretly think that O Yuri San was half afraid lest the Honorable Lord of Heaven would go off to listen to the prayers of Tokio if we did not hurry. And if he should escape before our arrival, no amount of hand-clapping could reasonably be expected to call him back, could it?

There he sat, cross-legged and defaced, the little stone god. O Yuri San diligently searched for a nice white pebble, a round one, a smooth one, and set it on his lap with a short prayer. That was all.

"Against what misfortunes do you pray to be defended?" I asked as we turned homeward. "And what blessings do you desire, O Yuri San? Yours is the country of content. There is no sadness in its borders, nor during my stay here have I ever seen tears. The poor eat rice, and the rich eat rice also. For what do you pray?"

She turned to me sweetly and nestled close, with a childish confidence slipping her little hand in mine.

"Oh, noble friend," she answered in her wisest tones, "the leaf of the lotus floats serenely on the surface of the lake; but who knows if the unseen root longs also for the sun? Who knows? So it is with a woman," she continued, the high philosophy sitting quaintly in her baby voice.

"She longs to accomplish, to fight, to die for her country. She longs to be a man, a samurai. And I—I long to be a man and a warrior."

She did actually, I believe, strike at the root of her people's character. Pa-

triotism is with them a bright fire; to die for one's country the noblest possible conclusion, the "consummation devoutly to be wished." Instead of a passionate devotion to her parents, this fragile, dainty little maiden clutched and held tightly the ideal of her country.

"Your wish reminds me that last night I dreamed a strange and wonderful dream—that I was about to die," I said to her, laughing; "and I was sad and miserable indeed over it, nor did the fact that I was dying in the defence of my country comfort me."

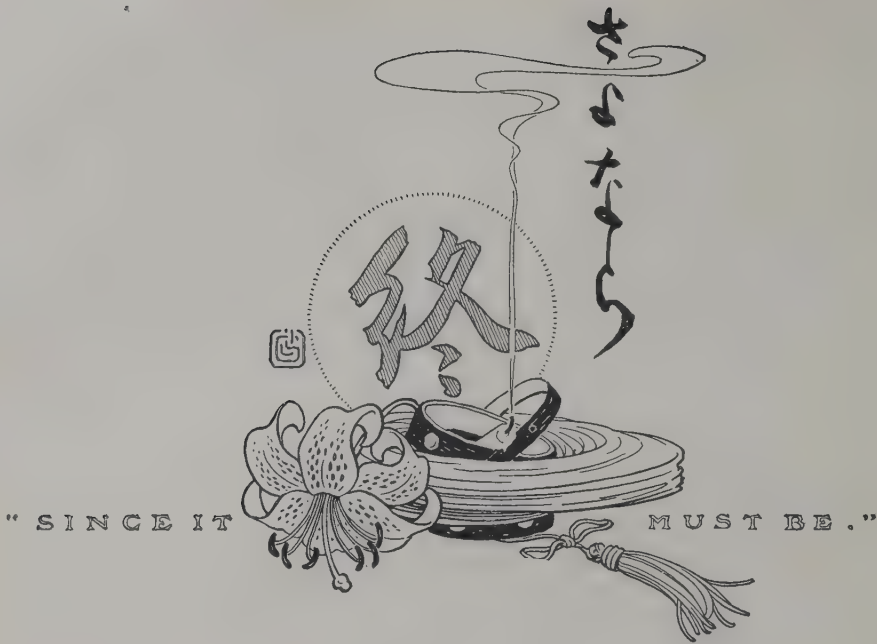
O Yuri San turned a little pleading face up to mine.

"Honorable friend, let me buy thy dream," she said. "Indeed, indeed, it may be," she continued, seeing my astonishment. "Thy dream and all it foretells shall become mine. To thee it has no meaning. Ah, let me buy it, as in olden times Masako bought the dream of her sister. Let me buy it of thee," she pleaded.

The legend of Masako and her bought good fortune, which, like a silver thread, meanders through Japanese mythology, had evidently taken a firm hold on the imagination of my childish companion. Again and again she pleaded. Therefore I humored her, and we clinched our intangible bargain. She offered me what I would in exchange, and so I chose a little branch of red maple quivering on a tree near by, a little flame of fire prophesying the autumn holocaust. She toddled after it, and, returning, made the presentation ceremoniously. "It is the emblem of death, the flower of good-by," she said. Her queer little mind was filled with misty aspirations. The dream was working in her thoughts and leavening them like yeast.

"Good-by until the spring," I corrected; but she refused to have it so, and I think when we parted near the hotel after our pilgrimage, our "happy-direction-going," as she called it poetically, there was a little more mournful note than usual in her "Sayonara"—"Since it must be."

The next morning I rattled off on the train for Tokio while Nikko was clothing itself in holiday flags. The Empress was coming to pay a visit to the frowning palace.



" SINCE IT

MUST BE."

IV

I FEEL almost like a murderer; for the dream, the poor little dream I sold unwittingly to O Yuri San, has come true. The fate she desired is hers. It seems too cruel, as if a butterfly had been crushed to make gunpowder. Two pathetic little letters arrived to-night telling the story, one written by O Yuri San herself, a short message of only a few lines, the other from her teacher, the geisha, which explains.

The very day after I left Nikko, the Empress, whose person is holy and deeply venerated, arrived. The village was alive with gay merrymakers, the air bright and sweet, the little open shops were deserted. From the ridges of the hills, from the depths of the woods, a crowd was collected to see Her Majesty pass from the station to the palace. The little geishas were there with the rest to enjoy the holiday, resplendent in gay crêpes and gayer smiles. "O Yuri San was the most winsome of all, they say, poor little O Yuri San, with her barbaric shining hair, her almond eyes, and her delicate oval face like the extravagant old goddesses of history long since faded into oblivion, except on rare vases and screens.

I can see now how her dainty, rosy

mouth, with its heavy burden of rouge on the lower lip, must have smiled, gracefully decorous. I can hear in imagination the rustle of expectation, followed by the deep, deep bow, like a ripe cornfield in the breeze, as the imperial lady passed, the quadruple essence of respect distilled through generations. Then as quick as thought a commotion, a crash. Some one had thrown a missile at the palanquin of the Empress, some one who disappeared at once in the crowd. It was a *geta*, a wooden shoe, and, mercifully, it did no damage, but, oh! the deep, the infinite, lasting disgrace of it! Sovereigns in other countries are subject to risks, but never in Japan had such a thing happened before. Violently to touch the sacred person of the Empress is a personal disgrace to every adoring subject.

There followed, says my letter, "a great uproar of deep humiliation. 'We are disgraced, we are disgraced!' the people said. A rage tore their hearts; despair, profound and supreme, soon followed in its wake." You can not perhaps fully understand, but such is Japan. The crowd melted away, ashamed. The fair loyalty of Nikko was besmirched, and men looked from one face to the other in search of the offender. But he

was never found. The stain remained. There seemed no hope of wiping it away.

O Yuri San returned with the others, thinking, thinking, until presently she smiled. Remember she was of a people to whom signs and wonders are vouchsafed. Incoherent, tumultuous thoughts pressed through her brain, and took shape. The dream was clear to her now, by the dim light of her incomplete philosophy. She wrote two little letters, one was for me and one for the chief of police, in trembling, uncertain characters. She dressed in her prettiest kimono. They tell me it was one all patterned with glowing maple leaves. I can hear her little voice, made only for laughter, saying lightly, "It is the flower of good-by."

So she toddled out as if on some everyday errand, *pit-a-pat* on her dainty lacquer clogs. It must have been the sunset hour when she reached the river at a quiet spot. Around her stretched the silence. And then—and—then—what need to tell the rest? They found her soon afterward, lying there under the blue tent of water. Some little children, fishing in the deep, quiet pool, saw the glow of the bright leaves, "the flowers of good-by." Poor little O Yuri San! She took it upon herself to avenge the disgrace.

The letter to the chief of police explained it all:

"Most noble, I am but a humble little geisha, but I have bought a dream, and this is its meaning. Therefore, I may die for my country, even as a soldier dies."

And to me she wrote this also, adding: "Honorable Friend, I touch my forehead to the ground in farewell. Thy dream prophecy, I may fulfil."

The Empress herself sent money for the little martyr's funeral, and a letter for the bereaved family, sweet and womanly. O Yuri San would glow with pride if she could know.

SEPTEMBER! The sky is as leaden as a sea of oil. Its surface is soft and polished. I am back in Nikko, for to-night is the Festival of the Bon Matsuri, the Feast of the Dead, and I have a fancy to set a lighted lantern on the grave of O Yuri San and that of the baby brother. Otherwise these two little souls will sit in darkness, and even when one's eyes stare toward eternity, it may be there is some faint, far-off joy in being remembered from the earth; it may be. Besides, I too shall be happy to atone for the dream bargain.

But I miss the *pit-a-pat* of your little clogs beside me, O Yuri San.



HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE

FORMERLY THE HÔTEL D'ÉVREUX, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF
THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



HIS old seignorial hôtel belongs to the last century but one and is to-day the official home of the President of the French Republic. If stones could speak, echoes only repeat forgotten sounds, what secrets might we not extract from these stones of the Hôtel d'Evreux, from these echoes in the gardens of the Elysée, where the great prima-donnas in the tragedies of history lived, moved, loved, and suffered—the Marquise de Pompadour at the height of her orbit as the favorite; Napoleon I at the opening and again at the close of his glorious career; the Empress Maria Louisa at the most critical period of her life; the Duc de Berry at the moment when the fatal blow was to fall; Louis Napoleon Bonaparte preparing for the Coup d'Etat of December Second; Eugénie de Montijo before ascending the throne; and, more recently, Carnot brought in dead and Félix Faure passing away.

IN 1720 Henri Louis of Auvergne, Count of Evreux, second son of the Duc de Bouillon, received from King Louis XV as a reward for his services—he had been general of cavalry—a big tract of land extending from the Elysian Fields to the Faubourg St. Honoré, that suburb which the world of elegant people was just beginning to recognize. In truth there was no possibility of a struggle between the Faubourg St. Germain in all the glory of its splendor and the new one. For the latter was really outside the

walls of Paris and almost in the country; it was scarcely more than a stepping-stone between the city proper and the villages of Chaillot, Monseau, Roule, and Neuilly, where alongside of the humble cabins of gardeners and farmers rose buildings at that time called the "little villas" or casinos.

The Count of Evreux was utterly ruined and without a "sou marky"—and even without a shadow of credit—when, through the royal generosity, he received this magnificent property. Yet, thanks to his marriage with the daughter of the colossally rich financier Crozat, he caused to be erected on this spot one of the most sumptuous palaces in Paris. The architect Molet, entrusted with the work, spared no expense in order to make a success of the fine edifice we can still admire to-day. But it should be noted that neither noble husband nor his family knew enough to show proper recognition or even politeness to the young woman who was the cause of and the natural center for all this luxury; for the count took no pains to conceal his passion for Mme. de Lesdiguières, while the people about him went so far as to dub poor Mme. Crozat with the pretty but cruel nickname of Little Lingot.

The second owner of the hôtel was the famous Marquise de Pompadour. She bought it in 1753, for 650,000 livres, and at once added a big tract of land to the park.

Thereafter the most fabulous sums were spent on the decoration of the interior, in which Pineau, one of the clever-



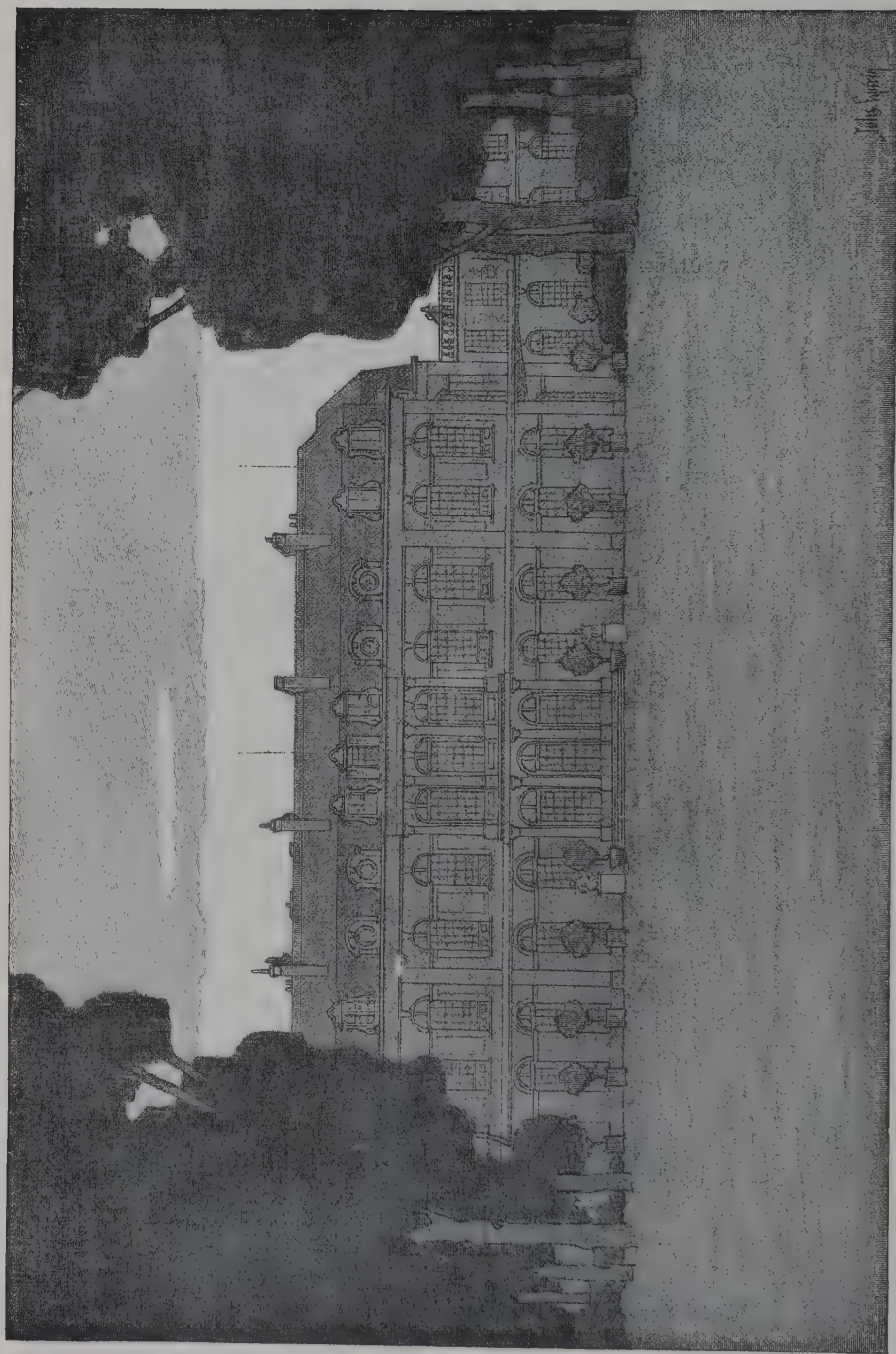
PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

est artists in the new style then fashionable, distinguished himself. Nevertheless, the King's favorite did not come very often to Paris. She had to ask and obtain permission from the King, who preferred to keep her at Versailles and at the country places of Bellevue and Marly, which were more discreet and retired. But when she did appear in Paris, what a pouring out of luxury, what a bewildering wealth of ostentation! The fact is that Mme. Antoinette Poisson was a daughter of the quarter and had become Mme. d'Etioles through marriage. Under that name she lived a long while in Faubourg St. Honoré street. There it was that by tact, adroitness, and beauty she raised the marvelous edifice of her fortune. Memoirs of the period have left us very curious information as to the patient approaches made by this young Mme. d'Etioles, this apparently reserved yet insinuating lady, to push open little by little the doors of some important drawing rooms, like those of Mme. Geoffrin; but she was much hampered in her worldly strategy by the paralyzing presence of her mother, a certain Mme. Poisson, whose past was lamentably queer.

Now all these little humiliations remained in the Marquise's memory, and of a certainty some notion of revenge was not absent from the magnificence that attended her installation and her festivals in the new Hôtel d'Evreux.

And it was just in these very Parisian, very elegant, but in no way official surroundings that the great painter of pastels La Tour dreamed of painting her without any powder in her hair, without any of those obligatory columns and draperies after the elegant fashions of Largillière. But, in opposition to his wishes, an order reached him to come with his crayons to Versailles. To which the bold fellow dared reply: "Tell Madame that I never go to paint *in town*."

Nevertheless, La Tour decided to go, as we know from the famous masterpiece at the Louvre. But accidents did not fail to happen, owing to the stubborn nature of the artist, who insisted that he should not be disturbed at his work. One day the King entered while the Pompadour was sitting, and La Tour, doffing his cap, cried out: "Madame, did you not promise me to keep your door closed?"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.

Then, as Louis XV laughed good-humoredly and remained, the painter left, grumbling to himself: "I don't like to be interrupted; I will return when Madame is alone."

Several "Watteau dairy parties" were offered by the Pompadour to a selected public, and with perfect success up to the notorious evening when the following tragic-comedy occurred.

Perceiving that these eternal pastorals resulted in monotony and flatness in the long run, pastorals wherein the satin-clad shepherd made love to shepherdesses covered with lace, always accompanied by the same conventional frills, the Marquise invented something calculated to revive the wavering attention of the spectators by details truer to nature, by a staging more vital with breath, more *vécu*, as we say nowadays. On a general background of decoration painted by J. B. Huet a herd of sheep, real live sheep, was to appear, combed and perfumed, and tied up with ribbons, so that amorous speeches might alternate with the most correct baaing of lambs. Her secret was kept, even by the women, and much was expected from this surprise. But, alas! Nature does not like to be cramped, and when the beribboned herd made its entry into the gallery flaming with candlelight, while music played, the innocent creatures halted a moment in a state of stupor, and then scattered in a mad stampede. A ram spied a long mirror and dashed at himself, breaking it to pieces, not unlike Don Quixote before the windmills. The rest followed his example, broke the furniture, and scattered with baas of panic through the apartments. The Marquise thought she would faint—and from that moment renounced all shepherd festivals.

When the Pompadour died, the following was found in her will: "I supplicate the King to accept the gift which I make him of my hôtel in Paris, since it is susceptible of being made a palace for one of his grandsons. I desire that it should be for Monseigneur the Count of Provence."

Did Louis XV, one muses, know beforehand of this bequest, on the day the favorite died? One hopes not, for we know how little regret he showed at the time the coffin of his friend was being carried through a terrible rainstorm from

Versailles to Paris: "The Marquise will have a disagreeable trip," he remarked with a yawn, as he stood at the window of his bedroom, which looked out on the Marble Court.

When the palace was emptied of its furniture, it was turned into a storage-place for the royal things awaiting the completion of the palace on the Place de la Concorde. At last, in 1773, owing to the empty condition of the exchequer, it was sold to Nicolas Beaujon, the court banker. Up to 1768 the gardens and the pictures belonging to the King had been open to the public.

With respect to the arts, this banker was a sort of Fouquet, but more scrupulous. He modestly called the Hôtel d'Evreux his "Hermitage," and increased its splendors. In its galleries he placed furniture of great price, books of the rarest editions, canvases signed by Rembrandt, Vandyke, Poussin, and the great Spaniard. This banker also owned the portraits of the royal family, including all the princes, received from them as gifts. A contemporary writer expresses naïvely enough his surprise at the honor, and makes this amusing guess. "Doubtless it is because of the great beauty of the salons, perfect in all their details and splendid in their general aspect."

The King was so much impressed by the banker's palace that he began negotiations, and finally bought it for 1,100,000 livres, occupation to be had at the seller's death. In the end the King, forgetting his original purpose, sold it after Beaujon's death to the Duchess of Bourbon-Condé at the price he had given for it. Then it was that they first called it the Palace Elysée-Bourbon.

The Elysée—charming name that evokes visions of festivities of paradise. What an ironical name when the hapless duchess installed herself there! For she was fated never to quit it until she offered her neck to the guillotine. The Elysée—what a name for the mother of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, whose execution was the most tragical of all (1804). The Elysée—for the wife of that Duke Louis-Joseph de Bourbon, the last of the Condés, who was found one morning hanging by the neck in his bedroom at Chantilly castle (1830). The Elysée—for the sister-in-law of that



GRAND RECEPTION ROOM

Philippe Egalité whose head rolled under the knife on the Place de la Révolution after it had felt the aureola of popular favor. The Elysée—for all that family tragically familiar with mourning and sorrows!

It is true that in the term Elysium, applied by the ancients to the place of sojourn for souls of the fortunate, they likewise mingled an idea of death.

By a strange contrast—but contrasts were frequent in that epoch of unheard-of events—the grounds of the Elysée suddenly became a place for pleasure-seekers and the festive. Decreed to be national property in 1793, it was bought by Citizen Hovyn. With the assistance of his daughter, he made out of it a gambling house and place for public balls. At that time such places enjoyed a great popularity. While the fateful carts passed through the streets on their way to the guillotine, the population, crazed and unsound of mind, poured in shoals toward pleasures and a forgetfulness of actualities.

Its director Hovyn was a forethoughted person who was a friend of the powers, and this is a proof. Since the Place

de la Révolution, now de la Concorde, so near by, was steeped in human blood and exhaled an insupportable odor of corpses, Hovyn organized a public petition of the inhabitants of the faubourg, and the guillotine was transferred to the former Place du Trône. After that, people could dance and amuse themselves in peace among the refreshing fragrances from trees and flowers. Entrance to the Elysée cost fr. 1.20, and of that sum the visitor could use 75 centimes for refreshments or other purposes. Only, during the evening, cautious people never went there without having somewhere about them a certificate of civism, without which the Rue St. Honoré itself would scarcely be a safe place.

Sometimes private persons or societies hired the palace and garden for a private party. Thus the old salons of the Pompadour and the Duchess de Bourbon saw the Ball of Victims and the Ball of Benedicks. The latter was rather original. Ever since Liardot, in 1794, opened the first matrimonial agency, several inventive adventurers tried to surpass him.

So it was that these balls were given, to which "boarding schools" of young

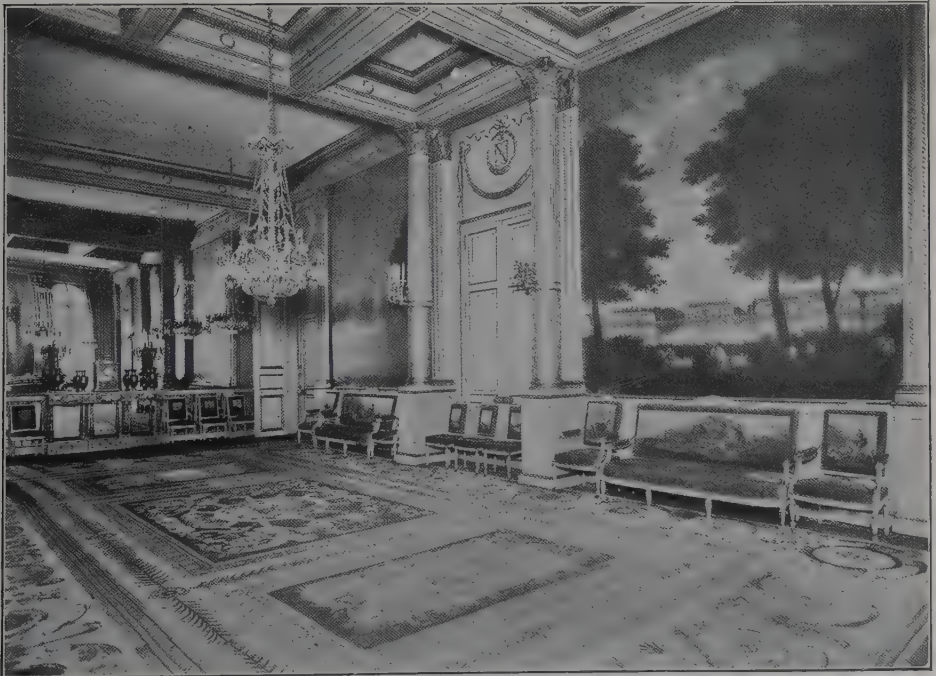
girls desirous of marriage were conducted by agents, the bachelors being asked to attend, in order to make their choice. It must be confessed that some people remained old fogies and disapproved of these innovations.

As to the celebrated Ball of Victims, nobody was admitted but those who affirmed that they had lost relatives on the scaffold. They danced in mourning garb and bowed to each other with a short, sharp movement of the head, as if they had been suddenly struck by the knife of the guillotine. So it appears that these amusements partook somewhat of the Dance of Death. At times they developed into tragedy, as, for instance, on one occasion when a bloody fight broke out between the Youths of the Revolution, who adopted the light-colored wig and black collar, and the troop of "red collars," who were democrats. Pleasures, debauchery, blood-flowing, cold irony—those in truth were the characteristics of that troublous and disorderly period.

This moral crisis having passed away at last, the Consulate brought in a calmer period. Prince Murat, in 1805, bought the palace for 570,000 francs. Napo-

leon's brother-in-law resolved to pass there a luxurious life, a branch, as it were, of the court. Four millions were spent on the Elysée in repairs, decorations, and art works, and the princess, whom people called the Beautiful Caroline, managed the receptions with as much dignity as tact. But nothing was less sedentary than this family and, indeed, all of Napoleon's high dignitaries. Soon Murat was appointed King of Naples, and had to "move" just like an ordinary citizen, and the Emperor took possession of the palace.

In this delightful setting he replaced in lofty style his brother-in-law. Josephine took the position of Caroline with much grace. Compelled to live at the Tuileries, they made only short stays at the Elysée; but we may be sure that it was the residence they preferred, for there they could escape the bondage of etiquette, that famous etiquette of which Napoleon was the first victim. A few years later Napoleon was still walking up and down beneath the ancient trees of the park, but it was not with the kindly Josephine. Disdained and repudiated, she had given up her place to Maria



THE MURAT SALON



PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

Louisa, Archduchess of Austria. And now a child was running in front of the royal pair—the King of Rome, the only hope of the dynasty.

But soon the sky darkened; the star of the Emperor began to pale. It was in the salons of the Elysée that doubt as to his mysterious destiny showed itself for the first time *in public*. Before leaving Paris to make front against the sixth European coalition, he had an intuition of a possible personal misfortune, and he gave to the Empress the title of Regent. The ceremony of investiture was impressive. Cambacérès read the document aloud, and then Maria Louisa, overcoming her emotion, swore fidelity to the Emperor, vowed to maintain the laws and constitution, and obey the orders of Napoleon.

This scene occurred in the Louis XV drawing-room, where to-day Mr. Fallières presides over the meetings of the cabinet. But it was merely a prelude. This very room, with its delightful carved wood-work picked out in gold, which used to be, so it is said, the favorite boudoir of the Pompadour, was soon to harbor an-

other dramatic episode at the close of the Hundred Days.

In fact, the day after Waterloo, at eleven o'clock at night, the doors of the Elysée opened for Napoleon, worn out, overcome by fatigue, and without an army. Faithful Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, rushed to meet him in the court of honor. The Emperor stayed him with a gesture, and pronounced the historic words: "The army did wonders; a panic overwhelmed it; all is lost. I am at the end of my strength; I must have a few hours of repose before I can do any work. I am suffocating here."

The next morning Napoleon was walking with his brother Lucien in the park. It was the 21st of June; spring was glittering and gay about their mourning and their sorrow. At that time the wall that ran along the Avenue de Marigny was not high, and suddenly the crowd perceived the vanquished hero, and a frantic cry arose from every mouth. "Long live the Emperor!" they cried with an enthusiasm as spontaneous as it was indescribable.

"Sire, lead us to the enemy: with you at our head, we shall win or die!"

"Dare do it, sire!" begged Lucien. "Let the gates of the Elysée be opened wide and let us set out for the frontier!"

"No," answered Napoleon; "I have already dared too much. I do not wish to appear as an Emperor of Jacobins, leaning on a violent party and fighting for my crown against the peace-loving portion of the people. It would not be worthy of my character."

His eyes turned sadly toward these unknown friends; he shook the hands of several persons over the fence, quieted the others with a gesture, and abruptly turned away among the shadowy walks of the park.

The next day the Chamber of Representatives went the length of threatening to have him arrested. One hour only was granted him to make up his mind. Then, yielding to the advice of St. Jean d'Angély, the Emperor abdicated. The scene passed in the Louis XV drawing room just mentioned as the room for cabinet meetings.

By a singular irony of destiny Napoleon left his favorite residence to his worst enemies. At the time of the invasion of 1815 the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington installed themselves as victors in the palace of the Elysée. During the days he passed there it might have been said of Alexander that he was in truth the arbiter of Europe.

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berry, nephew of King Louis XVIII, left the opera to accompany his wife to her carriage, when a workman named Louvel rushed on him and stabbed him with a knife. They brought him back to the palace dead. The widow left for good and all a place which recalled too much sorrow, and took up her abode in the Louvre.

Then our palace returned to the destiny which had been arranged for it in the eighteenth century—a lodging place for royal or otherwise illustrious guests. Thus it sheltered Mehemet Ali under Louis Philippe; then the queen of Spain, Maria Christina, widow of Ferdinand VII. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been elected President of the Republic, he lost no time in settling himself at the Elysée. Thus he knit once more the bond of tradition with Napoleon the

Great, a thing he never neglected, and a principle which had a great influence on his entire line of conduct.

More and more did the Prince President assume the air of an aspirant to the throne. Aided and abetted by an important popular party, which saw in him the "nephew of the Emperor"; by the bourgeoisie, to whom he made the finest promises; by the monarchists also, before whose eyes he dangled the "red peril," little by little he prepared the famous Coup d'Etat. The night before the celebrated Second of December—it was a Monday—there was the usual semiweekly reception at the Elysée palace. Adroit persons, those who snuff the wind, had presented themselves in such numbers in order to make their obeisances and offers of service that it was found necessary to open all the apartments. But the President of the Republic remained calm and impenetrable; he listened to everything, promised nothing, and revealed nothing. At a certain moment he made a sign to Colonel Vieyra, who, exactly the day before, had been placed at the head of the Garde Nationale. "Colonel," said he, "are you enough master of yourself not to blanch at the announcement of a moving bit of news?"

"I am ready to stand the trial, Prince."

"Well, my friend, we march to-night." Then, looking hard at Vieyra's face, of which not a muscle had budged: "Very good; here 's a strong man. I have only a single order to give you: until to-morrow prevent every meeting or calling of this National Guard, and watch that the *rappel* is not beaten anywhere. Now you may go."

A moment later, with a smile on his lips, Louis Napoleon made the tour of the galleries with the wife of the ambassador of Spain on his arm. At last the guests retired, and only a few intimates remained, among whom were General de St. Arnaud and M. de Morny, Louis's illegitimate brother, son of Queen Hortense Beauharnais and General Count de Flahaut. He gathered them into the salon of the cabinet meetings and gave them there his final recommendations. Finally he sent them away. He seated himself and remained for a long while staring at the logs in the fireplace—in that very same room where Napoleon I signed his abdica-



Drawn by A. Castaigne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A THEATRICAL SOIRÉE AT THE ÉLYSÉE

tion. He had let his easy and smiling air of the evening drop; he listened feverishly to the night sounds without. Well, during those few hours Morny took possession of the Ministry of the Interior; the Legislative Palace was invaded by Colonel Espinasse; and Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and many more were arrested in their beds. At the rising of the sun the Coup d'Etat was an accomplished fact.

UNDER the Second Empire the Elysée became once more an elegant, gay, and sumptuous residence. At the start it sheltered for some weeks Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, the betrothed of the Emperor, that young Spanish girl whose striking beauty was at the time the astonishment and admiration of Paris. Night and day an army of work-people labored on the splendid trousseau; from that time dates the construction of a boudoir linen-room remarkable for the great fineness of its woodwork. Finally, on January 30, 1853, the Duchess of Bassano, first lady of honor, drove to the Elysée in a gala coach to take Eugénie to Notre Dame, where the marriage was solemnized.

After that there was no more lingering in the palace of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Compelled by court etiquette to live at the Tuileries, the sovereigns were not even able, like Napoleon I, to pass a few days there in *villegiatura*. So it was that for the third time the palace became a kind of princely hotel for sovereigns on their way about Europe. For that purpose important changes were made under the direction of M. Lacroix, brother of the foster-sister of the Emperor. This somewhat distant relationship was perhaps insufficient to compensate for the very middling artistic feeling of this architect. He tore out various woodwork decorations of the eighteenth century and also substituted for them in many places hideous things in the style of Napoleon III, a miserable style combined of copies from the Renaissance and Louis XIV. In order to enlarge the palace, two old buildings were demolished—the Hôtel Sebastiani and the Hôtel de Castellane, and on their sites were erected certain offices and conveniences luckily of small importance. All

this took up a dozen years, and in 1865 the Emperor was able to give in the transformed palace a splendid festival to the diplomatic corps. An open air concert in the park, illuminated as if by daylight, was the occasion for triumph to Auber, the composer of "Fra Diavolo," "La Muette de Portici," and "Le Domino Noir."

Thereafter came a continuous defile of royalties: one by one were seen the kings of Prussia and Belgium, of Sweden, Portugal, and Greece, of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Prince of Wales, the Khedive of Egypt. The last named was also the last royal guest.

In a few weeks more the corps of *francs-tireurs* of Lafont-Mocquart would take up their quarters in the galleries of the Elysée with the authorization of the Empress-Regent Eugénie.

THEN it was that the extraordinary history of our palace reverted once more to the note of tragedy. On September 4, 1870, two days after the capitulation of Sedan, the Republic was proclaimed. At once the staff of the commander of the National Guard took possession of the Elysée and installed itself under General Clément Thomas. Since the palace is very large, an entire wing was reserved for the societies in aid of the wounded. Miserable caravans traversed day after day the court of honor and the gilded galleries. Ladies of fashion, directed by the Countess de Flavigny, crossed every day heroically the streets swept by bombshells in order to reach the wounded. They installed their apparatus in the Salon Murat and in the great dining hall on the lower story. Then came the ignominious days of the Commune. While the beautiful monuments of Paris were burning—the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Palais de Justice, a similar fate was feared for the Elysée; but it was saved, thanks to the presence of mind of the curator, M. du Gourlet, who placed forged judicial seals on the doors and made the insurrectionists believe that their leaders had decided for the present and for a secret reason to protect this palace from destruction.

SINCE 1879, the date of installation of M. Grévy, the Elysée has become the

official residence of the President of the French Republic. The earlier years were somewhat dry; but with President Carnot the tradition of grand receptions revived, notably at the date of the Universal Exposition (1889). Madame Carnot, endowed with great distinction and the true tact of a woman of the world, knew how, with her native kindness of disposition and address, to bring together at her evening receptions certain personages who had been frightened away by republican etiquette. However, this Presidency was curtailed by the crime of a wretch, the anarchist Caserio, who assassinated Carnot on his trip to Lyons in June, 1894. The body of the unfortunate President was brought back to the Elysée and placed in the Salon of the Hemicycle, where during four days all Paris disputed the honor of bowing before his inanimate remains.

A few years later sorrow made once more its overwhelming appearance at the palace. President Félix Faure, who seemed full of life and health, was found dead, struck by apoplexy in his study. This death so impressed the imagination of some people that the most incredible rumors were started concerning it.

It would take too long to describe the Elysée—its stables, so brilliantly conducted under Faure; its galleries, so splendidly used in receptions to royalties under Loubet of late years; its Salon of the Tapestries, with hangings made by the Gobelins in 1706, and representing the story of Scipio, after designs by Julio Romano—a salon which contains fine woodwork from the Château de Bercy, demolished forty years ago, and is used by the President for official receptions; its Grand Reception Room for crowned heads and other distinguished guests, decorated under the eye of Count d'Evreux himself in 1718, and containing a fine carpet from the Savonnerie, and Beauvais furniture. Most of these salons, it is true, are placed one after the other, and have no doors to a communicating corridor, as they would be arranged to-day. This inconvenience is particularly unfortunate for the residence of the head of a nation who must see many visitors, sometimes one after the other, sometimes in crowds.

The Salon of the Hemicycle mentioned above was the old parade room of the Hôtel d'Evreux, such as every residence of the period which respected itself had to show. It was not opened for common folk, but only to guests of high degree or the sovereign. The round alcove was at that time hung with a marvel of tapestry famous among all the products of the Gobelins. It represents the "Daughter of Jephthah." The freshness of the colors put to rout all our ideas concerning the effect of time on ancient things; and yet it already had a history in the time of Madame de Maintenon, who caused robes to be stitched over the nudity of the three female forms—altogether too frisky to suit the austere spouse of Louis XIV. in her old age. Napoleon I slept in that alcove, but luckily he introduced no changes. The whole room has remained delightfully intact, with its admirable woodwork, covered with interlacings and arabesques, where cornucopias, as a leading motive, are mingled with "rayed shells." The jambs of the doors, framed in long, carved dragons, bear a modern signature, that of Chaplin. He has not hit the light style of the artists under Louis XVI. The same heavy touch appears in the Salon of the Cabinet Ministers, which in the eighteenth century was the music room of the Pompadour. It is a fine big room, the five tall windows of which look partly on the park and partly on a small retired garden. The woodwork is really a marvel of beauty, certainly due to the decorative genius of Nicolas Pineau. Formerly one might see framed in fine moldings the heads of the nine Muses, treated with all the grace peculiar to the period. But about forty-five years ago, by order of Napoleon III, a less than average painter replaced these charming works, so well in keeping with the interior, by frightful portraits, rank with bitumen, of, alas! Nicolas I of Russia, Franz Josef of Austria, Frederick William of Prussia, Pope Pius IX,—he is in the shadow between two windows,—Queen Victoria (at the age of 22), Victor Emmanuel, and the King of Würtemberg! I leave to the imagination what a discordant note this detestable mingling of styles and periods has introduced.

There also is little harmony in the last

of the large reception galleries on the ground floor, known as the Salon of Cleopatra. Here are remains of Louis XVI woodwork, a fine tapestry after designs by Natoire,—“Antony and Cleopatra,”—arm-chairs in Empire style, a mantelpiece set of the Directory times, and, on a Chinese stand, a *modern* statue of Louis XIV in terra cotta!

The chapel of the palace is very dark and vaguely Gothic, built by Lacroix under Napoleon III. The saints of France are painted on the walls—Saint Rémi, Saint Clothilde, Saint Clodoald, Saint Radegonde—to all of whom the artist has had the singular idea of giving the likenesses of the leading artists of the day.

The Murat Salon is decorated in the First Empire style—woodwork white and gold. Dating from 1806, and done under the eye of the King of Naples, it was renovated later, as one can see by certain traces of bad taste and also from the monogram and badge of Napoleon III and Eugénie. They had the idea of framing in the woodwork, too, immense canvases by Carle Vernet, one representing the “Entry of Murat into Naples” in 1799, the other a carriage drive of the Grand Duchess of Berg (Caroline Bonaparte Murat). The latter scene passes in a park which is no other than that of Beyreuth, the monumental architecture of which one perceives in the background. Between the two windows, which permit but little light to enter, is a curious canvas representing the Column Vendôme in an Egyptian landscape. It is crowned by the statue of Napoleon I dressed as a Roman Emperor.

What can one say of the Grand Reception Room, built by the architect Chancel, under President Carnot, to meet the requirements of the exposition of 1889? For a similar crime against art the only excuse is that it was meant to be temporary. Alas! we know how long the temporary thing is capable of lasting! The combination of iron and brick has been very justly likened to a stable. The decorations of the ceiling are in a colored and gilded *paste*, and frame certain pale compositions by Dubufe. Red carpets, red velvet curtains with gold tassels, gilded armchairs with red velvet cushions, give inevitably an official look to

this gallery. Notwithstanding all this mediocrity, on festal occasions it takes on a kind of air under the glitter of the lights. This miracle, this paradoxical result, is entirely due to the marvelous tapestries profusely used in this hall, both as hangings to the walls and as portières. Here are the “Story of Medea” by de Troy (1754-1758), “Creüsa Consumed by Fire,” and “Jason Unfaithful to Medea.” There is also the famous Don Quixote series by Coypel. What brilliancy, what an expression of life, what a sincerity in decoration, alongside of these poor modern things!

THE first story contains only reception rooms, but more intimate, and used in accordance with certain diplomatic shades of etiquette. In the large gold salon in the middle of the suite Mme. Loubet received visitors on Mondays, her “day.” There she awaited illustrious guests after they had been received officially by the President and had expressed a desire to pay their respects to Mme. Loubet. It is an interior formerly Louis XV, white and gold, but, alas! wretchedly maltreated, where one is surprised to see under the delicate woodwork the unexpected monogram of Napoleon III and Eugénie, carved in some substance like plaster. Salon des Dames, Salon des Huissiers, Salon des Paysages, Billiard Room—in the last at any rate one’s eyes are greeted by a work of distinction: the portrait of President Loubet against a red background, arms crossed, breathing a smiling strength. It is more and better than an official work: it is a portrait by Bonnat.

Here, anyhow, is an intimate note, a home corner. This suggestion grows stronger in the next room, the working study where President Loubet used to come to pass the evening with his family. It is a fine room on the corner, with four windows looking on the garden. It must be said that green dominates too exclusively, from the hangings to the cloth on the round table, passing through the shades on the furniture. Another likeness of President Loubet, dating from 1889, shows him at an epoch when care had not yet whitened his hair. As if a witness to his laborious hours, even after dinner, there is a massive empire desk

littered with papers and books, testifying to long studious hours under the midnight lamp.

To close this description with a truly artistic, though modern, note, I should like to call attention to one of the rooms at the end of the first story, the very pretty Salon of the Mirrors, originally an ante-chamber in the hôtel of the Pompadour, later the bathroom of the Empress Eugénie. What a ravishing little boudoir! It is entirely made up of mirrors, as its name indicates, but they are mirrors decorated with delicate paintings by Chaplin in the feeling, but not in imitation, of the Louis XVI style. Flowery garlands, Cupids, Venuses, Undines, and Sirens furnish the delightful motives for this precious decoration, which recalls the pretty fancies created by Marie Antoinette. And along with these goes a rose-and-mauve carpet very harmonious to the eyes and soft to the feet. Add a few pretty consoles, a mantel set of Louis XVI style well combined, and you have an interior as charming as can be imagined, decorated in a strain the like of which one might have thought forever lost. In fact, it is with this impression on us that we stop our ramble through the principal apartments of the Elysée.

THOSE for whom history is a sort of resurrection, following the phrase of Michelet, will undergo a variety of emotions while passing through the place where a series of tragic events has occurred—events so important in their results. Such seekers, such devotees of a past forever gone, may at times feel disappointed if they hope to meet with many traces of these haunting figures which are still fresh and, one may say, *palpable*. Where are the easy-chair, the bed, the familiar chest of drawers, of the Marquise de

Pompadour? Where is the arm-chair of Napoleon or the table on which he signed his abdication? All these have been disposed of or destroyed.

The architecture of the palace remains in its general lines, it is true, particularly if one can disengage it from its modifications and incrustations. Inside the visitor will admire without reserve the woodwork of several of the rooms on the ground floor, that of the Aides-de-camp, of the Grand Salon, the Cabinet Room. He will stop before the marvelous tapestries of the second vestibule of the Salon of the Hemicycle, before the immense Savonnerie carpet, bearing the arms of the Orléans family, which covers the floor of the great dining room. He will enjoy the few objects of art, not numerous, it is true, but genuine, which are scattered here and there, such as a certain chess-table, or the two splendid clothes-presses by Boulle in the vestibule of the first story; and he will be interested in the decorative effort of Chaplin in the Boudoir of Mirrors.

But, on the other hand, what bitter regrets for the unheard-of acts of vandalism due to the architect Lacroix! The same reprobation should befall the displeasing buildings made at the same period round about the Court of Honor and on the street of Elysée. Finally, one must cast a veil, from the artistic point of view, on the presidency of M. Sadi Carnot, to whom, alas! we owe the Salle des Fêtes, as well as the galleries that run so awkwardly along the ground floor, breaking clumsily the harmony of the general lines laid down by Molet in 1720.

Perchance the future may know how to repair these mistakes, at least in part. A great deal of money will be needed, and erudition, and taste, and wit besides. Let us hope—without believing in it too much.





Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE WAITER TEACHES UNCLE JOHN TO SAY "ROO-ANK"

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

I

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Second day out at sea.

DEAR MAMA: We did get off at last, about four in the afternoon, but you never imagined anything like the day we had with Uncle John. It was awful, and, as luck would have it, he just happened to go aft or sou'west, or whatever it is on shipboard, in time to see them drop his trunk into the hold, and they let it fall from such a height that he swore for an hour. I don't see why Uncle is so unreasonable: a Russian gentleman had the locks broken to both his trunks and just smiled, and a very lovely Italian lady had her trunk caved in by the hoisting-rope

and only shrugged her shoulders; but Uncle turned the whole deck fairly black and blue on account of a little fall into the hold. If Lee had only been along to soothe him down! But Lee is in London by this time. I do think he might have waited and gone with us, but Uncle says he's glad he did n't, because he says he has more than half an idea that Lee's in love with me, and that no girl alive could be happy with him. I wish Uncle liked Lee better. I wish Lee would n't slap him on the back and call him "old boy" the way he does.

Mrs. Clary does n't like it because she has to sit next to the doctor and talk English to him, and he can't talk English. She says whenever she goes on board a liner the doctor always spots her as intelligent-looking, and has her put next to

him for English purposes. She says she's made seven trips as nursery-governess to a doctor with linguistic aspirations. The consequence is, she has most of her meals on deck with a man named Mr. Chopstone. Uncle does n't like Mr. Chopstone, because he says he has a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Chopstone admires Edna. He says Edna could never be happy with a man like Mr. Chopstone.

More later.

Fourth day out.

I've been writing Lee; I can mail it at Plymouth. It does seem to me as if Lee might have waited and gone with us.

We are nicely adjusted now, and Uncle has had his trunk brought to his room, and has examined the corners and found them intact; so now the trunk is off his mind. But he has almost had fits over a man named Monsieur Sibilet, so the situation has been about as brimstoned as ever. M. Sibilet is a Frenchman going back to France, but his chair is next to Mrs. Clary's, and Uncle says steamer-chairs are never accidents, but are always premeditated and with intent to kill. He asked Mrs. Clary if she could n't see that no woman could ever be happy with a dancing fan-tan like Sibilet. We did n't know what a "fan-tan" was, but we all agreed with Uncle's premises as to poor monsieur; and then it developed that there is a Mme. Sibilet deathly sick down below, and Uncle said that he had known it all the time and was only joking.

Edna and Harry are very happy, but they have to be awfully careful, because Uncle says he has a half-fledged notion that Harry is paying attention to Edna, and that he won't allow anything of the kind—not for one York second. We don't know what a "York second" is, and we have n't asked. Uncle plays poker nights, and we make the most of it. There is a nice Yale man on board, and I walk around with him. His name is Edgar. Uncle says he looks as if he had his bait out for a fortune, but Mrs. Clary says to never mind it—to go right on walking. She lies still while we walk, and talks to M. Sibilet in French.

Uncle says he is the head of this expedition, and there's to be no foolishness. He says it's all rot about a man not being able to see through women, and that Edna

and I need n't expect to keep any secrets from him. I do wish Lee was here to soothe him down. He was so furious to-day because he shut up his wash-stand and let the tooth-powder slide to perdition. M. Sibilet offered him an extra box of his own, but Uncle was n't a bit grateful. He says he is sure M. Sibilet is in love with Mrs. Clary now, or why under the sun should he offer him his tooth-powder? He says he thinks it's disgraceful, considering poor Mme. Sibilet, and he took mine instead.

More later.

Sixth day out.

I do wish we were in Havre, or anywhere where Uncle had more room. The third officer invited him up on the bridge yesterday, and Uncle says you need n't tell him that any third officer in this world ever would invite him up to the bridge unless he had his eye on Edna or me. Uncle says for Edna and me to remember that old uncles have eyes as well as young third officers, and to bear in mind that it would be a dog's life to be married to a third officer. I'm beginning to be very glad, indeed, that Lee took another steamer; I reckon Lee saw how it would be. Uncle says he'd like to know what we took a slow steamer for, anyhow. He says it would have been more comfortable to have all been in death agonies and to have been in Havre by this time. He was terribly upset to-day by Mme. Sibilet's coming on deck and proving to be an old lady with white hair and the mother of monsieur instead of the wife. He says you need n't talk to him about French honor after this. We don't know what the connection is between poor old Mme. Sibilet and French honor, but we think it best not to ask. The truth is, Uncle lost all patience with M. Sibilet the day it rained and pitched—I think it was the third day out. He never did like him very much, anyhow. Mrs. Clary wanted to sit in the wind that day, and she and monsieur sat in the wind until the rain grew so bad that they were absolutely driven to come around and sit by Uncle, under the lee of the port, or whatever it is on board ship. Monsieur lugged Mrs. Clary's chair because he could n't find a steward, and he brought it around by the smoking-room and the whole length of the

deck, with the steamer pitching so that half the time he was on top of the chair, and the other half of the time the chair was on top of him. There was no one on deck but us, on account of the storm, and I thought we should die laughing, because there were forty empty chairs under shelter already.

Uncle waited until, with a final slip and a slide, the poor man landed the chair, and then he screamed: "I say, Sibbilly, just take the cards out and change *them* another time. That 's the way we Americans do."

You should have seen poor monsieur's face! Uncle said the whole affair gave him a queer feeling as to what might be in store for us in France. He said if M. Sibilet was a sample Frenchman, he thought he would n't get off at Havre, after all.

Mrs. Clary is in lots of trouble over the doctor. He comes up on deck and bothers her half to death, talking English. She can't understand his English, and M. Sibilet gets tired translating.

M. Sibilet speaks seven languages. Uncle says that 's nothing to his credit, however.

More later.

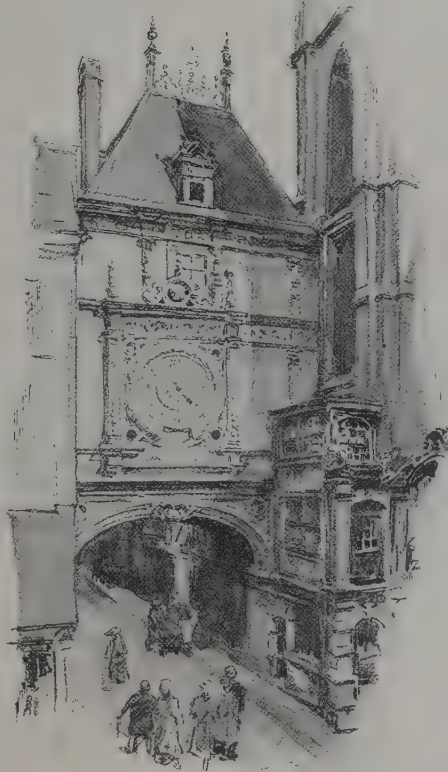
Ninth day out.

UNCLE is in high spirits to-day, for he won the pool. He has been so disgusted because Mr. Edgar has won it three times. Uncle says that 's no sign he 'd be a good husband, though. I do think Uncle's logic is so very peculiar. He came into my state-room to-day and asked me if I

did n't think the doctor was absolutely impertinent in the way he was pursuing Mrs. Clary. You 'd have thought the doctor tore after her around the deck, to hear him. He said he expected to have trouble with Edna and me, but he never looked for Mrs. Clary to be a care. He

said he did n't suppose she was over forty, but she ought to consider appearances more. He was quite put out, and I am gladder than ever that Lee is n't with us.

We laughed ourselves half sick to-day over Mr. Chopstone. Uncle's port-hole does n't work very easily, and Mr. Chopstone heard him talking about it to himself as he passed in the corridor, and he went in to help him. Uncle asked Mr. Chopstone if he had a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, and Mr. Chopstone did n't have a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, but said why not ring for the steward. Uncle would n't hear to the steward, and so they climbed on the divan together and tried to pry it with



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE GREAT CLOCK AT ROUEN

Uncle's hair-brush. The hair-brush broke, and Uncle went spinning, but Mr. Chopstone caught his cuff in the crack, and it tore, and half of his shirt-sleeve with a diamond cuff-link went to sea. At first we all felt awful about it, but he was so composed that Edna said he must be a millionaire, and Uncle said it must be a paste diamond. That is all only preliminary to the funny part. This afternoon we were lying in our chairs and Uncle was standing by the rail looking at a ship.

All of a sudden he exclaimed, "Great Scott! Chopstone, if there is n't your cuff!" Mr. Chopstone made just one bound from his chair to the rail, and looked over so hard that his cap fell into the sea. Of course the mere idea of the cuff having sailed as fast as we did all day used us up completely, and Uncle in particular had to hang to the rail for support while he sort of wove back and forth in an ecstasy of speechless joy. Even M. Sibilet was overcome by mirth, although it turned out afterward that he thought the fun was on account of the lost cap. And then, when we got ourselves under control once more, Mr. Chopstone explained that what he had thought was that the cuff had caught somewhere on the outside of the steamer and that Uncle saw it hanging there. Edna says that it all shows that poor Mr. Chopstone is *not* a millionaire, and Mrs. Clary says it proves, too, that it *was* a real diamond.

It is beginning to seem like a pretty long trip, and Mrs. Clary has started packing her trunk. The little flag that marks our progress across the chart is making Europe in great jumps, and we are all glad. Uncle gets more restless every day, and he says if the doctor don't quit coming up on deck to talk to Mrs. Clary, something will soon drop. The doctor is really very amusing; he says the first officer has a pet "marmadillo," but we cannot see it because it is too anxious. He means "frightened," it seems. Mr. Edgar is very nice; both he and Mr. Chopstone are going to Paris. Lee will be in Paris by Wednesday, I hope, and I most sincerely trust he will keep on the right side of Uncle.

They say we will land early day after to-morrow. I can mail my letters in Plymouth to-morrow evening. Uncle says he 's going express hereafter; he says no more dilly-dally voyages for him.

Tenth day out.

WHAT do you think! Uncle took me into the parlor after dinner to-night and told me that he was n't going to Paris with the rest. He says he did n't come abroad to scurry around like a wild rabbit, and that he 's going to stop in Havre for a day or two. He says Edna and I had better stay with him, as he can't think of our traveling with Mr. Edgar and Mr.

Chopstone alone. I said, "But there 's Mrs. Clary." And he said, "Yes; but you forget Sibbilly." I do think Uncle's logic is so remarkable.

Eleventh day out.

EVERYBODY is getting their trunks in from the baggage-room and running to the rail to look at ships. Uncle won the pool again to-day; he says this is one of the pleasantest trips he ever made, and he shook hands with M. Sibilet when he met him on deck this morning.

Mrs. Clary is awfully upset over our staying in Havre, and she says if Lee is in Paris he won't like it, either. We expect a mail in Plymouth.

Later.

The mail came, and I had a letter from Lee. He is going to Russia for a week, and he folded in an extra piece, saying to give Uncle the letter. It was a funny kind of letter, but of course it had to be a funny kind of letter if I was to give it to Uncle. I gave it to Uncle, and he said, "Hum!" and that was all. He says if Mr. Edgar or Mr. Chopstone stay in Havre, he 'll know the reason why. I do think Uncle might be more reasonable. Edna has been crying. She does n't want to stay in Havre; she wants to go to Paris when Harry goes.

Yours with love, as ever,

Yvonne.

II

UNCLE JOHN IN ROUEN

9 A.M.

"WELL, girls, are you ready to get up and out and set about improving your minds? I 've been reading the guide-book and spilling my coffee with trying to do two things at once ever since eight o'clock. But what your Uncle John does n't know about Rouen now is n't worth stopping to look up in the index. Why, I 've even got the real French twang to the pronunciation. It 's Roo-ank; only you stop short of the 'n' and the 'k,' so to speak. The waiter who brought my breakfast showed me how to do it—said he never saw a foreigner catch on to the trick so quick before. I gave him one of those slim little



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

AT THE TOMB OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION

quarters they have here, and he was so pleased that he taught me how to say 'Joan of Arc' for nothing. It's Shondark—*Shondark*. I learned it in no time. Well, come on, if you're ready. I've been waiting almost an hour.

"I declare, but this fresh, free atmosphere is refreshing! As soon as you get outside of your bedroom door you begin to get the full benefit of the Continental climate. I presume, if you're poor, you get it as soon as you get outside of your bed-clothes. Rather a medieval staircase, eh? And four orange-trees at the bottom to try and fool us into feeling balmy. However, I don't mind little discomforts; all I mind is being shut up on a ship with a darned fool like that man

Sibbilly. I should n't wonder if his mother was his wife, after all. I could believe anything of him. I did n't like him.

"We'll go to take in the cathedral first; it is n't far, and I've got it all by heart. Thirteenth century and unsymmetrical—you must remember that. There, that's it ahead there—with the scaffolding. They're bolstering it up somewhat, so as to keep on hooking tourists, I presume. The biggest tower is the Butter Tower, built out of paid-for permissions to eat butter in Lent. Rather a rough joke, its being so much the biggest, is n't it? The whole cathedral's lopsided from eating butter, so to speak. I believe it's the thing to stop in front and act as if you were

overcome; so we 'll just call a halt here and take in the general effect of the scaffolding.

"Now we 'll walk around the whole thing. I have n't come abroad to take life with a hop, skip, and jump; I 've come to be thorough, and I want you girls to form the habit of being thorough, too. What I did n't like about that fellow Edgar was his not being thorough. When he went down to look at the ship's machinery he only stayed an hour. Now, I did n't go at all; but if I had gone, I should have stayed more than an hour. Good job of scaffolding, is n't it? You see, they make the scaffolding out of young trees withed together, and use them over and over. Economical. Just about what you 'd expect of Sibbilly. Those gargoyles and saints around the top stick their heads out pretty interested-like, don't they? But their view is for the most part blocked. Now this cheerful old jail at the back is the palace of the archbishop. I wish, young ladies, that you would note those little bits of high windows and the good thick bars across them as illustrating the secure faith that the dead and gone archbishops had in their loving people. I 'll bet there 's been plenty of battering and rioting around under these walls, first and last; plenty of fists and sticks and stones. It 's big, is n't it? Big as half a block, and things look so much bigger here than they do at home. They slide a roof up slanting and cock it full of little crooked windows, and you feel as if you must tip over backward to take in the top. I vow, I don't just see how it 's done; but—oh, here 's where we go in. This dark, damp little stone-paved alley is the celebrated 'Portail des Libraires,' so called because those arcades used to be full of book-stalls. We go along on the cobblestones, throw ourselves hard against this little swinging door; it creaks, it yields, we enter—hush!

"Great Scott, is n't it big, and *is n't* it damp? Will you look up in that roof? I feel solemn in spite of myself; but, then, feeling solemn is no use: what we want to do is to find some one to open those big iron gates, for the most of what is to see is in back there. Edna, you ask that man how we can get hold of some other man. Well, what did he say? Said to ask the Swiss, did he? What does he mean by

that? Is it a joke, or can't they trust a Frenchman with their old relics? I 've been told that in Japanese banks they always have to have a Chinaman to handle the money, and maybe it 's equally the thing in a French cathedral to have a Swiss look after the relics. But the guide-book never said a word about a Swiss: it said '*fee*,' and I 've got my pocket full of them.

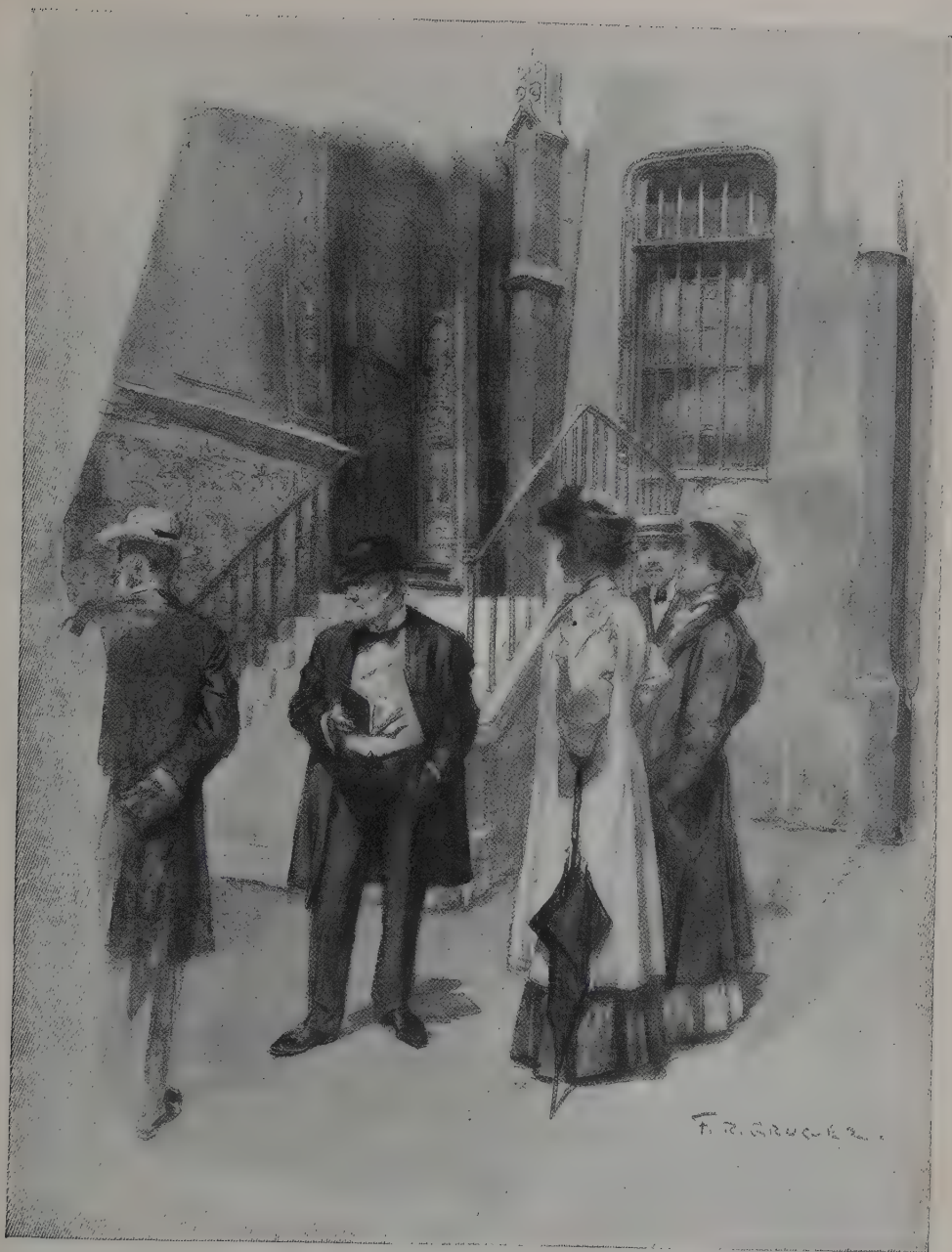
"Well, where can we get a Swiss? I should think he 'd be more handy than he appears to be. There 's another man looking for him, too. He—Great Scott! if it is n't—no, that is impossible. Yes, it is!

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Porter? Yes? Robert Porter—Bobby Porter that went to the Washington School? Bob, do you remember me? Well, of all the larks!

"Girls, this man and I went to school side by side for eight years, and he 's the finest—my nieces, Bob. That 's Edna and this is Yvonne, and—you don't say he 's your son? Did n't know you ever married. Oh, I 'll take your word for it, of course; but, I say, Bob, you 've got to come and dine with us to-night. You must; I won't have it any other way. You and I 'll have to just sit down and overhaul all our old memories together. Do you remember—but how do you come to be in Europe, anyhow; and what liner did you line up on? We had a beastly trip,—only came from Havre last night,—and, by the way, how in thunder can we get hold of the man who opens these iron gates? Everything in the place is back there.

"Is that a Swiss—that splendid circus-chariot driver? Give you my word, I thought he was a cardinal! How much of a tip is that much gold lace going to look forward to getting? I wish he was plainer, somehow. I 'll tell you, Bob; you pay, and I 'll settle up later. I certainly am glad to see the gates open; I felt more like a serpent shut out of paradise than I ever expected to feel in all my life.

"Well, now we begin. Who 's buried here? Henry II of England, eh? I can't read Latin, so Henry's virtues and dates are all one to me. Which Henry was he, anyhow—the one with six wives or the one who never shed a smile? Either way,



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

IN THE COURT OF THE HÔTEL DU BOURGTHÉROULDE, BEFORE THE BAS-RELIEFS
OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

let's move on. What comes next? Richard Cœur-de-Lion—petrified, eh? Oh, only a statue of him; that's less interesting. I thought at last I was looking at Richard when he was himself again. What is our Swiss friend hissing about?

Heart buried underneath? Whose heart—Richard's? Ask if it's his bona-fide heart or only a death-mask of it? Strikes me as a pretty big statue to put up to a heart, don't you think, Bob? But come on; I want to be looking at something else.

"So this is the tomb of the husband of Diane of Poitiers? I did n't know she ever had a husband—thought she only had a king. I've never been brought up to think of Diane of Poitiers mourning a husband. But maybe she did, maybe she did. They say you must check your common sense at the hotel when you set out to inspect Europe, and I believe it—I believe it. It's a nice tomb, and if they kneel and mourn in a gown with a train, she certainly is doing it up brown. However, let's go on.

"Two cardinals of Amboise kind of going in procession on their knees over their own dead bodies—or maybe it's only hearts again. Well, Bob, the Reformation was a great thing, after all, was n't it? Must have felt fine to straighten up for a while. Stop a bit; the guide-book said there was something to examine about these two—wait till I find the place. Oh, well, never mind; I dare say a guide-book's very handy, but I move we quit this damp old hole, anyway. I would n't bother to come again. That's a sad thing about life, Bob; as soon as you get in front of anything and get a square look at it, you're ready to move on—at least I am.

"What's he saying? Well, ask him again. Whose grave? Well, ask him again. Rollo's! What, Rollo that was 'At Work' and 'At Play' and at everything else when we were kids? Another? What other? Well, ask him. Rollo the Norman? I don't see anything very remark-

able in a Norman being buried in Normandy, do you, Bob? When did he die? Well, *ask* him. What are we paying him for, anyway? Died about 900, eh! And this church was n't built till four hundred years later. Where did he spend the time while he was waiting to be buried? Well,

ask him. I declare, if I could talk French, I bet I'd know something about things. You are the *dumbest* lot! Here's Rollo lying around loose for as long as we've had America with us, and no one takes any interest in where. Is that the tomb he finally got into? Clever idea to have it so dark no one can see it, after all. I suppose he thinks we'll be impressed, but I ain't. I don't believe Rollo's in there, anyhow.

"Come on; I'm tired of this old church. I move that we go out and look at the place where they burned Joan of Arc, or something else that is bright and cheerful. What's he saying? No, I don't want to see any treasury; I've done enough church-going for

one week-day. Give him his money, Bob, and let's get out. You tell us where to go next; you must know everything, if you were here all day yesterday. I want to see that double-faced clock and those carvings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They're all over in the same direction.

"Good to be out in the air, eh? I vow, I never was great on churches. What boat did you come over on? Did it roll? Ours rolled and pitched, too. I never



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF JUMIÈGES

saw such a rolling. I tell you, Bob, the man will make a fortune who invents a level liner. I used to try and figure on how to hang the passenger department in an open square, so it could swing free,—do you get the idea?—but I don't know as it could be managed. I was trying to work it out one morning, and I came up against the wash-stand so sudden that I thought I was cut in two; the next second I went backward so quick that the edge of the berth nearly amputated my legs; and then the whole craft arose on such a swell that I swallowed half my tooth-brush. You may laugh, Bob, but I'm not telling this to be funny; I'm telling it for a fact. I had to have the steward in to put the washing-apparatus to rights, and I asked him what in thunder was up outside. He was standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, looking up at me where I sat in the lower berth, and he said, 'If the wind shifts, we're very likely to have it rough.' Just then he took on an angle of ninety-five degrees, and my trunk slid out on his feet so quick he had to hop. I said: 'Have it *rough*, eh? Well, I'm glad to know, so that I can take advantage of this calm spell.'

"That's the clock! Well, it's a big one, surely—almost as wide as the street, although candor compels us to own that the street is about the narrowest ever. All right, I'm done; a clock is a clock, and one look in its face always tells me all I want to know. Come on; we can't stand dilly-dallying if we're to get through Rouen to-day, and I must say I consider a day to a town as quite enough in Europe. I know, when I was young and traveled for wholesale shoes, I used often and often to do three towns a day and never turn a hair. I tell you, Bob, when I was—

"Is that the fountain? Hold on; we want to see that! The guide-book has it in italics. I don't see anything to underline, though; looks foreign to me. Come on; we've got to be getting somewhere, or I shall feel I was a fool to stop off at Rouen. Not that I'm not glad to have met you again, Bob; but that could have happened anywhere else just as well, you know. When did you come over? Last year! Great Scott, what are you staying so long for? I bet I get enough in six weeks; I feel as if I'd got pretty close to enough now. Not that time ever hangs

heavy on my hands, you know. No, not by a long shot. I'm the kind of man that can always amuse himself. Give me a fair show,—off a ship, of course,—and I'll defy any one to get on better. Take the day we landed, for instance, there in Havre,—rainy, not a thing to do, and every one else off for Paris. You might have looked for me to be a little disgusted, naturally; but not a bit of it. The day went like the wind. We landed at noon, I slept all the afternoon, and in the evening I took a bath. I tell you, Bob, a fellow with brains can get on anywhere. I never know what it is to feel bored.

"What's our Goddess of Liberty doing up there? What's that Indian bead-work around her feet for? Who? You don't mean to tell me that's Joan of Arc? Well, all I can say is, I never imagined her like that. But what are the beads? French funeral wreaths! Great Scott! do they keep Charlemagne wreathed, too, or is five hundred years the bead-wreath limit? Pretty idea, to put up a fountain where they burnt her—keep her memory damp at all events, eh? What's the moral of her train turning into a dolphin? Just to bring the mind gradually down to the level of the fact that it is a fountain, after all, I suppose.

"She was n't burnt here, anyhow, the book said. The book said she was burnt farther over. Smart people here—have two places where she was burnt, so people must trot through the whole market if they try to be conscientious. Look at that woman, with her bouquet of live chickens—novel effect in chickens, eh, Bob? Strikes me it was an enterprising idea to burn Joan in the market; anyhow—good business for the market. Folks come to see the statue, and incidentally buy some peanuts.

"Well, where can we go now? I say to set out and have a look at the tower where she was imprisoned. Pulled down! It is n't, either; it's starred in the book. What's that? This tower named for her, and hers pulled down! Well, there's French honor for you again. What do you think of Sibbilly now, Edna? I don't want to see the tower if it ain't the real one. I want to see the bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and then I want to go back to the hotel to lunch. I tell you, this sight-seeing is a great ap-

petizer. The more old ruins and burnings I look over, the hungrier I get.

"Is this the place? Makes me think of a sort of glorified gate to a wood-yard. What is it, now? Well, ask somebody! A bank, eh? Are those the famous bas-reliefs? Those! Them! Well, well, I must say the touring public is easy game. They're all worn off. What's the tin overhead for? To keep the rain from damaging them, eh? Pretty bit of sarcasm, eh, Bob? Great pity they did n't think to put it four or five hundred years sooner. I don't see a man with a head or a horse with a leg from here. It lacks character, to my idea. Let's go home. Come on. I've racked around Rouen all I care to for one day.

III

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouen.

DEAREST MAMA: It is midnight, and I must tell you the most astonishing piece of news. We came here with Uncle last night, and all this morning we were out with him. When we came home and unlocked our room we found *Lee* sitting by the window. But he does n't want Uncle to know. It was fortunate that Uncle's room is across the hall, for I screamed. We could n't see how he got in, but he says that he has bent a buttonhook so that he can travel all over Europe. It seems he never meant to go to Russia at all; but he does n't want Uncle to know. He says he thinks Russia is a good place for Uncle to imagine him in. We had such fun! We told him all about the

voyage and all about Uncle. He says M. Sibilet's mother *is* his wife—he married her for money. He says he's a painter. Lee is really going yachting, but he does n't want Uncle to know. He is n't going for a while, though; and he does n't want Uncle to know that, either. While we were talking, Uncle rapped, and Lee had to get into the wardrobe while Uncle came in and read us a lecture. When we were in the cathedral to-day he

found a man he used to know in school, and he was utterly overjoyed until he saw that the man had a son; and then, of course, he was worried over the son. So he came in to-night to tell us that if he discovered any skylarking, he should at once give up a friendship which had always meant more to him than we young things could possibly imagine. He said we must understand that he'd have no sort of foolishness going on, and at that the wardrobe creaked so



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

LEE SURPRISES THE LADIES

awfully that Edna had a fit of coughing, and I did n't know what I should have if he kept on. He did n't go until it was high lunch time, and I was afraid Lee would have to stay in the wardrobe until he smothered. When Uncle was gone, Edna asked Lee how under the sun he kept still, and he said he nearly died, because so many hooks hooked into his coat and he had nothing to perch on except shoe-trees. I do think Lee is so clever. I wish Uncle thought so, too. He went to his room, and we lunched with Uncle, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Porter, Jr.; and afterward we visited the church

of the Bon-Secours and the monument to Jeanne d'Arc. She stands on top, her hands manacled, with her big, frightened eyes staring sadly and steadily out over the town where she met death. Uncle admired her so much that he tripped on one of the sheep that are carved on the steps, and after that he did n't admire anything or anybody. We got back about five, and Lee came in for a visit of an hour. Lee says he had a fine voyage. It stormed, and he says he never was battered down with such a lively lot of people. Uncle came in twice while he was there, but Lee has the wardrobe by heart now, and does n't take a second. He says the men he's going yachting with are great sport, and he expects to have the time of his life. I do wish Uncle liked Lee, so that he could go around with us these days; he would be so much fun.

We are going to Jumièges to-morrow, Uncle says. Lee says he must take the early train for Havre. He's just been in to say good-by. He brought a cherry-tart and his shoe-horn, and we had ours, and so we had no trouble at all in eating it.

It has raised my spirits lots, seeing Lee. It seemed so terrible for him to go off to Russia like that. Uncle spoke of it yesterday. He said he was glad to have one worry off his mind and safe in Russia. The wardrobe squeaked merrily.

Now good-by.

Love from

Yvonne.

IV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouen.

DEAR MAMA: Lee is gone. I do wish he could have stayed longer, but he thought it was risky. Uncle John was sure he smelt cigarette smoke in my room, and although it was n't true at all, Edna cried and said the wardrobe was getting on her nerves, and Lee said he reckoned he'd take his button-hook and move on. We had an awful time bidding him good-by, for Uncle came in three times, and the second time he had lost his umbrella and thought it must be in our wardrobe. I never was so frightened in all my life; for, you know, if Uncle had been hunting for his umbrella and had found Lee, he

would n't have liked it at all. Edna volunteered to look in the wardrobe, and I know I must have looked queer, for Uncle asked if I'd taken cold. You know how much I think of Lee, but I could n't help being relieved when he was gone. It is such a responsibility to have a man in your wardrobe so much of the time. He said that I must try to steer Uncle toward Brittany, because he'll be yachting all around there. He says I must mark places in the Baedeker with strips of paper. He says that's a fine way to make any one go anywhere, and that if Edna and I will talk Italy and mark Brittany, Uncle is almost sure to wind up in the Isle of Jersey. Lee says he wishes he'd been kinder to Uncle in America, and then he'd like him better in Europe. He's afraid Uncle will never forgive him for taking him bobbing that time and dumping him off in the snow. It was too bad.

We went to Jumièges to-day. Uncle found it in the guide-book, and we took an eleven-o'clock train. Mr. Porter and his son were late, and just had time to get into the rear third-class coach. Uncle was much distressed until we came to Yainville, where the train stopped, and they got out. Uncle wanted them to get in with us, and he talked so forcibly on the subject that the train nearly started again before Mr. Porter could make him understand that Yainville is where you get off for Jumièges.

I do wish it was n't so hard to turn Uncle's ideas another way when he's got them all wrong.

Yainville has a red-brick depot on the edge of a pleasant, rolling prairie, but there is a little green omnibus to hyphenate it with Jumièges. We were a very tight fit inside, for of course we could only sit in Uncle's lap, and he did n't suggest it, so I had to hold Edna; and Mr. Porter and his son knew Uncle well enough not to suggest taking her. I thought that we should never get there; and it was so tantalizing, for the country became beautiful, and we could only see it in little triangular bits between shoulders and hats. Young Mr. Porter wanted to get out and walk, but Uncle said, "Young man, when you are as old as I am, you will know as much as I do," so he gave up the idea. I do believe we were cooped up for a solid hour before we finally

rolled down a little bit of a hill into a little bit of a village, and climbed stiffly out into the open air.

We all had to cry out with wonder and admiration then, it was really so wonderful. On one side were the hills, with the Seine winding off toward Paris; and on the other side was the wood, with the ragged ruins of the abbey-church walls towering up out of the loftiest foliage. Uncle thought we had better go and see all there was to be seen directly, so we walked off down the little road with a funny feeling of being partly present and partly past, but very well content.

The story goes that one of the ancient French kings took two young princes of a rival house, crippled them, put them on a boat, and set them afloat at Paris. They drifted down the current as far as this spot, and here they were rescued. They founded a

monastery in gratitude, and their tomb was in the church, which is now in ruins. Later we saw the stone, with their effigies, in the little museum by the gate. They were called "Les Deux Enervés," in reference to their mutilation. Uncle thought the word meant "nervous," and we heard him say to Mr. Porter, "Well, who would n't have been, under the circumstances?" The whole of the abbey is now the private property of a lady who lives in a nice house up over back beyond somewhere. She built the lodge, and also a little museum for relics from the ruins, and has stopped the wholesale carrying off of stones from the beautiful remnants of what must have once been a truly superb monument. I am sure I shall never in all my life see anything more grand or impressive than the

building as it is to-day. It is much the same plan as the cathedral at Rouen, only that it has been preserved, and this has been long abandoned. It is so curious to think of the choir which we saw yesterday, with its chapels and stained glass, and then to compare it with this roofless and windowless one, out of the tops of the walls of which fir-trees—big ones—are growing. You don't know what a strange sensation it is to see trees growing out of the tops of ruined walls the foundations of which

were laid by Charlemagne's relatives. Edna and I felt very solemn, and Uncle was quiet ever so long, and then only said, "I vow!" The grass is growing in the nave and transept, and the big carved pediments stick up through the turf here and there, with moss and lichen clinging to the shadowy sides. The rows of pillars are pretty even, and the set of big arches above



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"YAINVILLE IS WHERE YOU GET OFF
FOR JUMIÈGES"

are mostly all there still. There was a third and a fourth gallery above, and although they are fallen away in places, still you can see exactly how it used to be. When you look away up to the fourth tier of columns, the main walls of the nave are still soaring higher yet; and when you follow the sky-line of their vastness, you see the two mighty towers rising, rising, straight up toward heaven, with the rooks whirling and circling about them and screaming in the oddest, most awfully mournful manner. I'm sure I shall never feel the same way again, not even if I live to be a thousand years old myself. I felt overcome; I felt a way that I never felt before. I don't know what I felt.

Uncle was delighted; he sighed with satisfaction. "This is the real thing," he

said to Mr. Porter; "I like this. You can see that there 's been no tampering with *this* ruin." Mr. Porter looked up at the sky above and said: "I should say that there had been considerable tampering with this ruin. I will take my oath that the whole of the little town yonder was built with the stone taken from these walls and those of the monastery buildings."

Uncle is getting very nervous over Mr. Porter, Jr., because he walks around with Edna so much; so we were not allowed out of his sight during the visit, and did n't explore half as much as we wanted to. The little museum was really very interesting, and had the tombstone of one of Joan of Arc's judges. I feel very sorry for Joan's poor judges. They had to do as they were bid, and have been execrated for it ever since.

We came home late in the afternoon, and Mr. Porter found a telegram calling him to Brussels on business, so he and his son said good-by hurriedly and took a half-past-six train. Uncle said at dinner that it was a strange thing to see how, after forty-five years of seeing the world, a man could still be the same as when one had to do all his sums for him at school. We absorbed this luminous proposition in silence, and then Uncle looked severely at Edna and said that at the rate that things were progressing he would n't have been surprised to have had a John Gilpin in the family any day. We were struck

dumb at this threat or prophecy or whatever was intended, and went meekly to bed. Edna had a letter from Lee and I had one from Harry. Lee did n't dare write me and Harry did n't dare write Edna because of Uncle. But they each sent the other their love.

Uncle wants to go to Gisors to-morrow.

P. S. I must add a line to tell you that Mrs. Braytree and the four girls have arrived. They saw Uncle on the stairs coming up, and all came straight to our room. They landed yesterday, and had a real good passage, only Eunice fell out of the berth and sprained her wrist. She has it in a sling. They had a hard time arranging about the dog, as the hotel did n't want him in the rooms. He is one of those dogs that look scratchy and whiny at the first glance. Mrs. Braytree has lost her keys, so she sat with us while the hotel people got a man to open her trunks. She says she 's in no hurry to unpack, for she had so many bottles she 's almost positive one cork at least must have come out. They entirely forgot to bring any hairpins and suffered dreadfully on ship-board on that account. They had trouble with one of their port-holes too, and Mrs. Braytree and Uncle are both going to carry crowbars at sea hereafter.

They are going to stay here a week. It 's so nice to meet some one from home!

Always yours lovingly,

Yvonne.

(To be continued)

MANHATTAN

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

FANTASTIC wreck of simpler things,
 She sits beside the haughty sea
 And calls the whole world to her knee.
 There is no mete to her control,
 No doubting in her dreaming brain.
 With eyes that know nor dread nor dole
 She builds and burns and builds again.

She typifies our race for fame,
 Our haste, our hope, our love of game.
 In her fierce heart our passions rave,
 Madly contemptuous of the grave.

HER CHARACTER

BY GEORGE HIBBARD



INTEND to be myself. I shall insist upon giving the fullest expression to my own individuality. I am resolved to maintain my own character. I am determined to be free. Yes, freedom, liberty—*that*, after all, is what I need, what I demand. As I think of it, my spirit rises, my heart beats. Shelley's skylark "from heaven or near it" has always seemed to me the most perfect type of liberty, freedom, and individuality. As I think of it, I seem to pour forth *my* soul. At least my soul seems to mount and soar, and I feel that nothing less than the whole wide earth and heaven will satisfy me.

Knowing each other as children at the seaside, and then staying the winter together at the school in New York, you are even nearer to me than the girls with whom I have lived here. Our experiences have been nearly the same. St. Pierre, though smaller and farther west, is very much like Ochigo. How many times I have wanted you with me to tell you what I think and feel! But writing to you as I can write, assured of your sympathy, is a great deal. I can almost foresee what you will conclude and say now in answer to me, but you will be wrong.

My declarations may not appear to be justified by my practice. Ochigo certainly is not the whole wide earth and heaven. The place is small enough and limited enough—just a representative lake city, like so many others through the country. And as I have always lived in it and been of it all my life, I suppose that I am typical, too. Well, the more reason there is for me to strike out into new paths. I will not exist in a groove. I will not submit tamely to circumstances. I will have my own way and my own life.

Do you remember the last real talk which we had? There had been the dance at the country club. You had stayed over for it, and were going away the next day. We came back together alone in the victoria, late as it was, old James and the footman being thought sufficient protection. Driving through the park in the soft summer darkness was very pleasant after the noise and confusion. The dance was the first to which we had gone as fully accredited young women coming out this winter, and we felt something of the seriousness of the event.

"I 'm so frightened," you said; "I 'm afraid I shall not have a good time."

"I 'm not," I declared. "I mean to have it in one way or another. I am not going to be dependent on anything or anybody."

"You 're sure to be a great success," you said. "You are so pretty."

"What is that?" I answered with the indifference I felt. "Something which will attract men, so that I shall dance all the time. I suppose that is what is called having a 'good time.' But I am going to ask something more of life than that. If no man even looked at me or asked me to dance or came to see me, do you think I should care? I am going to rely on myself, on my own character. I should think it humiliating to do anything else."

You gave the little gasp with which you have often received my announcements.

"But—but," you objected, "you want to be liked, to be admired, to have attention."

"I don't care," I answered. "I am not dependent on it. I 've got other things. I 've some intelligence and education and ambition. I shall not meekly accept the opinions of others. I shall

think for myself and act for myself. I mean to do something. If it's any question of others, it's what I'm going to do for them. I shall be a force in the world—make myself felt. I am going to lead the way. I am going in for everything. I'll not be content with a narrow experience or narrow interests. I have got to begin here, but there is not enough in Ochigo for me. There are other worlds to conquer, and I am going to conquer them. I'm going to have it all. Ochigo will do very well as a stepping-stone, but I'm tired of it already—before my first winter."

Again you gasped in horror.

"Of course I like it," I explained. "I like the girls awfully and the men, but then I have always known them since they were boys. When I have taken my first dancing-lessons with them, as well as been taken out to my first dinner by them, I can't call them exciting. What chance is there for wild enthusiasm about Tom, who is going into business, or Dick, who is going to study law, or Harry, who is to become an electrical engineer?"

"You want Harold or Arthur or Reginald," said you, pertly.

"I don't," I replied. "I only want a chance for the imagination, with something beside the commonplace, the everyday, the humdrum. I want from life its significant aspects, the experience of its higher meanings. I don't think I am going to find those in Ochigo. Therefore I shall not be satisfied with Ochigo. I take the whole world for my playground—or my field, for life is not going to be all play for me. If necessary, I shall set out as a *dame errant*—go in for adventure, righting wrongs, helping the unfortunate, slaying dragons."

You stared at me with your big eyes wide open, as you used to stare at me when we were children and I told you fairy-stories with the dignity and authority of my added year of age. But I was not telling fairy-stories to you. I was telling you what I firmly intended. And I intend as firmly that this shall be the truth now, when I am half through my first winter, as I did then, when I stood upon the threshold of "coming out"—when I was supposed to be shrinking timidly on the verge

of the mad plunge into gaieties and excitements.

Well, I have liked the gaieties, but I have not found the excitements. I am even more firmly determined now upon my course of conduct than I was before. I shall, therefore, as I have said, let my own character assert itself—follow the development of my own personality.

I have had a "good time," and probably better than any other débutante. My coming-out ball was the most splendid thing of the kind ever seen in the place. (I was broken-hearted that you were not here for it.) With a big dinner every week, and theater-parties, and sleigh-rides, and suppers at the country club, I have been launched with particularly flying colors. There are reasons why all this has been possible and, indeed, inevitable. The Maxwell family is an institution of the place, mama belonging to all the local blue bloods and papa standing for modern success, so that I—Miss Catherine Maxwell, if you please—am a good deal of a personage. Then, you see, our house is one of the largest on Mohegan Avenue and *not* one of the newest. We began to be very prosperous when I was about twelve years old, when the house was built. It therefore just escaped being a red-brick-and-mansard monstrosity, and is a great, comfortable, rough brownstone mass.

By the way, this makes me think of something which "gets on my nerves," as we used to say after the French class. When the house was built there were many vacant spaces on each side. They are all filled now with big houses. Only across the way is a small, unoccupied lot. For years I have seen it every morning when I looked out of my windows; all day coming and going it has been under my eyes—an untidy little spot such as one finds in the growing streets of places such as Ochigo. I have noticed the fence fall away; I've watched the weeds grow large and thick each year. A cow is pastured in it. Gradually this has come to me to typify the life here, the place itself. Such an existence is ragged and unfinished; the city is uninteresting and uninspiring. I don't want anything like it, and will not have it. I am not going to spend my life where cows are turned out. I want to live in something beside a pasturage.

To leave for a moment fundamental truths and come to the details of every day. We are in the height of the season. Between Christmas and New Year's, as you know, in a place like this, there is everything going on. The boys are all at home from college, the girls from school. There is a dance each night, and I go to every one. Do I find any pleasure in it? I love madly the exhilaration of dancing, but at the end of an evening with whom I have danced I could not tell you. As I never reveal my convictions to the boys, they are not frightened away, and dance with me in blissful ignorance.

I go everywhere and I know every one. On second thought I should say that there is one man I have not known. Strangely enough, we have missed each other at every dinner and ball. I understand, however, that he works very hard and is very busy. I suppose just because I have not known him I am curious about him. That is one thing, and then meeting him nearly every other afternoon in Mohegan Avenue has given me an interest in him. The awkwardness of always passing him, each of us knowing perfectly well who the other is, has drawn my attention to him. I can't, of course, look at him. Sometimes he appears thoughtful and almost tired. On his forehead is a slight scar. I wonder what made it and if there is any story about it. He seems like a man about whom there might be stories. That he has not had himself presented to me, I must say, surprises me. Of course I don't really care; still, I am puzzled. They say he is very clever, and he must have heard that I was—not stupid, and seen that I am—not hideous. Such indifference is perplexing, and I should almost like to show him the error of his ways.

Last night the dance was at the Grinnells', the night before at the Kendricks', and the night before that I can't remember. One is so like another. I am beginning to weary of it already—to feel the meaningless monotony of it. I go because there is nothing else to do. The machine is wound up for the winter. I am "in the fourth speed." But I will not live mechanically. The first thing I shall astonish them all by refusing something.

Two mornings in the week I am at All Hail Hall. Usually the girls I meet there have been out two or three years. I believe a "bud" is a *rara avis*. But the relief of doing something is very great. Even before Lent I shall take up the work. Perhaps I may find in it what I want. I have thought of going to live in a "settlement." I have also thought of going to spend a winter in a Paris studio, to see if I have any real talent for art. I have also considered a London season, where our ambassador is an old friend of papa's, seeing interesting people and doing interesting things.

When I express my very natural desires and determinations, papa laughs. I do not like the way he laughs. He is so convinced that he will not be troubled by my demands. His face has the same expression that it had when I used to ask for something for Christmas which had already been bought as a present for me. He laughs as he laughed only the other day when I wanted a new automobile, and he let me go out into the stables to find it standing there. He annoys me, for he is clever, and I hate to be treated that way; and he continues to smile. Finally I tell him that I must go away by myself somewhere and live my own life.

I said that I should astonish them by refusing to go out. I am of half a mind to begin this very evening. Fanny Ramsay has a large dinner before the Weston dance. Why should I go? I know everything they will say and do, and everybody who will be there except Mr. Warde, who, curiously enough, is going. Fanny said that she wanted me particularly to come. Of course I could find some reason for not doing it, and she would not be angry with me very long. Not to go, though, would be distinctly rude. If I do, I wonder who will take me in. Perhaps Mr. Warde may sit on the other side. Anyway, if he does, there will not be the difficulty about not bowing to him.

II

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER GORDON MAXWELL
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER
CATHERINE

TO

MR. HENRY PEYTON WARDE
ON TUESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, AT ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, OCHIGO.

III

HE has just gone. He said that he wished that we could escape the fuss and bother of the wedding. He said that he 'd rather elope and run away from it all. His way of looking at it is so simple and large. Any other view than his seems very petty and unworthy. His disregard of all except the essential is so strong and great. He makes me fairly ashamed of any interest in the preparations, in the selection of the bridesmaids (how good that you can come), in the first presents and in the last,—for each comes as a constantly recurring delight and surprise,—in the dress and veil, and where we are to go.

Of course he was right.

"Then we can change it and be married quietly," he was quickly assured.

"Never in the world," he declared vigorously. "We must climb up to the pinnacle of the occasion. We must make a Roman triumph of it and be slaughtered to make a Roman holiday. Is n't this wedding a great event?"

"The greatest for me," he was informed. "But when you said what you did I agreed with you."

"What I said," he answered, "was an expression of my feelings rather than my convictions."

"How glad I am, then, not to be too wrong, after all!" was my answer, with a contented sigh.

"I suggest," he said, with a laugh, "that we at once add two more bridesmaids at least."

"How dear you are about it!" he was swiftly told.

How nice relying on his judgment is! To know that he can decide every question, to have him to settle everything! The peace and serenity which follow are quite indescribable. The conclusiveness, the inevitability, is so satisfactory. There is the restfulness of being carried by a great power. There is a placid sense of being held, contained, engulfed. The feeling must be something like the river running into the sea, to be lost in its greater immensity—to be lost, to be sure, but to be past all the tiresome shallows, all the vexing little whirlpools and disturbing rapids.

We had been talking about our honeymoon.

"I suppose that we must go somewhere," he said. "Shall it be the mid-night sun at Hammerfest or moonlight on the Mediterranean?"

"Oh, no," he was implored earnestly. "Don't go where there are people. Let us just find some quiet spot out of the world, where we can make our world—be our world as we are."

He knew of a hidden place in the Canadian woods where he had once gone to shoot. What he said pleased me at once. We are going there. To be free from the interruptions and exactions of the world, to forget that the world exists and be together in the absolute solitude, just forest and lake shutting us in!

All this reminds me that my father was so strangely amused this morning when I told him what we proposed.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a little twinkle in his eyes. "But how about a London season and seeing interesting people and doing interesting things?"

I frowned, for I remember having mentioned something of the sort to him.

"Bother the people!" I said. "We are much more interesting ourselves."

"Or," he went on thoughtfully, "a short time in the Paris studios might show whether you really had a talent."

"Fiddlesticks for a talent."

"Or," he continued relentlessly, "the settlement—"

Who could listen to such nonsense? Think of going to a far-off place to see people about whom one cares nothing. There is much more interest in hearing old Mrs. Willington talk about the way in which she manages her cook. The Paris studio and art—no. We shall have enough to keep us busy in discussing the architecture of the house. Drawing plans is the most entrancing occupation in the world. On funny, crisscrossed, checkered paper we make them all the time. Generally something is lacking. In one plan no place was left for the stairs. In another there was no chimney. In each scheme the beginning is always a good big "den" for him. I always arrange to begin with that. The rest appears to be built about it.

We are going to have a nice little world which we carry about with us.

Some people might say that it was small. What do they know? There is so endlessly much that I want to have him tell me, such an infinity that I can learn from him. Oh, how good and patient he is with my ignorance! And what that ignorance is I am only discovering more and more every day. Such abysses of stupidity and such prospects of knowledge of which he gives me glimpses! To feel the safety of having one's steps safely guided over the rough places that must come in life, through the devious ways where to wander is so easy!

Whenever I think of you I am sorry for you. Why are you not engaged? You will never be happy until you are. When I look at the girls here, I am sorry for each one of them. As you are nearer to me than any of them, I shall see that you are safely married at once. You are coming on to be a bridesmaid, and I have already made plans. I have left your picture where one young man has seen it, and what he says I will tell you when you come. How nice he is you shall be allowed to find out for yourself. Always to have every nice girl promptly married shall be an interest and an occupation and a *duty*. Each woman owes this to another. Oh, the kindness I feel toward the world you do not know! What is the individual? Nothing. To realize one's own littleness and unimportance is to realize the need that all have for help and sympathy. My heart goes out to every one. We are all so close together and yet so needlessly apart. One's own individuality is only a barrier. We should cast aside our own beliefs and desires in order to be brought nearer to others. We should all meet in our great common humanity. All is for the best in the best of possible worlds, but all must put their shoulders to the wheel to make it go round. None can be allowed to lose themselves in the selfishness of self, and only in union is there strength.

You may think that I grow rhapsodical. I confess that I am a little enthusiastic. How can one have patience when the matter is so clear and simple, when

the best is so manifest? Very well; to come to facts again. I send you the drawings for the bridesmaids' dresses and all the directions. You will look bewitchingly. Because of a *particular reason* this is necessary. For myself I foresee a future of match-making.

You must come on the 12th. A great deal will be doing—many luncheons, dances, and dinners. How good seeing you will be and having you here! There is not time to write now. He wants me to be ready to go with him in the automobile, and he must not be kept waiting. . . .

I was just going to close the envelop when I thought of one more thing to tell you and opened it again. And such an important thing! You must hear at once.

Do you know that directly across the street there is a vacant lot? Such a dear little vacant lot, just the right size and shape and everything. We have bought it. Already and entirely it is our very own. That is where we are going to build a house. Could anything be more perfect? If I had felt at all afraid,—which I have n't,—to have our house there would make me feel safe and comfortable. I have looked out of my windows over that lot ever since I was a little girl. Now I shall all the rest of my life look from my new home into the windows of my old one where I always lived. Doing it will be almost like looking into my own eyes—at myself. But what a different self! I shall see myself a poor, foolish little girl, peering out she did not know whither, beholding she did not know what. With calm eyes I can gaze into the young, wild, restless ones, and smile a little sadly at the little unquiet ghost of myself.

As soon as we had bought it and the papers were signed, we went across to take possession of it. The gray old fence was most considerably broken down in one place, so that we could easily get through. I felt at home at once. And could you believe it, there, growing in the grass, was the prettiest tender little flower. I picked it, and I shall press it and keep it always.



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph

THE AMSTERDAM MUSEUM OF SECURITY

EUROPEAN MUSEUMS OF SECURITY

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

Director of the American Institute of Social Service



IN the days of our grandfathers, when it was necessary for a man to master at least one trade and possess a working knowledge of two or three more, life was simple and self-contained. The home was mostly the center of his activities; there he plied his trade and made his own little world. There was no overcrowding; thoughts of light and air, of improved sanitation, did not trouble him much. His chief concern was to provide a comfortable home, food, and clothing, and to observe his children grow up rugged and strong.

With the introduction of steam and machinery life became more complex. The factory became the working-home. What had once been a pretty rural district be-

came a hot, noisy city. Tenements took the place of cottage homes. Competition forced into use ever new and more complicated machinery, until to-day one trade is divided into many, each making part of a whole. For example, it takes sixty-four people to make a shoe. Each worker is supposed to do a distinct part and to keep at it. In this industrial evolution, electricity is the last advance, ushering in entirely new economic problems, and making necessary a readjustment not only in homes, but between master and man.

During the last decade this awakening interest has been particularly marked. Not only does it absorb the attention of the economist, teacher, and preacher, but the industrialist, too, desires harmony to insure business success. He cannot, as heretofore, give his whole attention to the

making-and-selling part of his business; equally important is consideration for the industrial betterment of his workmen. Accordingly, to-day, these problems of industrial betterment are occupying the thoughts of an increasing number of industrialists. Although many interesting attempts to improve conditions and to promote more cordial relations between master and man have been made with fair success, the safeguarding of life and limb has not been perfected to any appreciable

first having been opened in Amsterdam in 1893, in charge of a mechanical engineer who is responsible for the supervision of machinery and its explanation.

Among the curious sights in Amsterdam there is one that will escape the tourist unless his attention is particularly directed to it. Leaving the royal palace behind him, cutting through the narrow streets, crossing the numerous bridges of the Venice of the North, and making his way down a side canal, he comes upon the



BERLIN MUSEUM OF SECURITY, CHARLOTTENBURG, GERMANY

extent. Ask a manufacturer if his circular saws, punches, and presses are protected by safety-devices, and usually he replies, "No; or if they are, my men won't use them."

One evening, at the conclusion of a lecture on European museums of security, a number of young men came forward and expressed their surprise, saying: "We had no idea that a museum of security meant safety to life and limb. We thought you were going to explain a new kind of institution for guarding our securities and valuables." To most people a museum conveys the idea of a mass of material, duly catalogued and labeled, uninteresting except to the scholar and special student.

The idea of a museum of security excites curiosity. People ask, "What 's that?" It is not surprising that there should be general ignorance on this subject, because such institutions are of recent origin, the

"Museum van Voorwerpen ter Voorkoming van Ongelukken en Ziekten in Fabriken en Werkplaatsen." Reduced to its lowest terms, this means in English the "Amsterdam Museum of Security."

This building contains a permanent exposition of apparatus and devices for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, so that manufacturers and all other employers of labor may see in actual operation the safety-devices that guard the lives and limbs of their workers. This museum owed its origin to the Association for the Development of Manual Training and Hand-work in Holland. The labor-inspectors of Holland find that the museum is of the greatest service to them, because it meets every objection on the part of a superintendent that the safety-device in question will interfere with the proper operation of his machinery.

In 1889 an important exposition of de-

vices for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin. An effort to preserve the valuable documents and other exhibits as a collection did not succeed at that time, chiefly through the failure of the government to coöperate. But in 1900 an appropriation of \$142,000 was made by the Reichstag for the creation of a museum of security. The Reichstag also appropriated \$75,000 in 1901 and \$43,750 in 1902. For the maintenance of the museum, which is in Charlottenburg, an appropriation of \$7500 was made in 1902 and \$10,000 in 1903.

As its name indicates, the museum of

your machines and models?" I asked Dr. Albrecht, the executive director in Charlottenburg.

"In the first place," he said, "we appealed to constructors and inventors, offering a place in the museum where such



CAP ON A CIRCULAR SAW



CHISEL-SHIELDS AND GOGGLES USED IN CLEANING COLD STEEL BLOCKS

methods and devices could be brought to public attention, in this way enlisting the support of all classes. We reserve in every instance, however, the right to refuse any specimen or plan not deemed useful. The exhibits are temporary, and at any time may be replaced by others

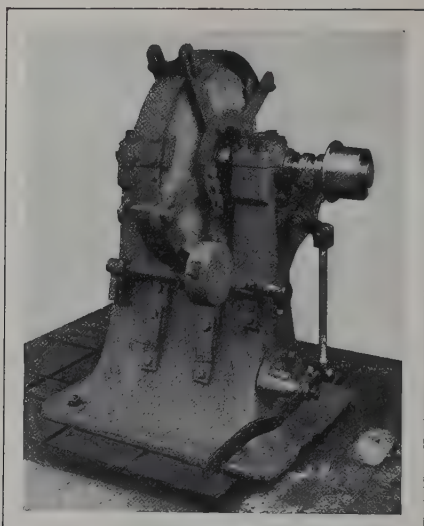
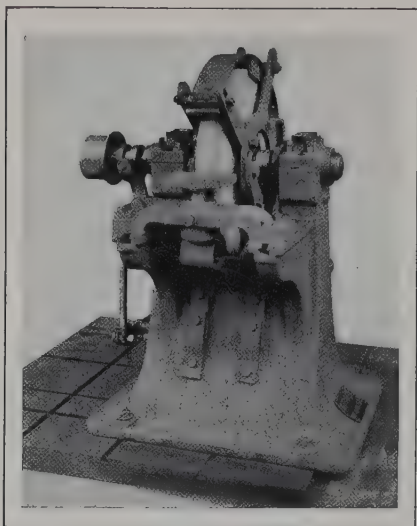
security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but of the best suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

"What was your plan for collecting

that are better. The museum is already so full that the question of enlarging it has been brought up."

"How do you guard against the admission of machines or devices that are unsuitable?" I asked him.

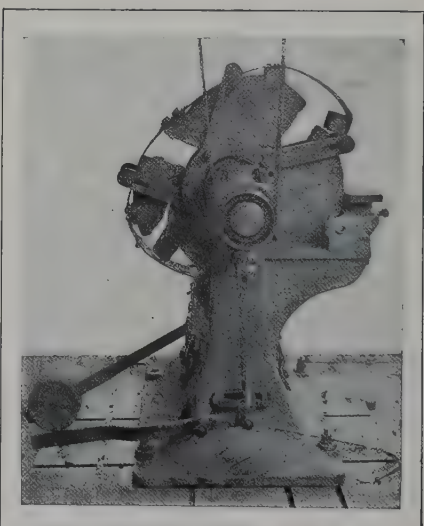
"For that," replied the doctor, "we have a jury of twenty-eight experts—engineers, factory-inspectors, technicians—and of four trade representatives, namely, a brewer, a cabinet-maker, a worker in



TWO VIEWS OF A PROTECTION-DEVICE ON AN EMERY POLISHING-MACHINE



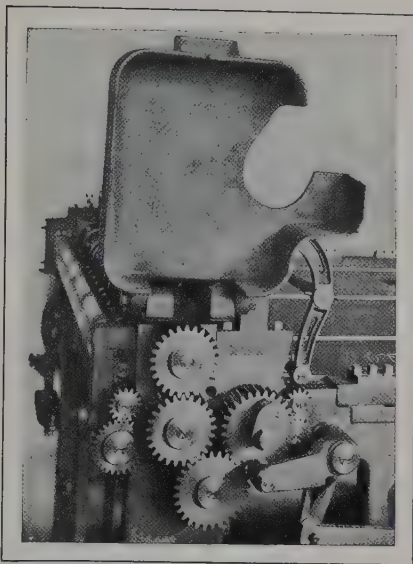
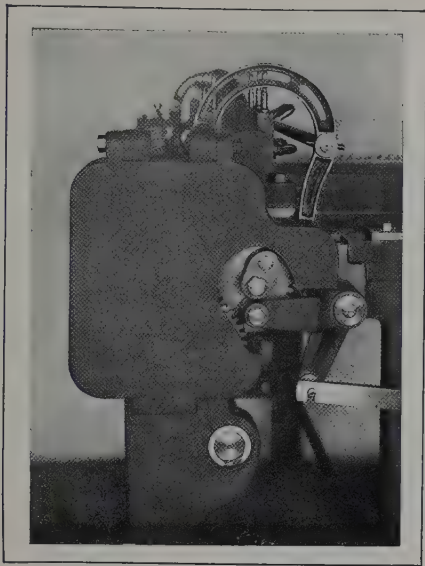
A FACE-MASK



EMERY GRINDING-MACHINE

metals, and a worker in textiles. Any device that is passed upon by this jury is accepted as a loan by the museum for one year, with the privilege of its renewal. In this way we keep the exhibits thoroughly up to date, replacing old models by those that are new and more highly perfected. It is our aim to display not only miniature models, but those of actual size, in order that workmen visit-

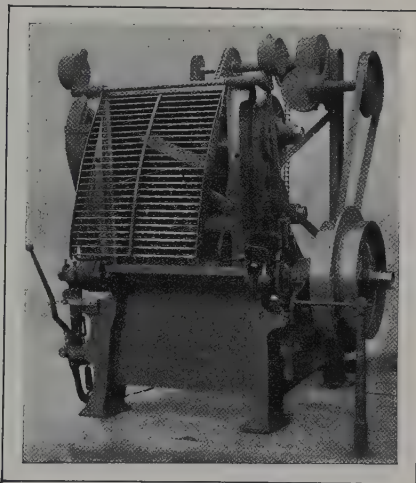
ing the museum may see faithful representations of devices actually used in the workshops and on machines that can be set in motion. Altogether we have some eighty-five machines for motor-power, and thirty that may be operated by hand. The other exhibits are models, designs, and photographs. The machines form five independent groups, and each group can be operated alone. Four large electromotors



TWO VIEWS OF A GEARING-COVER FOR A PAPER-WORKING MACHINE



SAFETY-DEVICE ON A CIRCULAR SAW



PROTECTION-DEVICE ON A KNEADING-MACHINE

furnish the power for the five groups, and eleven electromotors direct the machines independently."

For administrative purposes, the building is divided into three parts: (1) The executive, comprising offices in the basement, rooms for one of the officials, a library, a lecture-hall, and a special museum for tuberculosis. (2) A grand hall; a basement, comprising an area of 1610 square

yards, for the installation of the machinery; and a large gallery of 810 square yards reserved for models, plans, and photographs. (3) The administration building and the grand hall are united by a vestibule in the basement, and above this vestibule is an assembly-hall. The ground floor of the grand hall has the greatest amount of space, and here the largest and heaviest machines in motion are installed.

Different kinds of safety-elevators are shown, with automatic stops, so that, if the chain is loosened, the weight rests suspended; also, windlasses with arrangements for stopping the winding in advance of the crank-handle; elevators with improved closings, regulators for speed, and apparatus that will stop the car without danger; band-saws, circular saws, planes, polishers; boring-machines, with protectors of various kinds; metal-working machines for perforating and winding; clipping shears, with all the necessary protectors; printing-presses, stamping-machines, and machines for the manufacture of soap.

For food stuffs there is a special group of machines for cutting, grinding, mixing, separating, and packing. There are also machines for textile industries, improved carriers in mining, and agricultural machinery of every kind. The appliances of security for boats are very numerous—a system of automatic closing of compartments; various kinds of life-boats, dredging-boats, steamboats; a system for lessening the chances of spontaneous combustion of coal in the store-room; boiler and steam-pipe safety-stops; warnings for the ear or eye in case of insufficient water; and systems of safety-sheathing for the water-tubes. There are, also, brakes for roadway vehicles, and safety-lamps for mines.

As evidence of an interest in the museum, the Association of Quarrymen has sent a number of protectors employed in its industry. There are magazines for dynamite, arranged according to police ordinances; devices to protect from blasting; and masks and spectacles for use in excavating.

The Textile Association of Alsace-Lorraine and the factories at Chemnitz are

represented by a number of excellent models. Breweries have sent a number of protectors used in their cellars and depots. Tiling and bricklaying are represented by models and photographs. The chemical industry is represented by devices for protection in handling corrosive substances and decanting inflammable liquids. In the court are large objects, such as engines, scaffolding, and brick- and mortar-carriers; while in the vestibule are shown varieties of protectors for the eyes which guard them against flinty substances, flame, or matter at white heat. There is also a collection of model clothing for men and women.

The museum has an important collection relative to the nutritive value of foods of the ordinary kind; models for economic stoves; utensils for cooking, and for heating the food brought from home by the workmen; and the right kind of baskets or boxes in which to bring such food to



FACE-MASKS FOR HANDLERS OF HOT METAL BLOCKS

the shop. In a pavilion erected in the center of the grand hall are exhibited a series of objects relating to the social betterment of workmen—houses, the instruction of children, and the education of the growing girl and boy.

A special section has been set aside for a tuberculosis museum, and here the German Central Committee of Sanatoria has exhibited a series of valuable documents relative to this dread disease and the war being waged against it. Dr. Th. Sommerfeld has exhibited specimens showing how many maladies, notably skin-diseases from parasites, are developed in factories, with the corresponding methods for prevention.

Among the collections for improving the hygienic conditions of labor, pure air is the first consideration. Accordingly, the museum presents various appliances for ascertaining the degrees of vitiation.

A special group shows microscopic views of the dust generated in various industries, as well as colored photographs indicating the action of dust-particles on the lungs of workmen. By the side of these exhibits showing diseases developed from factory dust are the remedies—a series of models of mask-respirators to shield the lungs, and also devices to renew the air. Machines for working in wood are guarded against the dust from chips and shavings, and there are also guards against the dust from emery- and other grinding-wheels.

A collection of models for the prevention of the absorption of harmful matter while the workmen are eating include rooms where they may take their meals after having changed their garments, with special lockers for their clothes. Lavatories and shower-baths enable the men to refresh themselves before entering the dining-room.

Early in 1900 the Bavarian Minister of the Interior decided to establish a museum for the welfare of workmen. The funds necessary for the establishment were provided under arrangements made by the Minister of the Interior, and from the Munich Polytechnic Association there was a munificent gift of money accumulated for some years for the purpose of creating a hygienic museum. Through the generosity of constructors and industrialists a great many models of machinery were offered to the museum.

Five rooms were at once put at its disposition gratuitously by the great paper concern of Munich-Dachau. The first room is used for the devices for security from accidents, the second is reserved for the protection of workmen in the building industries, the third for industrial hygiene, the fourth for a library, and the last for various purposes relating to the welfare of the workmen. The administrative officers of the museum, with the coöperation of the Association of Technical Schools, have organized conferences on questions of interest touching the moral and material improvement of workmen.

The Munich museum has sought to make its improved housing section of special value, and has collected a large number of plans and photographs. The most interesting documents have been furnished by the Society for the Construction of

Small Houses for Workmen at Frankfort-on-the-Main and by the Association for Improving the Housing Conditions of Munich.

In France there are three large associations of employers for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, the largest organized in 1883. These three societies vie with one another in obtaining the very best improvements at home and abroad for lessening accidents. The Manufacturers' Association holds an annual meeting for the express purpose of arousing interest in the general subject and encouraging new attempts and suggestions for the improvement of appliances already in use. Thanks to the propaganda of these three organizations, there is an excellent system of factory inspection and a general willingness on the part of industrialists to equip their machinery with the best safety-devices.

In 1893 a museum of security was formed in Paris; but, through failure to obtain the necessary room, the models then on hand were given to the National Conservatory of Arts and Trades in 1895. However, little was accomplished till 1903, when the Minister of Commerce sent a committee from the Association for the Prevention of Accidents to Laborers to study the museums of Munich and Berlin. As a result of these studies, the conservatory offered space if the association would provide for maintenance. The association raised \$8400 by private subscription, to which the Municipal Council of Paris voted \$2000. For its annual maintenance the Municipal Council of Paris appropriates \$400, the General Council of the Seine a like sum, and private subscriptions \$1400. The persistency of the devoted few who had faith and had worked unremittingly for its realization was rewarded in the formal opening of the museum by the President of the Republic. Similar museums have also been established in Zurich and Vienna.

In our own country five of the States have enacted laws providing against accidents in the building and construction trades, but not one has required the systematic return of accidents in building. We have, therefore, no data on which to base an estimate of the number of accidents in this great division of industry. All that can be said is that they are nu-

merous. Nine States require factory operators to report accidents suffered by their employees, but only inadequate data have been afforded for the collection of complete and detailed statistics. In 1899 the New York Bureau of Labor attempted to gain as complete a record as possible of all accidents for three months in industries employing about one half of the factory-workers of the State. During this period confessedly incomplete returns showed 1822 accidents. On this basis, all the factories in the State would, in twelve months, show 14,576 accidents.

Perils of various kinds beset the coal-miner. In a recent year, of 142,420 employees in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, 411 were killed. Of 87,802 employees in the bituminous mines, 198 were killed. The next year there were 461 fatal and 1030 non-fatal accidents in the anthracite region. John Mitchell tells us that in the anthracite mines two miners are killed and five injured for every working-day in the year.

The statistics of railway accidents are more complete. During the year ending June 30, 1904, there were 10,046 killed and 84,155 injured on the railways of the United States, making a total of 94,201 victims. The average for the year was 27 killed and 230 injured every day. During the last five years there have been 44,794 killed and 329,029 injured. The number of accidents is increasing; and if the rate of increase continues the same during the next five years, there will be 59,169 more slaughtered during that time, besides 624,167 injured. That is, on the above supposition there are now nearly 60,000 people in the United States who are under sentence of death, to be executed on our railways within the next five years!

A comparison of the American and European railway records shows how large a proportion of our accidents are needless. In 1890 our railways killed one person for every 306 employees, while the roads of Germany killed only one for every 750, and those of Austria-Hungary only one for every 1067. The same year American roads injured one person for every 33 employees, German roads, one for every 169, and Austrian roads, one for every 292. That is, of a given number of employees, we killed more than twice as

many as Germany, and more than three times as many as Austria-Hungary; we also injured five times as many as Germany and nine times as many as Austria-Hungary.

Furthermore, an investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany indicated that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable. If, then, of a given number of employees we kill more than twice as many as Germany, and more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it is reasonable to infer that more than three quarters of our fatal accidents, and a still larger proportion of our non-fatal accidents, are needless.

The lives of employees yearly sacrificed in increasing numbers are generally not those of children or old men, but of young men just beginning to repay society for rearing them, or of men in middle life who are the bread-winners of families.

Not a few of our industries are so prejudicial to health as to cut many years off the lives of those who engage in them. As Dr. Josiah Strong points out: "Economic considerations are wholly secondary. This is, first of all, a question of conscience. Needless slaughter is criminal slaughter. Industrial homicide is being committed every hour of the day; and the employer who does not provide all practicable means for safeguarding life and limb is *particeps criminis*."

"We are told that ancient Athens was forced every nine years to pay a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Cretan Minotaur until Theseus slew the monster. We have here in the United States a monster named Indifference, to which we are making human sacrifices, not at the rate of fourteen every nine years, but at the rate of dozens every day, besides many scores who escape with their lives, but are maimed or mangled."

The establishment of a museum of security for America would mean the saving of thousands of lives, and through the prevention of accidents hundreds of thousands of workmen would be saved from disability, and thus from becoming a charge on their families or dependent on the State. Such a museum would also lessen liability for damage suits growing out of accidents.

THE SPELLING PROBLEM

AND THE PRESENT AIMS OF THE REFORMERS

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH



HAT English spelling will really be reformed is still, with most, a hope rather than a conviction. The revival of interest in the matter, marked by the establishment of the Simplified Spelling Board, tends, however, to make that hope a rather strong one. The chief reason for encouragement lies in the fact that at last the reform appears to be placed upon a practical foundation. The announcements of the Board make it clear that it will be occupied not so much with what *ought* to be done as with what, in the light of thirty years' experience, *can* be done—a somewhat unusual attitude for reformers, but the only one possible, if even the smallest progress is to be made. Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Board also makes an important change in the situation.

In saying this, no disparagement of the earlier leaders—of such scholars as Whitney, Max Müller, March, Lounsbury, and Child—is, of course, intended. These men and their co-laborers have been the teachers and guides of all who have come after them. They quickly placed the reform in the position of a cause having the full support of scholarship and common sense. They made it impossible for a well-informed person to defend our orthography on any ground except that of habit. But at this point their success certainly ended. That English spelling is unspeakably bad they amply proved, but they were not able to persuade the public to follow their lead in their attempts to make it better. This was not due to any fault of theirs. They simply found the mass of habit, prejudice, and indifference that lay in their way too heavy to be moved. Besides, their treasury was empty.

In looking back over the course of the reform, however, it appears—to that hindsight which makes us all wise—that too much prominence was given to the phonetic ideal. It is true that the only really *good* spelling is phonetic spelling; it is unfortunately true that our orthography, though not wholly unphonetic, is from the true phonetic point of view little less than a nightmare; but it is also true that to reform it phonetically would necessitate a radical transformation of the great majority of the familiar forms of English words, because it would involve extensive alterations of the alphabet. To say, as some do, that this alphabetic reconstruction should be the end rather than the beginning—a goal to which a gradual approach may be made—is only to recommend the substitution of prolonged confusion and anarchy for a quick and sweeping revolution. But that the great mass of English-speakers, who, as Professor Lounsbury has said, have lost the phonetic sense, will consent to give up at once or gradually, through a transition period of vexatious confusion, their orthographic habits, their prejudices, and their convenience, in order that their spelling, or that of their grandchildren, may assume a form which, from its strangeness, seems to them utterly repulsive, is a supposition which cannot be entertained unless one relies upon the scientific accuracy of one's principles more than upon one's knowledge of human nature.

The full recognition of this fact by the Simplified Spelling Board is what chiefly distinguishes its program and makes it a practicable and hopeful one. All of its members, probably, heartily believe in the phonetic principle; they may expect or

hope that some time it may be embodied in English orthography; but they are agreed that it must be subordinated to other practical principles in any reform for which it is reasonable to work. They have not abandoned the standard of the earlier revolt; but they have changed the point of attack and the plan of campaign. This should be distinctly grasped by all who are interested in their work and plans. The extent to which this renunciation simplifies their problem and brings it within the range of practicality can be briefly indicated. Having temporarily, at least, laid aside the scientific aim of making spelling *correct* (phonetic), they are free to follow exclusively the philanthropic and practical aim of making it *easier*; for the two things are by no means identical. Accurate phonetic spelling is no doubt the easiest, for it is the simplest and most uniform; but *regular* spelling, even if unphonetic, is also easy, for the reason that in it the same combination of sounds is regularly represented by the same combination of letters, whatever they may be. For example, if the sounds represented by *-ize*, as in *size*, were always represented by *-ize* (and not sometimes by *-ise* or *-yse, -yse*), it would be easy to spell them under this rule, though this particular combination of letters is unphonetic (for it should be *-aiz*). Even *though* and *dough* would have no terrors if it were not for *so*, and *sew*, and *know*, and *hoe*, and *bow*, and *beau*, and the like. In a word, English spelling is "hard" mainly because it is irregular—because the child or the foreigner who has learned to spell one word, or a group of like words, can never safely infer that in the next word he *hears* the same sounds are spelled in the same way. He may have learned *hung* and *rung* and *lung* and *sung*, but if he guesses *tung* and *yung* he is in trouble at once. He is thus condemned at the very start to uncertainty, hesitation, and the fear of blundering, and quickly discovers that he must learn each word by itself, and most words not by the ear, as he has a right to expect, but by the eye, just as the Chinese learns his little ideographs.

But irregularity sometimes implies regularity, and it is a fact that there is a regularity in our spelling which is, on the whole, greater than its annoying irregular-

ity: there are general analogies upon which "rules" of a certain kind may be founded; and it is quite within the range of possibility, if the public will help, to extend these rules by the gradual elimination of "exceptions" until they cover the whole of English orthography and make it very easy to acquire. It is to a reformation of this sort, and of this sort only, that the Simplified Spelling Board has committed itself. That even this reform will meet with great opposition does not need to be said; but at least the charge that it will make our spelling "un-English" cannot be brought against it, for every change that it calls for will be supported by the most characteristic of English orthographic usages. Much of the work can be done by "simplification by omission"—the dropping of silent letters; here and there a word must be respelled; occasionally an old blunder, such as *tongue* and *island*, fastened upon the language long ago by writers ignorant of etymology must be rectified; but no sweeping change will be required and there will be no ground for the charge of radicalism. Most important of all, from the practical point of view, is the fact that, unlike the phonetic reform, this *reformation by regulation* can be carried out gradually, step by step, without transitional confusion, each new form falling naturally into its place, just as new forms have continually been dropping into their places ever since the language began to be printed. It is simply an acceleration of an established and natural historical process.

If it is asked whether in this way—assuming that the public follows the reformers—our spelling can be made enough easier to justify the effort involved, the answer can safely be made that in spite of the many difficulties which its peculiar irregularities present, a reasonable amount of regulation would reduce it to about the simplicity of German and save a year or more in the learning of it. That certainly seems to be worth while. A similar reply may be made to those who fear that, if the reform is carried out, our children will not be able to read the English classics as we have them to-day, and that the entire mass of English books will be unreadable if they are not sent to the printer to be reset. The fact is that if

English orthography is ever simplified to the point indicated by the above comparison with German, it will probably differ from our present spelling less than one-third as much as this differs from the spelling of Shakspeare. Since a prominent

English novelist appears (in what he is reported to have said) to believe that we are still spelling as Shakspeare spelled, the danger that English literature will be snuffed out by the reform does not appear to be great.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

A DANGER TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

THAT there are, in America daily, and other periodicals which, in different ways, tend to weaken the brain, demoralize the spirit, and lower the tone of public opinion in the nation, any one may see. But there are many who see and acknowledge this who do not perceive a pressing individual duty and responsibility. Through curiosity, or self-indulgence, or lack of consideration, or from some baser motive, there are men and women, not counted among the evil classes, who actually help to keep alive by purchasing, or advertising in, periodicals which are curses to the community.

When, in open court, through the bravery and energy of an editor and his publishers, a certain weekly paper was recently shown to be vile and venal, perhaps without precedent in any time or place, and when public condemnation and disgust were being expressed in every direction, the cheeks of many women of gentle breeding, of many men of decent up-bringing, must have,—at least should have,—burned crimson for their part in keeping alive a system of virtual blackmailing; for assisting, by patronage, a publication which catered to the love of scandalous chronicle; which, in so doing, thrust right and left into innocent hearts; which, in so doing prepared the way for gathering large revenue from the vulnerable and the cowardly.

This is an instance exceptional in its prominence and unpleasing picturesqueness. Other instances are at hand and easily observable. The press which the slang of the day nicknames "yellow"; the insincere, the sensational, the demagogic periodicals pervade the atmosphere

of our time like a pestilence. They litter the trolley-cars, their tatters vulgarize the very sidewalks, and roadways,—and many of the men and women who have no desire to be called thoughtless or unpatriotic complacently help to sustain them by their advertisements or their support as purchasers and readers.

Professor Felix Adler, in a suggestive address of last winter on "Impending Changes," spoke of the "incoming of the multitude, the accession to power and influence of the masses." "It is idle," he said, "to disguise the fact that the first effect of the accession of the masses to influence has been productive of much evil. The state of journalism at the present day is one evidence. The newspapers, as a rule, are graded down to the tastes and the intellectual standards of the masses. The 'yellow journals,' so-called, do but reflect the color of the minds of their readers—the love of sensation and exciting news—outrageous over-statements, appeal side by side in the columns of the same newspapers to the better and the worst side of human nature."

The man who made this deliberate statement as to one effect of that march of democracy which he is far from deprecating, in this same address declared that he is "thoroughly democratic in sympathy" and does not believe "that the tide" of democracy "can be turned, or that any attempt should be made to turn it." Indeed, in this city, which has witnessed Prof. Adler's good works, his devotion to the interests of the people and to all that is ideal and noble in American institutions and in the public and private life of our day, no protestation of democratic principle is needed on his behalf. His democracy is of a kind that, seeing the dangers of democracy, courageously cries

out in warning; and insistently demands such leadership as will diminish the dangers and bring about wholesomer conditions, to the purifying and uplifting of the masses whose interests are dear to him.

In the matter of opposition to this danger of the "yellow press,"—than which no greater threatens the democracy of our day and land,—any decent man or woman may be a leader. Such a leader need demand no ultra-refined or difficult standard,—only that of common decency and common honesty. The sensationalism of the press is only a part of the sensationalism of the time—a sensationalism which is evidenced in a thousand ways,—in the fantastic luxury of the brainless rich; in the speed-madness of automobilists; in the crudeness and violence of current works of fiction; in the vulgarities of the stage; in the increasingly dangerous feats of the great circuses, whose programs appeal more and more to a brutal passion for visible escapes from sudden death. The sensationalism of the press, we say, is only a part of that spirit of excess which is rife. The decent members of the community should set their faces against the whole tendency, and against its every example; but it is of this one duty as to the press

that we especially insist upon at the moment. It is the most obvious, the nearest at hand; and, moreover, a blow struck at the "yellowness" of print is a blow struck at all yellowness.

For it is the evil power of a sensational press to increase the evil sentiment on which it thrives. The periodicals that live on false witness, one-sided statements, doctored news, demagogic appeals; the loud calling of public attention to all the big or petty crimes in the calendar; that fan the vices by their constant parade of them; that disseminate class hatred; that are vindictive in their enmities; that are used to advance the selfish and impertinent ambitions of their owners; that exploit good causes for private emolument or personal advancement; that bring suspicion upon restrained, accurate, disinterested criticism of public men by their reckless attacks; that make reform odious by conscienceless imitations of its honest activities; that, in a word, live by cultivating the appetite for sensationalism; such periodicals are the parents of all the vulgarities. Opposition to such sources of evil encourages the "journalism of conscience," as Norman Hapgood calls it,—in its competition with the conscienceless; and is a service to American democracy.



Goya's Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE 208

THIS portrait was purchased by the National Gallery of London in 1896 from Don Andres de Urzaiz of Madrid. As an example of the artist's power in portraiture it is one of the best, displaying delicacy of execution and vivid delineation of character.

The lady is clad in a rose-colored satin dress, which is almost entirely veiled by a black lace mantilla of a style worn by ladies of Spain at the present day. The hair is that of a blonde, but the large eyes are dark, partaking of a greenish-gray cast. There is delicacy of modeling, but the expression is vivacious and spirited rather than refined. Noble and high-strung it may be, but I have always fancied I could see something of

cruelty in its make-up, which seems in keeping with the draggled hair of the forehead, ending in those huge, fierce spit-curls, and the almost defiant pose of the body—right shoulder forward, left hand planted firmly on hip—that gives such a feeling of bravado to the character. The canvas is still as fresh as though but lately finished. It shows the half-length of life-size, and measures two feet, eight inches by one foot, nine and one-quarter inches.

T. Cole.

Notes

"A WEEK AT WATERLOO"

Major B. R. Ward, R. E., who is bringing out a book on the subject of Lady De Lancey's narrative printed in the April *CENTURY*, informs us that since our article went to press he has learned that a postmortem examina-

tion was made by Dr. Hume, surgeon to the Duke of Wellington. He found that several of the ribs were separated from the spine, "one totally broke to pieces, and embedded in the lungs."

The Lady Hamilton whose picture, by mistake, accompanied the paper was not the Lady Hamilton referred to in the text. The

latter was the wife of Sir H. D. Hamilton, also named in the narrative.

"HOW THE ANTELOPE PROTECTS ITS YOUNG"

Letters from naturalists, received by us, throw discredit upon the statements and pictures in the article on the above subject in the March CENTURY.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Lay of The O'Yama.

Being a Public Protest against the assertion recently made in a prominent Boston Daily, that the Irish took no part in The Late Difference between Russia and Japan.

I

The greatest man in Rooshia
I 'd like to have ye know,
Was General Kure O'Patkin,
A year, or two ago;
The idol of the army,
The fav'rite av the Czar,
They sint him out to China
For to finish up the war.

II

He kissed his Royal Masther,
Thin stepped aboard the thrain;
Good-night, sez he, yer Czar-ship,
I 'll soon be back again;
I 'll first make peace in Tokee,
Thin bring back for the Zoo,
That little heathen mannikin
The Jap-King, McAdoo.

III

That same day out in Tokee
His Highness, McAdoo,
Havin' heard that bold Kuroki
Had crossed the blue Yalloo,
Threw out his chest, an offered
To bet five thousand yin,
That by Xmas-time his army
Would be quarthered in Har-bin.

IV

Wid that a wild-eyed rickshaw-man
Rushed in upon the scene;
News! News! my Lord, from Pethersburg
By wireless has come in;
At last the hated Rooshian,
Is forced to show his hand;
For General Kure O'Patkin
Has been placed in chief command!

V

Bad News! sez Marquis Eat-ho;
Sad News! sez McAdoo;

May Budda help Kuroki,
An' General Noji too!!!
"Not yet! me liege and dimi-god,"
Sez some one standing by,
"While Marshall Mike O'Yama
Is prepared to do an' die!!!"

VI

A cheer that shook the rafters,
Resounded thro' the hall;
Thank God, sez Yam O'Gata,
There 's hope still afther all;
I 'm ould an' too rheumatic
To fight meself, sez he,
But we 'll match 'em with O'Yama,
Our Irish Japanee.

VII

That night the town of Tokee
Was fairly "on the blink"
With banzais and "hosaners,"
You could n't sleep a wink.
'T was "here 's to bould O'Yama,"
And "a cheer for McAdoo";
They 'll show the Czar of Rooshia,
What a Mac' and O' can do.

VIII

Whin Marshall Mike O'Yama
Set foot upon COREE
He buckled on his broad-sword
An' to himself sez he:
O'Pat can fight a Tarter
But "he 'll be up a three"
Whin he thries to cross shillelahs
Wid an Irish Japanee.

IX

They fought a while at Chow-chow;
O'Patkin slipped away,—
They had a scrap at Kow-tow;
Agin he did n't stay;
The Czar inquired by telegraph
"Why don't ye make a stand,
'T was not for sprintin' tactics
That I gev ye yer command?"

X

"Me noble Lord av Rooshia,
Just wait a while," sez he,
"I 'm not a bit defaited,
Altho' I seem to be;
I 'm lurin' him, yer Majesty,
So never have a fear."
"For God's sake Pat," the Czar replied,
"*Don't lure him over here.*"

XI

Next day they had a scrimmage
At a place called Leo Yang.
O'Patkin was prepared for Mike;
Mike did n't give a "hang!"
They clinched and counthered half a day
An' whin the sun went down
Bould Marshal Mike O'Yama
Was master av the town.

XII

At last close by to Mukdin—
The China king's graveyard—
They went at wan another
An' swatted good an' hard.
O'Pat was outmanœuvred
In skill an' sstrategee,
An' the day was with O'Yama
The Irish Japanee.

XIII

Thin up spoke Terry Roosenfelt,
The Yankee heavy weight,
"Throw the sponge, O'Pat," sez he,
"Before it is too late."

"I can't," sez Kure O'Patkin,
"Unless I see the Czar,
Just dhrop a line for hivin's sake,
An' have him ind the war."

XIV

He wired at once to Pether Hoff,
He wired to Tokee, too,
"Make peace ye pair of fools," sez he
To Nick an' McAdoo—
"Make peace, or by the hokey
Meself an' Ginerall Wood
Will wipe yez off creation;
Come on now an' be good!!!"

XV

The Czar thrêw up his hands at once
An' so did McAdoo.
(O'Yama kept his corner,
To see the whole thing through),
But Witte an' Komura
Were peaceful min, ye see,
An' ended all the throuble
Between Russ an' Japanee.

XVI

Now that the war is over,
An' Terry Roosenfelt
Is gettin' all due credit,
An' puttin' on the belt,
I hope he 'll have the dacency
To say—twixt you an' me—
"*Sure I owe this to O'Yama
The Irish Japanee.*"

—Engle Wood U. S. N.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

A FAIR INFERENCE

Oh, look, mamma! Look! There's a wild horse and cart!

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK





Color drawing by Clifford W. Ashley. See "Open Letters"

HARPOONING A PORPOISE FROM THE MARTINGALE-STAY OF A WHALER

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THE WILD OATS OF A SPINSTER

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sandy," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY H. S. POTTER



JUDGING from appearances, Miss Lucinda Perkins was justifying her reason for being by conforming absolutely to her environment. She apparently fitted as perfectly into her little niche in the Locustwood Seminary for young ladies as Miss Joe Hill fitted into hers. The only difference was that Miss Joe Hill did not confine herself to a niche; she filled the seminary, as a plump hand does a tight glove.

It was the year after Miss Lucinda had come to the seminary to teach elocution that Miss Joe Hill discovered in her an affinity. As principal, Miss Joe Hill's word was never questioned, and Miss Lucinda, with pleased obedience, accepted the honor that was thrust upon her, and meekly moved her few belongings into Miss Joe Hill's apartment.

For four years they had lived in the rarified atmosphere of celestial friendship. They clothed their bodies in the same raiment, and their minds in the same

thoughts, and when one was cold the other shivered.

If Miss Lucinda in those first years found it difficult to live up to Miss Joe Hill's highly ethical and philosophical code of existence, she gave no signs. She forswore meat and became a practical vegetarian. She laid aside her mildly adorned garments and enveloped her small, angular person in a conventional garb of brown. Even the modest bird which graced her hat was replaced by a severe band, to conform to the unbending regularity of Miss Joe Hill's uniform. In fact, the two minds which ought to have been Miss Lucinda's by all psychic laws were not in evidence; It was as if she carried her objective mind in Miss Joe Hill's dome-like forehead, and the subjective mind with which she was left was compelled to accept its premises from extraneous sources.

It was not until Floss Speckert entered the senior class at Locustwood that this sublimated relationship received a shock from the nether world. Floss's father

lived in Chicago, and it was due to his unerring discernment in the buying and selling of live stock that Floss was being "finished" in all branches without regard to the cost.

"Learn her all you want to," he said magnanimously to Miss Lucinda, who negotiated the arrangement. "I ain't got but two children, her and Tom. He's just like me—don't know a blame thing but business; but Floss—" his bosom swelled under his checked vest—"she's on to it all. I pay for everything you get into her head. Dancin', singin', French—all them extries goes."

Miss Lucinda had consequently undertaken the management of Floss Speckert, and the result had been far-reaching in its consequences.

Floss was a person whose thoughts did not dwell upon the highest development of the spiritual life. Her mind was given over to the pursuit of worldly amusements, her only serious thought being a burning ambition to win histrionic honors. The road to this led naturally through the elocution classes, and Floss accepted Miss Lucinda as the only means toward the desired end.

A drop of water in a bottle of ink produces no visible result, but a drop of ink in a glass of water contaminates it at once. Miss Lucinda took increasing interest in her frivolous young pupil; she listened with half-suppressed eagerness to unlimited gossip about stage-land, and even sank to the regular perusal of certain bold theatrical papers. She was unmistakably becoming contaminated.

Meanwhile Miss Joe Hill, in the blind infatuation of celestial affinity, condoned the friendship. "You are developing your own character," she told Miss Lucinda. "You are exercising self-control and forbearance in dealing with that crude, undisciplined girl. Florence is the natural outcome of common stock and newly acquired riches. It is your noble aspiration to take this vulgar clay and leaven it into something higher than itself. Your motive is laudable, Lucinda; your self-sacrifice in giving up our evening study together is heroic. I read you like an open book, dear; I know your every thought."

And Miss Lucinda listened and trembled. They were standing together be-

fore the window of the rigid little sitting room, the chastened severity of which re-proached all ideas of comfort. "What purpose do you serve?" Miss Joe Hill demanded of every article that went into her apartment, and so many of the comforts of life failed to pass the examination that the result was a dreary combination of doctor's office and Sunday-school room.

After Miss Joe Hill had gone out, Miss Lucinda remained at the window and restlessly tapped her knuckles against the sill. The insidious spring sunshine, the laughter of the girls in the court below, the foolishly happy birds telling their secrets under the new, green leaves, all worked together to disturb her peace of mind.

She resolutely turned her back to the window and took breathing exercises. That was one of Miss Joe Hill's sternest requirements—fifteen minutes three times a day and two pints of water between meals. Then she sat down in a straight-back chair and tried to read "The Power through Poise." Her body was doing its duty, but it did not deceive her mind. She knew that she was living a life of black deception; evidences of her guilt were on every hand. Behind the books on her little shelf was a paper of chocolate creams; in the music rack, back to back with Grieg and Brahms, was an impertinent sheet of ragtime which Floss had persuaded her to learn as an accompaniment. And deeper and darker and falser than all was a plan which had been fermenting in her mind for days.

In a fortnight the school term would be over. Following the usual custom, Miss Lucinda was to go to her brother in the country and Miss Joe Hill to her sister for a week. This obligation to their respective families being discharged, they would repair to the seclusion of a Catskill farmhouse, there to hang upon each others souls for the rest of the summer.

Miss Lucinda's visits to her brother were reminiscent of a multiplicity of children and a scarcity of room. To her the Inferno presented no more disquieting prospect than the necessity of sharing her bedroom. Instead of going to him this spring, a plan had been proposed—a plan which for sheer brilliancy surpassed anything that had ever crossed her straight

and narrow path. Floss Speckert had gained her father's permission to spend her first week out of school in New York,

Miss Lucinda's joy would have risen to rapture had not one specter of opposition appeared at the first mention of the affair, and



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"I CAME DOWN THE FIRE-ESCAPE"

and in casting about for a chaperon she had selected the first and most harmless person in sight.

confronted her at every turn. In her heart of hearts she knew that Miss Joe Hill would never countenance the proposition.

She resolutely read another page of "Power through Poise," then dropped the book in her lap and gazed unhappily out of the window.

Suddenly she was startled by a noise from without, and rising to investigate it, she collided with Floss Speckert, who was making a hasty and undignified entrance through the window.

"I came down the fire-escape," the young person announced breathlessly. "Hush! Listen!" For a moment they stood motionless, then Floss went on: "We were making fudge in No. 7, and Miss Joe Hill caught us. You don't care, do you? I had to come somewhere."

But Miss Lucinda's traditions were firm. "Why, Florence," she began reproachingly, when Floss interrupted her.

"Don't you 'Florence' me, Miss Lucy. You are just pretending to be mad; I know you. Miss Joe Hill keeps after you just like she does after us. The girls told me how she made you rip all the trimmings off your clothes, and would n't let you have sugar in your coffee. I don't care how smart she is or how good she is, we all love you best."

Miss Lucinda protested vehemently, but she did not withdraw her hand from Flossie's plump grasp.

"And when we get to New York," continued Floss, taking advantage of this slight encouragement, "I am going to give you the time of your life. Dad's got to put us up in style—a room and a bath apiece and maybe a sitting-room. He says he's glad I know how to be a rich man's daughter. Dear old Dad! You see, he worked too long; he's been so busy out at the yards that he has n't learned how to act like a rich man yet."

Miss Lucinda glanced apprehensively toward the door, then back to the sparkling face before her.

"I can't go," she said, jerking her words out as if they were loath to come. "My brother's expecting me, and Miss Joe——"

"Oh, bother Miss Joe! If you are afraid of her, don't tell her. It will be more of a lark, anyhow, if we can slip off. I never did get to slip off, for Dad always lets me do things. You can pretend you are going to your brother's and meet me some place on the road."

Miss Lucinda looked horrified, but she listened. A material kept plastic by years of manipulation does not harden to a new hand. Her objections to Floss's plan grew fainter and fainter.

"Think of the theaters," went on the temptress, putting an arm around her neck, and ignoring the fact that caresses embarrassed Miss Lucinda almost to the point of tears; "think of it! A new show every night, and operas and pictures. There will be three Shakspeare plays that week, 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Twelfth Night,' and 'Hamlet.'"

Miss Lucinda's heart fluttered in her bosom. Although she had spent a great part of her life interpreting the Bard of Avon, she had never seen one of his plays produced. In her secret soul she believed that her own rendition of "The quality of mercy," and "To be or not to be," was not to be excelled.

"I—I have n't any clothes," she urged feebly, putting up her last defense.

"I have," declared Floss in triumph—"two trunks full, and we are almost the same size. It's just for a week, Miss Lucy; won't you come?"

Miss Lucinda, sitting rigid, felt a warm cheek pressed against her own, and a stray curl touched her lips. She sat for a moment with her eyes closed. It was more than disconcerting to be so close to youth and joy and life; it was infectious. The blood surged suddenly through her veins, and an exultation seized her.

"I'm going to do it," she cried recklessly; "I never had a real good time in my life."

Floss threw her arms about her and waltzed her across the room, but a step in the hall brought them to a halt.

"It's Miss Joe Hill," whispered Floss, with trepidation; "I am going out the way I came. Don't you forget; you have promised."

When Miss Joe Hill entered, she smiled complacently at finding Miss Lucinda in the straight-back chair, absorbed in the second volume of the "Power through Poise."

At the Union Depot in Chicago, two weeks later, a small, nervous lady fluttered uncertainly from one door to another. She wore a short, brown coat suit of classic severity, and a felt hat which was

fastened under her smoothly braided hair by a narrow elastic band.

On her fourth trip to the main entrance she stopped a train-boy. "Can you tell me where I can get a drink?" she asked, fanning her flushed face. He looked surprised. "Third door to the left," he answered. Miss Lucinda, carrying a hand-bag, a suit-case, and an umbrella, followed directions. When she pushed open the heavy door she was confronted by a long counter with shining glasses and a smiling bartender. Beating a confused retreat, she fled back to the main entrance, and stood there trembling. For the hundredth time that day she wished she had not come.

The arrangements, so glibly planned by Floss, had not been adhered to in any particular. At the last moment that mercurial young person had decided to go on two days in advance and visit a friend in Philadelphia. She wrote Miss Lucinda to come on to Chicago, where Tom would meet her and give her her ticket, and that she would meet her in New York.

With many misgivings and grievous twinges of conscience, Miss Lucinda had bade Miss Joe Hill a guilty farewell, and started ostensibly for her brother's home. At the Junction she changed cars for Chicago, missed two connections, and lost her lunch-box. Now that she had arrived in Chicago, three hours late, nervous and excited over her experiences, there was no one to meet her.

A sense of homesickness rushed over her, and she decided to return to Locust-wood. It was the same motive that might prompt a newly hatched chicken, embarrassed by its sudden liberty, to return to its shell. Just as she was going in search of a time-table, a round-faced young man came up.

"Miss Perkins?" he asked, and when she nodded, he went on; "Been looking for you for half an hour. Floss told me what you looked like, but I could n't find you." He failed to observe that Floss's comparison had been a squirrel.

"Is n't it nearly time to start?" asked Miss Lucinda, nervously.

"Just five minutes; but I want to explain something to you first." He looked through the papers in his pocket and selected one. "This is a pass," he ex-

plained; "the governor can get them over this road. I got there late, so I could only get one that had been made out for somebody else and not been used. It's all right, you know; you won't have a bit of trouble."

Miss Lucinda took the bit of paper, put on her glasses, and read, "Mrs Lura Doring."

"Yes," said Tom; "that 's the lady it was made out for. Nine chances out of ten they won't mention it; but if anything comes up, you just say yes, you are Mrs. Doring, and it will be all right."

"But," protested Miss Lucinda, ready to weep, "I cannot tell a falsehood."

"I don't think you 'll have to," said Tom, somewhat impatiently; "but if you deny it, you 'll get us both into no end of a scrape. Hello! there 's the call for your train. I 'll bring your bag."

In the confusion of getting settled in her section, and of expressing her gratitude to Tom, Miss Lucinda forgot for the time the deadly weight of guilt that rested upon her. It was not until the conductor called for her ticket that her heart grew cold, and a look of consternation swept over her face. It seemed to her that he eyed the pass with unnecessary scrutiny, and when he did not return it (passed on, without returning the pass), a terror seized her. She knew he was coming back to ask her name, and what was her name? Mrs. Dora Luring, or Mrs. Dura Loring, or Mrs. Lura Doring?

In despair she fled to the dressing room and stood there concealed by the curtains. In a few moments the conductor passed, and she peeped at his retreating figure through the curtains. He stopped in the narrow passage by the window and studied her ticket, then he compared it with a telegram which he held in his hand. Just then the porter joined him, and she flattened herself against the wall and held her breath.

"It 's the same name," she heard the conductor say in an undertone. "I 'll wire back to headquarters at the next stop."

If ever retribution followed an erring soul, it followed Miss Lucinda through that trip. No one spoke to her, and nothing happened, but she sat in terrified suspense, looking neither to right nor left, her heart beating frantically at every



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SUDDENLY THE AWFUL POSSIBILITY PRESENTED ITSELF THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LOST HER"

approach, and the whirring wheels repeating the questioning refrain, "Dora Luring? Dora Loring? Lura Doring?"

In New York, Floss met her as she stepped off the train, fairly enveloping her in her enthusiasm.

"Here you are, you old darling! I have been having a fit a minute for fear you would n't come. This is my Cousin May, the one who is engaged to a Columbia fellow. She is going to stay with us the whole week. New York is simply heavenly, Miss Lucy. We have made four engagements already. Matinée this afternoon, a dinner to-night—What 's the matter? Did you leave anything on the train?"

"No, no," stammered Miss Lucinda, still casting furtive glances backward at the conductor. "Was he talking to a policeman?" she asked suspiciously.

"Who?"

"The conductor."

The girls laughed.

"I don't wonder you were scared," said Floss; "a policeman always does remind me of Miss Joe Hill."

They called a cab and, to Miss Lucinda's vast relief, were soon rolling away from the scene of danger.

It needed only one glance into a handsome suite of an up-town hotel one week later to prove the rapid moral deterioration of the prodigal.

Arrayed in a shell-pink kimono, she was having her nails manicured. Her gaily figured garment was sufficient in itself to give her an unusual appearance; but there was a more obvious reason.

Miss Lucinda's hair, hitherto a pale drab smoothly drawn into a braided coil at the back, had undergone a startling metamorphosis. It was the victim of a well-meant suggestion of Floss's that Miss Lucinda wash it in "Golden Glow," a new preparation guaranteed to restore luster and beauty to faded locks. Miss Lucinda had been over-zealous, and the result was that of copper in sunshine.

These outward manifestations, however, were insignificant compared with the evidences of Miss Lucinda's inner guilt. She was taking the keenest interest in the manicure's progress, only lifting her eyes occasionally to survey herself with satisfaction in the mirror opposite.

At first her sense of propriety had been deeply offended by her changed appearance. She wept so bitterly that the girls, seeking to console her, had overdone the matter.

"I never thought you *could* look so pretty," Floss had declared; "you look ten years younger. It makes your eyes brighter and your skin clearer. Of course this awfully bright color will wear off, and then it will be just dear."

Miss Lucinda began to feel better; she even allowed May to arrange her new possession in a modest pompadour.

The week she had spent in New York was a riotous round of dissipation. May's fiancé had prepared a whirlwind of pleasures, and Miss Lucinda was caught up and revolved at a pace that made her dizzy. Dances, dinners, plays, roof-gardens, coaching parties, were all held together by a line of candy, telegrams, and roses.

There was only one time in the day when Miss Lucinda came down to earth. That was when she wrote to Miss Joe Hill. Every evening, no matter how exhausted she might be from the frivolities of the day, she conscientiously penned an affectionate letter to her celestial affinity, expressing her undying devotion, and incidentally mentioning the health and doings of her brother's family. These she sent under separate cover to her brother to be mailed.

Her conscience assured her that the reckoning would come, that sooner or later she would face the bar of justice and receive the verdict guilty; but while one day of grace remained, she would still "in the fire of spring, her winter garments of repentance fling."

As the manicure put the finishing touch to her nails, Floss came rushing in:

"Hurry up, Miss Lucy dear! Dick Benson has just 'phoned that he is going to take us for a farewell frolic. We leave here at five, have dinner somewhere, then do all sorts of stunts. You are going to wear my tan coat-suit and light blue waist. Yes, you are, too! That 's all foolishness; everybody wears elbow-sleeves. Blue 's your color, and I 've got the hat to match. May says she 'll fix your hair, and you can wear her French-heel Oxfords again. They pitch you over? Oh, nonsense! you just tripped

along the other day like a nice little jay-bird. Hurry, hurry!"

Even Miss Lucinda's week of strenuous living had not prepared her for what followed. First, there was a short trip on the train, during which she conscientiously studied a map, and attempted to

tions she choked on a crumb, and, after groping with closed eyes for her tumbler, gulped down the contents. A strange, delicious tingle filled her mouth; she forgot she was choking, and opened her eyes. To her horror, she found that she had emptied her glass of champagne.



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by G. W. Lewis

"LOOK OUT! HERE I GO!"

verify her hitherto theoretic knowledge of geography.

Then followed a dinner at a large and ostentatious hotel. The decorations were more brilliant, the music louder, and the dresses gayer, than at any place Miss Lucinda had yet been. She viewed the passing show through her glasses, and experienced a pleasant thrill of sophistication. This, she assured herself, was society; henceforth she was in a position not only to speak of it, but to rail at its follies as one having authority.

In the midst of these complacent reflec-

"Spirituuous liquor!" she thought in dismay, as the shade of Miss Joe Hill rose before her.

Total abstinence was such a firm plank in the platform of the celestial affinity that even in the chafing-dish alcohol had been tabooed. The utter iniquity of having deliberately swallowed a glass of champagne was appalling to Miss Lucinda. She sat silent during the rest of the dinner, eating little, and plucking nervously at the ruffles about her elbows. The fear of rheumatism in her wrists which had assailed her earlier in the eve-

ning had given place to deeper and more disturbing fear. Slowly but surely she was reverting to the original type.

When the dinner was over, the party started forth on a hilarious round of sight-seeing. Miss Lucinda limped after them, vaguely aware that she was in a giant electric cage filled with swarming humanity, that bands were playing, drums beating, and that at every turn disagreeable men with loud voices were imploring her to step this way.

"Come on! cried Dick. "We are going on the scenic railway."

But the worm turned. "I—I 'm not going," she protested. "I will wait here. All of you go; I will wait right here."

With a sigh of relief she slipped into a vacant corner, and gave herself up to the luxury of being miserable. She wanted solitude in which to face the full enormity of her misdeed, and to plan an immediate reformation. She would throw herself bodily upon the mercy of Miss Joe Hill, she would spare herself nothing; penance of any kind would be welcome, bodily pain even——

She shifted her weight to the slender support of one high-heeled shoe while she rested the other foot. Her hair, unused to its new arrangement, pulled cruelly upon every restraining hair-pin, and her head was beginning to ache.

"There is a healing power resident in my mental organism," she quoted to herself, but the thought failed to have any effect.

A two-ringed circus was in progress at her right, while at her left a procession of camels and Egyptians was followed by a noisy crowd of urchins. People were thronging in every direction, and she realized that she was occasionally the recipient of a curious glance. She began to watch rather anxiously for the return of her party. Ten minutes passed, and still they did not come.

Suddenly the awful possibility presented itself that they might have lost her. She had no money, and even if she had had, she knew she could never find her way back to the hotel alone. Anxiety gained upon her in leaps. In bitter remorse she upbraided herself for ever having strayed from the blessed protection of Miss Joe Hill's authority. Gulfs of hideous possibility yawned at her feet;

imagination faltered at the things that might befall a lone and unprotected lady in this bedlam of frivolity.

Just as her fear was turning to terror the party returned.

"Oh, here you are!" cried Floss. "We thought we had lost you. It was just dandy, Miss Lucy; you ought to have gone. It makes you feel like your feet are growing right out of the top of your head. Come on; we are going to have our tintypes taken."

Strengthened by the fear of being left alone again, Miss Lucinda rallied her courage, and once more followed in their wake. She was faint and exhausted, but the one grain of comfort she extracted from the situation was the fact that through her present suffering she was atoning for her sins.

At midnight Dick said: "There 's only one other thing to do. It 's more fun than all the rest put together. Come this way."

Miss Lucinda followed blindly. She had ceased to think: there were only two material things left in the world, French-heels and hair-pins.

At the foot of a flight of steps the party paused to buy tickets.

"You can wait for us here, Miss Lucy," said Floss.

Miss Lucinda protested eagerly that she was not too tired to go with them. The prospect of being left alone again nerved her to climb to any height.

"But," cried Floss, "if you get up there, there 's only one way to come down. You have to——"

"Let her come!" interrupted the others in laughing chorus, and, to Miss Lucinda's great relief, she was allowed to pass through the little gate.

When she reached the top of the long stairs, she looked about for the attraction. A wide inclined plane slanted down to the ground floor, and on it were bumps of various sizes and shapes, all of a shining smoothness. She had a vague idea that it was a mammoth map for the blind, when she saw Dick and Floss sit down at the top and go sliding to the bottom.

"Come on, Miss Lucinda!" cried May. "You can't get down any other way, you know. Look out! Here I go!"

One by one the others followed, and Miss Lucinda could not distinguish them

as they merged in the laughing crowd at the base.

Delay was fatal; they would lose her again if she hesitated. In desperation she gathered her skirts about her, and let herself cautiously down on the floor. For one awful moment terror paralyzed her, then, grasping her skirts with one hand and her hat with the other and closing her eyes, she slid.

Miss Lucinda did not "bump the bumps"; she slid gracefully around them, describing fanciful curves and loops in her airy flight. When she arrived in a confused bunch on the cushioned platform below, she was greeted with a burst of applause.

"Ain't it great?" cried Floss, straightening her hat and trying to get Miss Lucinda to open her eyes. "Dick says you are the gamest chaperon he ever saw. Sit up and let me pin your collar straight."

But Miss Lucinda's sense of direction had evidently been injured, for she did not yet know which was up, and which was down. She leaned limply against Floss and tried to get her breath.

"Excuse me," said a man's voice above her, "but are either of you ladies Mrs. Lura Doring?"

The effect was electrical. Miss Lucinda sat bolt upright and stared madly about. Tom Speckert had told her to be sure to answer to that name. It would get him into trouble if she failed to do so.

"Yes, yes," she gasped; "I am Mrs. Lura Doring."

The members of her little party looked at her anxiously and ceased to laugh. The slide had evidently unsettled her mind.

"Why, this is Miss Perkins—Miss Lucinda Perkins of Locustwood Seminary," explained Dick Benson to the officer. "She's rather upset by her tobogganing, and did n't understand you."

"I did," declared Miss Lucinda, making mysterious signs to Dick to be silent. "It's all right; I am Mrs. Doring."

The officer looked suspiciously from one to the other, then consulted his memorandum: "Small, slender woman, yel-

low hair, gray eyes, answers to name of Mrs. Lura Doring. Left Chicago on June 10."

"When did she get to New York?" asked the officer.

"A week ago to-morrow, on the eleventh," said Floss, eagerly.

"Then I guess I'll have to take her up," said the officer; "she answers all the requirements. I've got a warrant for her arrest."

"Arrest!" gasped Benson. "What for?"

"For forging her husband's name, and defrauding two hotels in Chicago."

"My husband—" Miss Lucinda staggered to her feet, then, catching sight of the crowd that had collected, she gave a fluttering cry and fainted away in the arms of the law.

WHEN Miss Joe Hill arrived in New York, in answer to an urgent telegram, she went directly to work with her usual executive ability to dispose of the difficulties. After obtaining the full facts in the case, she was able to make a satisfactory explanation to the officers at headquarters. Then she sent the girls to their respective homes, and turned her full attention upon Miss Lucinda.

"The barber will be here in half an hour to cut your hair," she announced on the eve of their departure for the Catskills.

"You ought not to be so good to me!" sobbed Miss Lucinda, who was lying limply on a couch.

Miss Joe Hill took her hand firmly, and said in a commanding voice: "Lucinda, collect yourself! You have temporarily lost your poise. Let the past week be wiped from our memories. You have gotten out of the center of your individuality; with my help you shall return. Divorce yourself from all positive thought, Lucinda. Allow the subliminal self to assert itself."

The next morning, shorn and penitent, Miss Lucinda was led forth from the scene of her recent profligacy. It was her final exit from a world which for a little space she had loved not wisely but too well.

"LOVE LAUGHS AT LIONS."

BY EDNA KENTON.

PICTURE BY  LEON GUIPON.

IT was, in fact, nothing short of tragedy, her marriage, and that in spite of the almost perfect honeymoon just ended—nothing short of tragedy.

She sat staring at the books before her, as she had stared at them ever since her husband left the house—this lovely home that he and she had planned together in the days before their marriage, the home which these books had bought—*these books!*

No woman emerges from the honeymoon with precisely the same estimate of the man to whom she has given herself that she held when she stood with him before the altar. Yet Ellen was prepared in advance for such psychological change, being a student of humanity from the strictly psychological side, as all her published tales and her two brief novels clearly showed. She was no idle romancer, no veiled maiden with rosebud illusions, no worshiping woman who believed all men to be gods and more than gods. She was just and sane in her estimate of the man she loved too much not to marry him. And she was too clearly aware of the fascination which exact opposites exert to wonder much or trouble any over the fact that Jasper Holbrooke was perhaps as unlike her in temperament as a man could be. She was thoroughly, though not ostentatiously, poetic. If Holbrooke felt the frequent thrill of mystery, she had yet to discover the fact. She adored Brahms and Chopin; Holbrooke's delight in musical comedy was naïve and bubbling. She revelled in chiaroscuros and subdued values; Holbrooke approved of Gibson's black and white and McCutcheon's cartoons, and had a thoroughly womanly infatuation for books illustrated by Christy and Fisher. She remembered now that she

had noted that before their marriage, his instinctive turning to the illustrations of books, and his odd ability to detect almost always some utterly inexcusable flaw on the artist's part—black hair instead of blond for the heroine, negligée instead of ball attire—all the familiar, miserable blunders. Such an ability would indicate a humorous sense rather than true art appreciation, she granted.

No, she loved him because she could not help it, and she gloried in her helplessness, and yielded to it, and became his wife, knowing she was marrying a mere man merely because she loved him, and that one month from her wedding day she would be a wiser and, in some ways no doubt, a sadder woman. And with all her common-sense expectations of disappointments, her honeymoon had been beautiful—beautiful. She had known before, and she had proved it, she was surer, with each day, that an ability in one's husband to analyze the tone values in a Tschaikovsky or a Whistler symphony is not a positive requisite for normal happiness with a normal man. Holbrooke loved her not like a poet, but like a man, and she had sense enough to know that no man, were he poet laureate from the high heavens, could ever truly comprehend the poetry of a happy woman's soul in its flush of love. So she did not grieve over his love as it might be, because she was too completely happy in his love as it was. And he had brought her last night to this beautiful home, and this morning, on the fourth anniversary Wednesday of their marriage,—that was Holbrooke's fancy solely, the celebration of every Wednesday in every week,—he had given her these books—*these books!*

She picked them up again one by one. Their covers were not the regular edition ones, being, indeed, frightfully expensive

examples of the private bookbinder's art. Ellen was certain that no one of the four volumes could have cost less than one hundred and fifty dollars to bind; and Jasper had expended such sums on such books because they were his own, for her, his wife, on their fourth anniversary. The unusual remembrance of the sacred day, even to its place in the weeks as they rolled round, touched her deeply.

But such books, by Harper Holbrooke! No wonder she had never dreamed of his being the author. He had resurrected his mother's maiden name, he told her, to use in this venture—a venture undreamed of till a chance discussion rose with an author friend of his, and he had wagered that a name amounted to nothing in a book's sales. The author friend offered to provide the publisher, granted Holbrooke's tale was printable, and "The Game of Hearts" ran easily into its one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand in its first season, making Harper Holbrooke's name and fame. Ellen shuddered at the thought of such name and fame.

She picked up the other books: "Irmingarde of Immenzee," "The Mask and the Girl," "The Countess of Florida." All of them had been immense sellers. She herself had never read one of them, but she remembered vividly the binding of each book as it had flaunted itself at passers-by from every bookseller's window—the crimson hearts of the binding of the first book; the cobalt sea that stretched from cover end to cover end of his second book; the scarlet mask which adorned the cerulean back of his third book; and the very modern Christy-esque lady of curls and tiara which enlivened "The Countess of Florida's" crimson covers. He had even had some significant part of the cover-design of each book transferred bodily to the leather of his special bindings—the hearts and the mask and the Countess's crown!

She continued to gaze at them helplessly, with the sound of Holbrooke's big, happy, boyish voice still booming in her ears: "Not a soul knows, darling," he had said, "except Sidney and my publishers. I owe it all to old Sid, you know, darling, and I've gone on with the law because it's slathers of fun, and it's

been easy to do this on the side; because when I once get the story, the writing goes like a greased pole. I kept still at first because it seemed foolish to think I could write a book; and then I thought I'd prove it again, and I did; and then I met you, and somehow I never wanted to tell anybody before you, and I didn't want to tell you till it was a surprise worth while. It got to be sort of funny, too, because you'd never read any of my books, and just did n't discuss them, and it amused me like all things. Especially since we're both writers, darling, and you never even suspected it. I wanted these books for our wedding day, but that fellow would n't be hurried up, and that's why I hurried you home to be here this morning, on our fourth anniversary, darling. And you'll have to read them now, you know, because we'll have such fun telling everybody. Imagine two authors being married! And to-night I want to tell you about the next book—the next one, that is, after the one that's just going to press, 'Winged Fetters!' It's got a cover that's a crackerjack, darling—silver wings and gold chains all over it."

What a pity, what a pity, thought Ellen, helplessly, that one must be ashamed of such a beautiful, glorious lover-husband as was hers; and the horror of it, that she was the wife, the loving wife, of a man who wrote *trash*!

She dipped into the books because she knew she must, and grew paler and paler with the horror of the thought that he was intending to own to his crimes, and that there was no decent way of stopping him. She couldn't be ashamed of her husband,—at least she could never show him that she was ashamed of him,—but how was she to endure being known as the wife of the man who wrote "The Game of Hearts!" She gasped with the sudden flounce of the wheel. She had been so careful in every way not to give herself arrogant airs in his eyes over the promising and deserved place she had in the world of letters. The Dean of American Realism had openly praised her two novels and several of her shorter stories, and the Master of Subtleties, who refused to dwell in unillusioned and disillusioning America, had written her direct about her second book, and she had walked on air for days therefore.

Yet she was in the future to be known as Harper Holbrooke's wife! All her tender care that he need not be known as Ellen Grattan's husband had been totally unnecessary, because his was the wider fame, his was the reputation. Lived there in the whole stretch of the Americas a shop-girl with soul so dead who had not perused "The Game of Hearts?" Or a lady manicurist who could not discuss the pros and cons of "The Countess of Florida" with her patrons? Ellen granted there was not. As freely and more gladly she granted that there was hardly a shop-girl in the country who had ever heard of "Shibboleth" or "The Obsession." She would have been stricken dumb with shame if ever either of her darling psychological studies had figured on the "Six Best" list. She did not want the wider audience, did not write for it. But Jasper—yes, that was it—Jasper was going to help her! He saw where she fell short of reaching her public! He was going to help her gain it!

She picked up "Irmingarde of Immenzee," and began to glance through that seven hundred and ninety-third imitation of the Zenda bonbon, laughing weakly, helplessly, with now and then a tear. She read it through, her fingers delighting in the feel of the exquisite binding, and her soul revolting at the thought of such content in such casket. It was utterly absurd and impossible, but it *was* a story, smoothly told, with somewhat the air—it was her only consolation—of winking with a sympathetic reader from behind the filmy gauze of his impossible tale. She skimmed through "The Game of Hearts" that afternoon and "The Countess of Florida," and the tragedy of her marriage deepened to unrelieved gloom. She had seen it humorously for a moment; but the comedy faded swiftly. Jasper was intending to tell! He was utterly without shame. He was intending to talk about the best methods of stepping into the lime-light, on this, their fourth Wednesday!

II

"Have you read any of them, darling?" Holbrooke asked that evening, after dinner was ended, and they were in their

library. He was standing by the fireplace, complacently smiling.

"Yes," she told him, and shrank at his attitude of waiting, as he lighted his cigar.

"They are very nice stories," she said faintly, after a frightful moment of trying to snatch at the glacé opinion she had set aside for his feeding, and had forgotten. So she said the first thing which came to her, which was the most damning thing possible, of course. "Very nice stories!" She almost moaned in her poignant distress of mind.

"Yes; they're good stuff," said Holbrooke, assentingly. It was not conceit, at least no more than a trace of it. It was mere calm statement of a fact subscribed to by one out of every five men, women, and children in the country. "I tell you, Ellen, they're good stuff. You bet they're nice stories."

His unhappy wife clenched her hands hard. At first she had feared he would resent her sickening praise of his specially bound masterpieces. Now she wished he had resented it. His resentment would have been easier to face than his rhinoceros-hidden obtuseness.

Suddenly Holbrooke laughed aloud, and Ellen lifted her dull eyes to his, trying to smile with him. She loved the very sound of his rich, happy laugh.

"It's been so absurd that you've never read any of them before," he said. "I could n't urge it too much, or you'd have suspected, and after I got the idea of surprising you, I wanted to keep it up as long as it would last. Why, darling, I've made love to you like Karl made love to Irmingarde, like Saxon to the Countess—and you never knew, with all your reading of books, and writing them. And it's this last I want to talk about. Listen!"

He dropped down into a chair beside her, and reached out for her reluctant hand.

"'Winged Fetters' is coming out with 'Harper Holbrooke' still on the title-page." Ellen breathed a sigh of deep relief. "But this next book that I'm all ready to begin, this is to be *our* book, darling. It's going to start over in England somewhere, with the heir to the title dying, leaving his uncle, who's brought him up, all but mad over the thought that the estate and title pass

to a scoundrelly cousin— *unless* they can get a half-brother of the dead man, an illegitimate son, who is here in America, cow-boy or something—that can be worked out—to come over and take the place of the dead man, see? Of course he's got to be the counterpart of his half-brother, but we can fix that up—"

"But, dearest, it's been done so often," said Ellen, gently. "And it's so impossible."

"Done often? Of course," laughed Holbrooke. "That's why everybody is so fond of it—they know there's no chance of the happy ending going astray. As for impossibility, there's nothing impossible for the novelist. Of course, too, there's the girl who was going to marry the dead duke for state reasons and who is mysteriously drawn toward the new one without knowing why, and falls desperately in love with him, and wonders at it—"

"Dear," murmured Ellen, plaintively, "she would know. A woman would know the man she loves."

"But she can't know in this plot, don't you see," argued Holbrooke, patiently, "until the end; there'd be no climax otherwise. We can fix her up all right. Then, of course, to take the bad taste out of every one's mouth over the cow-boy coming into the title with no rights, there'll be a dandy secret passage and a chest of carved oak and copper, and inside it the marriage certificates that make him the eldest son all along. Seems to me the girl ought to find 'em—shut her in the secret passage, eh?—stumbled into it in her despair over discovering the cow-boy's imposture on her and the world, and finds the right papers—"

"She should take matches with her, dear," murmured Ellen, in gentlest sarcasm.

"Sure!" said Holbrooke, agreeably. "She'll have to have a light, because all the thrill would go in a well-lighted secret passage. But that'll be easy. I've got a regular classified list of how to get lights when you need 'em, and of ways to discover wills, for that matter, and queer places to keep keys, and crazy poisons. What do you think of an old silk-stockinged codger keeping the key to his strong chest on his garter, eh?

Or of this, that bananas and yellow chartreuse, taken together, are said to be a deadly poison without leaving traces behind? I'm going to get a chemist to work on that some time, and if there's sense in it, do a dandy murder story. Of course you keep stacks of notes like these, too?"

"I keep a note-book, of course," said Ellen, faintly.

"And I've got the title, too," pursued Holbrooke, happily. "'Love Laughs at Lions!' Pretty good, eh? Oh, hackneyed, perhaps, but every thing's hackneyed, and it's the old things that take best. It doesn't matter near so much what you say as how you say it. 'Love Laughs at Lions' tells a love-story from the start, and that's what you've got to have to set the ball going. Then any title with 'Love' or 'Hearts' in it is bound to make a book go. Look at 'The Game of Hearts'—150,000 sold the first season, and that book is n't near up to this new one in plot."

"I dare say you know best," breathed Ellen, submissively.

"Well, I don't know," Holbrooke said generously. "Of course we're both in the craft. But you just take 'The Obsession,' for instance, compared to 'Love Laughs at Lions.' Don't you see the difference right away, darling, in the chance for sales? You see, the vast majority of Americans not only don't know what 'obsession' means, but they won't try to find out. By the way,—you don't mind, darling?—how many copies of that book sold?"

"Certainly not, Jasper," said Ellen, with a tender pride in her voice. "It has almost reached eight thousand, and is still selling."

"Good Lord!" breathed Jasper Holbrooke, pitifully. "That's a rotten shame! Why, 'Winged Fetters' has advance orders of 130,000 right now, and they've just put it on the presses!"

"But, Jasper," said Ellen, reasonably, "that's a *very* good sale for 'The Obsession.' 'Shibboleth' sold only twenty-five hundred till 'The Obsession' made the sales go faster; and really, most of the books that are printed don't nearly reach two thousand."

"But they're not your books or mine," said Holbrooke, also reasonably. "I

knew, of course, that your books had n't had much of a sale, though I 'm sure your publishers have done very well in the way of advertising, considering. But you never have talked much about your work, not until that time, not long ago, when you gave me a scare by telling me you were always going to write under 'Ellen Grattan.' I was sure you 'd found there were two in the family."

"And I am, Jasper," said Ellen, firmly. "My reputation is made under that name, and my sympathy for librarians, if for no one else, is great enough to keep me from changing my author's name merely because I 'm married. I intend to be 'Ellen Grattan' to the end of my last chapter. I 've told you that, you know."

"I know you have, darling," said Holbrooke, "but I want you to change your mind, you see. In fact," he blurted out, "I want you to collaborate with me on 'Love Laughs at Lions,' and bring it out under our two names, I 'll just tack 'Jasper' to the front of my name, and you add 'Holbrooke' to yours, and there we are. Dunn & Runn say, with the advance sale on 'Winged Fetters,' and the plot I 've got for 'Love Laughs at Lions,' that the advance orders on the 'Love' book ought to run up to 175,000. And you see, darling, collaborating with me that way, you 'd come in for your full share of glory—I 'd see to that. Dunn & Runn are fine fellows, any way, and they 've got a man on their publicity staff who 's the very dickens, darling, for getting up catchy stories, particularly about their women writers. He ran all that stuff that was syndicated the country over about Pauline Diana Darrows taking lessons of Belasco so as to star in her own dramatization of her novel, 'The Flames of Love.' And, by George! he worked the thing so well, that the first-night audience did n't know whether they were going to see her or the actress who was really engaged. He 's the fellow who took her into the department stores and got her introduced to the clerks and heads of the book departments, and then she 'd waltz in from time to time and take the different girls out to luncheon. Why, till the other firms caught on, no one who did n't know what he wanted could buy anything off those counters but 'The Flames of Love!'"

"Really," said Ellen, delicately, "this hardly concerns me, Jasper. You have no desire to have me take shop-girls out to luncheon, or be giving interviews to yellow journalists on the gentle art of acting in 'Shibboleth'? My work is not that sort of work at all, dear."

"Certainly not," said Holbrooke, decidedly. "But as long as you 're in it, you might as well be making as much money as the rest of them; and that 's why I want you to take my name and collaborate with me at least. That would give you all the start you 'd need. Then the only other things to do would be to get catchier titles, and break up your pages with a little more conversation,—paragraphs at least,—and go over to Dunn & Runn, and there 'd be no more eight-thousand sales, darling. You know, I always insist on seeing page-proofs for this one reason, to break them up into paragraphs. I want four paragraphs to a page any way—get a solid page full of type, and it makes a tired man weary before he 's begun, and no telling on just what one page an eye will light, and travel no further."

Ellen gazed speechless into the fire. Four paragraphs to a page, measured doubtless by a half-gill measure! She, praised of the Subtle Master, collaborator in "Love Laughs at Lions"!

"And I thought," went on Holbrooke, a shade of doubt creeping into his voice, "that you perhaps could do all the descriptions of scenery, darling—you do sunsets and spring fine. You could write off a lot of 'em, and I could chuck 'em in anywhere they fitted, and perhaps, if you 'd make your lovers talk a little more—you usually stop 'em too soon."

Ellen waited, listening for the rest of her share in the collaboration. As the silence deepened, and she realized that Holbrooke had entrusted all to her which he dared,—the scenery,—she began to laugh, softly at first, and then hysterically; and finally Holbrooke, troubled and dense, caught her in his arms. "What is it?" he asked.

"Only that I 've married you," gasped Ellen through her tears—"a writer! It 's been such a shock, *such* a surprise! Forgive me, darling, *darling!* It 's just the surprise. It 's such a—*joke!*"

III

As the days went on, she grew to hate those books and their staring titles. Her honeymoon had been perfect, and now this cloud hung between her husband and her. He was eager to get down to immediate work on "Love Laughs at Lions," and she was neither helping him nor allowing him to help her. She still insisted that she wanted to be to her public merely "Ellen Grattan," and she seemed strangely averse to sharing her husband's lime-light, or, indeed, to seeing him bask in the full glory of discovery. She urged him constantly, and after a coward fashion, to keep the secret a little longer, and he was mystified and very considerate. He felt that he occupied a delicate position, for he did not wish to hurt her feelings in the slightest degree, and he grew rather fearful of referring to the sales of "Winged Fetters," which were already in excess of "The Countess of Florida's" stupendous sale, lest she might recall with bitterness her pitiful little 8,000 copies of "The Obsession" sold. He was buying her matched pearls, one for each fifty thousand of his books which had sold, and when "Winged Fetters" passed its 200,000 mark, he brought her modestly her fifteenth jewel.

Ellen took the pearls, feeling like an ingrate and a hypocrite. Her own work was at a standstill; she could settle to nothing. She had not expected to do much in this first new, bewildering year of marriage, but she found herself turning instinctively to her old loves for help and abstraction, and they only provoked distracting thought. She could not bear the thought of hurting Jasper, and yet she could not, if she never wrote another line, put her name upon such a creation as "Love Laughs at Lions" was sure to be. Sales? Oh, yes! Behold "Winged Fetters"—200,000, and still selling! She could be nothing ever but "Ellen Grattan." If Jasper insisted on anything else, she must give up everything, never to write again.

Yet she *was* happy so long as she could keep those dreadful books out of her mind and the thought of Jasper's love in it, and one morning she woke late, with glowing spirits, and ran down to the breakfast room with shining eyes.

"What 's the matter?" asked Holbrooke over the top of his paper, which he scanned hastily for another moment before he put it aside. "I thought you were n't coming down."

"It must be because it 's the night of the lecture," said Ellen, happily. "I did n't stop to think why I feel so gay; but that 's it."

"Oh!" said Jasper, comprehendingly. The Master of Subtleties had come, like a homing bird, at last unto his own people, for a lecturing tour and an impressionistic view before he took an already engaged passage back across the waters. He was to lecture to-night, his only appearance in the city, before one of Ellen's exclusive clubs, and Holbrooke really felt a pang this morning that his identity with Harper Holbrooke was not now disclosed. Yet it quickly passed. There was plenty of time, and Ellen should have her hour there. He understood that the Master approved her work—had gone quite daffy over "The Obsession," which was selling in the nine thousands now, to Ellen's quiet delight, and his secret pity.

He came around to her side of the table, and bent to kiss her before he went out to his motor-car, waiting at the door, for his morning spin down to his office. Her greatest pride in him lay in his devoted love for his law profession and his steady rise in it.

"I 'll get home by five to-night," he told her. "We can have a drive before dinner, and you can be in fine trim to meet the heavy gentleman. Can you read his books, Ellen? Honest?"

"Oh, they are glorious, Jasper," she protested. "Glorious!"

"They drop too slow for me," said Holbrooke. "I get too thirsty, waiting for the drink, and when I reach the end, it 's all leaked away, while I 've been looking for it. But good luck to him and you, Ellen Grattan, in your meeting!"

Ellen smiled and flushed. "I know my aim is as high," she said humbly, "but I fall so far below. I am as tremulous over this meeting, Jasper, as I ever was over my first sweetheart."

Holbrooke laughed delightedly, Ellen flushed so seldom, and ran down to his motor-car.

She turned from the window where she had waved him good-by, with a number



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'ELLEN,' HE SAID GENTLY, 'YOU WILL REGRET THIS ALL YOUR LIFE'"

of emotions working within her. She *was* happy, forgetting those dreadful books, and so long as Jasper's shameful secret was unknown of men. But when all was disclosed, she trembled to think what was in store for them then—of how her respect for her husband would stand the strain of ridicule and criticism. If only he saw; but he did not. He really seemed to take it all rather seriously. It was not merely money which he was after—he really liked the red-letter, yellow-postered fame which was Harper Holbrooke's. It was all terrible, terrible! She could force back memory of his crimes and crush down her own criticisms by remembering his unflinching love and consideration for her—and hers for him. She could not help loving him now, in spite of all things; but how would it be when she heard others voice what she would not; when she must hear ugly truths and know them for ugly truths, and be powerless to refute them? What would she do then? What strength would her love show then, if respect for the man she had married went crashing down? Almost was her day clouded.

When Holbrooke *honk-honked* at the door that afternoon, she went down to meet him in her beautiful new furs, which were his last lavish gift, happy again, full of eager anticipation to meet the Master. When they were fairly off, Holbrooke put a box into her hands.

"The twenty-fifth anniversary!" he said boyishly.

"Jasper!" Ellen murmured, as she lifted the lid, and saw the pear-shaped pearl lying there. "You must not! Think how fast the pearls have been rolling in in these six months."

"It's not every day a fellow has a twenty-fifth anniversary!" Holbrooke said defensively. "It will do for the pendant, won't it, when we get them all set up? And old 'Fetters' is spurting along the last ten thousand before it reaches the 250,000 mark. That means another of the matched ones due, darling. Dunn & Runn telephoned me to-day."

Ellen's face clouded even as she laid her hand gently on his arm, and snuggled closer to him as the keen wind whipped them. Was ever woman so frightfully torn between happiness and threatened woe! "You are so good to me!"

she murmured self-reproachfully, hating herself for the dread she had of the meeting between her husband and her Master that night, because of her keen fear that somehow her husband's unspeakable secret might be known, and that she must stand forever blasted in the Master's eyes as the wife of the man who wrote "The Game of Hearts." And because of her self-reproach and sorrow she nestled closer still to her husband, and he smiled down at her that beautiful smile of his which belonged to the gods and never to any mortal capable of putting out in cold blood "The Countess of Florida."

IV

"HE has already asked for you, my dear!" whispered the President of the Fortieth Decade club to Mrs. Holbrooke as she greeted that lady and her handsome husband. "How very proud of her you must be, Mr. Holbrooke," she added to that gentleman. "To be asked for specially by him means more to people who care and know than a presentation at the Court of St. James. And she is the only one he has *insisted* on seeing. He does n't wish to meet any one, my dear, until after his lecture; but after that, you'll come up immediately, won't you?"

"I'm sort of leary of this deal, Ellen," her husband confided to her shell-like ear as they sought seats. "A fellow who can't write his books in clear enough English to be understood by a man accustomed to legal briefs—what do you bank on his talk being like? And if he can't get a plot for his novels, can he get backbone for a lecture?"

"He deals altogether in situations, Jasper," murmured Ellen—"psychological difficulties in people and between people. More and more I feel that plot, in the old definition, is n't the vital thing."

"It's what makes the sellers all right," said Holbrooke, calmly, "and don't you ever forget that, little girl, when you're scanning the 'Six Best'!"

"His situations are wonderful, wonderful!" said Ellen, breathlessly. "Hush, he is here!"

For an hour following Ellen sat at the feet of her Master, and was not disap-

pointed. Sentence after sentence was graven on her memory for all time, so intense was her concentration. She forgot her husband utterly: for that hour he was as if he had never been. She had no idea how he had been enjoying himself. When the lecture was ended, and the Master stepped down, and the patter of hands woke her to consciousness, she stared vaguely at Holbrooke as if she had never seen him before. He, her husband, could not understand. He had no idea of the meaning of the whole beautiful talk; the devoted giving of a sacred message to a world always in need of higher things; the burden laid upon the novelist by the sacredness of his mission. No; her husband could not understand.

Her face clouded slightly as she rose. People were crowding all about the lion of the evening. She had no fancy to join that first throng. She would wait for the quiet moment. She stood beside Holbrooke, glad of his silence, since he could not comment understandingly, yet cut to the heart because he had nothing to say of such an hour. She glanced up at him once longingly, to find him staring ahead of him, with but little intelligence in his fixed gaze. No doubt he had been bored to death.

At last only two people stood between her and Holbrooke in their approach. The President had departed for refreshment, worn with her labors. There remained, then, for Ellen her own quiet self-introduction, and then the actual living of a life-long dream—speech with him!

She was not listening, but a sentence from one of the group about the Master smote her brain, and she leaned forward, her cheeks flushing painfully, waiting for his reply. It came, as piercing as a sword-thrust, and for a few moments the light war of words raged, scattering at last like wind-blown leaves, leaving behind them upon the verbal battlefield the mangled bodies of Pauline Diana Darrows and Harper Holbrooke, disposed of, done for, dead—slain with epigrams and irony!

When it was over, Ellen looked up from her piteous view of the corpses, suddenly remembering that Holbrooke was beside her, and saw that he too had gazed, somewhat dismayed, upon his mangled self. The group about the Master sud-

denly dissolved, and Holbrooke touched her arm, to bring her to herself, and pushed her gently forward. But she gave one gasp of pain, shame, rage—Holbrooke did not recognize it, never having heard it before—and turned away. "Come, come, come!" she muttered chokingly, and he followed her perforce. In the broad hall he stopped her.

"Ellen," he said, "go back. He wants to meet you without fail."

"I'm going home," she said with choking voice. "No! I shall not! I'm going home."

Holbrooke got his things and met her. He took her down to their waiting carriage and put her in it. Then he paused before stepping in himself.

"Ellen," he said gently, "you will regret this all your life. He has no idea—"

"Get in!" she said curtly, and Holbrooke stepped inside and sat down beside her. He realized as never before that he did not understand Ellen, and he felt a distinct hopelessness to-night that he ever would. He felt, when that brief, swift battle of wit began, that it was a contest to the death between the Master and himself, and he had gazed upon his own dead body,—dead before he knew it,—slain by the deadliest of weapons, ridicule. His bewilderment was therefore complete when Ellen threw her slender self upon him.

"Oh, the brute, the brute!" she sobbed, "not to know that they are nice stories, that they are lovely stories! The brute, the brute, the brute!"

Holbrooke laughed gaily. His relief was unspeakable. He had perceived many things to-night calculated to discourage him. Now he perceived one thing which drove all discouragement away. He took her in his arms, and pressed her head into its accustomed resting-place.

"Now, don't be silly, darling," he said. "I've never really thought I measured up to Scott or Dickens or Balzac or that gang; but I have depended for my point of view on the figure side of the ledger, and somehow I feel to-night that somebody's sized me up right."

"But he had no right," sobbed Ellen. "Irmingarde is *sweet*, and so is the countess—"

"Do you remember, darling," said

Holbrooke, ruminatively, "what he said a man must do before he dared call himself a novelist—live deeply, see truly, select wisely, and then write it down by grace of his God-given talent that fuses all the parts into one great whole? That's you; and one novelist's enough in one small family, darling."

Ellen listened wonderingly as he quoted the kernel of the Master's message; and then, remembering the aftermath, she sobbed again for the hurt dealt her beloved.

"But the stories are lovely," she wept piteously. "They are! They *are* lovely!"

"No," laughed Holbrooke; "they're not—but you are." Then he laughed again. "By George!" he said, "that man ought to know this. It has his star 'situation' skinned ten miles, darling, for 'subtleties.' And you *shall* meet him, after all. We'll have him to dinner to-morrow night. He's staying with his cousin, and Jack owes me some money, and has got to bring him!"



THE STRANGE CASE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND JULES SIMONEAU

BY JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN



ALL roads in California lead the tourist to the quaint town of Monterey, the "old Pacific capital," with its picturesque missions, its early Spanish theater, its many monuments of a bygone age and a vanished people. For the life of Monterey is all in retrospect: its shops deal in antiquities, its cypresses are centuries old, and the chimes that ring out from the mission-tower are voices of the past, faint echoes of that far-off time when they called the Indians to San Carlos Mission to hear the glad tidings Father Junipero Serra had come across the seas to tell.

But among all the relics of the past, to me the most interesting was Jules Simoneau, friend of Stevenson in the early days, who welcomed that "Prince of Vagabonds" to his little Bohemian restaurant and to his big French heaft with such generous hospitality and such genuine love that Mrs. Stevenson, writing to him afterward from Scotland, when Stevenson was too ill to write himself, said: "His heart yearns to be in some sort of communication with 'his dear Simoneau,' as he always calls you, even though it is at second hand and through my pen. Your friend-

ship and kindness to Mr. Stevenson are among the very few things he can remember with unalloyed pleasure connected with his stay in California. He cannot speak of it now without tears in his eyes."

In a New York periodical,¹ a writer, mentioning Simoneau in connection with Stevenson, evidently unaware of the intimacy of which I am about to give proofs, says: "Something very like a friendship ripened between them." As to Stevenson's own estimate of the relationship, we have only to turn to the letters he wrote Simoneau. Through these he, being dead, may yet speak of his love and gratitude. Some one has said: "A man is better read by the letters he receives than those he writes." After seeing Simoneau, I felt it was indeed a privilege to be able to read this delightful character through the medium of Stevenson's letters; but truly they cast their light both ways and reveal as much the tender heart of the master as the goodness of the old man.

Aside from the evidence they give of Stevenson's happy faculty for making friends and even lovers among all classes, these letters are rarely interesting in that

¹ "The Book Buyer," May, 1899.

they mark the transition from poverty to ease, from the period of unrecognized struggle to that of dawning fame. They come to us fresh and buoyant out of the heart of that happy time at Hyères, of which he wrote from his island exile to Sidney Colvin: "Methought you asked me—frankly—was I happy. 'Happy? (said I); I was only happy once; that was at Hyères.'" The picture of that happiness, which he draws for the old man, has only one blot to mar its beauty. "Now I am in clover," he writes, "only my health a mere ruined temple; the ivy grows along its shattered front. Otherwise I have no wish that is not fulfilled;—a beautiful small house in a beautiful large garden, a fine view of plain, sea, and mountains, a wife that suits me down to the ground, and a barrel of good Beaujolais. To this I must add that my books grow steadily more popular; and if I could only avoid illness, I should be well to do for money; as it is, I keep pretty near the wind."

Most of the letters are in French, greetings for the exile from his own land in his own tongue. It is interesting to note Stevenson's perfect command of French and his peculiar literary charm, which even in this foreign language at times is manifest. There are no dates, a characteristic of Stevenson's correspondence, but one letter explains a longer silence than usual, by saying he had lain for weeks between life and death;¹ but that now his strength was returning, and "C'est avec une vraie joie que je me trouve à même de vous assurer que je ne vous oublierai jamais, que notre bonne amitié et tous nos bons jours ensemble sont et seront (in secula) chers par ma memoire. Non, he adds, "je serais un bien pauvre sire si j'oubliais ce que je dois à papa Simoneau."² And again he protests: "Ne pensez pas que je vous ai oublié ou que je vous oublierai jamais. Il n'en est rien. Votre bon souvenir me tient de bien pres, et je le garderai jusqu'à la mort."³ And this again from the sick-chamber, to reassure

¹ His illness of May, 1884.

² "It is with a real joy that I find myself able to assure you that I shall never forget you, that your good friendship and all our happy days together are and will be forever cherished by my memory."

³ "Do not think that I have forgotten you or that I ever shall forget you. There is nothing in that. I hold your good memory very close, and I will guard it till death."

the old man: "Écrivez-moi donc bien vite, cher Simoneau, et quant à moi je vous promets que vous entendrez bien vite parler de moi; je vous récrierai sous peu, et je vous enverrai un de mes livres. Ceci n'est qu'un serrement de main, *from the bottom of my heart, dear and kind old man!*"⁴ Your friend, Robert Louis Stevenson."

And this, in a letter written in English: "It would be difficult to tell you how glad I was to get your letter, with your good news and kind remembrance. It did my heart good to the bottom. I shall never forget the good times we had together, the many long talks, the games of chess, the flute on occasion, and the excellent food."

Then in another French letter, as to his writing which begins to be recognized: "Je travaille beaucoup, je commence à ne pas être le dernier et ce qui ne gâte rien—l'on commence à me payer un peu plus cher mes petites bêtises. Déjà on se dispute ce que j'écris et je n'ai pas à me plaindre de ce que l'on appelle les honoires."⁵

And this, apropos of an incident of overbearingness that has aroused his disgust: "But the race of man was born tyrannical, doubtless Adam beat Eve, and when all the rest are dead, the last man will be found beating the last dog!"

Here is a characteristic observation which the Englishman in France writes the Frenchman in America: "All races are better away from their own country, but I think you French improve the most of all. At home I like you well enough, but give me the Frenchman abroad; had you stayed at home you would probably have acted otherwise. Consult your consciousness and you will think as I do. How about a law condemning the people of any country to be educated in another, change sons, in short! Should we not gain all around? Would not the Englishman unlearn hypocrisy? Would not the Frenchman learn to put some heart into his friend-

⁴ "Write me then very soon, dear Simoneau, and as for me I promise you that you will hear talk of me very soon; I will write you again shortly, and send you one of my books. This is only a grip of the hand."

⁵ "I work hard, I begin not to be the last, and, that which spoils nothing, they begin to pay me a trifle more for my little foolishnesses. Already they contend among themselves for what I write, and I cannot complain of what they call the fees."

ship? I name what strikes me as the two most obvious defects of the two nations. The French may also learn to be less capricious to women and the English to be a little more honest. Indeed their merits and defects make a balance:

<i>The English</i>	<i>The French</i>
Hypocrites	Free from hypocrisy
Good, stout, reliable friends	Incapable of friendship
Dishonest to the root	Fairly honest
Fairly decent to women	Rather indecent to women

"Here is my table, not at all the usual one, but yet I think you will agree with it, and by travel each race can cure much of its defects and acquire much of the other's virtues in turn. Let us say that you and I are complete! You are, anyway. I would not change a hair of you. The Americans hold the English faults, dishonesty and hypocrisy, perhaps not as strongly, but still to the exclusion of others. It is strange that such defects should be so hard to eradicate after a century of separation."

Our party had heard only by chance as we were leaving Monterey that Simoneau was still living there, still glad "to discuss the problems of the universe" with others, as he had with Stevenson. The problems of the universe did not interest us so much just then as the reminiscences of which we heard he was full, and though we had only two hours before our train left, we hurried down to his little cottage, hoping to have some talk with him. We went simply to see the man who had succored Robert Louis Stevenson. We came away as impressed with the personality of Simoneau as Stevenson had been, and fully convinced that any one who knew him well enough would realize that Stevenson's friendship for him was based on something other than a mere sense of gratitude; that between the litterateur and the peasant, in spite of the gulf that separated them socially and intellectually, there existed a real affinity of soul.

We were met at the door by Simoneau's old Spanish wife, who, at sight of our party of six, assumed a most forbidding aspect. Evidently she had suffered many things at the hands of tourists who had "done" her house and her husband, with scant regard for consequences to either.

In answer to our question if we could see M. Simoneau before our train left, she replied in a burst of broken English: "He eat now; he work hard all day; he only eat two meal a day: he so old, so tired, so bad stomach, if he hurry to eat, or be stopped to talk, his stomach he act bad,"—from which we gathered that Stevenson's jovial friend of the early days had developed into a dangerous dyspeptic whom it behooved us to leave in peace.

We tried to pacify the old lady in every way except the one way she plainly indicated by the door still closed in our faces. At her first note of refusal, we were quick to gain an entrance, willy-nilly, on the plea of our desire to try her famous tamales, and I placed a half-dollar in her hand, making an apprehensive mental calculation as to how many bunches of tamales each of us would have to eat. She weakened a trifle and asked us to be seated while she got the tamales. This was a step gained, and we intrenched ourselves, glad to be at least under the same roof that had sheltered Stevenson.

When the door opened we looked up eagerly, but, alas! it was only the tamales done up in a newspaper, tied and evidently prepared for outside consumption. From the little kitchen we heard the clatter of dishes and caught through a crack in the door a glimpse of the old man at his supper. It seemed all the view or interview we were to have. Our mingled zeal and disappointment fought with our pride, and we lingered while the old lady continued to explain how fatal it was to interrupt him. We acquiesced in all she said, agreed it was brutal to hurry him, and then asked irrelevantly if she supposed he was nearly through. I realize now we overstepped all limits. She must have realized it then, but when she saw how matters stood,—rather how firmly we sat,—she accepted the inevitable gracefully and concealed her impatience, seeming only distracted between two conflicting duties—her plain duty to her husband, and, what seemed to her Spanish idea of etiquette, her no less plain duty to these guests who had thrust themselves upon her.

At last she went into the kitchen and whispered something to Simoneau. In a few moments he appeared with his napkin tucked in his blouse, plainly intending to shake hands with us and let us go. We

explained our persistence by saying we had loved Stevenson and all his works and wanted to thank him for what he had done to make those works possible.

He saw we were real lovers of his hero, and instantly his manner changed. His face was transfigured; there were tears at his eyes as he said in a ringing voice that belied his eighty-five years and left us no doubt of our welcome: "Whoever comes to me in the name of that friend, is indeed *bienvenu*."

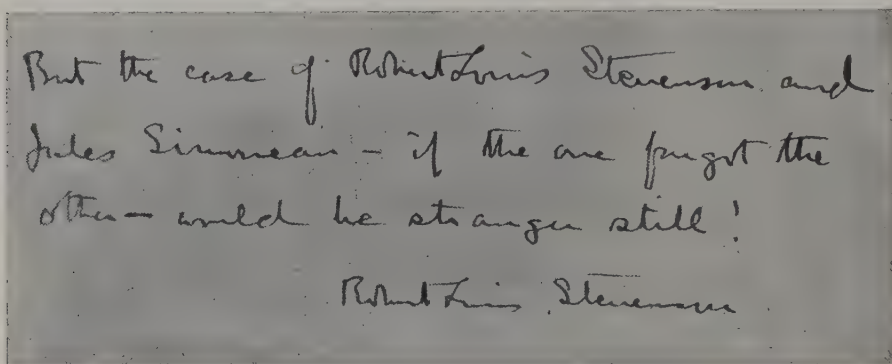
Tossing his napkin into the kitchen, he came forward with the heartiest manner, motioning us to chairs, rubbing his hands in the genial French way, throwing out

Jules Simoneau et le temps jadis!"² In another, "Que nous avons passé de bonnes soirées, mon brave Simoneau. Sois tranquille, je ne les oublierai pas."³ In still another, "If there ever was a man who was a good man to me, it was Jules Simoneau."

He showed us different photographs he had of his friend, pointed out the Stevenson mottos on the wall, and read in a voice like a trumpet, with a strong French accent:

"Ze world is so full of a number of zings,
I am sure we should all be as happy as
kings!"

Adding in a reminiscent tone: "That was



STEVENSON'S INSCRIPTION IN A COPY OF "DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
GIVEN TO SIMONEAU

his chest, suddenly all alert, all eagerness, to speak of his friend.

He got down his books, an entire set Stevenson had sent him, each volume bearing on the fly-leaf a typical inscription and his autograph, Simoneau's own name often linked with the author's, as in this:

"Ce qu'il y en a de mes ouvrages! Je ne trouve plus rien à griffonner.

"N'oubliez pas

"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Il n'oubliera pas Jules Simoneau."¹

In the "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," we found this: "But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau—if the one forget the other—would be stranger still! Robert Louis Stevenson." In another we read, "Vive

Stevenson—always as happy as a king."

When I asked him if Stevenson had sent a letter with the books, "No; que voulez-vous?" he said with a laugh, pointing to the crowded shelf. "Was that not enough to read in one day?" But this opened up the subject of the letters, and he took them reverently out of a little iron box. As I read them aloud, the old man fell into a reverie. He knew every syllable by heart; if I hesitated, he was quick to give me the word; but it was not my voice he heard—a voice that for us was still as sounding in his ears; a hand we could not see was beckoning him.

In answer to our question as to how he found Stevenson, he said: "Why, he found me. He came to me at once. All Bohemia

¹ "Here are all my works! I find nothing more to scribble.

"Do not forget

"Robert Louis Stevenson.

"He will not forget Jules Simoneau."

² "Long live Jules Simoneau and the good old days!"

³ "What good evenings we have passed together, my brave Simoneau. Be tranquil; I will not forget them."

came to me." Then he told us how one morning, with the little company of regulars and irregulars, there had appeared at his restaurant a pale young man, sick in body, sick at heart, with no friends, no name, no prospects, whose only recommendation was his need. Many such he welcomed in those days, glad for the breath of the outside world they brought with them, little heedful of the bills they often left unpaid. Not forgetful to entertain strangers, more than once he had been rewarded with the "angel unawares."

In Stevenson's case, however, I think he was never entirely unaware, since when we asked him his first impression of Stevenson, he answered with a smile that seemed to light up all the years that were gone: "It was just love at first sight; that was all!"¹

When we spoke of the debt of gratitude the world owed him for having come to Stevenson's rescue, he said quite simply: "It was only what. I should have wanted done for me; he was worth saving." And I thought, as I glanced from the works of Robert Louis Stevenson on the shelf to the face of this old man: "What a golden harvest literature has reaped from this application of the Golden Rule, what a wealth of experience was his, that are sunset memories now!"

One secular letter, so to speak, he kept with the sacred ones—a letter from the secretary of the Robert Louis Stevenson Fellowship Society of San Francisco, announcing his own and Mrs. Stevenson's election to honorary membership, and warmly inviting him to be the guest of the society at its next meeting. Among all the brilliant men and women who make up its membership, none is more honored than Simoneau, and he spoke with naïve enthusiasm of his reception when he read them his letters: "It was a royal welcome, madame; I was like a demigod."

He inquired eagerly if we should be in San Francisco the 13th of November, the date of the next meeting, which, though it will add almost another to his eighty-five years, will still, according to his count, make him feel at least twenty years younger, since, as he assured us when we

apologized for the length of our visit, "Every good talk I have of Stevenson makes me ten years younger." His wife, by this time beaming on us as benefactors, added in her expressive way: "When he have the bad feelings and be sorry, I run quick to get some one to talk to him of Missa Stevenson, and that make him well again."

Emboldened by this new view of the case and loath to leave the feast while so much remained untasted, I suddenly made up my mind, and when the others said "Good-by," I said "Au revoir." This hour with Simoneau had somehow dulled my appetite for the stock sights on our program. What did I care for Lick Observatory, when I might look through this old man's eyes at a life that had shone like a star?

The next morning I arrived at his cottage with camera and note-book and asked that I might take his picture, get a few points for a sketch about him and Stevenson, and perhaps (here my heart thumped) sandwich in a phrase or two from the letters, to show how matters stood. To my immense relief, he agreed to everything and explained with a logic in which I was quick to acquiesce, "the vast deafairance between publishing the letters as a whole, that which he would nevair consent to," and publishing extracts from those letters in an article about himself. He had made a gift of one or two letters to a Stevenson Society in Philadelphia, but no gold could buy his treasures; his eyes flashed fire as he told me his one answer to all would-be purchasers, to persistent publishers, and callous collectors, who had tried to tempt him with big sums of money—"Ze money is not coined which could buy zeese zings from me."

I could see that all hands were needed in the preparation of the chili and the tamales; but when I rose to go, saying I must not keep him longer from his work, his wife came to the rescue of my accusing conscience, assuring me she would do all the work herself, "so that," as she explained with tactful turning of the tables, "he might have the pleasure to speak of Missa Stevenson." A delicate way, this, of setting me at my ease by giving me to

¹ Stevenson's full appreciation of Simoneau was more tardy, as his first references to him are slight. He was in Monterey from the latter part of September, 1879, to the end of the year, as ap-

pears in the volume of letters, edited by Sidney Colvin (Scribner's, 1901, p. 164) where only occasional superficial impressions of Simoneau during the first few weeks of his stay are recorded.

understand that, instead of my being under obligations, they were the favored ones. I have rarely met with a finer courtesy than in this little cabin by the sea, with my French host and my Spanish hostess rolling up tamales in the kitchen.

But Simoneau did enjoy the talk and grow young again. His eyes sparkled as he told of the rare old times. Think of what had been his—the companionship of Stevenson for three months; the certainty that he would come every morning as surely as the sun (though a little later, for he breakfasted at ten), and every evening for his supper, the “occasional music of the flute and the long talks,” as regularly as the sun set! He told me he had few friends now, but I did not pity him overmuch; in the old days he had feasted indeed, and memories sufficed now for friendship's daily food.

Laughing to scorn the suggestion that I might betray his confidence, he left me alone for a few minutes to copy the extracts while he helped his wife pack the tamales. I submitted to him the extracts I had taken, and when I recall his hearty response to each one of my tentative proposals: “Mais oui, madame, take what you will. Have I not explained the deefairance?” My one haunting regret in the whole affair is that I did not copy more. Only once did he take exception to my choice. As I read one of the extracts that was particularly tender and intimate, he shook his head, saying, “No, that is too *intime*; that was just for me,” and I admired the fine instinct which recognized the dividing line between conversation and communion; I envied him his lot, that Stevenson had spoken thus to him.

One volume of his set I noticed was missing,—probably the theft of some trusted visitor,—and as I was about to ask him for his address, that I might replace it, my eye fell on a faded envelope with a Hyères postmark, whereon was written in a firm, clear hand, “M. Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey County, California, U. S. A.” It was as if the master himself had answered my question to whom I should send his book.

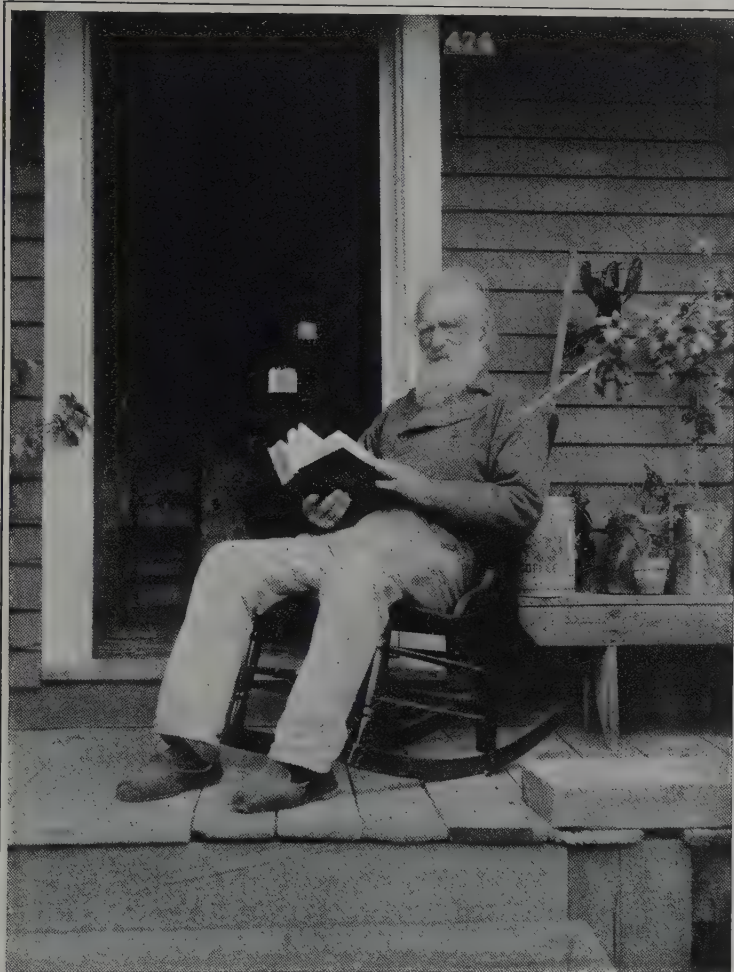
At last the tamales were ready and the hour had come for Simoneau to start on his daily round. Just one more request I had to make: “Might I take the ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde’ down town and

have the inscription properly photographed?” I would bring it back safely within an hour, I added, as he hesitated. It was perhaps too great a strain on his new confidence to trust me with that book, but he replied with prudent chivalry that he would go with me, so that I might escape the long walk back. When I protested that he would miss some of the morning's sales, he said: “*Ze plaisir* that I have to walk with you, madame, is greater far zan ze *plaisir* the money from ze tamales could bring”; and, strapping a basket over each shoulder and tucking the book safely in his blouse, he started off with me.

After the photograph was taken, I told him I was going to the Junipero Serra Monument. “You know,” I explained laughingly, “I have seen no sights in Monterey but you”; and he responded gaily: “Shall I tell you what is a definition of Monterey? It is one very old town, where lives one very old *philosophe* who is named Jules Simoneau.” And then, as if to prove how good a joke that was, he would not desert me till he had shown me some of the sights I had neglected.

He trudged to the old fort with me, and pointed out, in the distance, Pacific Grove, where he goes on his rounds distributing tamales. One hundred and thirty-one bunches he had in all that day, and “always it is that I cannot make as many as I can sell. I have not to ask people to buy; they wait for me. On the street? No, I leave that to the little lads; my clientele is in the country,—poor families who buy a dozen or a half-dozen bunches. Five cents a bunch I sell them. You see, madame, it is this way: the rich who could pay ten cents do not eat tamales. No, I do not make much money; but I do not need much money, so there it balances. Tired? Yes, sometimes, for I am getting old; but *que voulez-vous?*”—with a shrug of his shoulders and a laugh as he tightened the straps and adjusted the baskets: “It is to do; I do it—*voilà tout*.”

So this old philosopher of Monterey shouldered his heavy burden and started gaily out for his day's work, as that other philosopher at Monterey, so many years ago, shouldered his heavier burden and started off for his day's work—a day that was, alas! so short for the work he had to do!



JULES SIMONEAU READING THE WRITINGS OF
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Before my car came I had just time to see the monument to the old Spanish priest, Father Junipero Serra, who landed here in 1770 and founded all the missions along the coast. As Simoneau climbed the steep hill that overlooks the sea, never losing his breath or seeming to be weary, I said: "Not many eighty-five-year-olds are as active as you."

He replied: "Shall I tell you *ze zecrete*? I *nevair* fret. If good luck comes, I enjoy; if bad luck, I get out of it as soon as possible, and I *nevair* get sick with *désir* for what I cannot have. *Enfin*, I am content," and, throwing out his chest proudly, "Stevenson was like me."

I thought as I looked at the old man and remembered the young one: "Yes, Stevenson was like you. He truly made always the most of the best, the least of the worst; he, if any, practised the courage that he preached, and by his example led countless souls to resolve with him to 'play the man.'"

Seeing my car in the distance, I ran down the hill to catch it, while Simoneau waved his *sombrero*—a hearty farewell. A splendid picture he made, in his rough peasant's blouse, with his sun-scarred face and erect figure, the old philosopher of Monterey, standing by the monument to the old priest of the mission.



Drawn by Harry Fenn. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

THE HOUSE IN WHICH STEVENSON LIVED IN MONTEREY



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"HE BLEW AT THEM SOFTLY"

THE SHADOW OF A TRAGEDY

BY GRACE ELEANORE TOWNDROW

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



boat from Coney Island, heavily freighted with weary humanity, throbbed and panted as it plowed its way through the moonlit waters.

It was Sunday night and the crowd was tremendous but good-natured, in spite of the discomfort, with the exception of the babies, who wailed and fretted with weariness and want of sleep.

There was much laughter and joking as the people crowded together to make room for new-comers, who were still straggling up the companionway, looking for places on the upper deck. Lizzie moved closer

to Tom,—unnecessarily close, if the truth were told,—to make room for a couple that were looking for a seat.

The man and girl sitting opposite were holding hands in unabashed affection, the man's arm supporting the girl as she leaned on his shoulder. Then the girl slept, and the man continued to hold her tenderly, fearful of waking her. She wore a large picture-hat, which she had not removed, and the feathers brushed the man's nose and chin. He blew at them softly, but could not get rid of them without disturbing the sleeping girl. His position was strained and uncomfortable, but he bore it with the fortitude of a martyr.

"It 's a wonder she would n't take off her hat," sneered Lizzie, derisively. She pretended to scoff at them, but wished with all her heart that Tom would put his arm about her and look at her as the man opposite was looking at the girl on his shoulder. It must be delightful to be petted and taken care of. But Tom stared straight ahead and answered only in monosyllables.

"It 's gettin' kind of cold," Lizzie remarked, moving still a bit closer, with an affected shiver.

"Are you cold?" asked Tom, turning with a slight show of interest. "Why don't you put your jacket on?"

It was disappointing, but she held out the jacket for him to help her into it, and the touch of his big, clumsy hands thrilled her as he pulled the collar about her neck. Why did n't he look down at her and say something to make her smile and blush, as she had seen other men do? Was it bashfulness or simply indifference? If the former, she was quite willing to help him out a bit; if the latter—well, she would win him, anyway.

This was their third Sunday at Coney. She was well aware that she had rather forced him into the first trip, but he had taken the initiative in the two that had followed, and that was at least encouraging.

She had seen him the first morning she went to work at the factory, and had admired his strong, brown face, with the ruddy cheeks and the dark eyes that gazed straight ahead, without so much as a glance in her direction. Each morning after that she met him on her way to work, and confided her admiration of him to a girl who said she knew him. The girl was good-natured, and one day as they stood talking and giggling on the corner, Tom passed, and she had called to him and introduced him to Lizzie. He had pulled off his cap awkwardly but respectfully, and after murmuring a few words, while the rich color mounted to his dark curls, he had hurried away. But the meeting gave Lizzie an opportunity which she was not slow to grasp, and thereafter when she saw Tom coming down the street she would slacken her steps and bid him a pleasant "Good morning," and, if he were not going too fast, would add some little remark about the weather.

The night before that first beautiful trip to Coney, she was sitting on the stoop of the tenement that was her home. Every inch of space was crowded with slovenly women and noisy children, come out of their sweltering apartments for a breath of air—such air as the heated pavements and narrow streets could give them. The women were gossiping and the children quarreling, each indifferent to the other, and Lizzie was talking with a girl of her own age as they sat on the bottom step. Tom was always in her thoughts now, so she was hardly surprised to see him turn the corner and come slowly toward them. She measured the distance well, and when he was directly opposite them, she jumped up, laughing at something her companion had said, and ran to the middle of the sidewalk; then stopped suddenly and looked up into Tom's face with a start of well-feigned surprise.

"Why, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Oh, just takin' a walk. I did n't know you lived here."

"Did n't you?" The faint hope that he had come for the purpose of seeing her died hard, but she did not let it daunt her.

"It 's a fine night for a walk," and, as though unconsciously, she moved slowly along beside him until they had passed beyond the hearing of the group on the steps. Tom had snatched off his cap when she first spoke to him, and, whether from gallantry or embarrassment, had not replaced it, but twirled it in his hands as they walked along.

"What do you say to a glass of soda?" he finally blurted out, with a violent twist of the cap.

"I never say, 'No,'" answered Lizzie, gaily. This was so much better than she had hoped.

Her easy acceptance restored Tom's self-possession. He set his cap back on his head, and the high color vanished slowly beneath his collar.

After the soda—nectar of the gods!—Lizzie turned so that their steps brought them to the dock at the end of the street. It was pretty well crowded, but Lizzie found a vacant place on the string-piece, and Tom stood beside her, leaning against one of the spiles. How handsome he was! Lizzie's heart beat fast as she remarked carelessly:



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THE NEXT MOMENT SHE WAS CLINGING TO HIM"

"Ain't the water pretty?"

"Grand!" responded Tom, laconically.

"Have you been to Coney this year?"

The question was asked with apparent indifference, but it had been in her mind for days. Many times this scene had been rehearsed in her imagination, and it was hard to believe that it was at last being realized. She was going to make the best of her opportunity.

"No. Have you?"

"Yes; I was down last Sunday with Kittie Mahoney. Oh, it's great! They've got lots of new things there this summer. You ought to go."

"Maybe I'll take a run down to-morrow."

"I'm thinkin' of goin' myself to-morrow." Lizzie was poking at the dirt in a crevice with a stick she had picked up, and was the picture of indifference.

"You must be crazy for Coney, goin' again so soon."

"Oh, I don't know. There ain't a better place to go on a hot day, and one's got to go somewhere to get away from the flat."

"That's so, and it's as cheap as any. What boat do you take?"

"Oh, I get out early, =right after mass,

—and stay all day. It 's better than hangin' round the hot city."

"That 's right. Well, I may see you on the eleven o'clock boat, if you ain't goin' with any one in particular."

wonderful pastimes invented for risking life and limb of Coney Island pleasure-seekers. To Lizzie it was a delightful day, and she congratulated herself on the foresight that had prompted her to invite



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HER HEART WENT COLD WITH JEALOUS FEAR"

"Only my little sister. I 'm takin' her for a treat."

She felt that she had forced him to it, but she had succeeded—and it was worth it.

Although Tom's compliance had been only half-hearted, he came up like a man, and spent his money lavishly on all the

her sister in place of Kittie Mahoney. Kittie was by far too pretty to be thrown in Tom's way. Lizzie was not pretty, and she was painfully aware of the fact. Her hair was of a glaring, carrotty shade of red, and the society in which she moved was not sufficiently artistic to appreciate red hair. Many a night she had cried

herself to sleep in bitter resentment of the terms applied to her; "brick-top" and "speckled beauty" being among her pet names, for the freckles which usually accompany this brilliant shade of hair were another source of misery to her. But Lizzie was blessed with a keen wit and a glib tongue, thanks to her Irish parentage, and with these she often won admirers where a prettier girl would pass unnoticed.

Oh, that happy day! Lizzie lived on its memory for nearly a week, and then Tom invited her to go again. This was a genuine invitation; nothing half-way about it, and no hints on her part.

The summer days passed by, and Tom was looked upon by her friends as "Lizzie's steady." He was not exactly an entertaining companion, but Lizzie did not mind. She always found something to interest her, something to talk about; and so long as Tom was willing to listen, she did not care very much whether he answered or not. But she did wish he would show a little more affection. Surely it was quite time, according to the etiquette of her circle, that he make known his intentions by some act or word; but neither the act nor the word was forthcoming. Lizzie thought he might be bashful, and was quite willing to meet him half-way; but he never advanced the other half, and it was a difficult matter to coquette with a man who would not even look at her, but stared straight ahead,

utterly indifferent to coy glances, and who responded only in monosyllables to the insinuations she threw out.

He looked particularly handsome tonight in his Sunday clothes and "boiled shirt." His hair was newly cut and his

hat set well, and Lizzie thought him quite a "swell." Some one in the bow of the boat began to play a harmonica, and then a voice raised the melody. It was a national air, and one after another swelled the chorus until the whole boat was surging with sweet sound. There was a clapping of hands, and the children ceased to cry as song after song followed each other. From national hymns they went to popular songs; even old tunes, some long forgotten, were revived when the new songs were exhausted.

"Only One Girl in the World for Me" was started, and the man opposite joined lustily in the chorus:

"She's not so very pretty, and not of high degree,
But there's only one girl in this world for me!"

The girl by his side had been wak-

ened by the music, and he gave her a joyous hug to demonstrate the truth of his assertion, and she smiled trustingly up into his face.

Lizzie sighed. "Ain't it grand!" she whispered.

"Fine!" replied Tom.

"It must be great to feel like that—like



Drawn by Jay Hambidge
Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"SHE LOOKED LIKE AN ANGEL IN A
VIOLET CLOUD"

what the song says—that there 's just one in the whole world you love.”

“I suppose so.” Tom stared silently across the moonlit water, and Lizzie sank back in her seat disappointed.

When they reached the door of the tenement where Lizzie lived, she halted and seemed loath to go in, although the hour was late.

“It 's a crime to go in these beautiful nights,” she said. “The flat 's so warm one can't sleep, and the street is nicer after every one else has gone in.”

She sat down on the step, and Tom leaned over the railing beside her. It was

honest eyes, and Lizzie wished they would often look at her that way. She determined to make another effort to obtain her heart's desire this glorious night when Tom was all her own. What matter if she appear bold, if she could only win?

“You need a wife, Tom, to look after your things and keep 'em in order.”

“That 's right,” agreed Tom, readily, still looking at her.

“How would I suit you?” she asked, with another hysterical laugh, pretending to make a joke of it.

“First-rate,” he replied, smiling; and the next moment she was clinging to him,



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

“‘WHY DID THE LORD MAKE ME SO UGLY?’”

the first time he had seemed inclined to be the least bit lover-like, and she felt encouraged.

“There 's a button off your nice new suit,” she said, passing her hand caressingly over his coat.

“Yes,” he replied. “I carried it round with me for a few days, but there was no one to sew it on for me, so I lost it.”

“Why did n't you bring it to me?” she asked, with a nervous little laugh. “I 'd been only too glad to sew it on for you. You 've done enough for me.”

“I did n't think of it, or I would. But you must n't talk as if you owed me anything. Have n't I had your company all summer?” He was looking down at her now, and Lizzie thrilled beneath the glance of his dark eyes. They were kind,

laughing and crying. She never quite knew how she got there.

THEY had been married a year when the baby came. It was a boy, and Lizzie's joy should have been full, for he had his father's dark eyes and hair.

Tom had been kind to her, as she knew he would be,—gentle and considerate,—but never once in the year that had passed had he said, “I love you,” and ever in her heart rankled the thought that she had courted him. She had done so deliberately, and would do so again if there were no other way. She loved him, and he was worth winning even at the cost of her self-respect. But, ah, how the memory of it seared and scorched her in her moments of solitude! If he would only tell her he

loved her, only bestow upon her some of the caresses she lavished so freely on him! She had thought it would all come in time, and had been patient, but her waiting had been vain.

As the boy grew older and developed cunning little ways, his father's heart seemed wholly centered on the child. He would sit for hours before the baby as it played on the floor, his body bent forward, his hands hanging loosely clasped before him, watching its every movement. Every now and then he would put forth a guiding hand to prevent it from falling, as the child struggled to its feet in the first uncertain efforts to walk.

"Look at him now, Lizzie! Did you ever see the like? He 's got hold of me boot and is tryin' to get it off. See how strong he is, and how hard he 's workin'! Is n't he a wonder?"

Lizzie watched her infant's clumsy efforts for a few minutes with motherly pride, and then her mood changed.

"I believe you think more of the kid than you do of me," she said pettishly.

"Aw, Lizzie, don't be silly! Ain't you his mother?"

"Yes; I 'm his mother, an' I suppose you think that ought to be honor enough for me, but it don't satisfy me."

"Why, what more could you ask for, Liz?"—in slow perplexity. "Is there anything I can do for you? I always thought you were perfectly happy, especially since the boy came."

"Yes, yes,"—drying her eyes on her apron,—*"I am perfectly happy. You must n't think anything of these spells. I know I 'm foolish. Maybe I 'm gettin' 'nerves,' as the ladies say. Why should n't I be perfectly happy with a boy like this?"*

She seized the child and smothered him with passionate kisses, until he began to whimper.

"There! don't cry, darlin'! Did mother frighten you? Go to your father. I love you both too much, that 's the trouble."

One evening Tom came home looking tired and troubled, and Lizzie, who was quick to detect his moods, asked what was the matter.

"Aunt Maggie is dead," he said, "an' I 'm all broke up. She was like a mother to me after me own mother died."

"Aunt Maggie!" cried Lizzie, aghast.

She had never met Tom's aunt, who had lived in Boston, but she had always heard him speak fondly of her, and knew that she had a daughter some years younger than Tom. "What 's to become of your cousin? Has she any relations she can live with?"

"I don't believe there 's any one but us. Don't you think I 'd better write and ask her to come to us?"

Lizzie was silent. The thought of a stranger invading their little Eden was intolerable, but she did n't like to oppose Tom's wishes.

"Do you think it 's expected of us, Tom? Ain't she got any friends—or relations on her father's side, maybe? You can hardly afford to support another, especially a girl that wants spendin'-money for clothes and things."

"Mollie ain't the girl to be dependent on any one. She 's in a nice position. But even if she had no livin', I 'd work me fingers to the bone for Aunt Maggie's daughter, and feel that I was n't doin' enough."

"Maybe she won't want to give up her nice position to come to New York," ventured Lizzie.

"Perhaps not; but it ain't right for a girl to be left alone in the world without some sort of protection—and a pretty girl, too. Oh, she 'll come, I guess. She 's right smart with her needle, and can get work anywhere."

"So she 's pretty, is she?" questioned Lizzie, slowly, watching Tom's face closely. "You never told me that before."

"Did n't I?" he said—indifferently. "Yes; she 's a beauty, all right. No one can touch her when she gets her glad rags on. She dresses like a swell."

Lizzie offered no further objections, although her heart protested against the thought of this girl being brought into their home. So Tom wrote for Mollie to come to them, and she accepted.

When she came, Lizzie found that she was prettier by far than she had even imagined from Tom's description. She had a dainty, patrician beauty—inherited, perhaps, from some far, far distant ancestress who may have been a duchess when Roderick O'Connor was king of Ireland.

As Lizzie looked at her, scrutinizing

her, searching for faults that she could not find, her heart went cold with jealous fear. Could such beauty come before Tom's eyes daily, in living, glowing contrast with her own plainness, and he not see it and regret?

"Did you live in the same house with Mollie before you came to New York?" she asked, as soon as they were alone.

"Yes; I lived with her and her mother for three years. It was the only home I had."

"And was she as pretty then as she is now?"

"Yes; I guess so. I don't see that she's changed any. Why?"

"Oh, I was only thinkin', Tom, how could you take to me after havin' such a pretty girl as Mollie round you all the time?"

"Oh, I dunno. You're pretty enough to suit me, Liz."

Lizzie flushed and her eyes glowed, and for the moment she was almost as pretty as Tom imagined her to be. It was the first time he had mentioned her looks in any way, and the nearest he had ever come to a compliment. Could it be that she was pretty in his eyes? Surely there could be no doubt of his love if that were so, for he must be blind, indeed.

For a few days she took a new interest in her appearance. She had grown careless since her marriage, especially since the baby came and monopolized so much of her time; but Tom's compliment acted as an incentive, and every evening, just before he came home, she arranged her hair carefully and dressed herself and the baby neatly. But Tom did not appear to notice the change, and when she looked at Mollie's glowing beauty she felt how useless were her efforts, and finally ceased to make them.

She watched with sullen, jealous eyes each glance Tom bestowed upon Mollie, and listened to detect, if possible, any added tenderness in his tones when addressing her. Any little kindness or attention on his part was magnified until it seemed quite lover-like, and she would lie awake far into the night, with staring eyes, thinking, thinking; and all day, when alone with the baby, she would rehearse every insignificant act, looking at it from all standpoints and trying to find some hidden meaning in it. She grew

taciturn and sullen, and on the slightest provocation the shrewish tongue which was her birthright, but which had been kept in check by her love for Tom, would break loose, and she scolded needlessly and ceaselessly.

At first Tom pretended not to notice these outbursts of temper, and his stolid indifference was more provoking to her than retaliation; but when Mollie quietly gathered up her sewing and slipped away to her own tiny room to escape the noise of the wrangling, then Tom spoke:

"Aw, Liz, let up! What's the matter wid you, anyway? You're gettin' to be a regular rag-chewer. You ust n't to be like this."

"Did n't I? Maybe it's only by comparison that you're seein' me faults. I don't pretend to have the fine-lady airs that some people have, and I don't want to copy them—they make me sick."

"If you mean Mollie, I'll thank you to leave her alone. She's never done nothin' to you, and you're making her home unhappy for her."

"Her home, indeed! I'd like to know who made it her home. She's made my life miserable enough for me, and little you care!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie, hush! She'll hear you! What do you mean? Has she ever done anything to you? Explain yourself."

Tom's voice was terribly stern, and his eyes held hers with a look she had never seen before, and beneath which she trembled and shifted her gaze.

"I mean nothin'. If you're blind enough not to see, let it go at that."

"We'll not let it go. You've said too much to take it back, and I want to hear all now."

She lifted her eyes shrinkingly to his, they were so stern and terrible, and then flung herself into his arms, clinging to him convulsively and sobbing:

"I did n't mean nothin', Tom. I'm tired, and I guess them nerves are gettin' the best of me again. Baby's been so cross all day with the teethin', and I'm so wrought up, I don't know what I'm sayin'. Forgive me, dear, for bein' so ugly, and forget all about it."

Tom was puzzled, but could not withstand her tears.

Peace reigned in the little household

for a few days, and one night Tom came home with a radiant face. "I've got tickets for the Timothy Casey Excursion, Lizzie," he said. "Fix yourself and the boy up in the best you've got, and we'll go and have a good time."

For a moment Lizzie's face brightened with anticipation; then she shook her head.

"I can't go, Tom—not to take the baby. It's no place for children."

"Oh, pshaw! There'll be lots of kids there," replied Tom, looking disappointed.

"Yes, I know; but I don't want our boy to go. There's danger of his catching some disease. He's pretty miserable, these days, with the teethin'; and he'd only get tired and cross, if nothin' worse. No; I don't want to take him, and there's no one to leave him with. You go,"—in a burst of generosity,—"go, and take Mollie."

But Mollie also shook her head. "I'm in mourning, you know; and it would n't look just right for me to go and dance."

"Oh, nonsense! You work hard, and the rest and change will do you good. Leave off mournin' for a day, and have a good time." Tom crossed the room and, bending over Mollie's chair, said something to her in a low tone. She laughed, and when she raised her head Lizzie saw that she was blushing rosily. "Then I'll go," she said, giving Tom a glance of thorough understanding. "But I must get something to wear—and in a hurry, too; the excursion's only two days off."

The next evening she came home with an armful of bundles. From one of them she took a roll of pale-violet organdie, and asked Lizzie if she thought it would make a pretty dress. She shook it out over the dining-table, where it caught rosy tints from the lamp, making it look like a bank of clouds at sunset.

"It's beautiful!" said Lizzie, her heart sick with jealousy as she pictured Mollie's delicate beauty clothed in this violet mist.

Late that night, and the night following, they heard the low rumble of the sewing-machine, and knew that Mollie was working hard and late to gown herself for the great event.

Lizzie's imagination, however, did not do justice to Mollie's beauty. When she came into the little parlor, dressed for the

excursion, Lizzie gasped with wonder, and Tom gave a low whistle of admiration. She looked like an angel in a violet cloud, and a large black picture-hat crowned her sun-burnished hair. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling with delighted anticipation, and altogether she was good to look upon.

"Hullygee! but you certainly are a beaut'!" cried Tom, surprised out of his usual indifference. "Won't the fellers be jealous of me to-day? They've got to take off their hats like gentlemen and ask me for the privilege if they want to dance with you."

Mollie laughed merrily, and said something in reply that Lizzie did not hear, and Tom joined in the laugh.

Lizzie's face was white and her lips were cold when she lifted them for Tom's good-by kiss.

"I'm sorry you're not wid us, Liz. Take care of yourself, old girl, and we'll get home as early as we can."

She watched them from the window until they were out of sight, Mollie stepping daintily, her pretty head erect, and Tom walking proudly by her side. When they turned the corner and Lizzie could no longer see them, she threw herself on her knees beside the sofa, where the baby was playing, sobbing and beating her hands together in a frenzy of jealous rage.

"Oh, baby, baby, why ain't I pretty and sweet and lovable? Why did the Lord make me so ugly, and then put a love in my heart that no one wants?"

During the afternoon the child became fretful, and, the flat being frightfully warm, Lizzie knew that she ought to take him down to the dock and get what breeze they could from the water.

She made the boy tidy in a clean slip, and then began her own toilet. She had given little thought or care to her personal appearance of late, and to-day, as usual, put on the first things that came to her hand. She twisted her hair up without a glance in the mirror; slipped on a walking-skirt over the waist she had been working in, and, rummaging in the bureau for something to put around her neck, snatched up a length of green ribbon, which she wound carelessly around her throat, tying it in front. When she had pinned on her hat, she turned to pick up the baby, but something made her pause

and look in the glass. The reflection that met her eyes was anything but pleasing—a shapeless figure in a red shirt-waist that looked hot and dirty; a skirt with waist-band sagging from the belt at the back, and gaping where hooks were missing. The hideous green ribbon strung carelessly about her throat gave additional pallor to her white face, and her eyes and nose were swollen and red from crying. A misshapen hat, pinned down over her red hair, which was drawn tightly back from her pale face,—this completed the unlovely picture.

She gazed at the reflection for a long minute, not sparing herself any of the ugly details; then with a cry of rage she tore from her neck the awful ribbon, and dashed her hat to the floor, stamping upon it until she had crushed it out of all shape. Then she sat down and stared moodily at the wreck, comparing the picture she had just seen with the vision of Mollie's loveliness as she had seen her go forth in the morning. Oh, fool, fool that she had been to let them go! Fool to let Tom see Mollie's beauty in a new light!

The baby began to fret and whine, and she knew she ought to take him out, but could not go as she was. She bathed her swollen face and proceeded to dress again with more care. She shook out her luxuriant red hair, and fluffed it softly about her face as she had been used to wearing it before she was married. Then she put on a clean white waist and collar, adding a neat black tie. She brushed and mended her skirt, fastening it to her waist so that there were no distressing gaps visible; then adjusted her belt carefully, and felt repaid for her pains by the neat figure that met her eyes in the mirror. Taking the baby in her arms, she went down to the street.

On the stoop one of the neighbors spoke to her, and Lizzie was passing on with merely a nod, when she called after her:

"I see ye 're a grass-widder to-day, Mrs. Kelly."

"What did you say?" asked Lizzie.

"I seen yer husband go out this mornin' wid that pretty boarder of yours, an' thought yer might be lonely."

Lizzie went on her way without answering, but the words rankled. So others had noticed and were pitying her. Perhaps they had seen more than she was aware of.

Down on the dock she seated herself against one of the spiles, facing the water. Soothed and fanned by the soft, salt breeze, the boy soon fell asleep in her arms, and she sat motionless for fear of waking him, staring across the sunlit water, brooding moodily. Two excursion-barges, lashed on each side of a noisy little tug, passed down the river with flags and streamers flying. They reminded Lizzie of an important little man escorting two large, gaudily dressed women. Strains of music came floating to her from the barges, and she could see the people dancing. So Tom and Mollie were dancing, possibly, at that very minute, Mollie looking like an angel in a violet cloud, and Tom—her Tom, big and handsome—holding the angel in his arms and smiling down at her as they glided to the strains of a dreamy waltz. It was intolerable! Why had she been such a fool as to let them go? Why had n't she gone herself? It would n't have hurt the baby. He had been cross, anyway. Even suppose he got sick, what matter? What did anything matter now? What had Tom whispered to Mollie that made her consent so readily to go? What had she said that very morning before they started out, looking up in his face with that half-shy, half-coquettish glance that was like a stab to Lizzie's jealous heart? What secret was between them? Gritting her teeth and clenching her hands in impotent fury, she felt that she hated them both.

"I could drop right off here, and no one would know but what it was an accident," she thought sullenly, staring down at the water until it seemed to draw and beckon to her. "Then he'd be free when I was out of the way."

She leaned far over the edge of the pier, and the green water washed and sucked around the piles, beckoning and calling to her in low tones. Farther and farther she leaned, until she grew dizzy and her grasp on the post got weak. In leaning over she crushed the child, and it stirred and began to whimper. She drew back. "I can't," she whispered. "I can't leave the boy." She hushed him to sleep again, and, exhausted with emotion, a dull apathy came over her, and she almost slept herself.

Voices, almost in her ear, aroused her



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"‘THIS IS NOT THE MEDICINE WE GIVE TO CHILDREN, LIZZIE’"

from partial unconsciousness, and she knew that some of her neighbors had gathered on the dock and were sitting just on the other side of the post that hid her from them. She paid no attention to them, only desiring to be left alone. Then she heard something that banished sleep from her eyes, and awoke the jealous demon that had been silenced for a brief moment.

"I 'd like to see *my* husband going off with a pretty girl, and leaving me home to mind the baby."

"That 's right. Is n't she the fool to stand it? Serve her right for takin' a pretty girl into her home. I 'd fancy meself puttin' temptation in my man's way three times a day; an' Tom Kelly 's no better than any other man, if she *does* think he 's perfect."

"They say the girl 's a cousin of his."

"'Cousin' 's good. How does she know who she is?"

"Did yer see 'em goin' out this mornin'?"

"Indeed I did. She was dressed up like a Fift' Av'noo belle, an' he that proud uv her he never took his eyes off her. I watched 'em goin' up the street, an' you 'd think the pavement was n't good enough for her to tread on, the way she carried herself. Oh, I 've got no use for them dainty creatures; they 're too proud to mix in wid common folks, an' no good ever comes to them."

"He 's pretty attentive for a cousin, I must say. Do you remember the big storm we had last week? Well, he went after her wid an umbrella an' rubbers for fear she 'd get wet. I was in the hall when they come in. They did n't see me, so I just watched them. He unfastened her cloak an' shook the rain off it, bendin' down an' talkin' to her like a lover; an'— I 'd not swear to it, but it looked mighty like as if he kissed her."

"That would n't surprise me at all. When a girl 's as pretty as she is, an' looks at a man in that confidin' way uv hers, he 'd have to be made uv stone if he did n't take all the kisses comin' his way."

After a pause the conversation turned to other matters, and finally, as the hour grew late, the women moved away.

Lizzie sat motionless long after they had gone. The iron had entered her soul. The sun went down in splendor, leaving

the water tinged with purple-and-crimson glory, which, in its turn, faded to gray. With a shiver, Lizzie roused herself and looked at the sullen, gray-green water still lapping against the piers. Then she shook her head, as though in answer to their call, and turned her steps homeward.

She stopped at the corner drug-store and asked for some carbolic acid.

"What do you want to use it for?" asked the clerk, looking suspiciously at her white face.

"For cleaning, of course. You can't keep a place sweet an' wholesome this hot weather without a drop of disinfectant."

So he gave it to her.

She climbed the stairs to their apartment, and opened the door leading into the dining-room with her latch-key. Then she stood staring on the threshold.

Seated at the table, which was heaped with fruit and flowers, a bottle of wine adding a festive appearance to the board, were Mollie and Tom, and with them a stranger.

"Just in time for the banquet," said Tom, setting down his glass and coming toward her. "Where have you been so long? We 've been waitin' near an hour for you. Let me introduce Mr. Healey, Mollie's intended. You 'd better treat him good, for he 'll soon be your cousin."

There was a general laugh, and Mr. Healey seized Lizzie's hand in a vigorous clasp.

"I 'm glad you 've got back in time to join us, Mrs. Kelly," he said. "The picnic was so tough, Mollie would n't stay, so we left the boat and took a train back. We thought we 'd break the news to you and celebrate the occasion at the same time."

"Mollie won't drink beer, so we 've got to take wine like regular swells," said Tom. "Put the boy down and join us."

Stunned and bewildered, unable to grasp the meaning of what she had heard, her only desire now being to get rid of the bottle that seemed to her so conspicuous, she slipped from the room under the pretense of putting the baby to bed.

Hearing Tom's footsteps behind her, she hastily slid the bottle under the pillow. He came to her side and put his arm about her shoulders as she leaned over the bed, covering the child.

"I 'm awful glad to get home, Liz," he

said. "This is the first time I 've went anywhere without you in over two years, an' I missed you awful."

"What 's this about Mollie's intended?" she asked. "You all talked at once, so I could n't understand. I did n't know she had a sweetheart."

"I guess she was n't sure of it herself until to-day. Mr. Healey is me boss—the foreman at the factory. He 's been just daffy about Mollie for some time, an' I guess she liked him pretty well, for she jumped at going to the excursion when I told her he was goin' to be there. So, after gettin' them together an' seein' that things were goin' as they should, I just made meself scarce, an' they fixed it up between them."

"And you don't care, Tom? You don't—she don't— Oh, what a fool I 've been!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Nothin'—nothin'."

"There is somethin'. What is it?"

"I—I thought you were in love with Mollie. She 's so pretty, and you looked at her as if you loved her."

"Me in love with Mollie? Oh, Liz, you 're a fool, sure enough! No, my girl; you 're the only woman in the world I love, an' I don't want you to forget it."

"Oh, Tom, Tom! I 've been waitin' years to hear you say that, an' how near it come to bein' too late!"

"Too late? What do you mean?"

"Nothin'—nothin'," hastily. "Only I 'd 'most given up hopin' ever to hear it."

"Why, Liz! You knowed I loved you; but it 's not me way to talk much. I did n't think you ever doubted it, old girl."

"I never will again, Tom," she said softly; and slipping her arm through his, she led the way from the room, her face

shining with her new-found happiness. But Tom paused beside the bed.

"How's the boy been to-day?" he asked.

"Pretty cross. Come, Tom; they 're waitin' for us." She saw the bottle partly protruding from beneath the pillow, and was anxious to get Tom away, but he caught sight of it at the same moment.

"What 's this?" he asked gravely, drawing it from beneath the coverlet.

"Oh, nothin',"—trying to snatch it from his hand,—“just some medicine I got for the boy. He had a little fever this afternoon."

But her trembling eagerness betrayed her. Tom held her off and tore the wrapping from the bottle. His face went ashen as he read the label.

"This is not the medicine we give to children, Lizzie," he said sternly. "What does it mean?"

"It 's for cleanin', if you must know," defiantly. "You ask so many questions you have me crazy." But her eyes dropped before his glance, and she sank to her knees.

"Oh, Tom, don't be angry! Don't spoil the happiness I 've just found. That 's what it would have been if I 'd lost you."

There was a long silence, and she could hear Tom's heart beating as she pressed her face against his sleeve, not daring to raise her eyes to his face.

"Lizzie," he said at last, raising her tenderly, and his voice was husky, "no more of this, little woman, or you 'll break me heart. Mollie 'll be havin' a home of her own soon, an' I hope nothin' 'll ever come between us again. I 'll take care of the 'cleanin' stuff'; I don't like havin' it around. Now dry your eyes, an' we 'll go out an' help them to celebrate the engagement."



THE DOUBTFUL AGE

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS EVA FARLEIGH, IN ENGLAND,
TO HER SISTER, MRS. ELLA CHESTER, WHO HAD JUST LEFT ENGLAND
FOR SOUTH AMERICA

BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD

IN TWO PARTS

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

PART ONE

*"The White Lion,"
Hazeledge, March 28, 189—.*

My dearest Ella: It's so delicious to be in the country again that I can hardly contain myself. It seems, at any rate, as if I were too small to contain my satisfaction; and it vents itself in little bursts of meaningless energy. I keep running to the window to look out—my window framed in honeysuckle! Of course, it is n't out yet; but just think how sweet it will be later in the summer! Meantime I get joy by merely repeating its name to myself: "Honeysuckle!" How delightful are the names of the dear old-fashioned flowers! There is fragrance in their very syllables: honeysuckle, dahlia, sweet-pea, pansy. They all grow in the garden, my landlady tells me; and my beloved old brown wall-flower, too—there is so much homely comfort in the look of it! *That* will soon be in bloom, I can see, and I may pick as much as I want of it, Mrs. Green says; so you will be able to picture in your mind's eye a big blue bowl full of it in the middle of my table, and I, sitting with my arms around that bowlful, inhaling its fragrance, and not able to go on with my writing for love of it. You used to laugh at me for getting so much pleasure through my nose; but, indeed, it is something to be thankful for

in this sweet, fresh English springtime, when the air is full of the most delicious suspicions of scents. I'm enjoying myself, I can tell you, after dusky, smoky, sooty, ill-odorous London.

It is quite wicked of me, I know, to run on like this, boasting of the delights of dear old England in the tender springtime, when, I suppose, where you are it is hot and dry and glaring. *Is* that your climate? I am longing to hear your first impressions, and how you are settling down, and can hardly bear to wait these few weeks to hear from you on the way there.

For the present I can do nothing better than describe to you my immediate situation and surroundings.

As soon as possible after you sailed, I got my flat in trim order for the incoming tenants (I was lucky to get rid of it so soon), and packed up my traps to come here. This is a whitewashed little inn,—you know the simple picturesque kind that is in almost every English village,—with roses and honeysuckle growing up the front wall, and an untidy garden full of old-fashioned flowers, as aforesaid.

Mrs. Green, my landlady, brimming over with the milk of human kindness, is a link between me and the outside world, and keeps me in touch indirectly with

my fellow-creatures. Already I know the histories of nearly every one in the village.

I have slept a large part of the time since coming down here, and am already feeling much rested and able to take the long walks I enjoy so much. The trees are in a delightful state of young leafiness already, the air is mild, and everything wonderfully advanced this season.

But I must hurry up and tell you what I know will interest and amuse you—about my encounter with an ardent admirer. I was walking along the road some distance from here yesterday, and the sun was so positively glaring (in March!) that I had to hold my parasol before my eyes, and didn't see a youth coming in the opposite direction till I was just upon him; then, in hastily moving my parasol, whom should I see but young Egerton? He hadn't recognized me either till that moment, and it did one's heart good to see how his face brightened on beholding me. Off came his cap from his brown curls, and out came his cordial hand to greet me, and he was altogether so boyishly and unaffectedly glad to see me that I could n't help being glad, too.

It turns out that he lives in this neighborhood. His father, who, I understand, is somewhat of a recluse, has a house just about a mile and a half from my village inn, and Joe Egerton is home from Oxford, spending his Easter holidays. His jubilation was quite touching when he discovered I was here to stay awhile, especially when he found I was not visiting anybody and did not even know anybody around here; and he proceeded to make himself responsible for my entertainment by arranging all kinds of expeditions for us to take together—walks and bicycle-rides to every point of interest in the neighborhood, promising me introductions to all the people I cared to meet, and announcing that he would bring his father to call on me forthwith. He is really a dear boy. I finished my walk in his company and enjoyed it all the more, and ended by inviting him back to tea with me.

We had a cozy meal together, with Mrs. Green's fragrant tea, and piles of her delicious scones (piles were neces-

sary, I assure you), new-laid eggs, and homemade jam. It was a treat to see how that boy *wired* into his victuals. I suppose it was near his usual dinner-hour, and he was gladly missing that sophisticated urban meal—late dinner—for the sake of my company. And as for me, I found it quite warming to the cockles of my heart to see his handsome face opposite me at table, and listen to his brilliant, light-hearted talk bubbling forth without stint. Of course he stayed on after tea, and got more and more sentimental as the evening grew into darkness. There was a moon, and I made Mrs. Green forbear from lighting the lamp, and we sat there by the open window (it was so balmy) talking about all things in heaven and earth; and altogether I enjoyed it very much.

You will be smiling that sardonic smile of yours, and saying that I am a silly old thing; and I suppose I am. But I was feeling so desolate after saying good-by to you and the children for dear knows how many years, feeling dreadfully alone in the world with no one near to care for me, that it was very "grateful and comforting" to have this warm, generous boyish devotion lavished on me. It was like having a warm shawl wrapped round my shoulders on a chilly night, and of course I liked it. I know you will object, that if that is the kind of utilitarian view I take of it, it's not fair to the youth. Neither it is. I'll be more careful in my behavior next time. Meanwhile, the dear boy has made me happy for the first time since you sailed, and I went to bed last night full of soft thoughts of him.

March 31.—It's easy to make good resolutions, but not so easy to act upon them. Joe takes possession of me in such a calm matter-of-course way that I am powerless to protest. He introduced me to his father as if I were an old friend, whereas the simple truth is that he had seen me only once before I came here. Do you remember that night at the Laurences' when we first met him, and it seemed to be a case of love at first sight with the gentleman, and he devoted himself to me all evening in such a naïve, open way that everybody was smiling over my sudden

conquest? "I came, *he* saw, I conquered!" Then, when he called, I was out, you remember, and things seemed at an end—till now. Now he resumes the interrupted acquaintance as if we had known each other since all eternity.

Still, there's no use taking too much credit to my charms, after all. The boy is glad to find something to do down here and to find somebody to play with. His father gracefully intimated as much to me during his call, hoped I would not let Joe bore me, said he was grateful to me on his boy's account, and so on.

Said father is delightful. But, indeed, one could see by five minutes' talk with Joe that he comes of good stock. The father is a plain-looking edition of Joe, only darker, with black hair thickly silvered; even taller, rather gaunt in figure, but stately. There are just the two of them, Joe and his father, and they seem devoted to each other. Their story as related by Joe and Mrs. Green at different times (I wish I had the facile pen that could reproduce for you Mrs. Green's racy idiom) is somewhat as follows:

Mr. Egerton is the younger son of a good old county family (his brother is a baronet, with no sons of his own, so Joe will succeed to the title one of these days), one of those conventional, Conservative hidebound families that have been the same generation after generation. But Joe's father appears to be a "sport," and has developed perfectly unexpected ideas and customs. He is a Liberal-Radical; non-military, anti-imperialistic, pro-Boer; unorthodox, ultra-democratic in his sympathies, and everything else terrible you can think of. Hence consternation in the highly respectable Egerton family, who look upon him as a most disreputable relative. The intention had been to educate him for the church; but he proved to be agnostic or "atheistic" or something in his principles, so that little scheme fell through. Then the idea was to send him to Parliament; but he refused to profess the recognized family politics, and they did n't feel disposed to use their influence on his behalf in any other constituency, and apparently he was not keen to try for a seat himself. I believe, however, that he has ambitions for Joe.

His brother is a fox-hunting squire who does n't care for anything but his own amusement.

Mr. Egerton has been much interested in the conditions of the agricultural laborer's life,—another occasion of disagreement with his family,—and since the baronet will brook no interference on his own estates, has busied himself on the parish council here, and done what he could in quiet, unobtrusive ways for the good of the people round about.

He even married against his family's wishes. There was a rich heiress pining for him, they say, but he insisted on marrying for love and not for money. His wife, though well born, was absolutely poor. Unfortunately, she became an invalid after Joe's birth, and died after a year or two. So Joe has been brought up exclusively by his father, whose misdeeds have been crowned by the imparting of his own dangerous tendencies to the heir.

Mr. Egerton lives on a small income left him by his mother, which he supplements by literary work (political, mainly), and occupies a picturesque house some little way out of the village, the acquaintance of which I am to make before long, as Joe insists on getting up a luncheon for me. Mr. Egerton impresses me as a strong character, rather reserved and even stern, who must have felt his unpopular position in his own family very much, while remaining quite inflexible as regards his own opinions. He seems to have no ambitions on his own account,—or at least not the ordinary ambitions—and is entirely modest about his quiet, upright life and labors in behalf of others, and centers all his hopes in Joe. I trust the lad won't disappoint him. At any rate, he has great affection for his Dad, and I like to see the two together.

I have had two long walks with Joe since this letter began, and have decided he is very companionable, and that it brightens existence wonderfully to have him about. Also, he has insisted upon coming to tea with me again. He is a great favorite with Mrs. Green, and, indeed, with everybody around. The boy is not selfish, either. He is fairly willing to share me with other people, and talks of getting up a picnic, and a boating-

party, and what not, which involves the introducing of me to at least one other family in the vicinity.

Do you know, Ella, I am beginning to wonder whether it "would do"? And having made that confession, I may remark that I am glad you are on your way to the other side of the world. I should never dream of saying to you all those things that I write, nor could I possibly write to you as freely as I am doing if you were in London, when I could get an answer to my letter by return of post, bringing me your elder-sisterly remonstrances and scoldings. I should feel ashamed of myself for having indulged in such confidences, and should shrink into my shell again. But since I know it will be nearly three months before I can get an answer to my letter,—and I may be an utterly different being in three months,—it gives me a sense of immunity. I may say what I like quite unabashed, enjoying the luxury of making confession, which they say is good for the soul; use you like a diary, in fact. It helps to make things clear to myself, if I can just set them forth in cold black and white.

After all, what is there against the marriage of myself and Joe Egerton? I am ten years older than he is; that is virtually the only reason, and it is n't such a very strong one, after all. It is quite the fashion these days for women to marry men much younger than themselves, and the marriages turn out happily enough.

You will at once ask me, I know, with the severity of a romantically married matron: "Are you in love with him? That's the only reason *for* the marriage."

Well, I don't know that I am—yet; but I think I could easily be, if I let myself go.

The trouble is, I am a modern, complicated, conscientious woman, who bothers herself as to reasons and motives, instead of listening to the single voice of instinct. I'm afraid one minute of being selfish and unfair to him if I *do* marry him; why should I saddle him with an elderly wife? And the next minute I am wondering whether it is n't heartless cruelty on my part not to return his generous affection and make him happy by saying "Yes."

Oh, I could make him deliciously happy

—for a short time at least! But would it last? Have we enough interests in common to keep us united and sympathetic beyond the glamour of the honeymoon? That's what I am trying to decide for myself.

As one gets older, one gets more fastidious and clear-sighted, and detects the defects in a man. They all have 'em.

But one also learns not to expect perfection, and to be content with something a good deal less. One is even prepared to accept marriage on a less ideal basis than romantic affection on one's own part. The lonely spinster hankers after companionship and a home; and if the man in the case is romantically in love with *her*, does n't that seem enough?

Perhaps you won't appreciate all this, for you were married early, while you were in the glow of youthful romance and thoroughly in love with your Ned. But, bless me, woman! have n't you found out since that he is n't nearly so perfect as you thought him, and are you any the more disposed on that account to give him up? Not likely! Well, the middle-aged bride's disillusion comes before marriage instead of after—that's all the difference.

I know there are some good spinsters who absorb themselves so thoroughly in other people's interests that they never realize their own loneliness—devoted maiden aunts who are so bound-up in their nephews and nieces that it never occurs to them to regret not having any children of their own. But, alas! I am not of that unselfish variety! I want somebody to belong to *me* specially, so that it will make all the difference to their happiness whether I am here or there. Now you know very well that a sister is not indispensable where there is a wife, nor a maiden aunt where there is a fond mother. Besides, you and yours are the only near folk I have in the world, and you are not near in the sense of being within my reach. Can I, wasting on my virgin stalk, be content to know that there are some very dear belongings of mine in South America? No, Sister Ella, I can't.

Some people would tell me to take comfort in my work; it is so necessary in the cause of humanity for women to be on all manner of public bodies (so it is); I

have quite distinguished myself as a Poor Law Guardian (I am proud of it); few members, male or female, have done such useful committee-work as I have on our vestry in London (I know it; I have been a surprise to myself): but men have all the fun of their work, and the domestic affections as well.

I want to live, *live*, LIVE—live *deep*, as well as live broad or high. I want a more vivid life than any I have yet known. I resent being left out of woman's deepest experiences—wifedom and motherhood. Not to know these is to come wofully short of my destiny as a woman. Not the most brilliant and useful career in the world can compensate; nor can I be considered anything but a failure in the great scheme of nature.

This rebellious feeling is not altogether new since your departure, though undoubtedly it seems to have burst out recently, perhaps since Joe Egerton has been demonstrating how much he cares for me. How can I help being touched when I see how easily I can make him happy or unhappy? His pathetic brown eyes seem to be demanding my heart all the time. When I speak his name (I have got the length of calling him "Joe"), he straightens himself with such a proud, delighted gesture. When I touch his hand as he helps me over difficult places in our rambles, I feel a thrill going through him. How can I remain unmoved? I am not made of ice. The sweetness of it all appeals to me if I am ten years his senior. Do you blame me? And spring in the air, too!

Perhaps I'm taking the whole thing too seriously. After all, every man has to experience calf-love. I suppose I ought to laugh at myself for looking upon this as anything else. And if poor dear Joe *had* to fall in love with a woman older than himself, he couldn't have fallen in love with a safer person.

Or perhaps you think I am treating the whole thing too frivolously? Oh, if you only knew! It's a great temptation, sister mine.

By the time you reach South America, it will probably have been decided whether I yield or resist.

Hazeledge, April 9.

Dear Ella: I have only time for a short

letter before the mail goes, but I wrote you such a long one last week that perhaps you won't be sorry. It seems absurd to complain of lack of leisure when I am in a sleepy village, supposed to be taking a holiday; but, indeed, I have been kept "on the go" ever since my last. Of course Joe Egerton is mainly responsible. At his instigation, people from all round have come to call upon me, and been just as nice and cordial and hospitable as possible. The result has been a succession of informal lunches and afternoon teas and drives and motor-rides and lawn-tennis parties, so that I have scarcely had time to turn round; and if I did, there was Joe sure to be at my elbow, suggesting some cozy little expedition for just our two selves.

It has all been very pleasant, and yet already I am tired of it, and shall be almost glad when next month comes, and all the good people go up to town for the season, and leave me to enjoy the glorious sweet country in the height of its beauty. Isn't it foolish for people to live in the country all through the bare winter, and then, whenever the country begins to clothe itself with color and the air gets intoxicating with sweetness, and all the young things begin to live, and "mere existence is perfect bliss," to rush off to town and wear themselves to death with its most artificial pleasures? "Lord, what fools we mortals be!"

My round of gaieties began with a charming little luncheon given for me by Mr. Egerton, to introduce me to my nearest neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Lestrangle and their two daughters, who live at the Moat House (their avenue-gate opens upon the road where my inn stands). The curate, Mr. Bainbridge, completed the party.

It was so interesting to see the inside of the Egertons' house, and I came away enchanted with its possibilities. Mr. Egerton is a man of artistic tastes: but, then, it is so easy to be artistic when you grow up among the exquisite old furniture that your ancestors have collected for you and bequeathed to you; and not only old furniture, but old silver, and old china, and old glass, and everything old and nice. Mr. Egerton does not do much collecting himself, for, for one thing, he has n't a great deal of money;

and, secondly, he spends it chiefly on others.

But he has indulged in a few modern pictures by living artists, some of whom he has actually "discovered," Joe says, or at least helped into public notice and a competency. He seems, at any rate, to have plenty of artist-friends, and one or two of his choicest "bits" are gifts from their authors. Their drawing room (a very *mannish* drawing room, somehow) was hung with the most delightful water-colors. I longed to spend all the time looking at them, but no one else of the party would take the least interest in them. "Oh, yes, sweetly pretty, sweetly pretty!" said Mrs. Lestrangle when I appealed to her for sympathy, and, "Are n't they jolly?" responded the younger Miss Lestrangle, absently, when I asked for appreciation from her. So I gave it up. But Mr. Egerton noticed the attraction they had for me, and has asked me to go again some day to have a quiet look at his treasures. He makes a delightful host, he is so sympathetic, and, in that quiet way of his, seems to divine what people are thinking and wishing, and arranges accordingly.

But artistic as the house was, it was an artistic *confusion*. I longed to be able to get to work, and put things where they belonged, and give just those feminine touches that are needed to make a place look homelike. There's something pathetic in the fact that these two innocent men should be living there together all by themselves with no woman to care for them.

We had a refreshingly simple little luncheon, very well served, on the whole. Joe is apparently the one who looks after this branch of the housekeeping; at any rate, he looked a little responsible and nervous during the course of the meal, in case things did n't go right.

As for the company, the Lestranges are a typical English family, and it hardly seems necessary to go into details. Mr. Lestrangle is a genial, red-faced country squire—you know the type. His wife is a genial, red-faced, motherly, house-keeping woman, with two marriageable daughters—you understand all *that* implies. The daughters, Maud and Polly, are two sensible rosy-cheeked girls, devoted to horses and dogs and an outside

life. When not in riding-habits, they go about usually in short skirts and stout boots, take long walks, incredible bicycle-rides, play lawn-tennis "awfully well," and can row a boat almost as well as Joe himself, and he is one of the crack men of his college. He rows in his college eight in Eights Week,—did I tell you?—and is having his final fling here during the Easter holidays, so he explains, before he goes back to Oxford and begins to train. Of course I have already been solemnly made to swear that I will go up to Oxford for that rare occasion.

Well, I begin to understand why my society has charms for a clever young chap like Joe, even though I am not young or particularly athletic, and cannot ride. As far as his out-of-door pursuits are concerned, these Lestrangle girls are much better adapted to him physically than I am; but they have so few ideas beyond, they are like good, simple children. Naturally, Master Joe, who has been discussing every idea that ever occurred to anybody with other brilliant young men at Oxford, feels immensely more experienced, and looks down with a lofty contempt on these nice girls. A woman of my age and experience can hardly help being a trifle more subtle. But although I am nice, I am not obviously nice. I have always maintained that it takes a clever man to appreciate me (you may make the emphasis where you please). I consider Joe's liking for me a tribute to his own intelligence; it is not every one who can appreciate the subtle. The things he likes in me are precisely what most men think queer and uncomfortable. That goes a long way with me in deciding that Joe is the man I ought to marry; for it is one of my matrimonial maxims that a woman ought to marry the man who can appreciate her "little ways." Some men they displease; and some they shock, or at least startle; and some don't see them at all: the man who dotes on them is the only safe choice.

But there! There seems no end to my egotism; and though you *did* tell me to "be egotistic" in my letters, even you must be getting tired of me.

I wish the bairns were here! The absurd little rag-doll, the treasure of Mol-

lie's heart that she parted with for her dear Auntie's sake, sits on my dressing table, and salutes me every morning. At first it moved me to smiles every time I looked at the thing; but yesterday the sight of it seemed to touch another chord, and I sat down and cried, with the dollie in my lap. I *wish* you were n't so far away!

April 13. Forgive me if my letters are monotonous. There is one subject that bulks so largely on my horizon at present that I can see nothing else, and that subject is Joe.

I keep studying his disposition, and wondering whether it would be a good thing for him if I were to join my fortunes with his. Already, you see, I have got to the point where it clearly appears a good thing for *me*.

The lad is *all* temperament. That 's what makes me feel that it might be best for him to have a wife like myself, old, mature, and steady—*if only* I could be sure that I *am* steady, and not a mere chaos of feelings and opinions and principles. And there is a point where I seem to feel his superiority to my weak femininity. *Is* it his masculinity, or is it simply his youth, that makes him have strong convictions on matters where I have nothing but doubts?

Ten years ago, for instance, how I should have scorned myself (of nowadays) for so much as considering whether I should marry a man so much younger than myself! Now I can't tell whether I am not a fool for not jumping at the chance.

I seem to have sloughed my first set of convictions, as I shed my milk teeth, and have nothing to take their place. Alas! better have only milk teeth, though, than be toothless, don't you think so?

April 16. I would have you to know that, except for that first evening in the moonlight, I have been trying all along to be discouraging to Joe, acting the part of older sister, pleased to walk with him and talk with him, for want of anybody else, but suppressing any attempt at sentiment on the young man's part by meeting it with an innocent unconsciousness of his meaning. That, you appreciate, is much more wet-blanketing

to a man than to be met by a sense of resistance.

But, do you know, in the short time since I came down here he has got so pale and thin, and his fine eyes have that *dumb* look that comes into the eyes of people when you have hurt their feelings, that it has melted my heart with pity and ruth, and I am resolved that the thing has got to end one way or another; it is too cruel to keep him dragging on so. It will be much kinder to give him a chance to speak out.

I remember a man saying to me once (he was not a Puritan, either, but a rather nice man of the world) that no right-minded woman ought to have more than one proposal in the course of her life, and that the one she accepts. His idea was that any intelligent woman could see a mile away when a man was beginning to fall in love with her, and, if she did not mean to marry him, ought gently to avert the proposal, to save the man the mortification of a refusal. The kind of woman who likes to dangle scalps at her belt he dismissed from the conversation with a sniff. I argued with him that a woman needed some experience before she could so readily tell; a young girl, for instance, was hardly to be blamed if her first proposal took her by surprise. After some discussion, he grudgingly granted two proposals,—one for experience and one for use,—but no more.

But *my* experience is that men don't like to be "averted." They will have far kinder feelings for you forever after if you lead them on and on, and then refuse them point-blank, than if you gently dissuade them from ever proposing at all. It seems less mortifying to their vanity, though I 'm sure I don't know why.

Yes, I do, too. Of course, if you let them fall in love with you, they have a tender feeling for you, no matter what you do; and if you don't, they *have n't* a tender feeling for you. It's quite simple, after all. But Joe is already in love with me, and Joe goes back to Oxford very soon now.

When I begin to think what it will mean to me to reject Joe's warm young love, and go shivering back in the cold to my lonely life in London, I feel it is too much to expect of me. It will be

so much more easy and pleasant to make him happy along with myself (I can just imagine the light that will leap into his eyes when I say yes!).

April 17. I am restless and cannot settle to anything but a talk with you, so I am going to describe to you a scene that happened to-day.

Joe came to take me for a row, by previous arrangement, the day being as mild as milk. He always looks so well in his flannels, he is so long and lithe, so clear-featured and clean-limbed. Our plan was to row for an hour or so on the little river, and back to the Eger-ton's boathouse (the river runs past the foot of their garden), where we were to disembark, as Joe wanted to show me a portrait of his mother that hangs in his father's study; and then we were to walk home together.

We started off very silently. I was a little oppressed with the portentousness of the resolution I had made, and Joe, so far from realizing that I was at last of a more "coming-on disposition," took some little time to understand the altered state of affairs. He had a subdued air about him at first, as if he had finally made up his mind that the case was hopeless, yet saw no reason why his tenderness should abate because I was unresponsive, but had determined to make me as happy as he could while he remained in Hazeledge. At least that is how I read my cavalier's mind as interpreted through his behavior.

There is something nobly generous and self-forgetful in a youth's first love. The same man may have different characteristics at different ages, but, while young, how he throws self-interest, prudence, everything, grandly to the winds, asks nothing from the woman but her love, and is lavishly anxious to bestow himself and everything he has upon her! He does not criticize, he does not exact: he only seeks to please. An older man chooses the object of his affections with more reference to himself. He waits and watches and observes, to see whether she is worthy to be his wife, whether she has the social gifts that will make him proud of her in company, or a talent for repartee that will prevent him from being bored by her in the privacy of

domesticity. He asks quite as much as he gives: it is a commercial bargain.

In one way, perhaps, it is more of a compliment to be "selected" by such a wary eye from among so many other nice women. With the youth, it is more a matter of blind Nature's prompting; but give me blind Nature's promptings, say I! Give me the ardent, unquestioning devotion of a youth all aglow! It touches me to an answering generosity and uncriticalness.

"It shall not be a matter of calculation between us, Joe. If you can succeed in making me love you, I will love you. And I will give you every chance." (The italics represent the burden of my thoughts on our way down to the river.)

And so I was soft and sympathizing to Joe, and he is too susceptible to remain long unresponsive to the state of the mental atmosphere. The real, physical atmosphere, too, had, I daresay, its effect upon both our moods. It was one of the most exhilarating of spring afternoons, the air caressing and fresh and fragrant, and we had the most idyllic waterway to glide along. The fields come down on one side nearly to the edge of the Hazel, leaving just room enough for a fringe of trees on the bank for the sunlight to sift through; and the woods begin in good earnest on the other. The trees have just budded into their first delicate green. And down this peaceful emerald avenue we—drifted, I was going to say; but there was no sense of drifting in the strong, firm recurrence of Joe's oar-strokes. I was being unmistakably borne triumphantly along at his will and at his mercy. It was a deliciously irresponsible feeling. I nestled among my cushions and dreamed and allegorized. And the "nimble air" got gradually into my blood.

Once we landed, on catching sight of a patch of wind-flowers in the wood. You know how *daft* I am about flowers. They were growing there in their myriads, delicate white stars twinkling above their elaborate green leaves. Joe, the poetical, says wind-flowers remind him of me: they are so slight and graceful and pale-hued and transparent—like me in my appearance, and also because they suggest the Quakerish tints I affect in my dress,

which he much admires. But, most of all, the unexpected gleam of their pinkish-silvery undersides, when they bow their starry heads to the breeze, is like the gleam of my "silver humor" peeping out through my melancholy! *Et cetera* and so on.

We gathered handfuls and heartfuls of beauty from that anemone-patch, until we grew wearied-out with the luxury of it, and, half-loath to leave what we could not gather, wended happily on our way.

We were both lighter-hearted after that little episode. Joe had plucked up courage again, and was, oh, so sincere!

Everything around me was exhaling youth and joy and hope, till it seemed as if even for me there must be vivid and joyous life ahead. It had been ridiculous of me to feel so old and worn-out; it was only that I was tired with my winter's work. I had been too much among the poor and unfortunate in city slums, and taken their burden on my heart till it was heavy, and till there seemed no happiness anywhere in all the world—and behold! here it had come to meet me with outstretched hands! I had only to grasp at the golden opportunity and make it mine.

Joe, pulling away at his oars, looked so handsome and strong and purposeful. How his high spirits would shoulder away through life for my more melancholy nature! and how I, who have been through so much, and gaged the relative importance of things, could take the sting out of most troubles and trials for him!

And meantime it felt so sweet to be able to make him happy. That hour on the river was the loveliest experience I ever had in my life. I don't think we talked much, but every little word was so brimful of feeling that it made the air tremble.

At last Joe broke off abruptly what he was saying, and with a little catch in his voice said: "When we get home, there is a question I want to ask you. May I take you straight there?"

He rested on his oars, and looked at me appealingly; and I answered "Yes" as bravely as I could. I guessed that the dear fellow was going to ask me for my love in the presence of his mother's portrait.

So he bent to his oars again, and we skimmed lightly along, swifter than any arrow from the bow, it seemed to me, with a secret between us that we dared not disturb by so much as a whisper.

As we neared the garden boathouse, I felt my heart going faster and faster, and could scarcely breathe. Was life really going to be so charming for me? I knew how he was feeling, and dared not look at him.

"If only I can stave off the moment till I get some control of myself!" I kept saying nervously, under my breath, and the next thing our boat had touched land, and Joe had vaulted out to help me ashore. Something magnetic in the clasp of his warm hand forced me to meet his eyes: there was a masterful bright look in them that fairly compelled me. He had only to speak the word and I should surrender.

It all happened more quickly than I can say. He put his arm around me to steady me as I stepped out of the boat, his grasp on my hand tightened, I felt his hot breath stir my hair; with a quick pant he began to speak—Just at that moment there was an irruption of females from the house, calling "Joe! Joe!" at the top of their voices. It looked to me at first, startled by the sudden onslaught, like a whole crowd of maenads and wild beasts, rushing and shouting; but it resolved itself at last into three perfectly respectable young ladies, accompanied by their dogs—the two Lestrangle girls and another whom they introduced as Miss Lynn, a visitor. She was a birdlike little creature, with eyes that seemed to take note of everything. At the very first glance they showed a distinct appreciation of the handsome Joe, and it struck me by the curious way she looked at me that she divined that the arrival of her party had interrupted an interesting scene. But it may have been only my fancy; and, anyhow, the Lestrangle girls were perfectly innocent of being "*de trop*." They had come, they announced, to have afternoon tea with Joe (such informalities were a matter of course with them, who had grown up with Joe from infancy), and his cook had a reputation for making a special kind of hot cake which they also vociferously

demand. They all seemed very young and gay and deafening—by which you will perceive that Joe was not the only one put out by their sudden appearance on the scene. Of course he had to play the host graciously, and order tea, and of course I was pressed to stay; but, under the circumstances, I thought it would be easier for all parties if I went: so I excused myself and departed. Poor boy! His white face looked as sharp as a knife. I felt mean to stalk off and leave him like that; but what could I do?

Ever since I have been experiencing the dull, flat sensation that comes after a climax missed. I cannot believe it was I who had those vivid feelings and hopes this afternoon. I am wondering now whether the next time Joe gets round to the crucial point I shall be in the same soft mood and ready to say "Yea."

And can you imagine the weak, foolish thing I have done since? I am so ashamed of myself that I *have* to confess to you. In the middle of the evening Mrs. Green announced that young Mr. Egerton was below and wanted to speak with me. I, in a panic, excused myself from seeing him. I was n't expecting him at that minute, and did n't feel ready, somehow. Since that moment in the garden, I have become suddenly shy of Joe, and afraid to meet him again. Is that what they call being "coy?" It deserves a deeper-sounding name. But I don't know what to make of myself, nor what poor Joe will think of me.

April 21. There is time to add a little before this need catch the mail, and in thinking over the happenings of the last few days it would seem that Cynthia Lynn is the most important happening. The girl is quite a fascinating study. She is petite and dark, not exactly pretty, but "chic" and well-dressed, a great deal younger than I am, but old enough to have had some experience of the world. She seems to have lived some time in France, but has not been brought up at all like the French *jeune fille*. Rather has she the finesse of the most accomplished society woman. She is clever, and, after all, the word I used for her first, though obnoxious by commonplaceness, is really the word for her: she is chic. She thoroughly understands her

own limitations, which I think the top-notch of wisdom. I am always attempting a vast amount more than I can ever perform, and have a lively admiration for the people who reserve themselves for the things they can do well. Miss Lynn sings charmingly: she has not much voice, which fact she perfectly well recognizes herself, and sings nothing but bright little French or Italian *chansons*, interesting on account of their verve and style rather than for their music. They're the sort that always bring down the house.

Then she can dance, and it is typical courage on her part to pose as solo dancer when the fad for skirt-dancing is so long past. It is delightful to watch her. She composes her own dances mostly; quite often they are impromptu, and down here they generally have to be, as she depends chiefly on Joe's impromptu accompaniment. Polly Le-strange has conscientiously learned a few of her set dances, and thumps away at them good-naturedly; but I notice Miss Lynn prefers Joe's music—and no wonder.

She can also play lawn tennis and golf vastly better than the average girl, and I believe can even sing coon songs to a banjo accompaniment.

You will observe she is a lady of many accomplishments, and I am realizing how superior is the art of doing to the art of being. I, as you well know, can do nothing. It avails not to pretend to despise those "parlor tricks"; it remains a fact that she who can *do* has an immense advantage over her who merely *is*. All that I said in a former letter about not being obviously nice, etc., now comes back to me, weighted with a meaning other than I had intended.

Miss Lynn undoubtedly "has the field" at present. Of course she has quite frankly "gone for" Mr. Joe, as he is the only attractive young male within reach. She is the sort of girl who prefers masculine society (very sensible of her! I believe I do myself), and openly bids for it. When Mr. Bainbridge was here, she likewise exercised her fascinations on him; but he has departed, and the new curate has not yet come.

It is very amusing, too, to watch her



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"THERE WAS NO SENSE OF DRIFTING."

pretty little ways with Joe's father, an ally not to be at all despised. I have always felt a little afraid of the gentleman, though I like and respect him ever so much. Just on that account I am afraid of him, I suppose, and have never ventured to "make up to" him, even for Joe's sake. Nor was it, perhaps, necessary, when I could boast of Joe's wholehearted allegiance.

But now the scene has changed. Joe has transferred his allegiance, holus-bolus, wholesale, and thoroughly, to the new charmer. In other words, he dances attendance on Miss Cynthia Lynn.

The transference of said allegiance is so extremely complete, as well as so extremely sudden, that it does n't deceive me in the least. It is not that Joe is fickle, dear lad, but that he is for the moment, oh! tremendously diplomatic! But, alas! for his Machiavellian schemes! I can see through the dear innocent fellow as if he were made of glass.

He has been studiously avoiding me the last day or two, and I can hardly wonder at it, considering the way I treated him. But he has n't thrown me over, for all that. His plan is to make me jealous, thus hoping to arouse passion to a flame within me, which being accomplished, he will return with a *je-ne-sais-quoi* of magnanimity, and a great deal of relief, to my feet.

That is the situation at present, sister mine. Admit that it is highly romantic.

April 23. I quite admire Joe's persistency. To be sure, it cannot be much of a hardship to have the sympathetic company of so interesting a girl as Cynthia Lynn. As for her, she is a bit of a minx, and is therefore thoroughly enjoying her conquest, and her triumph over me; for she is quite keen enough to realize the situation, and, anyhow, I suppose the Le-strange girls have gossiped to her. My friendship with Joe is very much taken for granted.

At times I am feminine enough—feline enough, I might say—to be anxious to show her that her triumph is not so great as she supposes, seeing that up till now I have leaned all my weight on her side. If I were to pull just the least little way against her, I am confident she

would have little cause to triumph. And really I do wish I might try my strength with her, just for the fun of the thing. But, alas! my reason and intelligence and good sense all seem to fight against me, and are much more effectual fighters than she, if she only knew it! She is much more appropriate for Joe than I, and, after all, it is Joe's welfare I have at heart much more than my own petty triumph. She is young, to begin with, ready to start on a career along with Joe, who has all his future before him: with me it would be a case of starting life all over again. There is a useful amount of worldly ambition about her, and a shrewd practicalness that might be very advisable to help along Joe's idealism. Life is not all poetry. She enjoys society, and shines in it, and would make a clever hostess and an effective baronet's lady.

My doubt is whether she is *motherly* enough for Joe. Don't smile too loud, Ella. He really needs petting, and you know very well how hard and self-seeking the modern young woman is apt to be, and how utterly comfortless and joyless a home can be if it's all outside and no inside. I am afraid she thinks too exclusively of outward show, and looks on matrimony purely as a matter of common sense, and not of romance.

However, Joe ought to be able to find out the soft spot in her heart, if anybody can.

And so I don't stir, or, at least, only to encourage Joe in his devotion to Miss Lynn, and to suggest further expeditions for them to make together. I know the surrounding country so well now, thanks to Joe, and rather enjoy teasing the boy by prompting him to repeat with Miss Lynn our dear little private excursions. He does n't like it a bit, and is quite savage with me, I can see; but is bent on making me feel the loss of his devotion and companionship. Really, I miss him a good deal.

I am a little provoked beneath it all that he should be so foolish and so straightforward as to try diplomacy with me; and am just sufficiently pricked by the jealousy he is doing his best to inculcate to resolve that he shall miss *me*. Behold a duel *à outrance*!



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MR. EGERTON . . . TOOK ME IN TO SUPPER"

April 24. To-morrow Joe goes off to Oxford. To-night there was a party at the Lestranges, from which I have just got home. Let me tell you about it.

Joe kept up his policy of neglect all the evening. Cynthia Lynn shone like a bright, particular star. She danced, she sang, she talked almost brilliantly, and made a great impression on "the party," which consisted of a houseful of guests and all the surrounding families within reasonable distance—not a large gathering at that. All the young men vied with one another as satellites of Miss Lynn, but she openly gave the preference to Joe, and I was always coming upon them in corners of conservatories, or in a nook of the supper-room, or strolling in corridors, till the thing waxed positively comic.

Mr. Egerton, who was at the party, too (an unusual appearance that excited general comment), was not at all pleased with his son's behavior, and did his best to make up for it by kind attentions to me, took me in to supper, etc., and, when the time came, offered to see me home. We broke up early; it was a lovely night; and as the Lestranges' house is so near my inn, of course I meant to walk home.

I was making my adieux, when up came Joe to do ditto, and remarked: "Of course you will let me see you home, Miss Farleigh?" He had taken it for granted that, as usual, there was no one else to do it. I chuckled with inward satisfaction that I was able to say that his father had already kindly arranged to escort me. What a crestfallen Joe it was! His face grew so long that I began to be sorry for him; yet he quite deserved the disappointment. I understood now that he had looked forward to this walk as the consummation of the evening, and had intended to "make it all up" on the way home; he had meant to confess to me how he had been acting intentionally for these last few days (as if I did n't know it!), how his heart was really true to me, and how he wanted a pledge of my affection before he returned to Oxford. He relied upon the warmth of the parting moment to weigh with me in being kind to him, and in allowing him to be extra kind to me.

And now his father, of all the unexpected interferences, was going to spoil

it all. He did not give up the point without argument: told his father it was his special prerogative to see me home, and must not be interfered with. Mr. Egerton remarked calmly that he supposed I would have no objections to letting Joe walk along with us. I protested with great cordiality that I should be delighted; but of course this did not please Joe a bit better. He then got desperate and retired with his father into a corner to represent his case. I should like to have heard what he said, but, whatever it was, Mr. Egerton was gently inexorable, and would not be shaken off. I have noticed this calm imperturbability in Mr. Egerton before; his enemies would call it obstinacy, I suppose, and his friends, firmness. He seemed to want to punish his son for his cool behavior of that evening. Cynthia Lynn next tried to detain Joe by some exercise of her witchery; but matters had gone too far: he was now in no mood for dalliance. At last we all three set off, a case of where three was no company, indeed. Mr. Egerton and I conversed animatedly all the way home; Joe lagged sulkily behind, with his head down, and said never a word.

When we got to the inn, Joe eagerly proposed to come in and light my lamp for me. "Don't wait, father, I'll soon catch you up." Mrs. Green, as usual, had left a candle just inside the door for me, and it did not take long to light *that*. I did not invite him to come in, as he evidently hoped; and his father, who *had* waited, laid a hortatory hand on his arm and bade him not linger, as Miss Farleigh must be tired and ought to go straight to bed. "Besides, you've got to be up betimes yourself in the morning." And so poor Joe was led away like a reluctant child.

I did *not* feel tired, as it happened, and, after getting into my dressing-gown, sat down to write to you, and relieve—

Later. I was interrupted just there by something coming through my open window, *flop!* on to the floor. When I investigated, to see what it was, I found a red, red rose.

And thereby hangs a tale.

At the party to-night Miss Lynn was dressed in bright yellow, very becoming

to her, with a dark red rose in her hair, and one pinned on her shoulder. It was a rather daring contrast, but made its effect accordingly. However, I heard Joe, early in the evening, remonstrating with her about the combination, I imagine just for the sake of teasing a little (he poses as an esthete, among other things), and rallied her into removing the roses. He got her some daffodils instead, with their cool green leaves, and arranged them himself on her corsage, with much talking of his own delightful nonsense the while. Several of us were standing round, looking on, and laughing at his fun. I took up one of the roses to smell it (extravagant young thing, Miss Lynn, to have provided yourself with roses at this time of year!), and drew it across my lips meditatively as I was talking to some one. I really had n't thought what I was doing till I had laid the rose down again, and saw Joe furtively put his hand upon it when he thought nobody was looking. Then I remembered.

So you will understand whence came the red, red rose that flopped through my window.

I went and looked out. There was Joe standing bare-headed in the moonlight, looking up at me. He had come to say good-by—could n't say it while his father was hanging round. Was it too late to come up and talk to me? *Much* too late, I assured him; I had already begun to go to bed, and he must talk low, so as not to disturb Mrs. Green and her household.

It is difficult to be eloquent in remote whispers, so he had virtually to confine himself to reminding me of my promise to go up to Oxford for the Eights Week, and begging permission to write to me.

"Why, of course, my dear boy," I said, "I shall be glad to hear from you. Don't get into any scrapes while you are away. And now good-night and good-by!"

"I say," he whispered hoarsely back, "do you mind throwing me down that rose again?"

(To be continued)



SENATOR HOAR

In Memoriam

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

YOU of the spirit fresh with *Mayflower* dew,
 A Pilgrim Father faithful to the end,
 Stout-hearted foe and truest-hearted friend,
 Who never trimmed your sails to winds that blew
 With breath of popular favor, but foreknew
 Storm followed sun, and, knowing, did depend
 On One behind all storm high aid to lend,
 And from Heaven's fount alone your wisdom drew,

Farewell! In these illiterate later days
 We ill can spare the good gray head that wore
 The honors of a nation. Fare you well!
 When Love and Justice climb the starry ways,
 And Freedom wins the height where angels dwell,
 They there shall find your presence gone before.

WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF MISS CONSTANTINE¹

BY ANTHONY HOPE

I



O remember what 's expected of her!" cried my sister Jane. It was not the first time that she had uttered this appeal; I dare say she had good cause for making it. I had started with the rude masculine idea that there was nothing expected—and nothing in particular to be expected—of the girl, except that she should please herself and, when the proper time came, invite the rest of us to congratulate her on this achievement.

Jane had seen the matter very differently from the first. She was in close touch with the Lexingtons and all their female friends and relatives; she was imbued with their views and feelings, and was unremitting in her efforts to pass them on to me. At least she made me understand, even if I could not entirely share, what was felt at female headquarters; but I was not going to let her see that. I did not want to take sides in the matter, and had no intention of saying anything that Jane could quote either to Lady Lexington or to Miss Constantine herself.

"What is expected of her?" I asked carelessly, taking my pipe out of my mouth.

"Nobody exactly 'presses her,—well, there 's nobody who has the right,—but of course she feels it herself," Jane explained. She knitted her brows and added, "It must be overwhelming."

"Then why in the world does n't she do it?" I asked. Here I was, I admit, being aggravating, in the vulgar sense of that word. For Jane's demeanor hinted

at the weightiest, the most disturbing reasons, and I had in my heart very little doubt about what they were.

"Can't you see for yourself?" she snapped back pettishly. "You were dining there last night—have you no eyes?"

Thus adjured,—and, really, Jane's scorn is sometimes a little hard to bear,—I set myself to recover the impressions of the dinner-party. The scene came back easily enough. I remembered that Katharine Constantine and Valentine Hare had once more been sent in together, and had once more sat side by side. I remembered also that Lady Lexington had once more whispered to me, when I arrived, that the affair was "all but settled," and had once more said nothing about it when I left. I remembered watching the pair closely.

True, I was placed, as a friend of the family, between Miss Boots, the Lexingtons' ex-governess, and Mr. Sharples, Lady Lexington's latest curate (she always has one in tow; some of the earlier ones are now in a fair way to achieve gaiters), so that there was nothing very likely to distract my attention from the center of interest. But I should have watched them, anyhow. Who could be better to watch? Katharine, with her positive, incisive beauty (there was nothing of the elusive about her; some may prefer a touch of it); the assurance of manner which her beauty gave, and the consciousness of her thousands enhanced; her instinctive assumption of being, of being most indisputably, Somebody,—and to-night, as it seemed, with a new air about her, both watchful, expectant, and telling of excitement, even if it stopped

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short of nervousness,—Katharine, with all this, had a claim to attention not seriously challenged by Miss Boots's school-room reminiscences, or Mr. Sharples's views on church questions of the day.

And Valentine, too, the incomparable Val! Of course I watched him, as I always have, when fortunate enough to be thrown into his company, with a fascinated, inquiring interest, asking myself always whether I was a believer or whether scepticism crept into my estimate. Val, however, demands, as the old writers were fond of saying, a fresh chapter to himself. He shall have it, or at least a section.

But before ending this one, for the sake of symmetry and of my reputation for stage-management, also in order to justify at the earliest possible moment the importance which Jane attached to the events of the evening, let me add that just beyond me, on the other side of Miss Boots, and consequently quite remote from Miss Constantine, sat a short young man with a big, round bullet of a head: it looked as if it might be fired out of a cannon at a stone wall, with excellent results, from the besiegers' point of view. This was Oliver Kirby, and I have to own at once that the more than occasional glances which Miss Constantine directed, or allowed to stray, toward our end of the table were meant, as my observation suggested before the evening was out, for Kirby, and not, as I had for some happy moments supposed, for me. I am never ashamed of confessing to an amiable sort of mistake like that.

II

WITHOUT present prejudice to the question of his innermost personality, Val was at least a triumph of externals. Perhaps I should say of non-essentials,—of things which a man might not have, and yet be intrinsically as good a man,—but, having which, he was, for all outside and foreign purposes, a man far more efficient. Val was, as I shall indicate in a moment, a bit of philosopher himself, so he could not with reason object to being thus philosophically considered. Birth had been his discreet friend—a friend in setting him in the inner ring, among the families which survive, peaks of aristocracy,

above the flood of democracy, and are more successful than Canute was in cajoling the waves, discreet in so ordering descent that, unless a robust earl, his uncle, died prematurely, Val had time to lead the House of Commons (or anything of that sort) before suffering an involuntary ascension, which might or might not be, at the political moment, convenient. He had money, too—a competence without waiting for his uncle's shoes. He had no need to hunt a fortune: it was merely advisable for him, and natural, too, to annex one under temptations not necessarily unromantic. Nobody could call Miss Constantine necessarily unromantic.

So much for birth, with all the extraordinary start it gives—a handicap of no less than fifteen years, one might be inclined to say, roughly generalizing on a comparison of the chances of the "born" and of the bourgeois. Now, about brains. If you come to think of it, brains were really a concession on Val's part; he could have achieved the cabinet without them—given a clever Prime Minister, at least. But he had them—just as splendid shop-window brains as his birth was flawless under the most minute Herald's College inspection. There was, indeed, a lavishness about his mental endowment. He ventured to have more than one subject—a dangerous extravagance in a rising statesman. North Africa was his professional subject—his foreign affairs subject. But he was also a linguist, an authority on French plays, and a specialist on the Duc de Reichstadt. Also he had written a volume of literary essays; and, finally, to add a sense of solidity to his intellectual equipment, he was a philosopher. He had written, and Mr. Murray had published, a short book called "The Religion of Primitive Man." This work he evolved on quiet evenings in his flat off Berkeley Square in two months of an early winter in London. All that can be said about it is that it sounded very probable, and set forth in exceedingly eloquent language what primitive man ought to have believed, even if he did not, because it led to a most orthodox, if remote, conclusion. Whether he did or not, Val, and most other people, had neither time nor inclination to discover. That would, in fact, have needed a lot of reading. After all, Val might

plead the example of some eminent metaphysicians.

Birth, brains—now comes the rarest of Val's possessions, one that must be handled most delicately by one who would do Val justice at any cost. I mean Val's beauty. Val himself bore it lightly, with a debonair deprecation which stopped only, but definitely, short of unconsciousness. He had hereditary claims to it; a grandmother had attracted—and by a rarer touch of distinction repelled—royalty. But Val made it all his own. A slim figure, bordering on six feet; aquiline features, a trifle ruddy in hue; hands long and slender; above all, perhaps, a mass of black hair touched with white—ever so lightly silver-clad. The grayness proclaimed itself premature, and brought contrast to bear on the youthfulness of the face beneath—a face the juvenility of which survived the problems of North Africa and his triumphs in the *a priori*. Add to this, a fine tradition of schoolboy and university athletics, and, well, a way with him of which women would talk in moments of confidence.

Speaking quite seriously, I cannot suppose that such a fascinating person has often appeared, never, merely a more decorative. And it was "all but settled?" Why, then, those glances toward our end of the table? Because they were not for me, as I have already acknowledged. Kirby? The bullet-head, with its close-cropped wire-thick hair? Could that draw her eyes from the glories of Val's sable-silver crown? These things are unaccountable; such really appeared to be the case.

III

AFTER dinner I used the freedom of old acquaintance to ask Lady Lexington precisely what she meant by saying that it—the alliance between Miss Constantine and Valentine Hare—was "all but settled." We chanced to be alone in the small drawing-room; through the curtained archway we could see the rest of the company formed into groups. Val was again by Miss Constantine's side; Kirby was now standing facing them, and apparently doing most of the talking.

"He has n't asked her in so many words yet," said Lady Lexington; "but he will

soon, of course. It's been practically settled ever since she came to stay here—after her father's death, you know. And it's an ideal arrangement."

"Suppose she refuses him?"

"I sha'n't suppose anything so ridiculous, George," said my friend, sharply. "I hope I have more sense. What girl would refuse Valentine?"

"It would be heterodox," I admitted.

"It would be lunacy, stark lunacy. Even for her,—I admit she has a right to look high,—but even for her it will be a fine match. He's got everything before him. And then look how handsome, how fascinating, he is!" She laughed. "Old as I am, I would n't trust myself with him, George!"

"I have n't met Kirby here before," I observed, perhaps rather abruptly.

"Mr. Kirby? Oh, he's quite a protégé of Frank's. We met him in Switzerland last winter, and Frank and he did all sorts of unsafe things together—things you ought n't to do in winter."

"He probably stops the avalanches with his head?"

"I really don't know where he comes from or who he is, but he's in the Colonial Office, and Frank says they think enormous things of him there. I like him, but, do you know, he's rather hard to keep up a conversation with. He always seems to say the last thing about a subject first."

"Very bad economy," I agreed.

"Some people—well, I have heard people say it's hardly polite—when they're just thinking of something to say themselves, you know.—"

"He probably can't help it," I pleaded.

"Katharine seems to like him, though, and I dare say she'll get Val to give him a lift in the future."

"You're treating it as quite settled."

"Well, it really is; I feel sure of that. It might happen any—why, look there, George! Suppose it happened to-night!"

Lady Lexington's air of pleasurable flutter was occasioned by a movement in the next room. Miss Constantine was passing from the drawing-room into the library beyond, Val holding the door for her. Kirby had not moved, but now stood looking at her with a smile. Just as she passed through the door she turned, looked at him, and made the slightest

little grimace. I read it as defiance—playful defiance. Whether I was right in that or not, it was, beyond all doubt, a confidential communication of some sort. If “it” were indeed going to be “settled,” the moment seemed an odd one for the exchange of that secret signal with Mr. Kirby; for her grimace was in answer to his smile, his smile the challenge that elicited her grimace. Yes, they were in communication. What about? I got no further than an impression that it was about Valentine Hare. I remembered the glances at dinner, and mentally corrected the little misapprehension which I have already acknowledged. But had the signals been going on all the evening? About Valentine Hare?

“I shall wait for news with great interest,” I said to Lady Lexington.

She made no direct answer. Looking at her, I perceived that she was frowning; she appeared, indeed, decidedly put out.

“After all,” she said reflectively, “I’m not sure I do like Mr. Kirby. He’s rather familiar. I wonder why Frank brings him here so much.”

From which I could not help concluding that she, too, had perceived the glances toward my end of the table, Kirby’s smile, and Katharine Constantine’s answering grimace. From that moment, I believe, a horrible doubt, an apprehension of almost incredible danger, began to stir in her mind. This, confided to Jane, had inspired my sister’s gloomily significant manner.

IV

A WEEK passed by without my getting any news from Lady Lexington. My next advices came, in fact, from Jane. One morning she burst into my room when I was reading the paper after breakfast. I had been out late the night before, and had not seen her since yesterday at lunch. Her present state of excitement was obvious.

“She’s asked for time to consider!” she cried. “Imagine!”

“The dickens she has!” I exclaimed. Of course I guessed to whom she was referring.

“Ah, I thought that would startle you!” Jane remarked, with much gratifi-

cation. “I was at the Lexingtons’ yesterday. She is queer.”

I saw that Jane wanted me to ask questions, but I always prefer having gossip volunteered to me; it seems more dignified, and one very seldom loses anything in the end. So I just nodded, and relighted my pipe. Jane smiled scornfully.

“You’ll go there yourself to-day,” she said. “I know you.”

“I was going, anyhow—to pay my dinner call.”

“Of course!” She was satisfied with the effect of her sarcasm—I think I had betrayed signs of confusion—and went on gravely: “You can imagine how upset they all are.”

“But she only proposes to consider.”

“Well, it’s not very flattering to be *considered*, is it? ‘I’ll consider’—that’s what one says to get out of the shop when a thing costs too much.”

I had to ask one question. I did it as carelessly as possible. “Did you happen to see Miss Constantine herself?”

“Oh, yes; I saw Katharine. I *saw* her, because she was in the room part of the time, and I’m not blind,” said Jane, crossly.

“I gather that she hardly took you into her full—her inner—confidence?”

Jane’s reply was impolite in form, but answered my question substantially in the affirmative. She added: “Lady Lexington told me that she won’t say a word about her reasons. You won’t find it a cheerful household.”

I did not. Jane was right there. I dare say my own cheerfulness was artificial and spasmodic: the atmosphere of a family crisis is apt to communicate itself to guests. It must not be understood that the Lexingtons, or Miss Boots, or Mr. Sharples, who was there again, were other than perfectly kind to Katharine. On the contrary, they overdid their kindness—overdid it portentously, in my opinion. They treated her as though she were afflicted with a disease of the nerves, and must on no account be worried or thwarted. If she had said that the moon was made of green cheese, they would have evaded a direct contradiction—they might just have hinted at a shade of blue. She saw this; I can quite understand that it annoyed her very much. For the rest, Lady Lexington’s demeanor set the cue:

"It must end all right; meanwhile we must bear it."

She and Mr. Sharples and Miss Boots were all going to an afternoon drawing-room meeting, but I was asked to stay and have tea. "You 'll give him a cup of tea, won't you, Katharine?" And did my ears deceive me, or did Lady Lexington breathe into my ear, as she shook hands, the words, "If you could say a word—tactfully!" I believe she did; but Jane says I dreamed it, or made it up, more likely. If she did say it, it argued powerfully for her distress.

I had known Katharine Constantine pretty well for three or four years; I had, indeed, some claim to call myself her friend. All the same, I did not see my way to broach the engrossing subject to her, and I hardly expected her to touch on it in talk with me. My idea was to prattle, to distract her mind with gossip about other people. But she was, I think, at the end of her patience both with herself and with her friends. Her laugh was defiant as she said:

"Of course you know all about it? Jane has told you? And of course you're dying to tell me I'm a fool—as all the rest of them do! At any rate, they let me see they think it."

"I don't want to talk about it. Let's talk of anything else. I've got no right—"

"I give you the right. You're interested?"

"Oh, I can't deny that. I'm human."

She was looking very attractive to-day; her perplexity and worry seemed to soften her; an unwonted air of appeal mitigated her assurance of manner; she was pleasanter when she was not so confident of herself.

"Well, I should rather like to put the case to a sensible man—and we'll suppose you to be one for the moment." She laughed more gently as I bowed my thanks. "On the one side is what's expected of me—"

"Jane's phrase!" I thought to myself.

"What all the world thinks, what I've thought for a long while myself, what he thinks—in fact, everything. And, I tell you, it's a good deal. It is even with men, is n't it?"

"What's expected of us? Yes. Only unusual men can disregard that."

"It's worse with women—the weight of it is much heavier with women. And am I to consider myself unusual? Besides, I do like him enormously."

"I was wondering when you would touch on that point. It seems to me important."

"Enormously. Who would n't? Everybody must. Not for his looks or his charm only. He's a real good sort, too, Mr. Wynne. A woman could trust her heart with him."

"I've always believed he was a good sort—and, of course, very brilliant—a great career before him—and all that." She said nothing for a moment, and I repeated thoughtfully: "Astonishingly brilliant, to be sure, is n't he?"

She nodded at me, smiling. "Yes, that's the word—brilliant." She was looking at me very intently. "What more have you to say?" she asked.

"A good heart—a great position—a brilliant intellect—well, what more is there to say? Unless you permit me to say that ladies are sometimes—as they have a perfect right to be—hard to please."

"Yes, I'm hard to please." Her smile came again, this time thoughtful, reminiscent, amused, almost, I could fancy, tender. "I've been spoilt lately," she said. Then she stole a quick glance at me, flushing a little.

I grew more interested in her; I think I may say more worthily interested. I knew what she meant—whom she was thinking of. I passed the narrow yet significant line that divides gossip about people from an interest in one's friends or a curiosity about the human mind. Or so I liked to put it to myself.

"I must talk," she said. "Is it very strange of me to talk?"

"Talk away. I hear, or I don't hear, just as you wish. Anyhow, I don't repeat."

"That is your point, you men! Well, if it were between a great man and a nobody?"

"The great man I know—we all do. But the nobody? I don't know him."

"Don't you? I think you do; or perhaps you know neither? If the world and I meant just the opposite?"

She was standing now, very erect, proud, excited.

"It's a bad thing to mean just the opposite from what the world means," I said.

"Bad? Or only hard?" she asked. "God knows it's hard enough."

"There's the consolation of the—spoiling," I suggested. "Who spoils you, the great man or the nobody?"

She paid no visible heed to my question. Indeed, she seemed for the moment unconscious of me. It was October; a small bright fire burned on the hearth. She turned to it, stretching out her hands to the warmth. She spoke, and I listened. "It would be a fine thing," she said, "to be the first to believe—the first to give evidence of belief—perhaps the finest thing to be the first and last—to be the only one to give everything one had in evidence." She faced round on me suddenly. "Everything—if one dared!"

"If you were very sure—" I began.

"No!" she interrupted. "Say, if I had courage—courage to defy, courage for a great venture!"

"Yes, it's better put like that."

"But people don't realize—indeed, they don't—how much it needs."

"I think I realize it a little better." She made no comment on that, and I held out my hand. "I should like to help, you know," I said, "but I expect you've got to fight it out alone."

She pressed my hand in a very friendly way, saying, "Any single human being's sympathy helps."

That was not, perhaps, a very flattering remark, but it seemed to me pathetic, coming from the proud, the rich, the beautiful Miss Constantine. To this she was reduced in her struggle against her mighty foe. Any ally, however humble, was precious in her fight against what was expected of her.

v

MISS CONSTANTINE'S suppression of names, and her studious use of the hypothetical mood in putting her case, forbade me saying that she had told me that in her opinion Valentine Hare was a nobody and Oliver Kirby a great man, although the world might be pleased to hold just the opposite view. Still less had she told me that, in consequence of this opinion of hers, she would let the nobody

go and cling to the great man; she had merely discerned and pictured that course of action as being a very splendid and a very brave thing—more splendid and brave, just in proportion to the world's lack of understanding. Whether she would do it remained exceedingly doubtful; there was that heavy weight of what was expected of her. But what she had done, by the revelation of her feelings, was to render the problem of whether she would embrace her great venture or forgo it one of much interest to me. The question of her moral courage remained open; but there was now no question as to her intellectual courage. Her brain could see and dared to see—whether or not she would dare to be guided by its eyes. Her achievement was really considerable—to look so plainly, so clearly and straight, through all externals; to pierce behind incomparable Val's shop-window accomplishments, his North Africa, his linguistic accomplishments, Duc de Reichstadt, French plays, literary essays, even his supremely plausible and persuasive "Religion of Primitive Man" (which did look so solid on a first consideration)—to go right by all these, and ask what was the real value of the stock in the recesses of the shop! And, conversely, to pick up bullet-headed Kirby from the roadside, so to speak, to find in him greatness, to be "spoilt" (she, the rich, courted beauty!) by being allowed to hear the thuds of his sledge-hammer mind, to dream of giving "everything" to his plain form and face because of the mind they clothed, to think that thing the great thing to do, if she dared—yes, she herself stood revealed as a somewhat uncommon young woman.

Her appraisal of Val I was not inclined to dispute; it coincided with certain suspicions which I myself had shamefacedly entertained, but had never found courage to express openly. But was she right about Kirby? Had we here the rare "great man?" Concede to her that we had, her case was still a hard one. Kirby had no start; he was in a rut, if I may say so with unfeigned respect to the distinguished service to which he belonged—an honorable, useful rut, but, so far as personal glory or the prospects of it went, a rut, all the same. Unless some rare chance came,—they do come now

and then, but it was ill to gamble on one here,—his main function would be to do the work, to supply the knowledge secretly, perhaps, to shape a policy some day in the future, but *tulit alter honores*. Not to him would the public raise their cheers, and posterity a statue. Her worship of him must be, in all likelihood, solitary, despised, and without reward. Would it be appreciated as it ought to be by her hero himself? But here, perhaps, I could not get thoroughly into the skin of the devotee: the god is not expected to be overwhelmed by his altars and his sacrifices—his divinityship is merely satisfied.

"Mr. Hare is behaving splendidly," Jane reported to me. She had a constant—apparently a daily—report of him from Lady Lexington, his unremitting champion. Indeed, the women were all on his side, and it was surprising how many of them seemed to know his position; I cannot help thinking that Val, in his turn, had succumbed to the temptations of sympathy. They spoke of him as of a man patient under wrong, amiable and forgiving through it all, puzzled, bewildered, inevitably hurt, yet with his love unimpaired and his forgiveness ready.

"Do you suppose," I asked Jane, "that he's got any theory why she hesitates?"

"Theory! Who wants a theory? We all know why."

"Oh, you do, do you?" My "exclusive information" seemed a good deal cheapened. "Has she told you, may I ask?"

"Not she; but she goes every afternoon, just after lunch, to Mrs. Something Simpson's—that's the man's aunt. She lives in a flat in Westminster, and he goes from his office to lunch at his aunt's every day, now."

While I had been musing, Jane had been getting at the facts.

"Val knows that?"

"Of course Lady Lexington told him. Let's have fair play, anyhow!" said Jane, rather hotly.

"What does he say about it?"

"He's perfectly kind and sweet; but he can't, of course, quite conceal that he's—" Jane paused, seeking a word. She flung her hands out in an expressive gesture, and let me have it—"Stupefied." A moment later she added, "So are we all, if it comes to that."

"If one dared!" Katharine Constantine's words came back. They were all stupefied at the idea. Would she dare to pile stupefaction on stupefaction by confronting them with the fact?

In the course of the next few days the Powers That Be in the land took a hand—doubtless an entirely unconscious one—in the game. A peer died; his son, going up to the House of Lords, vacated the post of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Amid a chorus of applause and of flattering prophecies Valentine Hare was appointed in his place. I met, at one of my clubs, a young friend who had recently entered the Colonial Office, and he told me that the new member of the administration's secretary would in all probability be Oliver Kirby. "And it'll give him a bit of a chance to show what he's made of," said my young friend, with the kindly patronage of youth.

But, under present circumstances, it might create a slight awkwardness, say, about lunch-time, might n't it?

VI

Now I come to my share in this history. I confess that I approach it with doubt and trembling; but it has to be told here. It will never be told anywhere else—certainly not at the Lexingtons', nor above all, for my peace' sake, to my sister Jane.

The following day was a Sunday, and, according to a not infrequent practice of mine, I took a walk in Hyde Park in the morning—in the early hours before the crowd turned out. The place was almost deserted, for the weather was raw and chilly; but there, by some supernatural interposition, as I am convinced, whether benign or malignant only the passage of years can show, in a chair at the corner of the Row sat Oliver Kirby. I stopped before him and said "Hello!"

I had forgotten how entirely formal our previous acquaintance had been, perhaps because I had been thinking about him so much.

He greeted me cordially, indeed, gladly, as I fancied, and, when I objected to sitting in the chilly air, he proposed to share my walk. I mentioned the secretaryship, remarking that I understood it was a good thing for a man to get. He

shrugged his shoulders, then turned to me, and said with a sudden twinkle lighting up his eyes, "One might be able to keep our friend straight, perhaps."

"You think he needs it?"

"It 's only a matter of time for that man to come a cropper. The first big affair he gets to handle, look out! I 'm not prejudiced. He 's a very good fellow, and I like him—besides being amused at him. But what I say is true." He spoke with an uncanny certainty.

"What makes you say it?"

Kirby took my arm. "The man is constitutionally incapable of thinking in the right order. It 's always the same with him, I don't care whether it 's an article about North Africa or that book of his about primitive man. He always—not occasionally, but always—starts with his conclusion and works backward to the premises. North Africa ought to be that shape—it is! Primitive man ought to have thought that—he did! You see? The result is, that the facts have to adapt themselves to these conclusions of his. Now, that habit of mind, Wynne, makes a man who has to do with public affairs a dangerous and pernicious fool. He ought n't to be allowed about. What, I should like to know, does he think the Almighty made *facts* for? Not to be looked at, evidently!"

I was much refreshed by this lively indignation of the intellect. But, "You 're quite sure you 're not prejudiced?" said I.

"I said it all in a review of his book before I ever met him, or came into—"

"Conflict with him?" I ventured to interpose.

"He looked at me gravely. I thought he was going to tell me to mind my own business. I have so little that I never welcome that injunction. Then he smiled.

"I forgot that I 'd met you at the Lexingtons," he said.

"I don't think you need have told me that you 'd forgotten."

"Well, I had," said he, staring a little.

"But you need n't have said so—need n't have put it that way."

"Oh!" He seemed to be considering quite a new point of view.

"Not that I 'm offended. I only point it out for your good. You expect people

to be too much like you. The rest of us have feelings—"

"I 've feelings, Wynne," he interrupted quickly.

"Fancies—"

"Ah, well—perhaps those, too, sometimes."

"Fears—"

He squeezed my arm. "You 've struck me the right morning," he said.

"Think what you 're asking of—the person we mean."

"She 's to give me her answer after lunch to-day."

"I believe it will be 'No'—unless you can do something."

He looked at me searchingly. "What 's in your mind?" he asked. "Out with it! This is a big thing to me, you know."

"It 's a big thing to her. I know it is. Yes, she has said something to me. But I think she 'll say 'No', unless—well, unless you treat her as you want Val Hare to treat North Africa and primitive man. Apply your own rules, my friend. Reason in the right order!"

He smiled grimly. "Develop that a little," he requested, or, rather, ordered.

"It 's not your feelings, or your traditions, or your surroundings, that count now. And it 's not what you think she ought to feel, nor what she ought as a fact to feel, nor even what she 's telling herself she ought to be brave enough and strong enough to feel. It 's what she must feel, has been bred to feel, and in the end does feel. What she does feel will beat you unless you find a way out."

"What does she feel?"

"That it 's failure, and that all the other girls will say so—failure in the one great opportunity of her life, in the one great thing that 's expected of her; that it 's final; that she must live all her life a failure among those who looked to her for a great success. And the others will make successes! Would it be a small thing for a man? What is it to a girl?"

"A failure, to marry me? You mean she feels that?"

"Facts, please! Again facts! Not what you think you are, or are sure you are, or are convinced you could be; just what you are—Mr. Kirby of the Colonial Office, lately promoted—it is promotion, is'n't it?—to be secretary to—"

"Stop! I just want to run over all that," he said.

At, and from, this point I limit my liability. I had managed to point out—it really was not easy to set up—to tell him things—where I thought he was wrong. Somehow, amid my trepidation, I was aware of a pleasure in talking to a splendidly open and candid mind. He was surprised that he had been wrong,—that touch of a somewhat attractive arrogance there was about him,—but the mere suspicion of being wrong made him attentive to the uttermost. Tell him he had n't observed his facts, and he would n't, he could n't, rest till he had substantiated, or you had withdrawn, the imputation. But, as I say, to suggest the mistake was all I did. I had no precise remedy ready; I believe I had only a hazy idea of what might be done by a more sympathetic demeanor, a more ample acknowledgment of Miss Constantine's sacrifices—a notion that she might do the big thing if he made her think it the enormous thing, are n't girls even that sometimes? The sower of the seed is entitled to some credit for the crop; after all, though, the ground does more. I take none too much credit for my hint, nor desire to take too much responsibility.

He caught me by the arm and pulled me down on to a bench—a free seat just by the east end of the Serpentine.

"Yes, I see," he said. "I've been an ass. Just since you spoke, it's all come before me—in a sort of way it grew up in my mind. I know how she feels now—both ways. I only knew how she felt about my end of the thing before. I was antagonistic to the other thing. I could n't see Val as a sort of Westminster Abbey only for the living—that's the truth. Never be antagonistic to facts—you've taught me that lesson once more, Wynne." He broke into a sudden amused smile. "I say, if your meddling is generally as useful as it has been to me, I don't see why you should n't go on meddling, old chap."

I let that pass, though I should have preferred some such word as "interpose" or "intervene," or "act as an intermediary." I still consider that I had been in some sense invited—well, at any rate, tempted—to—well, as I have suggested, intervene.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Settle it," replied Mr. Oliver Kirby, rising from the bench.

He might have been a little more communicative. It is possible to suggest that. As a matter of fact, he was the best part of the way to Hyde Park Corner before I realized that I was sitting alone on the bench.

VII

HAD Kirby been at my elbow, his bullet-head almost audibly pricing my actions, relentlessly assessing them, even while he admitted that they had done him good, I imagine that I should not have gone. His epithet rankled. I a meddler! I can only say that it is a fortunate circumstance that he never knew Jane.

However, I did call on Lady Lexington that afternoon, and found just a snug family party—that was what my hostess called it. In fact, besides myself, the only outsider was Valentine Hare; and could he be called an outsider? His precise appellation hung in suspense. Talk was intimate and bright.

In view of Val's appointment, it was natural that it should turn on the colonies. Val himself hinted that the Foreign Office would have given more scope for his specialty (he meant North Africa, not the "Religion of Primitive Man"); but Miss Constantine was hot on the colonies, going so far, indeed, as to get out an atlas and discuss thousands of square miles, and wheat-belts, and things like that. Once or twice I fancied that the new Under-Secretary would have been glad not to be quite so new; a few days of coaching from, say, Kirby (Had she had? At lunch? No; it was hardly thinkable; he could n't have taken that moment to instruct her) would have equipped him better for her excellently informed conversation. As for poor Lexington, he broke down entirely when she got out to Assiniboia and Saskatchewan, and said frankly that in his opinion there was more of Canada than any man could be expected to know about. That did not seem to be at all Miss Constantine's view. She was stopped only by the ocean. I am not sure that a vaulting ambition did not confederate Japan.

Val was delighted. Miss Constantine

was so cordial, so interested, so congratulatory on his appointment. There was, as it seemed to me, a serenity in her manner which had recently been lacking—a return of her old assurance, softened still, but not now by the air of appeal: it was rather by an extreme friendliness. Val must have felt the friendliness, too, I think, for he expanded wonderfully, discoursing with marvelous fecundity, and with a knowledge as extensive as it was indefinite, of the British possessions beyond the seas. All said and done, he knew a lot more than I did; but, then, I was not his competitor.

So we got on splendidly together. Lady Lexington beamed, her lord warmed himself happily, Miss Constantine was graciousness itself, Val basked and blossomed—and I wondered what the deuce had happened at Mrs. Something Simpson's flat in Westminster. (Her real name was Whitaker Simpson, and I believe Jane knew it quite well.)

Yes, she was monstrously friendly—dis-trust that in your mistress whether wooed or won. She would do everything for Val that afternoon, except be left alone with him. The Lexingtons went—you can hardly stop people going in their own house; Miss Boots and Mr. Sharples, who were both there, went—to church. I tried to go, but she would n't let me. Her refusal was quite obvious: Val—he was impeccable in manners—saw it. After precisely the right interval he rose and took his leave. I had the atlas on my knees then (we had got back to Assiniboia), and I studied it hard; but, honestly, I could n't help hearing. The tones of her voice, at least, hinted at no desire for privacy.

"Once more a thousand congratulations—a thousand hopes for your success," she said, giving him her hand, as I suppose—my eyes were on the atlas.

"After that, I shall feel I 'm working for you," he replied gallantly. No doubt his very fine eyes pointed the remark.

"Shall you?" she said, and laughed a little. "Oh, you 'll—I 'll write you a note quite soon—to-morrow or Tuesday. I won't forget. And—good-by!"

"To-morrow or Tuesday? That 's certain?" His voice had an eagerness in it now.

"Yes, certain. I won't forget. And—good-by!"

"Good-by!" he said, and I heard the door open.

"A thousand hopes!" she said again.

I suppose he made some response, but in words he made none. The door closed behind him.

I put the atlas on the sofa by me, got up, and went to her.

"I suppose I may go now, too?" I said.

"How clever you 're growing, Mr. Wynne! But just let him get out of the house. We must n't give it away."

A moment or two we stood in silence. Then she said: "You understand things. You shall have a note too—and a thousand hopes. And—good by!"

Not a suspicion of the meaning of this afternoon's scene crossed my mind, which facts proved me, I dare say, to be very stupid. But Val was hardly likely to see more clearly, and I can't altogether justify the play she made with the atlas and Assiniboia. As an exercise in irony, however, it had its point.

VIII

I do not know what was in Val's note: more of good-by, and more than a thousand hopes, I imagine. Is it fanciful to mark that she had always said "hope" and never "confidence?" Mine I got on the Friday, and it bade me be at a certain corner of a certain street at 11.30. "Where you will find me. Say nothing about it." It was a little hard to say nothing whatever to Jane.

I went and met them at the corner—Mrs. Something Simpson, Kirby, and Miss Constantine. Thence we repaired to a registry office, and they (I do not include Mrs. Simpson) were married. They were to sail from Liverpool that afternoon, and we went straight from the office to Euston. I think it was only when the question of luggage arose that I gasped out, "Where are you going?"

"To Canada," said Kirby, briskly.

"For your trip?"

"For good and all," he answered.

"I 've got leave—and sent in my resignation."

"And I 've sent in my resignation, too," she said. "Mr. Wynne, try to think of me as only half a coward."

"I—I don't understand," I stammered.

"But it 's your own doing," he said.

"Over there she won't be a failure all her life!"

"Not because I've married him, at any rate," Katherine said, looking very happy.

"I told you I should settle it—and so I did," Kirby added. "And I'm grateful to you. I'm always grateful to a fellow who makes me understand."

"Good heavens!" I cried, "you're not making me responsible?"

"For all that follows!" she answered, with a merry laugh. "Yes!"

That's all very well, but suppose he

gets to the top of the tree, as the fellow will, and issues a Declaration of Independence? At least he'll be Premier, and come over to a conference some day. Val will be Secretary for the Colonies, probably (unless he has come that cropper). There's a situation for you! Well, I shall just leave town. I dare say I sha'n't be missed.

Lady Lexington carried it off well. She said that, from a strain of romance she had observed in the girl, the marriage was just what was to be expected of Katharine Constantine.



IN CHINATOWN

SAN FRANCISCO, 1904

BY GRACE S. H. TYTUS

A CHINESE lantern swings
Above a scarcely lighted street,
Deserted; yet one seems to hear
The stealthy rub of cat-like feet,
Hurried, yet loath; one's own heart-beat
Strikes like a gong; yet far or near
No living breath the silence brings,—
Nothing—save fear.

A Chinese lantern swings
Without a somber house-front, bare
Of sign or symbol. All seems deep,
Forbidden, dreamless, sullen sleep—
The door ajar, as it had been
Held thus in hushed insistency,
A hand upon the latch within.
The night lies heavy, smothered, tense
With warning all unwarranted,
As if some voice long since had cried.
No hint of breeze moves in the dense
Strange breathlessness, no memory
Where sounds were choked. Yet, overhead,
High in the unreverberate air,
A Chinese lantern swings—swings—

CHINA AWAKENED

A MIRACLE OF NATURAL RESUSCITATION

BY JOSEPH FRANKLIN GRIGGS, M. D.

Medical Missionary at Peking for the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions



COMPETENT authority on things Chinese states that during the last two years China has made more real advancement than in the previous millennium. That his judgment is sound is apparent to those who enjoy the vantage-point of a residence in Peking. It has long been predicted that changes would be surprising in their speed, but the most sanguine had not hoped for what is taking place.

In passing through Peking, the streets seem to be the most striking phenomenon. Three years ago there seemed little hope that the black mud, and the disgusting sights and stench, would ever give place to anything better. The board that had been appointed to repair the streets was considered to have an Augean task and was the butt of many facetious remarks. Now the broad thoroughfares are fast being converted into handsome avenues. The central portion, a strip of about seven yards in width, is being well macadamized with the aid of steam rollers. This is flanked on each side by shallow drains of brickwork, a row of trees, an unpaved strip of five yards in good repair, then a curbed sidewalk of varying width, cheaply cemented with pounded lime and earth. The building line has been straightened, necessitating the rebuilding of many shops the rehabilitation of which is in keeping with the rest. Long-forgotten sewers have been reopened, and places of convenience erected, the use of which is made compulsory. Innumerable unsightly sheds which have occupied half the roadway are being removed, forever, it is hoped, and the squatters have sought other fields in which to ply their trades. The

new roadways are guarded by uniformed police in their sentry-boxes, and kept in order by numerous laborers. Fine telephone-poles, strung with countless copper wires, replace the topsy-turvy line of the last few years. The telephone is no longer a curiosity, but is fast becoming a necessity to progressive business men.

The change in the appearance and behavior of the military is very noticeable. The good work of Yüan Shih K'ai, the progressive Viceroy of the province, is making its mark. Uniforms and equipment have improved, and discipline is being wrought out on Western lines. The crowning act took place a few weeks ago in the district of He Chien Fu, when two large armies came together for a demonstration before a large number of Chinese and foreign guests. The cause of this maneuver was the desire of the Viceroy to make plain to the foreign nations that there was no longer reason or excuse for their maintaining soldiery for the assurance of peace and order among the natives. The United States alone of all the great nations has had no troops other than the handful required as a legation guard. The action is resulting in the withdrawal of these garrisons. To the evident gratification of the Viceroy, Germany has taken the hint and made a beginning. The other powers will doubtless follow the lead. Of course the legation guards will be retained, but China will feel that one source of humiliation no longer exists.

The boycott was another evidence of advancement. However ill advised it may have seemed, to a great extent it accomplished its purpose, and perhaps its usefulness is greatest in the testimony it offers to the fact that there exist a co-

hesion and a national feeling such as were not hitherto imagined. Previous demonstrations, such as the Taiping rebellion and the Boxer movement have been chiefly the outcome of unreasoning race hatred and fanaticism.

In the matter of education one is tempted to say that the most extraordinary of all the transformations is to be seen. Boys have heretofore been educated by a long process of training in the classics, chiefly of Confucius and Mencius, who, while deserving the title sage, left a mass of writing capable of various interpretations and quibbles, furnishing a field for memory and mental gymnastics rather than supplying any knowledge of value to the twentieth century. Long suffering lads were compelled to commit page after page of words the meanings of which were unintelligible, and the explanation of which was reserved for advanced years. The student's ambition in China is to become an official, which position opens to him a maze of corruption, bribery, and extortion, to traverse which to his own financial advantage is to be the aim of his life. The examinations leading to this position have for twelve centuries been based upon the classics, and including the writing of long essays and odes on obscure themes. The advancement from one degree to another has involved similar tedious and nerve-exhausting literary effort. All of this was valueless except to distinguish the man as an exceptional memorizer and grind. The whole confusing mass of rubbish was suddenly brushed away last October by an edict requiring that the civil-service examinations should be based upon Western learning. The far-reaching significance of this act can be grasped when we realize that these classics, thus deposed, have for ages been considered not only the foundation, but the structure of all sociology, religions, ethics, and government. Henceforth the standard will have as its basis mathematics, the natural sciences, modern languages, law, statecraft, and a general modern liberal education. What it will mean to China to have her narrow-minded, ignorant, crafty, bigoted, and corrupt officials succeeded by liberally educated, virile,—and corrupt young men, one can scarcely hazard a guess.

Schools to the number of about seventy for training in these branches have been established all over the city. Some are under the control of the government, and a salary is paid the students more than sufficient for board and clothing. This is likely to be changed. Others are popular schools in the sense that they have been established by private effort. The teaching force is the best that can be obtained, which is not saying very much. Some of the teachers have been younger officers in the navy, a life which has given them a wide outlook. The head master of the government high schools in the city is an able man, having been three years in England, and connected with the navy for seven years, chiefly spent in the Mediterranean. The students are being uniformed; one reason commonly reported for this is that the police department wishes to be able to distinguish them and keep them under observation as they are "feeling their oats." Military and gymnastic training is occupying a large share of their time.

The establishment of girls' schools in the midst of so many other innovations seems to have excited little comment. At another time it would be astonishing.

About the walls of Peking and in various open spaces have heretofore been seen numbers of men of all ages practising with the bow and arrow. The first thought of a new-comer is, "Archery! Here at last I find the Chinese cultivating a healthful outdoor sport." Another disappointment. He soon finds that archery is taught in various schools, occupying old temples, conducted by "professors" who make their living from the fees of students. A long, serious course of training is pursued by hundreds of young men, devoting their time exclusively to acquiring the art of shooting an arrow in proper style through a four-inch disk at twenty-four paces. To what purpose? The present dynasty has granted to descendants of the conquering army a certain number of pensions. On the death of an incumbent, notice is given to eligibles, and he who best places his three arrows is the new recipient. He ordinarily forthwith lays aside all useful pursuits, so far as his stipend will allow, and becomes a banner-man, joining the army of proud good-for-naughts, gentlemen of leisure, the

only occupation of many of whom is keeping one or more birds, which they carry about in cages, the envied of all the populace. But this shooting has been done away with, and the regiments of hopeful youths are to be prepared for tests which will prove them to be more useful citizens. The graceful archers will be missed, but it is to be hoped that their status morally and as members of the body politic will atone for the loss.

The feature that has marked the Chinaman, and has perhaps led to most of the ignominy which he has suffered, is doomed. I refer to the queue. Thousands and thousands of young men are merely waiting for a word from the throne. Many soldiers have already removed their queues with the sanction (to say the least) of the Viceroy. The absence of their long braids is no longer the subject of much comment. Those who have not cut them off, among soldiers and students, are wearing them coiled in roomy military caps, fashioned after the Japanese pattern. Would it not be a sensible revision of the exclusion law to require Chinese immigrants to remove the queue and pass an examination in the rudiments of English? What would do more to solve the problem than thus assisting in their amalgamation?

The whole Chinese empire was shaken by the bold attempt to dynamite the special ambassadors as they were about to leave Peking. And the attention of the whole world was fixed upon an event not the least significant among the reforms. These five men were appointed to study the forms of government of various lands at close range. The step was the outcome of the petition of Yüan Shih K'ai, Chang Chih Tung, Chou Fu, and Tuan Fang, all viceroys or ex-governors, the last of whom became a member of the embassy. The petitioners asked the Empress Dowager to establish a parliamentary representation of the people. The Empress promised to accede after the passage of twelve years, which was thought to be the shortest possible period of preparation. It is reported that she fears death before that time and is very anxious, on account of the incompetence of the Emperor, to see the institution effected earlier. Many expect it much sooner. The embassy has at length

departed, but secretly, so as to avoid a repetition of anarchistic outbreak.

The recent annulment of railroad and mining concessions seems to be very gratifying to the Chinese, and is an earnest of national development. All will remember that the Chinese government bought up the first railroad built in China, from Shanghai to Moosung, only to tear up the road-bed and destroy the equipment. It is with a very different purpose that the purchase of the Hankow-Canton concessions was effected. China is apparently about to exploit her own resources and feels ready for all that such exploitation may involve.

Nor does she appear to be hesitating over even a greater undertaking, which is truly Herculean. I speak of the million-headed hydra of opium. No non-resident of China can appreciate the magnitude of this problem. Japan, with her secluded position, was able to eliminate the curse in a very short time, so that not only is it unlawful to smoke opium in Japan or to import it, but the law is effectively enforced. In China it is safe to say that nearly every family has felt the inexorable clutch of this monster. Whole communities have been impoverished. In many cities of the western provinces numerous magnificent residences and estates are offered for sale, but, a glut on the market, are falling into ruin and decay. Thousands of productive acres have seen their useful crops give place to the handsome poppy, and provinces heretofore independent are bringing their daily food from distant parts. All this is well known and need not be enlarged upon. There is now quite evident a sincere desire to wrestle with the problem, with Japan as a model, so far as the exposed frontiers and the merchant interests of foreign lands will allow. When China has thrown off this grewsome incubus, she may well claim to have accomplished one of the tasks of history.

We come now to the penal code, upon the revision of which the former minister to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, has been at work. Its provisions have gone into effect within a very short time, although its re-formation has not at present writing been completed. By it all punishments will be made less severe, descending one grade in the severer penalties.

Thus, cutting up alive has been abolished. The last persons executed in this manner perished last spring in a public place in Peking before the eyes of multitudes. One was a woman who had killed her husband, the other was the carter (or coachman) of a Mongol prince who brought his retinue last New Year's season to pay respects and offer tribute to the throne. I was called to attend professionally the victims of this carter's fury, and saw the culprit, bound hand and foot, awaiting the soldiers. He had slashed at the prince's head with a butcher's cleaver, cutting out nearly half his skull. I could, of course, do nothing, and turned to the other victims, a body-servant and a Lama priest who had endeavored to defend their master. Their heads had also suffered pitifully from the ruthless cuts of the heavy cleaver, but they recovered. Subsequent inquiry showed that it was an act of revenge on the prince, who had violated the carter's sister, also a member of the suite. In America there would probably have been returned a verdict of manslaughter, but here in China, because it was a prince, the poor criminal was hacked to pieces. A curious sidelight on Chinese character appears in the fact that after the tedious investigation which followed the crime, an official declaration was published in the court paper, "The Peking Gazette," to the effect that this Mongol prince had "come to his death by natural means," and the Empress Dowager contributed 500 taels (about \$350) toward his magnificent funeral. It was evidently a question of "face," that inscrutable factor in Chinese life. Photographs of these two cruel executions in various stages are on sale in Peking.

Crimes formerly punished in this way are now expiated by decapitation; decapitation is replaced by strangling; the last by "waiting for strangulation," the delay affording opportunity to prove innocence or to obtain leniency. Among minor punishments, beating is mitigated, branding and tattooing are forbidden. Not long ago a young man came to the dispensary with a wound of the forearm, self-inflicted. He had attempted to cut out two words tattooed in that spot, but was restrained by his mother, who clutched his hand and fell in a faint. One word had been cut out, and he

begged to have the other removed, saying he had reformed and had no wish to go through life bearing the mark of thief. It was done with no anesthetic, but he never flinched. For the first offense, the tattooing or branding is upon the forearm, for the second in front of the ear, and for the third over the cheek bone. Thereafter the offending person is subject to confinement or execution. The abolition of these barbarous practices is probably satisfactory to all. Beating to extort confession, and detention after proving innocence, are no longer permitted.

Five years ago a man seen reading a newspaper, of which very few were then published in the whole empire, was ridiculed as a follower of the foreign devils. Almost the only paper published in the capital was "The Peking Gazette," containing the decrees and doings of the court, subject to such modifications of the truth as instanced above. Now there are ten daily papers published in Peking, among them one of the few women's dailies in the world. This paper is interesting as being largely edited by women, and dealing just now with such topics as popular astronomy, geography, physical geography, the care of infants, and the training of children. The general newspapers are read by all classes, and are constantly increasing their circulation. They contain Reuter's telegrams, news of the country and city, and articles of considerable length and acumen on live topics. Some are pledged to the correction of old established customs, and the contents are extremely interesting, worthy of a separate article.

By way of advertisement, or, more likely, because of the zeal of reformers who are responsible for the newspapers, copies are posted on blank walls and on boards set up for the purpose, so that their contents may be perused by those who would not buy. In addition, a remarkable plan to secure the attention of the masses has been followed. In different places in city and suburbs have been fitted up reading-halls, with benches and tables, where tea is served free, and in the evenings capable men are engaged to read and explain the papers. These men are said to be volunteers, and the

halls, over twenty in number, are fitted up and supported by voluntary contributions.

There seems to be entire freedom of the press, no censorship being exercised. The papers are decent sheets, with numerous advertisements, but as yet poorly printed, for the most part with movable lead types, which rapidly deteriorate, making reading by a foreigner very difficult, even of those sheets which are published in current Manchuria, the language of the masses.

These newspapers keep before our attention one of the most remarkable movements the world has ever seen. Each day is published a long list of names of persons, including women, who are subscribing to a fund for wiping out the indemnity which the empire is paying for the Boxer uprising. All classes are giving liberally, in proportion to their means. All kinds of societies, Christian churches, and even primary schools, have been offering the contributions of their members. Recently was published a list of blind story-tellers, whose living is earned by going from house to house with banjo, singing and telling romances. It is deservedly italicized, for they have averaged more than an ounce of silver each (70 cents). Where will it end? This wave of patriotism has swept over the country. Everywhere the same feeling is shown. There is no doubt that these gifts evidence possibilities in the Chinese nature of which the world has never dreamed. With our knowledge of the systematic economy of the Chinese masses, the selfishness, the sordid parsimony of individuals; with our ideas of their lack of public spirit and national feeling, such phenomena cannot be reconciled.

Must we form new conceptions of the Chinese nature? A train of interesting questions follow these remarkable manifestations. Is it possible that these traits have always existed, lying dormant, waiting for the course of historic events of the last few years to waken them into unprecedented activity?

What are the forces that have been at work in this awakening? There are two which come into great prominence before us. First, the sense of inferiority which the Chinese people had forced upon them by the result of the Chino-Japanese war and the humiliation attendant upon the

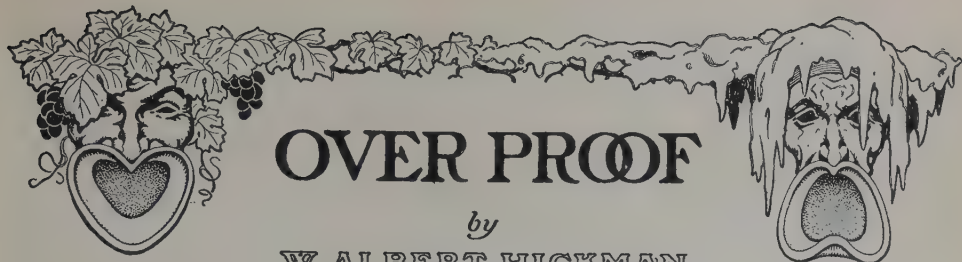
Boxer movement; second, the inspiring effect of the successful war carried on against the greatest power of Europe by an allied yellow race, affording the hope of a similar escape from the obscurity and darkness of an age-long stubborn ignorance. Yet it would be unfair to overlook the less obtrusive influences of those societies which for many years have carried on their purely altruistic work of uplift, by means of schools and the diffusion of literature dealing with Western learning and with religion. This leaven has been silently effective in preparing the minds of people for such a time as this.

All observers, Chinese and foreign, agree that this is a period of tremendous importance. The reforms of to-day may make rapid strides, or a reaction may set in against a progress for which the land seems scarcely ready. It is not to be supposed that such strides will not tread down some whose influence must be reckoned with. The large number of teachers whose vaunted learning has thus been negatived will be the first to feel the pressure. Fitted for nothing else, too proud to work, if employment could be offered to them, their means of livelihood will be taken away. Will it be without a protest? Will the well-known peace-loving proclivities of the Chinese people carry them through, or shall we see riot and bloodshed? Will the moral stamina of the reformers stand the test of increased opportunity for power and ambition? The history of other nations leads us to think that troublous times of one degree or another will follow in the wake of these changes. At all events, it is tremendously interesting. The former president of one of our universities, now a resident of China, whose grasp on sociological problems is thorough and whose insight is keen, says that from the standpoint of absorbing interest he would rather live the next twenty-five years in China than to have lived in any other land during any fifty years of its history. Now that the eyes of the world are leaving the seas of Japan and the battle-fields of Manchuria, they will in all probability find a new fixation point not far away, which will rivet their attention for years to come. The interest which Russia will share with China will, to a great extent, trace its origin to similar causes.



Designed by Lorado Taft

FOUNTAIN OF THE FIVE GREAT LAKES



by
W. ALBERT HICKMAN.

P I C T U R E S B Y  L E O N G U I P O N .



THE gentleman was not thirsty, so the specifications were not exact. He had a void of an indeterminate sort, and he felt that he had to fill it or supper would be a failure. So from the green dining-room of the Hotel La Corona, Montreal, he reverted—and the reversion is easy—to the bar of the same institution. There he approached a junior. Now, because he had been four years in the far North in the service of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, he had come down by Fort Smith, the Athabasca River, Athabasca Landing, and Edmonton, and by rail to Montreal, and because of the lack of practice bred of this experience, the void remained indeterminate and the specifications, as before noted, were not exact.

"I want something about that by that,"—he indicated with his fingers a possible $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches—"with no stick in it to speak of, and a great deal of taste, d'ye see?" The junior pondered.

"I know what ye want, or, anyway, I know what I'd want if I was wantin' what you want; but I don't think I can do it: but Frank can. Hi! Frank! Now tell him again."

The specifications were repeated. Frank held the sugar-spoon by the end and gazed into space for two—three seconds.

"Ha! Yes, sir!" and the sugar-spoon went on its air-line course to its home. Half a dozen bottles seemed to flash in the light at once, and a moment later a golden-brown liquid was running from a strainer into a dock glass that held some

snow and half a straw. The gentleman sipped and marveled aloud:

"Think of translating an inexpressible thought into a taste!"

Frank's lips never moved: the smile swept his eyes alone.

Then by the main front door of the bar entered three men, clad in the Montreal winter-evening glory of evening dress and fur-lined coats, and indefinitely conveying the idea that they entered as did the immortal Mr. Pycroft of "Their Lawful occasions," "seeking alleviation of a gum-boil." Casually it was only a tentative air of discontent, but beneath the surface there developed more. Incidentally, just here, it may be said that previously they had visited, in order, Krausmann's, the Windsor, and the Bellevue, and that the bars of the latter two had furnished potations that had emulsified a foundation of Pilsener. *Verbum sap.*

Caution was dethroned, and the spirit of war was in the ascendant. It was the middle of the last act at His Majesty's, and the Corona bar was at its emptiest. The discussion was of an actress of a frequent type, with finger-nails cut to a point, under the delusion that they made stubby fingers look tapered and thoroughbred, and the other characteristic of the class,—God help us!—and much over-married. It could be gathered that a New York newspaper-man, by name Joe Higginson, and necessarily of Boston, had inconsiderately told the general public the truth about the lady's latest love-affair, and the g. p. had had the bad taste to evince an interest. The story was unsavory and of no real interest to any man or woman. Mr. Higgin-

son had told it in righteousness of spirit and in perfect good faith, for the sake of the moral; but as few read it for the moral, and the immoral was much more patent, his work to a great extent miscarried. But this is aside from the story.

Mr. Higginson's story, being strictly true, was very difficult to deal with. It had caused the lady a great deal of inconvenience and a very considerable loss of money and friends. A reprisal of some sort was essential; but legally this was impossible, and the methods of possible action became narrowed down to a very few. At this present moment it happened that the lady was in Montreal for a week, doing a much advertised piece of vaudeville, and that Mr. Higginson was in Montreal as well. Both were at the Windsor. It appeared, furthermore, that on the evening before, after the show, the lady had given a little supper-party to three of her Montreal admirers, had broken salad for them all with those fingers, had stated her antipathy for Mr. Higginson, and had requested that Mr. Higginson be annihilated, expunged from off the face of the earth, or, at least, as near it as would be at all consistent with safety.

Each of the trio had visions of times gone past,—many times gone past,—and, it may also be said, entirely distinct times gone past. They remembered evenings that began with supper in New York, and that had no definite ending; and they all felt that they owed the lady much. So they looked upon the lady now,—and she was still nothing less than very beautiful,—and through the yellow orthochromatic screen of *Veuve Clicquot*, which cleared all mists ahead, they saw the aforesaid annihilation of Mr. Higginson, which they solemnly vowed to perform before the next day should have died.

On the day in question it was furthermore apparent that each of the three had awakened, entirely separately, to face a gray winter morning and the consciousness that Mr. Higginson stood approximately six feet two inches in height, and during his college career had devoted himself assiduously to several branches of athletics. This was inconvenient. The three had lunched at the Windsor and considered ways and means, and had re-

ceived a pregnant glance from a pair of brown eyes, and, in another part of the dining-room, as he came and went, had noticed the shoulders of the aforesaid Higginson. They had dined at the Windsor and had received more pregnant glances, and again noticed the shoulders; and when dinner was over the problem lay still unsolved. When the lady left for the theater, they went east to find a professional boxer who had lived near Sohmer Park. He was in Westmount, but by telephone said he would meet them in the Corona bar at ten o'clock. Then, as has been said, by Krausmann's and the Windsor and the Bellevue they had arrived at the Corona.

Eight minutes later a heavy-weight also arrived, much too sober to talk to, and had to be given two drinks in quick succession to prepare him. Then the matter was explained.

"Go to the Win'sor to bash a gen'l'man in 'is room for fifty dollars?" he commented, "Naw, I won't!"

"Will ye fer-a-hunder?" queried the spokesman; and he explained thickly and at length how Mr. Higginson had "sul'd a lady."

"Naw, nor for a hundred. Why don't ye bash 'm yerself? 'T w'u'd be cheaper." And the heavy-weight bore the two drinks out into the night.

The three looked at each other with intense solemnity and sighed. The heavy-weight's suggestion came home unpleasantly. The man of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company recognized a psychological moment, and, with the poise of a great actor, the intelligence faded from his eye, his brow took on a monumental solemnity, and he spake with a deliberation that showed the case of one mentally walking a crack.

"Egscuse me, gemlen, but 'd I un'-oshten' you te say man insul' laay?" He stood severely motionless and erect, one of those rare cases that lose control of their speech first.

The junior attendant stared open-eyed at the transformation, and Frank, life-trained to be accustomed to all things, made no sign. The three regarded the stranger portentously. When he had reached Edmonton he had bought a ready-made suit, and he was still wearing it, while his Montreal tailor of former days



Drawn by Leon Guipou. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"TWELVE DEGREES BELOW ZERO, WITH A MODERATE BREEZE"

was making others. It fitted him as ready-made suits do men of five feet four. His face carried the red tan of the winds that come across the Barren Grounds, and a redder mustache, and his hands were as the hands of a fisherman. He paused to draw a somewhat complicated breath, but waited for no reply.

"'F a man insul' laay I 'd break 's head. I 'd break two men's head fer a hunder doll'r. 'S your man big man?" he queried, apparently after second thought.

"Yesh; awf'ly big," said the youngest of the three with emphasis. There was a short silence.

"Big 's I am?" said the man from Fort Simpson, trying to rest his arm easily on the edge of the bar.

The youngest, after a period of surprise at his cigar ashes failing to reach a spittoon a yard away, looked down on the figure in the clothes. "He 'd make two 'n' 'alf o' you," he said judicially, with an evident desire to be fair.

"Well, I 'll break 's head fer hunder doll'r." The answer was evidently a permanent decision.

The oldest of the three stretched out a hand.

"See here, yo' 're a'right. Will you lick 'm in the Win'sor Hotel?"

The servant of the Great Company indicated all space with a sweep of his arm.

"I 'll lick 'm anywhere—Win'sor Hotel, Win'sor Hall, S'n' James C'thedral, Sohmer Park, Royal Aquarium, Wes'-mins' Rabbey—anywhere!" he concluded comprehensively. The trio was visibly impressed, and smiled in unison for the first time since the evening before. The second of the three still retained some doubts, and gazed down steadfastly at the rim of the Hudson's Bay man's hat.

"S' 'ere, ol' man," he ventured, "you sure you c'n lick 'im?"

"P'r'f'tl' certain; lick anybody fer hunder doll'r; lick you fer sevent'-five, kill you fer doll'r-'n'-quar'r." This was said without heat, and the stranger moved suggestively nearer. The trio retired.

"Tha' 's a'right, ol' man," said the oldest, in a conciliatory tone. "Have a drink?"

"No, sir!" This was very decided. "Business before pleasure," he added sententiously. "Gemlen, I 'll join you outside 'n fi' minutes; I 'll have t' get m' ove'coat." And lifting his feet like a

hackney stallion, he walked slowly and with great steadiness into the hotel and through the office.

The last act at His Majesty's was over. The three retired into a corner of the bar away from the incoming crowd and made up a roll of ten ten-dollar notes. Then they invested one dollar in cigars, and went out into the snowy alley to fall on one another's necks. The second still had doubts as to the stranger's ability, but the youngest told of things he'd seen done by small, red-haired men. The oldest was also reassuring, explaining that it was ginger that counted, and that Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great were both undersized, red-haired men. The doubter was convinced.

More than five minutes passed, more than ten, and the trio began to get uneasy; besides, it was very cold. But at last the champion appeared, walking rather wide down the front steps of the hotel, but with intense precision, and otherwise normal, as he had been in the bar. He apologized profusely for the delay. He had been hunting for his overcoat. He had formerly had an overcoat, but had at last remembered that he had left it on the train. He had one unfortunate but marked peculiarity: when he fought he had to be warm, very warm, almost ridiculously warm, otherwise he was no good. He would have to ask them for their overcoats, all their overcoats, one to put on, and the others to wrap around his legs and shoulders. It was a short drive to the Windsor, and he knew they would n't mind. When he was cold it took his courage, and in a special case like this one wanted all his courage. Once, when he was cold, he had let an Italian nearly kill him before he got worked up to fight; and, on the other hand, he had killed a man in an overheated bar in Dawson.

He put on one fur-lined overcoat where he stood, and when they had called a sleigh, he got in and they wound the other two fur-lined overcoats around him. But this was not enough. He insisted that they should further wrap him up in the two musk-ox robes that cost the Montreal cabman seventy-five dollars apiece. When there was nothing out but a fringe of red hair and his cap, he was satisfied. He occupied the front seat, down under the

driver's box, to shelter him from the wind. The trio crowded into the stripped back seat, and the sleigh started.

As they had foreseen, the stranger insisted on having his hundred dollars beforehand, saying that, of course, the gentlemen could come up and listen outside Mr. Higginson's door to learn that the job was well done. The delivery of the money necessitated a stop on the corner of Guy and Dorchester streets, where he made the cabman drive up on the sidewalk under the arc-light in front of the Crystal Rink while he counted and recounted it, examining each note minutely, intimating in explanation that the gentlemen would quite understand, but that he had met them for the first time that evening and that, after all, perhaps the job was a little peculiar. The youngest of the trio tried to keep his teeth from chattering while he suggested very tentatively that perhaps, if there was any real danger, they had better let the matter drop. But the stranger said no. No, sir; he had taken the matter in hand and had begun to feel a real interest in it. What they might think made no difference from now on. Personally he knew that he could n't sleep until he had licked Mr. Higginson. If the youngest felt afraid, he had better get out; but he, the servant of the Great Company, needed his overcoat for the present, and if he, the youngest, wanted it, he would have to fight for it.

The other two supported him, and the youngest explained that he was not in the least afraid, only that he did n't want to do anything rash. Then the servant of the Great Company had to be unswathed so that he might stow the money in an inside pocket, and as carefully done up again, all of which took time. All the while the stars looked down on three men in evening dress, without other wraps, in a city half buried in very crystalline snow, where the thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero, with a moderate breeze.

They got under way again, and in a couple of minutes the lights of the Windsor loomed large ahead. The Hudson's Bay man grew confidential, and explained that, now that he had got into the air, he could see that he had taken just a shade too much to drink. It never affected his

fighting powers, but it affected his judgment, and he might go too far and kill the man, and that would be a great misfortune. He would be all right, however, if he could have the cool breeze on his forehead a little longer. He felt better already. He told the cabman to drive on down Dorchester street for a little way.

The three said they were cold; but he said that he did n't see what difference that could make, as they did n't have to do any fighting. He would look after that. They said they were uncomfortably cold, and looked wistfully in at the red light in the windows as they passed St. James' Club. He could n't see how a little discomfort could make any difference in a matter of this sort, and told them they should be ashamed of themselves. Anyway, he did n't intend to go far. By the time they had gone around Place Viger and come back St. Catherine street, he felt sure he would be all right.

The three huddled in a dismayed heap on the seat without breeding a reply. At Bleury they got desperate. If he wanted to go back by St. Catherine, he could go up Bleury and back that way. They were going no farther. His muffled voice, through clouds of steam, temporized and finally compromised. He would go up St. Lawrence Main and then back; and to that they had to agree. But he explained that they would have to take the responsibility; that the only reason he had suggested going farther east was that he might recover to the point where he felt that Mr. Higginson's life would be safe. He averred that his conscience told him that the St. Lawrence Main route was a shade too short; but they insisted, and took the responsibility freely.

What wind there was was westerly, and when they turned into St. Catherine they got it full in the face. It carried the white steam-frost of Montreal, and it bit terribly. The oldest of the trio once sat up and tried to swing his arms, but the operation opened up his anatomy so that he collapsed into a ball, and the youngest groaned as the edge of the seat cut into the only part of him not too numb to feel. Then they begged a horse blanket from the driver. It was spare, and full of loose hairs and an odor, but they crawled under it and bore in silence. The driver and the

figure in the front seat sat impassive, except on occasions, when the muffled voice of the figure boomed out, asking whether the "gemlen" were sure they would take the responsibility of taking him back in his present state, or whether they would drive a little farther.

At first the gentlemen reiterated that they would take the responsibility, but later they answered never a word, for a reason approximately similar to that which prompted the silence of the skipper of the famous schooner *Hesperus*.

Thus they arrived at the ladies' entrance of the Windsor. The trio crawled out, and their numb hands refused to unsawthe the Hudson's Bay man, who cheerfully kept his seat until a couple of cabmen were called in to assist. They asked what he was suffering from, but the three were incommunicative. They at last said that it was a sort of cold on the chest, but a bad one. The invalid increased in cheerfulness as they were helped on with their coats and crawled into the hotel. There they clung to a radiator, where they were instructed to stay while he went to the office to find out whether Mr. Higginson was in his room. He returned, walking with precision as before, and, if possible, even more cheerful, and reported that Mr. Higginson was in his room, and, better still, that the room was in a quarter of the hotel where there were no other guests at present, so that, in all probability, no one would be disturbed. This was better than they could have hoped, and the three, thawing out, began to regain their spirits.

Their cheerfulness, however, was as nothing to that of the man from Fort Simpson. His red mustache bulged with the smiles beneath, and he careered about the little reception room like an ant on a peony bud. He gleefully recalled several scenes of bloodshed in which he had taken an active part, one at Jack McQuesten's, on the Porcupine River, and one on the Stikeen, his only moment of sadness being one in which he said that he was afraid he was feeling too good, and accentuated the fact that he had n't driven as far as he had intended and might n't yet be quite safe. However, on remembering that the "gemlen" had taken the responsibility, he returned to his former cheerfulness. He finished by saying that



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A PANEL SPLIT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM"

he did n't believe in letting these little jobs hang over, and if the gentlemen were warmed enough, they might as well go up and get it through with, as it would only take a few minutes at the most.

The elevator left them on their floor, and its light went on into regions above, while he trailed them through the long, darkened, deserted hall and through the swinging doors at the end. The three were strangely silent; but the man from Fort Simpson talked as freely as before. For some reason there was not a knee of the three that did not tremble; but the man from Fort Simpson walked with the same precise step. He led them as does a verger conducting sight-seers in an English cathedral. Straight down the hall a light shone through a transom.

"Tha' 's the door: he 's in there," he announced, waving his hand in the direction. The three cringed as if struck. They had thought much of this affair in the twenty-four hours, and their nerves were beginning to show the effect. The second put his hand on the Hudson's Bay man's shoulder and whispered, "Fer 'eaven's sake, ol' man, go easy!"

"Gweasy!" the reply came loud and free, and the cheerful note was still dominant. "Wha' for? He 's in there, an' he can' get away. He insul' laay, did n' he? Now you jus' stay here, an' I 'll be back jus' 'n a minute. I 'll op'n transom so you can hear everything. Oh!"—the tone became profusely apologetic for a profound oversight,—“you 've got no place sit down. Egscuse me!”

He bounced back through the swinging doors and reappeared at once with three gilded Louis XVI chairs commandeered from one of the drawing-rooms. He set them side by side almost opposite the door with the lighted transom, and insisted that the three sit down. It may be noted here that they were becoming sober with magical rapidity. Then once more he said: "Egscuse me! Now, you gemlen jus' wait an' I 'll only be a min't'"; the last quite reassuringly, and he walked over to the door and knocked.

A deep voice said, "Come in," and the man of the Hudson's Bay pranced in—literally pranced in, and shut the door. The three had caught a glimpse of a wide-shouldered, dark-haired, sun-browned person sitting at a table covered

with papers. They had seen the face before. The door no sooner closed than the transom opened, though not a word had been spoken. So far the man of the Hudson's Bay was performing like a calendar clock.

Mr. Higginson looked with evident surprise at the little wiry figure with the red hair, red mustache, blazing complexion, and ample suit, and the surprise apparently increased as the visitor turned and opened the transom, fastening it carefully with the wing-nut. The three outside sat petrified, staring through at the ceiling of the room.

They heard the silence broken by the man from Fort Simpson, and his tone was as cheerful and conversational as before.

"Mis-trigg'ns'n, I p'sum?" They heard Mr. Higginson say "Yes!" and they detected an irritated upward inflection. Mr. Higginson was a Harvard man. The cheerful voice continued.

"Sir, I un'rstan' you 've insul' laay in newspaper—Miss Mabel Bush, née Mrs. James Ronal'son—an' s'm' other names—don' recall resht—you know who I mean. Now, sir, any man that would insul' laay—specially 'n public—should be horse-whipped. I would lick anybody that insul' laay anyway, an' three gemlen frien's this lady gave me hunder doll'r t' lick you, besides. The gemlen 're 'n the hall waitin' t' hear you licked."

All this was delivered with deliberation, and the three looked at one another in paralyzed amazement. The last effects of the mixed drinks fled away from them in an instant, and they became utterly sober in time to hear Mr. Higginson say:

"You get out of here, you little red-headed runt, or by—"

But for some reason the Hudson's Bay man failed to appear. There was a sound of hurried footsteps, and a noise like the smack of a fist on something soft; then the indefinite mixed sounds of a struggle, terminating in a crackling smash that was coincident with a towel-rack dissolving into a cloud of splinters. Following came the sound of pounding boots and hard breathing, as when two men roll on the floor in each other's embrace. This continued for some time, and was terminated with a rending, as of clothes, and

a mixed, bursting noise that signalized the demolition of a cane-seated chair. Again came the sound of much foot-work, punctuated with an occasional rain of thuds, as from fists, and a second later there was a crash against the door, which jarred and gave, while a panel split from top to bottom. The three jumped to their feet unanimously and unanimously started to flee down the hall, then looked at one another foolishly and waited, shifting from leg to leg in their excitement.

In the meantime the scene of action had removed itself to the other side of the room, and the table had evidently waltzed into the danger area and became involved in the struggle. The following forty seconds bred a pandemonium of sounds in which the explosions of two electric-light bulbs in rapid succession were inconsiderable incidents, and which included some outrageous language on the part of Mr. Higginson. Then suddenly it was patent that a spring mattress had gone down, and for a moment the language became muffled. Immediately came a somewhat complex bump, such as would be made by two men falling out of bed, and a brief interval, overcrowded with Mr. Higginson's language, in which it was evident that the combatants were struggling to regain their feet.

Then the three, watching through the transom, saw on the ceiling shadows as of the legs of a chair lifted in anger, and heard the voice of the man from Fort Simpson growl, "Ye would, would ye!" There followed two or three smashing blows from a fist and the noise of a great fall, then only the sound of a man gasping for breath, as after heavy exertion.

The three stood altogether incapable of motion while, after half a minute or so, some one, kicking aside the ruins as he came, crossed the room and opened the door. It was the man from Fort Simpson. He held a bloody handkerchief to his nose, he had no coat on, and one shirt sleeve was torn off. Otherwise he looked quite normal. His cheerfulness seemed unimpaired. The three breathed a synchronous sigh of relief.

"Well, gemlen," he said, "tha' 's pretty good job, eh? He 's not what y' 'd call much 'f fighter—'s too slow." He became explanatory. "Ye see, I could 've hit 'im before, but I wan' t' give ye some

sa'sfaction fer yer hunder doll'r, an' I would 've given ye more, too, only he got t' usin' a chair, an', not wantin' t' waste any more furn'ture, I had to shtop the fight. I 'm sorry," he added apologetically; "but 't 's ne'sary. Come over an' see 'm."

They followed mechanically to where, with one arm under him, and face downward, the redoubtable Mr. Higginson lay in the corner of the room. They gazed in awe-struck silence while the champion tore off the fringe that represented the lost shirt-sleeve and put on his coat. He was still business-like.

"Le' 's turn 'm over an' show ye how li'l' I mark 'm in the face. 'F they die, frien's don' like te have face marked; makes 'em look horrid. 'F we turn 'im over, he 'll come to sooner."

The youngest of the trio shuddered. The man from Fort Simpson, with a heave on one leg and the slack of the coat, rolled the recumbent figure over, eliciting a slight moan. It was true that Mr. Higginson's face was quite unmarked, though it seemed very much flushed and at times the lips twitched peculiarly. The man from Fort Simpson regarded the face intently.

"Hm!" he ejaculated. The remark seemed to indicate some curiosity. Then again "Hm!" This time it meant nothing less than surprise. "Tha' 's funny!"

"What 's funny?" asked the oldest in a strained voice.

"Mos' extraor'nary!" persisted the man from Fort Simpson, with the interested enthusiasm a biologist might display in finding a nervous system in a desmid.

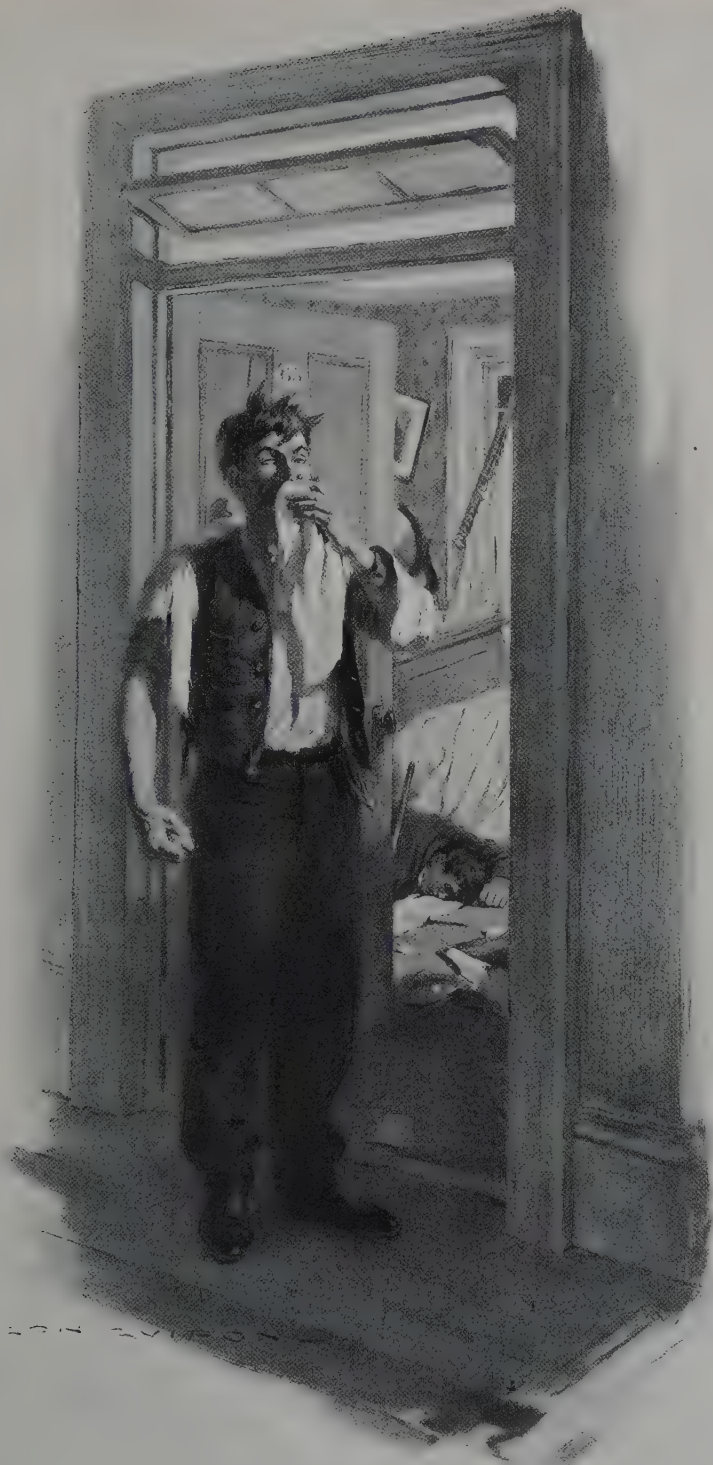
"What 's most extraordinary?" said the second, uneasily.

"'S face," said the servant of the Great Company, repeating, "mos' extraor'nary."

"How do you mean; what 's the matter with it?" It was the youngest this time, and his own had grown white.

"'T' so red; looksh bad," and the man of the Hudson's Bay developed the first expression of solemnity they had seen in the period of their acquaintance.

"Looks 's if he 'd bursht blood-vessel somewhere. 'S too bad!" he added sympathetically. "Nice-lookin' man, too. Must 'a hit 'im too hard. Always doin' that." This was addressed reproachfully to himself. He turned on the three. "I tol' ye I had n' been out 'n the air



Drawn by Leon Guipon. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"HE HELD A BLOODY HANDKERCHIEF TO HIS NOSE"

long 'nough! Ye see—" Then he remembered. "But you took the reshponsibil'ty, did n' ye? Tha' 's a'right," and he immediately returned to his former condition of cheerfulness.

He regarded Mr. Higginson again with the most unforced interest. "Looks jus' like the man I killed in Dawson did," he commented, after some study, "but he had c'nvulsions firsh't, sev'ral c'nvulsions before he died. Hit 'im in the same place, only not so hard; but he was n' so big a man." The oldest of the three faced a crisis and affected poise.

"I say, you don't really think he 's much hurt, do you?"

The man from Fort Simpson became judicial.

"'T 's likely he is 'f he dies," he said. There was a long frozen silence, broken only by Mr. Higginson's uneasy breathing. The youngest spoke. His voice was uncertain.

"Had n't we better get a doctor?"

The man from Fort Simpson explained that he had been thinking about that, but that, as the outcome was uncertain, he wondered if they, the three, had n't better run down to New York for a day or two until things settled themselves a little. About him, the man from Fort Simpson, personally, they need n't worry as to it inconveniencing him. He was going away, anyway, to Hamburg,—he had a brother there,—and he could just as well go *via* New York as by Halifax, as he had at first intended. So he would go with them. They would just have time to catch the last train to New York that night, and could send a doctor to see Mr. Higginson as they went. He was becoming more and more convinced that it was the safest plan. At this juncture a prolonged groan came from the corner, and the recumbent Mr. Higginson doubled up spasmodically and rolled over on his side. The man from Fort Simpson went over and regarded him critically, stating, as he came back, that it looked like the beginning of one of those convulsions, and that, in his opinion, the sooner something was done the better. He looked at a large gun-metal watch. They had twenty-five minutes before the train went. He suggested that they had better go and see if they could get a doctor, and that he would go to the station and get tickets and

berths and meet them on the platform. They had better let him have fifty dollars to get the tickets with.

The fifty dollars were produced forthwith, and the four crept out into the darkened hall and softly shut the door. Forty seconds later three men in evening dress and fur-lined overcoats were fleeing toward Mountain street, and a man with a high action and a notably precise step was approaching the Windsor Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He never reached it.

Twenty minutes later the three men sought him in vain, and, with fear and anger in their souls, boarded the train as it pulled out.

At that precise moment, in Mr. Higginson's room, balancing himself on a decrepit, cane-bottomed chair, beside a table with a weak leg, sat the servant of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company. Beside him was a glass of that mixture of ginger ale and lemon peel known to all nations as a horse's neck,—ordinarily his strongest drink,—which he was slowly sucking through a straw. On a sofa lay a member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sobbing in silence, as sobs a man overwrought by a great strain, and on the broken-down bed lay Mr. Higginson, weeping—literally weeping—tears into a wet pillow. He slowly drew a long breath and went off into a whoop of laughter, pounding the bedclothes with his boots in his ecstasy.

"Shut up, you tittering owl!" said the man of the Hudson's Bay. "You 'll wake every soul in the hotel." Mr. Higginson sat up, with the tears streaming down his cheeks and his left hand on the sore spot on his side.

"An' besides, he drove them near to Maisonneuve and back in their dress-suits because he said he needed their overcoats to keep warm in, so that he could fight. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! An' when he started talkin' convulsions, I began to feel I could n't go much longer an' live; an' then when he suggested New York, an' got that other fifty dollars out of them, I had a convulsion sure 'nough."

The member of the Windsor Hotel Company, Limited, sat up weakly and steadied himself.

"I had to keep half-way downstairs so they would n't see me," he murmured,

"an' when you hit the door, they got up and started to run; but they came back. I rolled down three steps an' they never heard me."

Higginson chuckled anew.

"I tried to go easy, b-but I hit him once on the nose,—did n't I, Andy?—and he told them he tried not to mark my face, an' they took it all like bread and milk. Oh, Lord!" and Mr. Higginson lay down again and whimpered.

"I say, Andy, what are you going to do with the money?"

"Pay for the breakage, and found a library with the rest," said the man from Fort Simpson, noisily collecting the last of the horse's neck. It ended in the member of the Windsor Hotel Company claiming the privilege of replacing damaged articles, and it is on record that, on the day following, the treasurer of the Montreal General Hospital begged to acknowledge the receipt of \$150 from "a friend," to be applied to "the alleviation of the suffering of inebriates."

THE three in New York noted by the New York papers that Mr. Higginson had returned to that city, and noted nothing by the Montreal papers that should prevent their return as well. The oldest found waiting for him an envelop con-

taining a note written on a Canadian-Pacific telegraph-blank. It was endorsed, "Some one sent me this. Thought you might like to see it, so am sending it along. Where were you the latter part of the week? Mab." The note read:

"DEAR HIGGSY: I've just got down from the North and am at the Corona. A few minutes ago three galoots, pretty decently full, came into the bar, and I gathered that they were trying to get some one to lick you because you had been writing something derogatory to the dignity of a friend of theirs, Miss Mabel Bush. A prize-fighter chap who was to meet them here turned up, but funk'd the job, so I've taken it on for a consideration of a hundred dollars. Get the manager to change your room to some place where we won't disturb anybody, and I'll undertake to keep them busy so that you'll have plenty of time to move. And you'd better put on a suit of clothes you don't value, as the business probably won't improve them much. You see, we'll have to give them their hundred dollars' worth somehow. They'll be outside in the hall to hear the fracas, and for the sake of the ancient days at Harvard and of good old Steve O'Donnell we'll have to do something creditable. Nominally I'm very full at present, so don't be alarmed when you see me.

"Yours, as usual,

"Andrew Fraser."



MANHOOD

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

OUR country has new need of men to-day—
 Not such alone as bravely may withstand
 The shock of battle or with strenuous hand
 Open the paths of progress every way.
 We give too much to brawn and body; they
 Are but the brute which evil may command
 No less than good, and so subvert the land
 They should support, the state in ruins lay.

Not such alone, but men whose souls are strong.
 To hate all evil and, whate'er betide,
 To put all interest of self aside,
 To shrink from public as from private wrong,
 From fortune reared on trickery and lies,
 Deeming too dear the goods dishonor buys.

WHY DO THE BOYS LEAVE THE FARM?

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University



HERE are several ways of attempting to answer the question why the young folks leave the farm for other occupations or professions. The commonest way is to give probable reasons drawn from general observation of farm conditions. The observer can readily see many unattractive features of farm life that he supposes might influence the young. Another method is that of the advocate or propagandist, who is likely to fix his attention on one discouraging feature and to make it the motive force in the exodus from country to city. He may see this cause in some governmental or other disability, which he conceives to press with particular force on the farmer, and which he desires to correct or reform. A third method is to ask persons who have joined in this exodus why they have done so. This is the natural and scientific method, but because of the difficulty of reaching these persons, this method seems not to have been employed to any useful extent. It is this direct method and its results that I purpose now to discuss.

It is difficult to choose the persons of whom one may inquire in hope of securing usable information. Persons in middle life who are now deeply immersed in affairs are too far away from the farm to be trusted to give an account of the motives that guided them in their youthful choice; I have usually found that such persons are likely unconsciously to color their replies by the experience of subsequent years. Those who work at day labor have usually drifted away from the farm rather than purposely left it,

and their ideas usually lack definiteness; and, moreover, these persons are laborers rather than farmers, and their case does not greatly influence the larger agricultural and social questions. I have therefore chosen to inquire of students, for they leave the farm, if at all, with a definite purpose, and they are still near the point of their departure.

Before taking up the details of my investigation, I should say, perhaps, that such an inquiry is well worth making wholly aside from its bearing on technical agricultural questions. In its larger phases, it is both an economic and a social question. A migration cityward imposes problems of addition on the city as well as problems of subtraction on the country. It has a direct relation to all general questions of population. It seriously affects land values, and, therefore, other values. It has an important bearing on the vital problem as to where our people shall be bred. I have elsewhere tried to show ("The Outlook to Nature") that the farmer is the chief nature-bred class of men now remaining to us, and this fact cannot help having a far-reaching effect on the character of future populations.

I am not now discussing the question as to whether there is, in fact, a general exodus from farm to town, but am only considering specific instances. Whether there has been an actual depletion of farm population by migration to other occupations, is impossible of exact determination with the statistical data now in existence; but many persons have left the farm, and we may ask them why they have gone.

I addressed a circular letter to all

students in Cornell University outside the College of Agriculture who, I had reason to believe, were born in the country, asking (1) whether the person were reared on a farm, (2) where, (3) whether he intended following some other business than farming, and why. I also addressed a letter to the nearly 400 students in the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, asking similar questions, and inquiring why they desire to pursue agricultural occupations. In all cases I asked for first-hand personal reasons, and, in order that the respondent might not be embarrassed, I promised not to make the names public.

The replies fall chiefly into four groups: (1) persons bred on the farm, but now planning to leave it; (2) persons born in towns or cities, and purposing to remain in them; (3) those bred in towns or cities, and planning to go to the farm; (4) those bred on farms, and expecting to remain there. In the present discussion, I purpose to consider only the first class—those who plan to leave the farm.

In this article I make no attempt to discuss the merits and demerits of farm life, or to place values on the replies, or to enter the tempting field of discussion of the psychological aspects of the cases. I mean to put before the reader only the reasons that these earnest young persons think to be the ones that have determined their choice of careers.

Of course these replies are against the farm. They comprise a series of vigorous indictments against the business of farming by persons who have known the business; for nearly all these persons were born and reared on farms, and the few others have lived on farms long enough to make them essentially farm boys.

In this farm-exodus class I have 155 replies. These replies come largely from New York, but those from other States, chiefly in the West, are the same in tenor. Most of the respondents give more than one reason for planning to leave the farm. These reasons I have roughly classified below. It will be seen that the predominant reason is that farming does not pay in money, and other reasons are that the physical labor is too great and the social advantages are too small; but I prefer not to comment.

The figures give the number of persons who alleged the different reasons:

THE QUESTION OF FINANCIAL REWARD

Farming does not pay; no money in the business	62
Difficult to acquire a farm without a start	10
Farming requires too much capital . . .	5
Discouraged by the fact that farms are mortgaged	5
Farmer cannot control prices	2
The farmer buys high and sells low . . .	1
High taxes near the city	1
Expect to farm some day, after making money in some other business	15

THE QUESTION OF PHYSICAL LABOR

Too much hard work	26
Hours too long	17
Work too monotonous	11
Farming is drudgery	8
Work is unattractive and uncongenial . .	6
The work is not intellectual	6
No machinery can perform the hard work of the farm	2
The work is too hard in old age	1
The farmer is too tired to enjoy reading .	1

THE SOCIAL AND INTELLECTUAL IDEALS

No social advantages or activities . . .	26
More opportunity for advancement elsewhere	14
The farmer cannot be known in the world	5
Life is monotonous	4
The life is confining; no freedom	4
The association is with uncultivated people	3
The occupation is too narrow	3
The farm is isolated	3
Women are overworked on the farm . . .	3
Farming is physical labor only	2
People have a low regard for the farmer .	2
No higher and nobler achievement possible	2
No high ideals in farming	1
Education gave higher ideals and needs .	1
College training unfits for farm work . .	1
Farmer cannot serve humanity	1
Farming has little excitement	1
Has come to know the city and likes it . .	1
Farmer has no political advantages . . .	1

MISCELLANEOUS HANDICAPS

Natural bent elsewhere	24
Parental influence against farming . . .	6
Teacher influenced against it	1
Father was unsuccessful	2
The home was unpleasant	2
Health not sufficient for the work	3
Difficult to secure help	3

Every one of the 155 letters is worth reading, because these letters express personal points of view. There is every internal evidence that they are genuine expressions of conviction, and are not written for effect. Since it is not possible to print all these letters in the space at my disposal, I have chosen those that seem to be most definite or emphatic, and at the same time present divergent points of view. I first transcribe seventeen letters from persons reared on farms in New York State, and then follow with characteristic statements from farm boys of other geographical regions.

(1) "The principal reason why I left the farm and am here in college, working toward another business, is the influence of the principal of the village school which I attended for several years. He continually urged me to get away from the farm, to go to college, and prepare myself for something better.

"While I was living at home, on the farm, the attractive side of farm life, as I believe is very generally the case, was not brought out. It was merely hard work all the time. So I, like the majority of farm boys, was not at all unwilling to leave the farm.

"However, I now sincerely think that I shall sometime return. I truly love the country and all the attractions of nature. Since I left it, I have constantly come to appreciate the country more. I have spent my summers on the farm, and very pleasantly spent them, too. I now firmly believe that farm life may be made the most attractive kind of life. The trouble is, in the majority of cases that have come under my observation, that farm life is not made attractive for the boys. Many of them have very little education, and their life is to them merely hard drudgery from early morning to late at night, with only a bare living as a return. Hence, they are only too glad to leave it. They are in the dark, and don't know that there is light for them.

"With the increase of agricultural education and betterment of conditions in the country, I believe this will change. The young men will come to see the brighter side of farm life, and the attractions and advantages in staying on the farm."

(2) "I intend to follow some other business than farming because I consider that farming is all work and no pay. It is nothing but drudgery from morning—early morning—until late evening, and there is little chance for social and intellectual advantages."

(3) "I have lived on a farm, except for the last year before entering Cornell, all my life. My reason for not wishing to continue on a farm is the financial side of the question. The work is also distasteful to me, not because it is hard, for I think a farmer's life is a comparatively easy one, but because a farmer's work is never done."

(4) "The duty of securing from the soil the means of sustenance for the race belongs to the farmer. This involves hard and incessant toil with no adequate reward. The scope of the farmer's activities is limited to the farm upon which he toils, as is that of his enjoyment.

"The farmer's burden is heavy, painful, and without reward, with no prospect of a change in his condition. Life is short and uncertain. Why spend it performing a painful task, which is at the same time a thankless one?"

(5) "I intend to follow civil engineering because it gives a better chance to get out in the world and keep in better touch with a broader kind of life. The farm is far from unattractive to me, and I think the farmer's life as near the ideal life as it is possible to get. I like the life, could have a farm of 150 acres for the trouble of working it, and there is no more fertile land in the State than that same farm; but a farmer's life is rather too monotonous, and it has been my experience that he vegetates if he is not careful. This is noticed on going to the city after some months on the farm."

(6) "I left the farm because I realized that farming, like any other productive business, needed capital, and I had only the questionable possession of brains to capitalize. The only unattractive feature to me was the young farmer starting out in life with a mortgaged farm having to compete with men who owned their farms."

(7) "I do not intend to follow farming as a business for the following reasons:

"a. It is unprofitable.

"b. It is a life solely of physical labor. I consider myself better adapted naturally for mental work.

"c. Although a respectable occupation (all honest work is respectable), it does not offer a field for extensive development of the broader and nobler of human faculties.

"d. It is a life which involves a never-ending monotony of daily routine.

"e. Viewed from its present status, it is a life in which no self-respecting man should ask a woman to participate. I say this because of the ceaseless care and unlimited toil which fall to the lot of the farmer's wife.

"While I have many minor reasons, the foregoing are the most important that occur to me at the present time."

(8) "On the farm, there are longer hours, harder work, and smaller compensation."

(9) "It has been a matter more of accident than of choice. When I was fifteen my father retired, being then fifty-five or more. My elder brother is a farmer (market-gardener on about fifty acres) and my other brother a civil engineer. As far as finances go, the farmer does better than the civil engineer, although I judge their abilities equal, each in his line. The civil engineer has perhaps less work and more time for recreation. I believe, however, that if the farmer would be satisfied with savings per year equal to the civil engineer, this condition would be reversed.

"I believe the answer to your question lies in the narrow-minded and selfish attitude of farmers toward their sons rather than in anything unattractive in farm life itself. In my own case, my choice is by no means final and is due to accident rather than to deliberation."

(10) "Farm life is unattractive to me because of the social conditions. Social life on the farm is simply stagnation. I dread the horrible monotony of such a life. I love farming, I love the farm. I like to go out in the fields and work under the clear open sky; but man is a social being, and is not destined to live an isolated life."

(11) "It seems to me that one can never, without assistance, become independent on a farm, and without inde-

pendence farm life is little more than drudgery. Life on a farm is bound to be, to a certain extent, dull and tedious, with little variety or relaxation. One tends to become narrow, sordid, and self-centered, with few interests, and to lose his inspirations for higher things. His finer sensibilities are deadened by toil, and he becomes entirely unconscious of the many interesting and beautiful things around him. It is the man who was not born there who really sees and appreciates the beautiful things in the country."

(12) "If I had been heir to a large or even a good-sized farm, I would probably have engaged in farming.

"The chief reason why farmers' sons leave the farm, from my observation, is that their fathers or their neighbors are always crowded by their work, and have no time to spend in vacations or reasonable rest periods. This is not the fault of farm life, but rather the result of unbusinesslike management and unscientific operation."

(13) "My father was a very poor farmer, although one of the few in the neighborhood owning his farm, and as I wished to advance according to new ideas, we could not agree. I went into the sale-stable business, but wishing to be more than a horseman, I am seeking for a degree of doctor of veterinary medicine. Being heir to farm land, I shall be interested in the advancement of agricultural lines. When I retire from active professional life, it will probably be to the farm."

(14) "When I entered the university and registered in mechanical engineering, I had the idea that a fellow had to get off the farm, as the saying goes, 'to make something of himself in the world,' and that a living could be made easier, with more enjoyment, in another profession. But now, after seeing a little of the other side of the question, if I had the four years back again, agriculture would be my college course. As for country life being unattractive, I have always found it much the reverse. The best and happiest days of my life have been on the farm, and I cannot help but wish that I were going back again when through with school work."

(15) "The struggle for a mere living

is too strenuous. Reliable help, a necessity on a large farm, is very difficult to obtain, either male or female. The life is pleasant enough in summer, but the cold and snow of winter and the deep mud of spring virtually shut out many farmers' families from social intercourse with their friends, and tend to make them narrow-minded. With smaller farms, more scientifically managed, employing labor-saving devices more generally, especially in the performance of household work, and with improved roads and daily mails, the life would be almost ideal."

(16) "I was reared on a farm in central New York. It is my intention to go into some other business than farming because there is not enough money in it, and because one has to depend too much on the seasons for the production of good crops. One disadvantage is, that if a farmer wishes to sell anything, he must take what is offered him, instead of setting his own price. On the other hand, if he wishes to buy, he must pay what is asked. In regard to working farms on shares, there is but very little money made. Also, the work is too hard and the hours are too long."

(17) (From a woman) "A woman must be primarily a cook, whether on a farm or in the city. It is difficult for a woman to fill this position and at the same time manage outside work. Not so much of this outside work comes to the woman in the city as in the country. If a husband considers the farm a place to which he declines to be 'tied down,' a woman finds it rather difficult to get things done on the farm, enough to keep it in good condition."

(18) (Connecticut) "I intend to follow the profession of civil engineering. I did not take up farming because in New England a farm is not of much value for earning a living unless situated near enough to a large city to sell garden truck. Dairy farming is about all there is left to a farmer, and one firm virtually controls the market at my place, and places the price very nearly as low as the cost of production."

"My town is a summer resort for New Yorkers, and being thus thrown into close connection with them, the young people, as a rule, desire to be like them.

So they either take some course in a business college and start for the city, or they start for the city without such training at their first opportunity.

"Then, too, there are excellent schools scattered all about New England, and the height of the ambition of the young country lad is to enter one of these schools, and be with the sons of the 'big men' of the country. After he has passed through the school, he will naturally wish to follow his classmates on through college. Since most of these colleges lack an agricultural department, he chooses some other profession.

"The older farmers of my section of New England are quite often wealthy, but they secured their wealth in former years, and they themselves say that farming at the present time does not pay, and are educating and encouraging their sons to seek business in other fields.

"Outside of going to the country fair once a year, the farmer's son does not see in what way other more successful farmers are attaining their success. Of course every farmer takes farm literature, but this does not appeal to him so strongly as to visit and see for himself these successful farms.

"When I had finished my common school education, my father came to the conclusion that, since, in his opinion, farming did not pay, he would send me through college, although he hated to see me leave the farm.

"I might add that the drudgery of such long hours as are necessary on a dairy farm is an unattractive feature of farm life in my locality."

(19) (Pennsylvania) "*a.* The drudgery of life on a small farm.

"*b.* The small profits.

"*c.* The farmer is tied down, because crops, etc., cannot wait.

"*d.* Other fields seem to offer possibilities for greater and nobler achievements.

"These are a few of the unattractive features of farming that come to my mind. If, when younger, I had seen more of farming on a large scale or had known more successful farmers, I might now be taking agriculture. Even now I hope some day to own a farm."

(20) (Maryland) "I am intending to be a civil engineer. There are several

reasons why I did not care to be a farmer. First, farming in my county, where I naturally would want to farm, does not pay fair return for efforts. Second, the influence exerted at home was opposed to such a life without a strong desire on my part, which I did not have. Third, I had a strong desire to become an engineer."

(21) (Ohio) "Because I was not born the heir to a fortune. Had I been, I can think of no more attractive place to spend life than a farm. Without plenty of money from other sources than the farm itself, a farmer's life is too limited. He cannot travel, he cannot have a large acquaintance, or make himself known in the world. Other lines of business offer more money, especially if one is naturally qualified to enter them, and hence broader and more profitable careers."

(22) (Illinois) "No money in farming. I like the city and its pleasures. There is nothing 'doing' on a farm."

(23) (Wisconsin) "On a farm, especially dairy, a person is kept at work each day, no time to be away more than half a day at any time; as help on a farm is not always to be trusted. As compared with other occupations, farm-life demands longer hours, harder work, and less pay; so, being in a position to leave the farm and receive an education, I did so, knowing that at any time the farm is there. For independence there is no person that can be more so than a farmer."

(24) (Missouri) "I do not intend to return to the farm because, with my present education, I can do better as an engineer."

"I think I can best give you the information you wish by answering the question, Why did I decide to leave the farm?"

"a. There was no money in farming, unless a man had money to invest. Even then there was but little."

"b. Disadvantages of being away from schools, churches, entertainments, social life, etc., which a city affords."

"c. Somewhat too ambitious to be content with the quiet life of a farmer."

"d. A natural liking for machinery and engineering work."

"e. I was physically not strong enough to do the heavy, hard work which farm-

life demanded of the man unable to hire it done. The most unattractive part of farm life was the long day's work, under a hot, sweltering sun, following a harrow or pitching hay or doing similar work. Plowing was an exception: I like to plow."

"Farm life has changed a great deal since I left the farm twelve years ago. Machinery has been added, making the work easier; farming has become more scientific, giving scope to the man who does not wish to be a mere nobody. For the last few years there has been more money in farming."

"At the end of my arts course I could have returned to the farm, made a better farmer, been more contented, and worth decidedly more to mankind and to my country than I could ever have been without it."

(25) (Arkansas) "In my part of the country cotton is the only staple crop, the production of which is too monotonous. The labor in that part of the country is all done by negroes, and, owing to the climate, must always be. The race question has never affected us materially, but it must be solved in the next few years, and the outcome is uncertain."

(26) (Mississippi) "Lack of remuneration in proportion to the amount of labor. Lack of opportunities for social intercourse."

"I was too far from school, church, and post-office."

(27) (North Dakota) "I do not care to be a farmer because, first, I do not like farm-work; second, I do not think there is the chance for advancement on a farm that there is in other lines, either social or financial; third, the farmer in general is not looked up to intellectually; fourth there is not enough 'doing' on the farm for a boy."

(28) (from a large ranch in Montana) "Yes, I intend to follow some other business, but not because farm-life is unattractive, for my opinion of the farm is health and true freedom; but I can follow a professional business and have the farm as a side issue, and through it always have a steady income."

(29) (Washington State) "I did not leave the farm because it was unattractive or because my home was not a pleasant one. Had there been only one boy in

the family, I should probably be there to-day. As there were two, one was naturally the farmer and the other the mechanic, gunsmith, and engineer. My reputation in these lines made it necessary for me to do much technical reading, even before entering the high school, and every step after that carried me farther from the farm. A year with the U. S. engineers put the question beyond further thought. I enjoy farm life and farm work."

These native replies at once bring up many questions of great public concern, for they have to do, in a broad way, with the position that the farmer occupies in the economic and social status. These young persons come from good or at least average farm homes; otherwise it would be wholly improbable that they would seek a university training. Exactly forty per cent. of them desire to leave the farm because it is not remunerative. It is easy to say that this financial unsucccess is due to poor individual farming; but it is a question whether a good part is not due to causes that go further and deeper than this; and it is the part of the publicist and statesman to determine what these causes are.

Farming is virtually the only great series of occupations that is unorganized, unsyndicated, unmonopolized, uncontrolled, except as it is dominated by natural laws of commerce and the arbitrary limitations imposed by organization in other business. In a time of extreme organization and subordination of the individual, the farmer still retains his traditional individualism and economic separateness. His entire scheme of life rests on intrinsic earning by means of his own efforts. The scheme in most other businesses is to make profits, and these profits are often non-intrinsic and fictitious, as, for example, in the habit of gambling in stocks, in which the speculator, by mere shrewdness, turns over

his money to advantage, but earns nothing in the process and contributes nothing to civilization in the effort. If the farmer steps outside his own realm, he is met on one side by organized capital and on the other by organized labor. He is confronted by fixed earnings. What he himself secures is a remainder left at the end of a year's business.

Neither can the question of the onerousness of physical labor be overlooked in the replies. About one-fifth of the replies mention this as a distinct handicap. This will no doubt surprise those persons who have thought of machinery as eliminating the toil of farming; but it must be remembered that the farmer is both capitalist and workingman (in this respect being almost unique, as a large class of the community), and that this question takes a different aspect according to the point of view from which the farmer looks at it. The replies raise the question as to whether the farmer is to continue to occupy this dual position.

The replies of these serious-minded youths should also set every thoughtful person wondering what is to be the place of the farmer in the social scheme of things, and whether the present trend is doing him complete justice. About seventeen per cent. of the replies consider that the farmer has distinct social disabilities. They suggest the question as to how far agriculture is to depend for its progress on the efforts of the individual farmer.

Since agriculture is a fundamental and essential occupation, all these large questions of public policy cannot be escaped. Every far-sighted person is interested in the entire economic and social fabric, not alone in the single thread that the technic of his own business or profession contributes to it. I have no purpose at present to comment on the replies that I publish in this article. I shall be content if they challenge my reader.

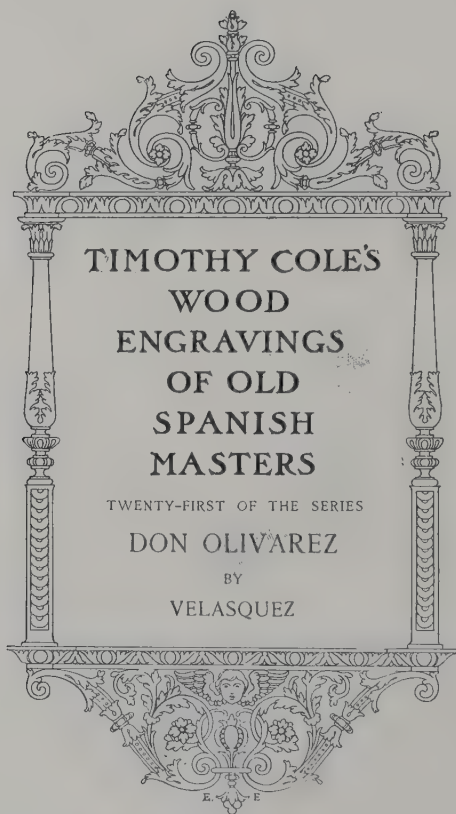




From the painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid

DON OLIVAREZ. BY VELASQUEZ

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-FIRST OF THE SERIES)



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
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TWENTY-FIRST OF THE SERIES

DON OLIVAREZ

BY

VELASQUEZ

ONE OF THEM

BY GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

PICTURES BY C. EWING



THE stillness of a New England Sunday hung over the atelier. Jack yawned and blinked through his fingers at the big white clouds which floated across the picture framed by the long window. In the garden beyond, a tangled web of fresh greens and yellows gleamed like lace against the purple shadow of the old hotel—"l'ancien palais de l'archevêque," as the guide-book said. From the damp earth, newly turned by the gardener's spade, rose the faint, subtle odor of spring. The stone bench leaning against the plastered wall seemed older and more dilapidated than ever. Its scars and rifts, crusted with leprous scales of lichen, spoke plainly of dissolution and decay, an impression heightened by the growing youth about it. Occasionally the gloom of a passing cloud darkened the picture; the shining buds and branches lost their gold and sank into a confused mass; the sharp shadows and bright spots of light on the wall faded suddenly to a rich monotone of subdued color; and the old bench seemed to shrink like a man caught by approaching night. Then, as the cloud passed, the garden, following the trailing hem of its shadow, sprang into life again at the touch of the sun, every twisted twig and tendrill detached and clear, the wall mottled and splashed with purple, brown, and yellow in rich harmony.

It was a real Old-World corner upon

which the atelier windows looked, left behind, forgotten, almost unknown, sinking to an obscure yet exquisite decay. Life had faced the other way. Beyond the outer walls of the surrounding and protecting houses were the busy streets of the Quarter, the shops with their glaring signs covering what had once been considered "la belle architecture Louis Seize," the dignified old façades barely noticed by the cheerful bourgeois or the passing fiacres of tourists who spun through the narrow lanes, too intent on learning the exact contents of the Cluny and the Luxembourg to cast a glance at the ancient yet still vital exhibits of the great "musée" about them—the city itself. Had they but known,—the English, the Germans, and the Americans, all with their little red books and their curious clothes,—they would surely have stopped their cabs and closed their books to turn in at the archway there, just beyond M. Sorieul's butcher-shop, to cross the court, to go on through the printing-room of the "Maison Benoit et Cie," from which, by climbing upon a roll of paper, one could gaze out at this fragment of old royal Paris, crumbling gradually away. There it is to-day; to-morrow it may be hidden or torn down to make way for a modern apartment-house. Only the "bons bourgeois" see it now from their once grand rooms in the shabby palace; it is unappreciated save by the more thoughtful of the young architects, who occasionally look up from their boards to seek inspiration in the vigorous profile of steep mansard and deep dormers, or comfort in the mellow dignity of the past.

But it must be admitted that Jack's eyes

were not among the appreciative ones. The charm and beauty of it all spoke not to him. His mind was full of other things. His Paris experiences dated only two months back—two months which had been full of the excitement of getting settled; of venturing abroad alone without a map, and too timid to try his college French on the natives; of finding his friends, who, in turn, could help him to find himself; and, most important of all, of the business of joining an atelier. His heart beat faster even now as he thought of the helpless, almost sick feeling he had experienced when, the patron having left them, he was alone before the peering faces and shaggy, shabby forms of those who were to be his companions and fellow-workers for the next three years. They had flocked about him like vultures, and seemed to him then to be gloating over him, preparatory to some cruel torture. There was talk of blood, binding, and red-hot irons. Fierce groans and growls filled the air, and an elaborate show was made of rope, glue, and a large pair of shears, the unknown functions of which had only increased Jack's uneasiness.

But he had gone through it as had scores of Americans before him, and, looking back on it now, he was beginning to realize that his reception had not been cruel, after all. Certain aspects of it began to appeal to him as more humorous than horrible,—his fencing-match, for instance, when, armed with a long paint-brush and a pot of green kalsomine, he had fought furiously with Pugin, another "nouveau," whose weapons had been a similar equipment of red. His feelings that night had been those of burning indignation. He had sworn to avenge himself on them all—on Jacquard in particular, who had been the leader of the reception committee.

Yet, in spite of himself, his anger had died away, for from that day he had been received as one of the atelier, and the hated Jacquard had more than once turned the "blague" to other quarters when he saw the young American's face flush with resentment. The others, too, had helped him with criticism frank and too obviously true to be annoying, and Jack cherished already a sketch which Mazet, the "strongest" man in the atelier, a possible

"Grand Prix," had made over his own clumsy drawing. Every stroke was a revelation to him, and he found himself respecting the pale-faced young man whom, the moment before, he had longed to throttle. So he faced the future with a divided mind, wandering among uncertainties, his ideals overthrown, confronted daily by sudden revelations of a moral code so different from his own that he shrank back aghast, or won to admiration by the flash of Gallic brilliancy and the thoughtful kindness of men before whose minds he felt as an overgrown baby.

It was all so new to him, so perplexingly different from the calm, almost bovine life he had led in the American country. His mind sought refuge in reminiscences, and his heart longed for the quiet influences of home. It was four o'clock in the atelier—about ten in the morning at home, he thought, and the family, probably, were all at the club, Polly playing tennis, no doubt, and the pater fuming over the golf-greens or carefully preparing to drive into the first bunker. The clean, sane, out-of-door life was very dear to Jack's heart; but the old question would reassert itself: Might there not be something else worth doing? Surely all the hours spent over these battered tables, the long nights passed in feverish haste to finish the imaginary palace, all the patience, privation, and real sacrifice, must mean something. He remembered that it had all looked very big to him from home when the final word had been said and it was decided that he should go. His mother had left the breakfast-table in tears, even his father's voice had rung strangely, and the one word, "Paris," had blazed before his eyes in letters of fire.

Yet he found himself now longing for the very things he had left so gladly. The atelier looked forlornly bare, as it had looked when he first saw it, and the same feeling of dismay and weakness assailed him. His companions, as they crouched over their boards or swung their legs from the table's-edge, seemed more like shaggy animals than like men. They disgusted him; he forgot the qualities which had won his admiration, forgot his trip to Leguen's room, where he had been sent by the *massier* to wake the gaunt "camarade," who rose instantly, after two

hours of sleep, and hurried to help a friend on a belated drawing. Jack had stumbled after him down the narrow stairs, his heart glowing with admiration at the prompt, unquestioning act of friendship. Now he only thought that Leguen had not even stopped to wash his face. As he worked there, bending over his drawing, a long lock of black hair shading his pale, drawn face, he was like some great bird of prey. Jack instinctively drew away, longing for open air, health, and comfort. "Is it worth while?" he kept asking himself. "Is it worth while?"

If the family doctor, or even a sympathetic friend, could have examined Jack's mental health he would have diagnosed the case instantly as the critical stage of that least dangerous of diseases—homesickness. But to the boy himself it seemed that he had never been more miserable. His work appeared futile, childish, and uninteresting. The temperament of the entire atelier was at low ebb. The gamut of amusement had been tried in vain. Bibi had come,—Bibi, the grotesque scarecrow who haunted the Quarter with his tales of the last Empire; and Prosper, the *marchand d'olives*, had made his round from man to man, offering his wares in extemporaneous verse quickly suited to the trying demands of each man's name. Père Godin had been there, too; or at least he had penetrated as far as the foot of the stairs, where Mme. la Concierge, arm-deep in a wash-tub, had halted him with strenuous cries which brought a score of faces to the window. So Père Godin had sung his pathetic songs from the lower depths, and recited the dramatic tale of "César et Brute" with nought but the stones of the pavement, wet by the concierge's splashing, to receive his emaciated form. Nevertheless, he plunged home the wooden dagger with relentless energy, and sank expiring, amid heart-rending groans, which gained in sonority from the surrounding walls. The sweet music of jingling coppers accompanied his last moments and more than compensated the actor for his ignoble theater. Père Godin had departed, with many grateful upward smiles, and later they had heard faint groans from a neighboring court, and knew that César was again gasping, "Et toi aussi, Brute!"

Last and greatest of all, the patron had

come. Alas! that mere words should fail so utterly to express the enormity of that visit. Picture a pandemonium of flying balls of paper, knotted blouses, crossed T-squares, and sliding tabourets, stilled instantaneously at the opening of a door—groans of execration, roars of laughter, torrents of abuse, all simmering down to perfect peace in a second! Pigeard, the *sous-massier*, had just been delivering an address. When Pigeard was not delivering an address he was composing one. His subject had been, "The Undesirability of Parents." "La famille, messieurs, c'est une bêtise—it is the enemy of art—it is—"

Just what other odious characteristics the family possessed remained a secret with the orator, for at that moment the door opened silently, the oratorical creation crumbled to nothing, while the *sous-massier* scrambled down from his rostrum as gracefully as possible. The patron turned away discreetly to hang his hat on the hook religiously reserved for that special honor. Then the great man went his rounds, followed herd-like by the score or more of workers, who stood on tiptoe, craning their necks over one another's shoulders to see and hear the criticisms of the master. And the master chose to be very much displeased, not at the confusion which had greeted him, for that was the normal state of affairs, but at the quality of the work set before him. As he turned wearily from the last study and reached for his flat-brimmed top-hat, not failing to knock its crown against the flying rings which swung over the door,—he always did that, whether by design or accident the atelier never knew,—he said in the quiet way which was partly the secret of his command: "Messieurs, I tell you frankly, I am disappointed in your work. You are not serious. You do not study. You amuse yourselves; and you show me—what? Your plans are not bad; and you, M. Grenier, you have a good *parti*." The young Swiss blushed furiously, for this was the highest praise the patron ever gave. "But you others!" the patron raised his hands in a comprehensive gesture of despair which seemed to take in the entire room, boards, tables, and all. "Ce n'est pas ça—l'architecture! Bon jour, messieurs." The door closed, and he was gone.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IT IS THE COAT WHICH MAKES THE MAN"

A low growl of disapproval rose from the dejected crowd. "Pig of a patron!" ejaculated Pigeard. "He has interrupted my discourse. The family, messieurs, as I was saying when so rudely interrupted by the imbecile who has just left us—the family—"

But he was again interrupted, this time by his comrades themselves, who were in no mood for "blague." They realized too fully that the words of their master had been true, and that his criticism had come from a kind heart and a clear judgment, a mind not tricked by a clever sketch or blinded by an attractive scheme.

"Idiot! he did not even like my cartouche, which I copied bestially from his own hôtel de ville at Tours!" said Gouin.

"Et toi, Grenier!" cried Baux, a little man with a huge black beard. "Show us your parti!"

But Grenier only smiled with a curious dancing light in his brown eyes as he said:

"Come down into the court, *petit homme*, and I will show it to you."

Baux thought of the concierge's wash-tubs, and once more silence fell on the atelier. Jack stared at the board and wondered why he had not seen before that the columns were too far apart; but the

incentive to change them sank with the descending sun. The slanting golden rays filtered through the unclipped bushes in the neighboring garden and fell in warm yellow splashes on the richly colored wall. The atelier seemed to doze, when Pigeard, who had been trying to balance himself on one leg of a tabouret, said dryly:

"Va, Baux, va! Descend in the court to see the parti of Grenier."

The tension of quiet relaxed in a burst of laughter as Baux retorted violently:

"Camel of a Pigeard! he stores things up like the *mont-de-piété*!"

This, of course, was just what Pigeard wanted. "Come, camarades," he said, "let us amuse ourselves with the gentle little Baux."

There was a general movement toward the little Toulousan's end of the table, and he was soon raging furiously, heaping epithets upon all in general and Pigeard in particular, whom he called "an ignoble thing which sleeps under bridges."

Keen banter and stinging rebuke flew back and forth until Jack expected to see the combatants spring at each other's throats.

"Cut your beard, Baux! It is out of scale. You have too much cornice; it is the patron who has said it," howled Gouin.

"And your own, Pink Baby!" screamed the other. "Has it begun to grow yet?"

"Oh! oh! he speaks with the accent of a Spanish cow! It is a foreigner!" cried the chorus.

Baux adroitly carried the war into America. "And are there not other foreigners?" he retorted. "Look at that imbecile 'Untanton!'—that was the nearest approach to 'Huntington' possible to the atelier. "He regards us like a china dog. He comprehends nothing; he sees nothing; he says nothing. It ought to be gay in New York, with the boulevards full of these images!"

Jack found himself suddenly wrenched out of his reverie by a bombardment of "blague." He grinned foolishly and attempted to reply, but the few words at his command were seized upon with such relish and twisted into such violent parodies of the American accent, amid cries of "Och, yes! Blum-pooding!" that he sought refuge in silence, and answered by grasping the nearest of his tormentors by the arm.

"Oh, yi, yi!" screamed the Frenchman, writhing to the floor and clapping a hand to the injured member. "He has wire fingers! He has bitten—the redskin!"

The confusion ended as suddenly as it had begun. There was no particular reason why it should stop, but all seemed to agree tacitly that 'Untanton's possibilities were waning, and silence fell once more, Pigeard adding reflectively, "Il est vraiment grotesque, ce petit Baux."

Again the high voices of the children reached them from the courtyard below, and the scolding of the concierge as she adjured Pierre to leave monsieur's "bicyclette" alone. Jack's mind drifted off to the tennis-court at Auteuil. He had just time for a set before dinner if he caught the next boat at the Pont des Saints-Pères. Some of the others would surely be there. He moved toward the door, and found his hat under the broad-brimmed head-gear of his companions. As he turned on the threshold to say, "Au revoir," which he had not forgotten to do since his second day at the atelier, when the lesson had been forcibly taught him, he saw Pigeard suddenly jump up from his tabouret and begin taking off the highly polished frock-coat which he always wore. Jack paused, wondering what next.

The Frenchman clambered up to his favorite perch on the table and held his coat at arm's length, beaming down at the interested group which quickly formed, eager for any new diversion. Pigeard about to speak was always impressive.

"Messieurs et chère madame—" he bowed gallantly toward a window across the court, where a woman sat sewing. His audience at once stampeded, and were rearranged only when madame had discreetly retired from view.

"Alors," continued Pigeard, "as I was saying, you see this coat, this simple frock-coat of chaste and pure design?"

"Ah! charmant! Très jolie!" murmured the audience.

"It is the coat which makes the man. What would the patron be sans redingote? A great pile of veal. It is I, Pigeard, who say it, and the Truth—c'est moi."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted his friends. "Bis! bis! Très bien, Pigeard! Continue!"

Encouraged by the enthusiasm, the

orator threw back his head and sang lustily the opening bars of Schaunard's "Farewell to his coat" from "La Bohème"; then, continuing his harangue:

tion and character, as I would borrow a louis. Vite, Valette, give me the cocher's head up there."

The cocher's head, the sole remaining



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

'AU SECOURS! POLICE! POLICE!'

"This coat, messieurs, is but a drapery; it hangs on my arm, an ignoble thing—like the camarade Baux" (loud cries of protestation from Baux); "yet on the back of a patron or a Pigeard—ah! c'est tout à fait autre chose! It borrows dis-

portion of what had once been an elaborate lay figure constructed for the last Quat'z' Arts cortège, was plucked from its place on the wall and handed up to the orator. Thrusting the end of a T-square into the shoulders of the coat, he balanced

the head on top, crowning it with his own battered "stovepipe."

"Messieurs, I have the honor to introduce our well-loved master."

The grinning effigy wagged its head, while the crowd yelled with delight; but Pigeard woke them to new possibilities when he cried: "But the legs, idiots! Will you have a patron sans culottes? Where is the last nouveau?"

Jack mentally thanked his stars that he no longer occupied that menial position, while Chauvin, a stupid-faced *Alsacien*, was dragged forward and ordered to remove his trousers.

"But I shall take cold," he protested.

"Take them off!" screamed the crowd, and Baux added sweetly, "Console toi, Chauvin; la concierge t'en sera folle."

The concerted efforts of the atelier were now bent on perfecting the new patron. His form grew more and more lifelike as the garments were stuffed with blouses and crumpled paper. Jack hung up his hat, and forgot about the tennis in the task of manufacturing a shirt-bosom out of stiff white "Whatman," while Leguen designed cuffs with brilliantly painted cuff-buttons. Grenier gave his necktie, and Chauvin was further despoiled of the important article of shoes. His interest in the toilet had made him quite forget his own, and he trotted to and fro, giggling and babbling like a silly old woman, an effect which was further heightened by a blouse tied apron-fashion about his waist. It was suggested that Baux contribute half his beard,—"seulement la moitié, mon vieux,"—but he indignantly refused. Mazet added the finishing touch, a small bow of red ribbon in the lapel of the coat, which, even in the lifeless dummy, commanded a respect amounting almost to awe.

"En route!" cried Pigeard, lifting the clumsy figure from the table after the head had been securely fastened by a complicated arrangement of twine. Placing an affectionate arm about it, he made the tour of the atelier from study to study, stopping at each for a short criticism, imitating the mannerisms of the master with a truth which would have called forth instant applause had not all concerned been faithful to their parts of reverential élèves. Each man stepped forward as his place was reached, to gain

the full advantage of the visit, while Pigeard manipulated the T-square from behind, causing the patron to nod his imbecile head or raise his hands in horror at some particularly daring design. Before Baux's study the figure seemed to recoil in fear, collapsing limply as he cried, "Non! non! c'est trop fort!" But when Pigeard's own place was reached, the dummy had naught but the most extravagant praise.

"Mais c'est exquis!" he said; "mes félicitations, M. Pigeard. What taste! what perfect proportion!" The grinning tête-de-cocher turned toward the group. "I tell you frankly, messieurs, I am for the most part very much disappointed in your work—particularly in yours, M. Grenier; you have an absurd parti. And you, Mr. 'Untanton—your columns look like umbrellas. You do not study, any of you. You are not serious. I ask you for façades, and you give me—what? Salads! But you have one artist among you! Regard the study of M. Pigeard! C'est ça—l'architecture!"

This was too much. With a roar of insubordination, the whole atelier charged, covering the attack with a volley of paper bullets. Those nearest the patron defended him valiantly, Jack among them. To his awakened interest the inanimate figure became a living leader to be fought for with all the strength and loyalty which he possessed. He hurled Valette against the stove with such force that the Frenchman crawled gasping out of the conflict and hung on the edge of a table to recover his breath.

"A bas l'Amérique!" cried the attacking party, centering their forces in his direction. He warded off three of the assailants, encircling them in his long arms, where they writhed and shrieked in vain attempts to escape. But the odds were too great. Some one thrust a tabouret in the path of the twisting, scuffling knot, and its component parts fell in the corner, where they were promptly buried under an avalanche of coats and hats. When Jack emerged, dusty but smiling, the battle was over and the poor dummy lay in a horribly twisted condition on the threshold, his head lolling to one side like that of a dying gladiator. It was the work of a few moments to unhook the flying-rings and tie a noose about the patron's neck.

and an instant later the personification of authority swung like a ghastly corpse from a bracket over one of the windows.

Pigeard stood for a moment as if horrified by the fate of his invention. Then he whispered excitedly to Mazet and Grenier:

"This is only the beginning! Quick! Descend to the street and give the alarm!"

They were off at lightning speed, leaping over the heads of Pierre and Louise where they played at housekeeping on the steps below. Pigeard ran to the end of the atelier and threw open one of the windows opening on the Rue Dauphine.

"Au secours!" he shouted frantically. "Au secours! The patron has hanged himself! Police! Police!"

Mazet and Grenier clattered out of the court, neck and neck, and started up the quiet street in opposite directions, pointing back wildly as they yelled: "Au secours! Police! Police! Il est mort!"

The bookbinder's messenger, who was slipping and sliding over the damp asphalt, stopped in his tracks and craned his neck to gaze up at the wild figure who, coatless and hatless, stood at the long window and continued to cry: "O malheur! Il est mort! Au secours!"

The messenger backed up like a dray-horse to the narrow curb and laboriously lowered his load to the ground, slipping his shoulders out of the leather harness. "What is it?" he questioned.

"Un pendu! Un pendu!" answered Pigeard. "The patron—he has hanged himself! Au secours!"

Two masons, white with dust, sidled out of the corner cabaret. They stood hesitating for a moment in the doorway, wiping their mouths on the backs of their chalky hands; then, as Mazet sped by them shouting his startling news, they ran clumsily toward the arched entranceway. Grenier nearly ran over Mme. Chaplin, who promptly thrust her fish-basket into the nearest doorway and waddled toward the spot indicated by the young man's gestures. The concierge pounced on Pierre and little Louise and thrust them, dazed and bewildered, into the stuffy *loge*, whence they peered longingly like goldfish in a bowl. The voices of the two outrunners grew fainter and fainter as they went their respective ways, while the results of their mission became more and more evident in a growing flood of

excited people who poured out of shops, side streets, courts, and alleys, and headed toward the atelier, plainly marked by the clamorous Pigeard. A hand-cart laden with artichokes was deserted by its proprietor. This blocked the road, and the omnibus from the Pont Neuf came squeaking to a standstill.

Curious passengers clambered down from the *impériale* to join the crowd; caps, *charrettes*, more omnibuses, and countless pedestrians wedged themselves more and more tightly into the space before the atelier. Jack peered out between Pigeard's legs and fairly whooped with excitement. The street, as far as he could see, was one solid, compact mass of pushing, struggling citizens. The court was packed to its utmost limit, for from that point of vantage the fortunate ones could see the ghastly "pendu" himself, swinging in the dim light of the window. From them to the outer circle sped the news, changing as it went. There had been a murder; two artists had fought a duel with knives; a jealous butcher had killed his wife. Pigeard surveyed the sea of upturned faces and seemed pleased. But his task was only half done.

At its other end the long room opened on the Rue Mazarin, where the returning omnibuses rolled their peaceful way, where the cabs trotted briskly by, and where the good folk of the Quarter laughed and chatted together in humdrum unconsciousness of the neighboring excitement. This was not fair, according to Pigeard's standard; and he proceeded to equalize matters by informing the loiterers in the quiet thoroughfare of the great tragedy which had just been enacted. He implored their instant aid, and pointed out M. Duvernoy's book-shop as the readiest entrance. Inasmuch as there was no entrance to the atelier from the Rue Mazarin, M. Duvernoy soon found himself swamped by visitors who could not be speedily ejected because of the constantly increasing crowd of those who wished to come in. When the street was as thoroughly blocked as the Rue Dauphine had been, Pigeard jumped down from the table and threw himself with a gasp of satisfaction on a drawing-board.

"Cà-y-est! Bottled up!" he said, exhausted by his efforts and his laughter. "Let us chant the 'Miserere.'"

Valette led the solemn chorus, directing with a round from one of the shattered tabourets. Jack joined in enthusiastically, admiring the vibrant timbre of the voices, so thoroughly unlike anything he had known before. It was all a strange, dream-like picture, this circle of long-haired, dark-bearded young men gravely chanting a death-song at the feet of the hanging figure, the faint blue light of late afternoon casting a spell of ghastly reality over what had been a farce but for the deep sincerity with which each part, however small, was played. The actors, unconscious though they were, assumed their parts superbly, and the effect on their American comrade was in the nature of a revelation. The unreality had stolen upon him so gradually that he had not perceived the change. The assumption of new rôles had been so naturally effected, the *esprit de corps* so powerful and unanimous, that Jack, had he been aware of anything beyond the mere pleasure of singing, would have found every nerve vibrating in a newly evoked sympathy with his strange companions. But he thought of nothing at all, except vaguely that the end must come somehow, that beyond the square of pale light against which the black figure hung was a crowd of people, real streets, real life. He felt curiously elated and happy, even in his character of funeral chorister, ready to go on joyously where-soever events might lead.

The seventh repetition of the "Miserere" was punctuated by a sudden, sharp knock on the door, which startled even Pigeard and brought the chorus to an uncertain close.

"Surely," whispered the *sous-massier*, visibly impressed, "it is the vile government. Quick! the ladder, Chauvin! Take down the *cadavre*!"

The nouveau stumbled off in frightened haste, but was recalled as a second heavy knock fell and a voice cried, "Open!"

"It is too late! Obey the *patrie*, Chauvin," said Pigeard, composing himself with an air which seemed to suggest a plan, and inspired confidence.

Chauvin trotted to the door and turned the key. A magnificent *sergent-de-police* stood on the threshold, note-book in hand. "This must be at least a general," thought Jack, taking in the white cords, stripes, and gold epaulets, to say nothing of the

small sword hanging at his side. At his back were four comrades of lower grade, also armed with swords and note-books. In the dim light the sergeant mistook the aproned nouveau for a woman. "Pardon, madame," he said politely, which gallantry was greeted with scattered snickers of suppressed laughter. He strode angrily forward, only to draw back suddenly as he saw the hanging figure.

"What has happened?" he said, opening his note-book, a move which was followed closely by his four aides. Jack wondered if they were going to write a history in five volumes. Pigeard eyed the sergeant listlessly as he said: "Monsieur, I beg you to remove your hat. You are in the presence of the illustrious dead." He covered his face with his hands and seemed overcome by grief. The sergeant's face was like a growing thunder-cloud as he suspiciously felt of the patron's leg. It crackled under his touch, and one of Chauvin's shoes fell to the floor. The wrath of offended authority exploded in a flash of comprehension. "Arrest them all!" he screamed, livid with rage; "and you first of all!" and he hurled himself on the *sous-massier*, who succumbed so limply that the conflict was of short duration. The four "agents" deployed cautiously, gaining in boldness as they realized the submissiveness of their quarry. Jack was pushed forward to a prominent position to impress the sergeant with his size, Pigeard standing beside him, while the others formed ranks, two by two, behind them. "Allons, messieurs!" said Pigeard, gaily. "En route!"

The crowd was still dense in the courtyard, but it opened like the Red Sea before Moses at the sight of the uniforms, and the procession marched impressively out between the lines of curious faces.

"Mon pantalon!" whimpered Chauvin, but an agent pushed him roughly into line.

"C'est la femme!" whispered the crowd as he passed, and then exploded with laughter as the rear view was disclosed. Leguen and Baux were dragging between them the rapidly disintegrating cause of all the excitement, the passage of which caused a running fire of exclamation:

"Est-ce qu'il est mort?"

"O la-la! le pauvre malheureux!"

"Regarde son pied qui traîne."

As they neared the red lamp which



Half-tone plate engraved by W. M. Aikman

"'ALLONS, MESSIEURS!' SAID PIGEARD, GAILY. 'EN ROUTE!'"

marked the seat of local government, two disheveled figures slipped out of the crowd and fell in behind the patron and his supporters. They were the two outrunners.

"They have the air of forgetting us, mon vieux Grenier," said Mazet.

"Je te crois," replied the other. "To make themselves arrested without warning us—c'est dégoûtant!" Then, as he caught sight of Chauvin in the line ahead, "Eh, Chauvin! ta façade postérieure gagne le Grand Prix!"

In a written account it is impossible to do justice to the speech on the Rights of Man which Pigeard delivered before the august *commissaire*. Even though the atelier had heard something very like it before,—for it was one of the sous-massier's favorite topics,—they were held spellbound by the unwonted eloquence of their associate as he applied the abstract principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, so dear to every Gallic heart, to the particular needs of his case.

The sergeant and his gallant men began to look less triumphant as the commissaire, a man of fierce aspect but simple mind, was fascinated, caught, and overwhelmed by the rhetoric of their conquest. "M. 'Untanton" was introduced—"an American, son of a sister republic, who has a consul and an ambassador." Diplomatic difficulties were suggested, at which even the commissaire began to feel uncomfortable and to wonder how he could clear himself most easily. When Pigeard pointed an accusing finger at the wilted sergeant and cried in clarion tones, "I accuse this man of violating the sacred foyer of individual Liberty!" the commissaire capitulated.

In a conciliatory address he begged the gentlemen to consider that their error in blocking the streets of Paris and paralyzing the commerce of the Quarter had been the real offense, which, however, he hastened to add, he was ready to overlook in view of the unwarranted action of his agents. That would be a subject for interior adjustment. He simply requested, as a friend and neighbor, that the gentlemen would, in the future, localize their amusements—he smiled fatuously at the happy expression—and he wished them all good evening.

"Bon soir, m'sieur," murmured the crowd as they shuffled out and turned down the street, Pigeard staying behind for a few ceremonious formalities, after which he joined his friends, who were moving by common accord toward the Rocher, the café where they assembled after every outing or "ballade." They walked on in silence, reflectively enjoying the memory of their adventure, until Pigeard said dryly, "Qu'il est bête, ce vieux commissaire!" at which the babel of tongues was loosed.

At the Rocher, as they sat at the long tables over their coffee and the "demis" of "bière-blonde" they laughed until they cried over every detail of the experience. Chauvin, smiling idiotically, considered himself a hero and stroked his regained trousers affectionately. Pigeard, still wearing the red ribbon with which Mazet had decorated the dismembered patron, ordered that the tête-de-cocher be placed before them on a charger.

"Eh bien, 'Untanton," said Leguen, smiling at Jack, "you are one of us, hein?"

And Jack answered sincerely, if with an accent, "Oui, mon vieux!"

WILKINSON'S CHANCE

BY LAWRENCE MOTT



SHADING his eyes from the blistering glare, holding his horse by the bridle while the sweat rolled in streams, Constable Wilkinson of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police rested on a little rise of land. Overhead the sun scorched and burned, and across the great prairie distance the shimmering heat waves caused the dreary perspective to roll sluggishly like the sea, brown, gray, and green mingling together, before the man's sun-dulled eyes. No sound disturbed the parched air, no living thing moved, and as he looked about him the only relieving objects were bleached buffalo skulls and bones, reminders of the presence of man in the desolate wilderness.

"This is *hell*," he muttered.

He went round and sat down in his horse's shadow, drew out a pipe, and lighted it.

"Can't smoke, can't see worth a cent, no water, lost track of the men I'm after, and now—what's next?" he finished slowly. The horse looked wonderingly at him, then nibbled at the stiff, baked grass. Wilkinson's head fell forward in little jerks, and he dozed with exhaustion.

Slowly the hours passed on, the man limp on the hot ground, the horse waiting patiently, its bridle over Wilkinson's arm. As the sun neared the misty horizon, red and fiery, life came to the prairie; gophers sat up, and their sharp, shrill whistlings pierced the cooling atmosphere.

Suddenly the man stirred, scrambled to his feet, and listened eagerly.

"That was a shot, I'm sure!" he whispered, peering through the dusk that now wrapped the prairie in purple and gray lights.

Bang-bang—crack!

"I knew it! Down, Andy, down!"

He pushed the horse, gently kicking its knees as he did so; obediently it sank, and rolled over with a grunt. The constable dropped beside it, and saw several shapes fleeing toward him. In a moment they were gone.

"Antelope! That's what they were shooting at. Wonder who it is? I'll wait here."

It was dark now, and the prone figures of man and horse were only black splotches in the faint starlight. Then from off to the right came the sound of voices, faintly at first, then stronger, until words were distinguishable.

"Laramie! Laramie!"

Wilkinson trembled with eagerness.

"Laramie! My men, after all! Here's luck! I'll make a name for myself yet," he whispered exultantly. Carefully he lifted his head, reached over, and pressed his fingers strongly in the horse's soft muzzle.

"Quiet, Andy, old nag, quiet!"

"Talk erbout pure cussed luck," a voice came to him from the little flat below, "missed thet jumpin' deer cleaner 'n a gopher huntin' his hole! Nawthin' t' eat, nawthin' but rotten whisky to drink, and sixty critters to watch!"

"Don't blame me," another voice answered from farther in the darkness; "*ye would run 'em off.*"

"Would run 'em off, ye idiot! An' why should n't I? Fifty dollars a head for this lot sure, an' a cinch ter get 'em!"

"Quit yer kickin', then, an' strike a light while I watches these dod-blamed ponies!"

A blaze soon flickered its feeble glow in the valley, and Wilkinson saw the strong features of Slick Ben Laramie, "bad" man, dead shot, and horse-thief. These were the men he had been sent to capture, and whose trail he had lost on the seared and withered prairie.

"Tom!" Laramie called.

"Whut?"

"Where 'd that redcoat sojer o' the Queen go?"

"Way out yander to the south'ard. Last I seen him he was goin' like blazes."

Laramie laughed. "Neat trick o' mine, doublein' on our tracks, wa'n't it?"

"Yep."

"Wonder who 's arter us this time?" and Slick Ben stared at the little fire that crackled faintly and from which no smoke came. "Last trip it was Dunn. You mind Dunn, don't you, Tom? An' I 'done' him right etween the eyes. Time afore that two sojers tickled our trail fer four days. You winged one, you mind? T'other got skeered an' vamoosed."

Laramie was silent; the world was silent for Wilkinson, save for the stamping of the feet of the stolen horses in the gloom beyond and the working of his heart.

"There 's nawthin' 'll run the critters t'night, Tom; come up an hev a drink."

"Thet hits me, pard," and in a few moments the constable saw another man appear in the circle of yellow light; this one was of a wiry build, heavily bearded, and carried a revolver. Wilkinson thought the matter over.

"There 's just one chance," he muttered finally, while the two below laughed and talked, "and that is to rush them *now*; I 'll have to risk Andy's whinnying." He withdrew his hand from the muzzle; the horse sighed and lay quiet. "Here goes for fame!" Wilkinson drew his service revolver and crept slowly back for a few feet; then he rose swiftly and ran, bending low toward the fire. At fifteen yards he stopped.

"Hands up and quickly!"

The man called Tom had his in the air like a flash and Laramie was not far behind. The latter looked Wilkinson up and down critically.

"Wall, sojer, ye got the best of us. Here 's my gun." He started to reach down to his holster.

"Another inch and I 'll drill you!"

"All right, sojer, all right. No offense." Laramie smiled grimly. "You 're doin' well fer a youngster."

"Thanks." The constable chuckled. "Now side by side, you two, backs to the fire." The men did as they were told, and Wilkinson relieved them of two re-

volvers, two knives, and a short round thong loaded with lead at one end; all these he placed on the ground at his feet.

"That 'll do now, men; sit down," he said when he had finished the search.

"What 's your name, sojer, ef I may presume to eenquire?" Laramie stretched himself lazily by the feeble blaze.

"Frank Wilkinson."

"Be'n long in the Force?" the other horse-thief asked, as he seated himself.

"Only two years. Came out here to see if I could make a name for myself; never was much good at home."

Laramie chuckled. "You 'll do fust rate ef you keep on the way ye 're goin', won't he, Tom?"

"Sure, pard, sure. But say, sojer, honest now, ye got us more by cussed all-fired good luck 'n by good jedgment, now, did n't ye?"

"That is true; but my lucky star to-night means a lot to me with the commissioner. You two have 'done for' some of our boys, besides running off a thunderin' lot of horses in the last three years." Wilkinson's voice rang with a triumphant sharp, crisp sound, and the faint light sparkled in his brown eyes.

"True for ye, sojer—true as ye say it; and we 'd ha' done fer ye, too, ef we 'd 'a' had the chanst, bet yer life on that."

"Let that go, Tom; we kind er went off half-cocked, as ye mought say. What I 'm eentered in is why this young feller should come out o' a civilized, God-fearin' country to this blasted alkali wilderness, an', on top o' that, go to sojerin' at seventy-five cents a day." Slick Ben lifted himself on his elbow as he continued: "Whut d' ye say, sojer, ef we swap yarns about our lives? We can't leave here till ye gets yer hoss in the mornin', and as ye got ter set up and watch us, curse me ef I don't stay awake with ye, purvided ye tell the story o' yer life. How about it?"

"Mine is n't worth listening to,"—Wilkinson stopped a moment, and his eyes became set in a thoughtful, remembering stare,—“but I 'll tell it so that I can hear yours. Only remember that anything you say will be used against you."

"Don't let that worry you, sojer; I ain't a-goin' ter eencriminate myself, you bet! Wall, here goes."

Laramie tore up some grasses, gathered

a few twigs that were near him, and, as the flames danced into the cool darkness, Wilkinson wondered at the clean-cut features, the high, square forehead, the strong mouth, and firm chin of this noted "bad man." "They said he was good-looking; he is, too," he muttered to himself. Meanwhile Laramie sat lost in a reverie. He started suddenly, then, looking keenly at Wilkinson, he began. The constable listened in astonishment, for the voice he heard was quiet, modulated, that of an educated man.

"I was born in New England thirty-two years ago. My mother died when I was a little lad, and my father did n't much care what became of me, at least I suppose so, for I never saw him after I was five years old, though I heard of him indirectly. Somehow or another I grew until I was old enough to go to school. My father paid my expenses, and gave me a good allowance—beyond that, nothing. I went to school, and then formed the ambition to go to college."

"But—" Wilkinson began.

"Please let me finish," Laramie said quietly. I worked hard at my books, and, my allowance still keeping up to the standard, at seventeen I entered a university. In my sophomore year I fell in love with the dearest woman, to me, in the whole of this world, and in my junior year—or, rather, at the beginning of it—we were married. Then without a word of warning the allowance ceased absolutely; no word of explanation—nothing. The firm through which the money had been paid refused all information, and there I was penniless. My money had been ample to support two quietly, and I felt sure that I could obtain work that I should be fitted for after I graduated—that was why I married when I did. Bess, that is my wife's name, had a little of her own, and we decided to go West. We went down into Texas, and I got work in a milling concern. Things went on pretty well for a time, then came the deluge. The foreman hit me one day with a block of wood; I hit back, and he came at me with a knife; I picked up a wrench and let him have it—killed him on the spot. I fled the country, a posse after me, and since then—but you know the rest."

The silence was absolute when Laramie finished. His partner sat moodily in his

place, twisting and twirling grass roots between his fingers. Now and then one of the ponies snorted or stamped, otherwise everything was still.

"Where is your wife now?" Wilkinson asked slowly.

Tom jerked his head up. "Don't be more a fool than ye hev be'n, Ben! We 're took; don't give the gal away!"

"Aw, the sojer ain't lookin' fer her; he would n't find her ef he was." The voice had all its original harshness, and the steel-blue eyes were cold again.

"Come on, sojer, tell yer leetle story," Tom sneered.

"It 's short, and goes something like this," Wilkinson began. "I, too, was born in New England." He watched for a gleam of recognition to cross the other's face, but the features were hard and set, and he continued: "I had every advantage, and—threw them all away. Now I 'm out here trying to do something that 's decent. My mother is the only one in the world that has a single ray of hope left for me. After all, I promised her I would go straight, and come back with something to my credit. That 's all there is to my life."

"Ever been in' the jug?" Laramie asked shortly.

The constable hesitated an instant.

"I kin see ye hev," the other said. "Whut fer?"

"That does n't matter, does it?"

"Naw; I don't suppose it do." After a long pause, he added: "Wall, she 's a-comin' daylight." Laramie rose slowly.

Faint and far over the eastern horizon, shivering, timid veils of light were creeping up the heavens, pale blue at first, then, as they grew stronger, changing to green and yellow. Little by little the prairie distances took shape, until the rolling hills and hollows showed everywhere.

Once more the gophers whistled, and the coyotes became silent; here and there appeared their vague brown-gray shapes as they scuttled over the rises of the land.

"Go ahead of me, men, over that flat there till I find my horse." Wilkinson took all the cartridges from the prisoner's guns, then, throwing his rifle across his arm, walked after the two. Some distance away they found the horse, quietly grazing on such bits of grass as had not been entirely blasted by the sun.

The constable mounted, and, with the two still in front of him, went back to the herd of stolen ponies.

"There 's nothing to eat, men, so we might as well start."

Slowly the ponies began to move, then they trotted along.

"Sorry, but I 'll have to put these on you."

Laramie drew back. Instantly Wilkinson covered him with the rifle. "Better come quietly, Laramie; you 've got to come anyway." They looked at each other, then the horse-thief held out his wrist. A rattle, clink, snap, and the prisoners were handcuffed to each other.

"You can ride if you can keep your horses near enough together."

Tom looked up gratefully.

"T'anks, sojer; she 's a-goin' ter be a scorcher to-day, an' no mistake."

The sun, in fierce, red glory, was just coming over the sky-line, and its hot rays burned even at this early hour of the morning.

Suddenly, as they moved onward, Wilkinson saw Laramie looking sharply across the prairie, and heard him mutter to his companion. He himself searched the bare wastes, and saw a moving speck approaching rapidly.

"Rescue!" he whispered; then: "Halt! Dismount! Lie down!" Laramie and Tom lay flat while Wilkinson sat his horse, watching. Nearer and nearer came the speck; at last he could distinguish a horse and rider traveling fast. The rider saw him then, and swerved in his direction.

"Why, it 's a woman!" Unconsciously he spoke aloud.

"Woman? Woman?" Slick Ben leaped to his feet, dragging his companion with him. "It 's Bess, Tom, sure as fate!"

"Stand where you are, men, or I shoot!" The constable cocked his rifle. The woman was very near now; the pounding of her pony's feet was plainly heard in the morning stillness. The pony lurched up the slope, staggered, groaned, and rolled over dead. The woman slid to her knees, utterly exhausted.

"Charlie! Charlie!" she gasped.

"Steady, Bess! steady!" Laramie answered, stiffening, and straining at the handcuff. "What is it—the boy?"

"Yes, yes, yes,—dying, ca—calling for

you. You said you would be back last night. I waited and waited, and then could n't stand his calling for you any longer, so I started out to find you. I have tra—traveled nearly all night—the little horse did his best."

She looked up, and saw Wilkinson's red coat.

"Cha—Ben, oh, Ben, it 's too late then?" Her face turned white, and she sank slowly, her eyes fixed on the constable in a wild stare.

Laramie looked over his shoulder. "Can I—can I talk to my wife?" he asked huskily. Wilkinson nodded.

Tenderly, as well as he could with one hand, Tom helping, Laramie lifted the girl, and leaned her body against his.

"Yes, I 'm afraid it 's too late this time, Bess, too late." His strong body shook, but no tears showed in the steel-blue eyes. "What happened?"

Shudderingly the words came in answer:

"He was playing cow-boy yesterday and he fell among the horses; one of the stallions kicked and bit him—oh, Charlie, it 's awful! He 's dying—calling for you—I can hear him now!" The girl got to her feet. "I always said it would come to this; the horses have taken everything I have in the world—my boy, and, because of them, the police have taken you!" The tears came then in torrents to her eyes, and the four stood thus while the broiling, blistering heat grew.

Laramie, his voice trembling, his eyes on the constable, said: "Wilkinson, will you take my word that I will deliver myself to the Regina Barracks within thirty hours, and let me go to my boy for the last time?"

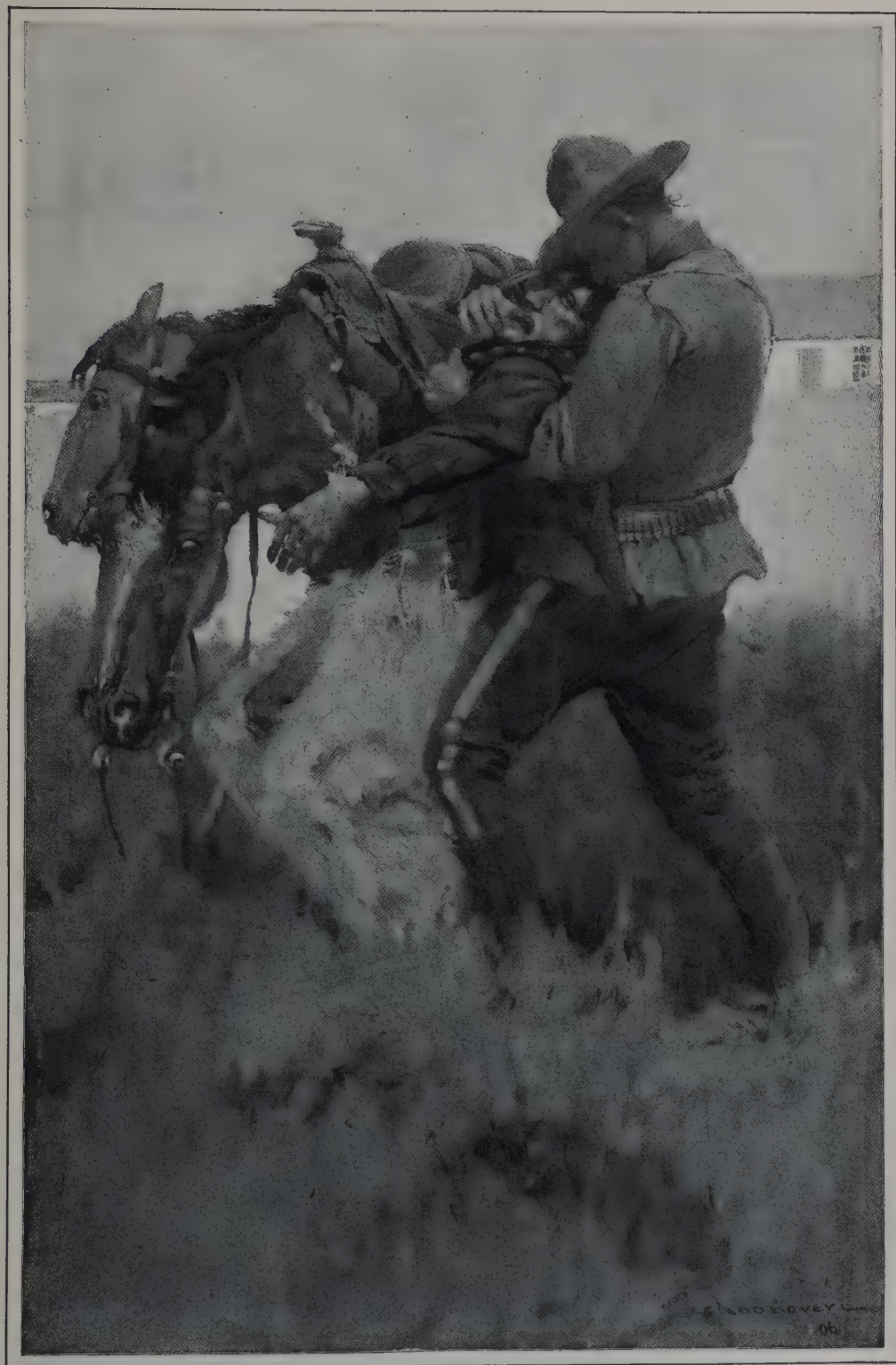
The girl caught her breath. As if by magic there passed before Wilkinson's eyes a sweet old figure; he saw it at a window, and the face was wet with tears. He dismounted, fumbling at his chain.

"Go! I 'll take your word. Remember what it means to me." He unlocked the handcuff.

Before he could move the girl had kissed his hand.

"God bless you, policeman! Charlie will be on time. Ride! ride, Charlie! You may not be too late; I 'll walk back. Go! Go!" she screamed. Wilkinson's face worked and quivered; he swallowed hard.

"Take my horse, girl, quick! Tell



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"‘I—I—I—GOT HERE ON—ON—ON TIME,’ HE WHISPERED"

him to bring it back when he comes," he shouted hoarsely as she sped away.

They were gone, lost in the seared, brown lands.

The constable turned and saw Tom watching him. He tried to smile, but somehow the smile would n't come; then the other held out his hand.

"I 'm nothin' but a horse-thief—an'—an' wuss, but I 've seed all kinds o' men, and, sojer, I jest wants fer ter say this, thet ye 're the whitest God ever made, an' ef ye 'd take my hand, I 'd never go crooked again."

They shook hands silently, and as silently started on their way, Wilkinson riding Tom's horse. All that day through the glowing heat-waves, their eyes reeling and aching, their brains numbed in their skulls, the two plodded slowly on. When night, with its short hours of life-saving coolness, came again, they stopped.

"No need o' hitchin' me t'night, sojer; I 'd cut me right fist off fer ye."

Wilkinson said nothing, and the two lay down, hungry, side by side. At daylight they went on, and when the sun was straight over them in all its fury they reached the mounted police barracks at Regina.

Wilkinson turned the horses over to the officer of the day, then saw his prisoner registered, measured, weighed, and safely locked up in the guard-house. Weak from his long trip and lack of food, he reported to the adjutant who commanded the barracks and who looked after all routine.

"Well?" Adjutant MacAlbee asked, seeing the dusty, sun-stained figure before him at attention.

"Found Laramie and a man called Tom with the stolen horses, sir; came on them near Watson's Creek. Captured them and the horses, sir—full count." There he stopped.

"Where are they?" Curt and sharp came the questions.

"Horses delivered to officer of the day, the man called Tom delivered to the guard."

"Well? And the other? Come, come, man, speak up!"

"I let him go, sir."

"What?" the adjutant leaped from his chair. "You WHAT?"

"Let him go, sir."

MacAlbee stared in furious astonishment.

"And, if I may ask, since when has a constable had the power of permitting prisoners to go free? Answer me that, sir!"

"May I tell the circumstances, sir?"

"Yes, yes, go on! I suppose the truth is that the other got away from you. Of course it's the man we have wanted for four years, and you were told so; but that does n't make the slightest difference, oh, dear, no, not the slightest!"

The adjutant paced up and down his office, while Wilkinson repeated what had happened. When he had finished, MacAlbee stopped in front of him.

"And you expect *me* to belive this rot?"

Then swinging on his heel he pressed a button; an orderly came.

"Send the officer of the day here at once."

The latter appeared in a few moments, and saluted.

"You will take Constable Wilkinson to the guard-house, and see that he is in close confinement. For this, my fine fellow, you will get six months in the guard-house, and dismissal from the force. Take him away!"

Wilkinson moved after the officer of the day as in a dream. As he went out of the adjutant's office he looked up at the clock.

"It's half an hour past his time, and this is the end of everything for me." Again that tear-stained old face flitted before his eyes.

Mutely following, he was crossing the barrack square to the guard-house, and was almost there when a tumult arose in the far corner of the yard; he looked back and saw two horses galloping wildly across the lawns. On one of them huddled a human form, the other was riderless, its bridle fastened to the man's waist. Wilkinson turned, and, heedless of the officer's shouts, ran back. Laramie, for it was he, rolled off into the constable's arms, and the latter saw blood streaming from his open shirt collar, and sluggishly dripping from his back. The wounded man looked at him through half-open and dulling eyes.

"I—I—I got here on—on—on time," he whispered; then gathering himself, went on: "Had a br—ush with pol—ice from Woods Mountain. They—tried to—to get me, but I was afraid that you—would be court martialled, so—so I came as soon as I c—could." The head

fell back, a slight tremor ran through the muscles, and Laramie was dead.

From behind the crowd of men that had gathered came a choking, rasping voice:

"Let me see my old pard, just once!" The crowd parted, and Tom came through. He knelt beside the stiffening form, in a deep silence, his shoulders heaving and falling. Finally he stood up.

"Good-by, old pard!"

Wilkinson, just as the guards were about to take their prisoner away again, grasped him by the arm.

"The girl, the girl?" he whispered. "Where is she? And who was *he*?"

The other looked at him an instant.

"Sorry, sojer, but I swore I 'd never tell, an' I won't." He walked away, his leg-irons clanking.



A FIELD OF EMMER (A SPECIES OF WHEAT), GROWN BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

DRY FARMING—THE HOPE OF THE WEST

A METHOD OF PRODUCING BOUNTIFUL CROPS, WITHOUT IRRIGATION, IN SEMI-ARID REGIONS

BY JOHN L. COWAN

NEARLY one third of the entire area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska and our insular possessions, consists of vacant public lands regarded as naturally unsuited to cultivation on account of insufficient rainfall.

In at least ten Western commonwealths the public lands constitute so large a portion of the total area as to dominate their economic character. Great belts of territory are frequently in a condition closely bordering on anarchy. Cattle-owners and sheep-owners struggle

for possession of lands belonging to neither. Forests are burned and looted. Legislators, governors, judges, and minor public officials are elected and corrupted at the dictation of the cattle-kings; and laws are passed, repealed, enforced, or disregarded to suit their interests. Legitimate settlers are discouraged, driven off, or bought out for a song. Agriculture is confined, almost, to small and scattered bits of irrigated land.

The vacant public domain now consists of about 600,000,000 acres. Of this area probably 70,000,000 acres are

absolute desert, of sand, alkali, rock, and inhospitable mountain peaks, on which no useful vegetation is found, and which will probably never be of any considerable economic value to mankind, excepting for their mineral resources. Approximately 96,000,000 acres may be described as woodland, sparsely covered with trees, individually of small value, but yet useful for firewood, fence-posts, mine timbers, and similar purposes; and some 70,000,000 acres are heavily timbered, and of inestimable importance to present and future generations, not only for lumbering, but also for the conservation of the water-supply. Possibly 70,000,000 acres may be reclaimed by irrigation, and thus brought to a high state of productiveness. There will then remain more than 300,000,000 acres, useful, according to commonly accepted ideas, only for grazing.

However, the vacant public lands comprise only a part of the region of deficient rainfall known as Arid America. To these must be added the great railroad grants, the allotments of school lands to the several States, and the princely domains that have passed into the hands of private owners. In Texas alone there is an area of unimproved and uncultivated land almost equal in extent to the whole German empire. With the exception of Washington, western Oregon, the northern half of California, and small portions of Idaho and Montana, the term Arid America includes virtually all the land between the one-hundredth meridian and the Pacific. Leaving out of consideration the portions that extend across the Canadian and Mexican boundary-lines, it covers a territory extending north and south for a distance of 1200 miles, and east and west for 1300 miles, embracing four tenths of the total area of the republic, and containing not less than one thousand million acres of land. To this may not improperly be added the so-called sub-humid region, between the ninety-seventh and the one-hundredth meridians, in which occasional seasons of sufficient, or even superabundant, rainfall are followed by years of drought, when scorching winds shrivel up the growing grains and grasses upon which depend the hopes of the farmers. Over almost exactly

one half the area of our country, therefore, the rainfall is insufficient for the successful cultivation of the ordinary crop plants—by ordinary farming methods, at least. Agriculture, wherever attempted at all, partakes of the nature of a hazardous speculation, generally resulting in disaster, or at best in a meager and hand-to-mouth existence; and grazing, backed up by ample capital and resources, is considered the only safe and profitable pursuit. This vast area in which grazing is the principal industry extends over all or part of seventeen States and Territories. In ten of these, not more than two per cent. of the land is under cultivation, and the population averages less than three to the square mile.

On the grazing lands, from twenty to thirty acres of pasturage are required for the support of a single cow. Wherever irrigation is practicable, the same amount of land, watered and planted with alfalfa, will support ten times as many cattle. But wherever the same lands can be planted in fruit-trees, cereals, and vegetables, each farm of forty acres will support a family of from three to five persons. In many districts in the West the statement might be made much stronger without exaggeration. There are hundreds of ten-acre patches of irrigated land in the Salt River valley of Arizona, on the Grand River of Colorado, on the San Bernardino of California, and in many other regions, that yield a better and surer livelihood for a family of the average size than do the ordinary farms of from one hundred to one hundred and sixty acres anywhere east of the Mississippi River. If the unoccupied public lands to which water can never be taken by irrigation ditches could be made as productive as ordinary Western land under the ditch, they alone would easily support a farming population of 35,000,000 souls. This is more than the entire present farming population of the country. That irrigation alone can never furnish a satisfactory solution of the problem presented by the arid and semi-arid lands of the West is proved by the fact that were every inch of the annual rainfall west of the one-hundredth meridian conserved in storage reservoirs and distributed to the best possible



CORN GROWN ON LARAMIE PLAINS, WYOMING, WITHOUT IRRIGATION,
BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

advantage, an area equal to one fifth of the total land surface of the country would remain unsupplied.

Contrary to commonly accepted ideas as the statement may be, it is, nevertheless, an amply demonstrated fact that wherever in this great arid empire the annual rainfall averages as high as twelve inches, as good crops can be raised without irrigation as with it. This means that almost every acre of the great plains between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and most of the inter-mountain parks and plateaus between the Rockies and the Pacific, will produce as abundantly as will the rich prairie-lands of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, and much more abundantly than the richest of the lands in any of the older States along the Atlantic seaboard; that there is enough land now utilized, if at all, only for grazing to make possible the trebling or quadrupling of the present farming population of the United States; that, outside of comparatively small areas in western Texas and in portions of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Wyoming, South Dakota, and southern California, there is little arable land in the great West that may not be divided into forty-acre farms, each one of which

will be capable of supporting an average-sized family.

Probably there is no exaggeration in the statement made by one writer that the region between the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, bounded on the south by the Rio Grande and on the north by the Canadian border, is capable of producing fruits, cereals, vegetables, and live stock sufficient for the support of the entire present population of the globe. This vast area of fertile, and as yet almost unutilized, land is the foundation upon which the American people must build for the continuance of their prosperity for at least a century to come. Properly utilized, it may solve many perplexing problems. It will relieve the congestion of the cities, provide an outlet for superabundant capital, and afford opportunities for the enterprising and discontented for decades. It contains the richest mineral deposits, the greatest forest resources, the most fertile soil, and the most genial and salubrious climate, on this continent. What its development and exploitation would mean to the transportation, manufacturing, mercantile, financial, and labor interests of the nation cannot be even dimly foreshadowed. It would furnish a stimulus

that would be felt not merely in the great centers of population and industry, out in the remotest hamlet and on the most isolated farm in the republic.

The United States Department of Agriculture, the governments of the various States in which vacant public lands are located, and the great trans-continental railroads owning land grants, have awakened to a realization of the importance of "dry farming," or scientific soil culture, which means more to the people of the United States than do all of the costly irrigation projects now under way or projected for the future.

Estimates of the amount of land that can be reclaimed by irrigation vary all the way from 50,000,000 acres up to 125,000,000 acres, with the weight of authoritative opinion decidedly favoring the lower figure. Yet if one per cent. of the money now being expended for irrigation works were made available for the education of the people who ought to be interested in dry farming, it is probable that five hundred million acres of land—perhaps more than that—could be reclaimed from its present unproductive and comparatively worthless state just as rapidly as settlers, whether native-born, or immigrants from foreign countries, could be taken to it.

It has been demonstrated on half a score of experiment stations, on as many more model farms maintained by Western railroads, and on hundreds of private farms, that all that is necessary on the plains and in the inter-mountain parks and valleys is intelligently to make the most of the rains and snows that fall in order to grow as good crops as can be raised anywhere. In other words, farming methods must be adapted to natural conditions. This seems so simple and self-evident that the only wonder is that men have been so very slow in finding it out. It ought not to be hard to believe that lands that produce the rich buffalo and grama-grasses of the plains without cultivation, can be made to produce crops still more valuable with cultivation adapted to the soil and climate. Carrying the same argument a little further, there are many who believe that wherever sage-brush, cactus-plants, yucca, Spanish bayonet, and greasewood

will grow, plants of economic value may be made to grow, also.

However, what the National Department of Agriculture, the various State governments, and the great railroad corporations have at last been made to see, has been demonstrated every season for twenty consecutive years by Mr. H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, the pioneer "dry farmer" of Arid America. In scores of places from the James River to the Arkansas he has been uniformly successful in producing without irrigation the same results that are expected with irrigation, with comparatively little additional expense, but not without a great deal more watchfulness and labor. What Western people have become accustomed to calling the "Campbell system of dry farming" consists simply in the exercise of intelligence, care, patience, and tireless industry. It differs in details from the "good-farming" methods practised and taught at the various agricultural experiment stations; but the underlying principles are the same.

These principles are two in number. First, to keep the surface of the land under cultivation loose and finely pulverized. This forms a soil mulch that permits the rains and melting snows to percolate readily through to the compacted soil beneath; and that at the same time prevents the moisture stored in the ground from being brought to the surface by capillary attraction, to be absorbed by the hot, dry air. The second is to keep the sub-soil finely pulverized and firmly compacted, increasing its water-holding capacity and its capillary attraction, and placing it in the best possible physical condition for the germination of seed and the development of plant roots. The "dry farmer" thus stores water not in dams and artificial reservoirs, but right where it can be reached by the roots of growing crops.

Through these principles, a rainfall of twelve inches can be conserved so effectively that it will produce better results than are usually expected of an annual precipitation of twenty-four inches in humid America. The discoverer and demonstrator of these principles deserves to rank among the greatest of national benefactors. He has not merely made two blades of grass grow where only

one grew before, but he has made it possible to cover with wheat and corn, alfalfa and other useful crops, tens of thousands of square miles of fertile land on which nothing but sage-brush, cacti, Kansas sunflowers, and bunch-grass are now found.

Water moves in the soil by capillary attraction—up as readily as down. To prevent it from rising to the surface after it has been stored beneath is the primary object of the loose soil mulch, composing the top two inches of soil. This answers the purpose of a lid on the natural reservoir, preventing the moisture from rising to the surface and thus evaporating in the hot, dry atmosphere. At the same time, this soil mulch forms an open, porous bed upon which the rains and snows fall, permitting the moisture to percolate readily through into the compacted ground beneath. Special agricultural implements have been designed and brought into use for packing the sub-soil and for stirring and pulverizing the surface, but a detailed description of these would be aside from the purposes of this article.

Dry farming is essentially scientific farming, and for that reason the term used by Mr. Campbell, "scientific soil culture," is, perhaps more truly descriptive than the popular term. Nevertheless, its principles can be, and are, applied just as successfully by men who have little of the education of the schools as they are by college graduates. However, no farmer in the arid belt need hope for even moderate success without unceasing and tireless diligence. The remark once made of the lands of the Dakotas, "tickle them with a hoe, and they will laugh with a harvest," is very misleading. It is true that in the Dakotas, and elsewhere as well, great bonanza wheat-farms are operated at a profit, with no other cultivation than the preliminary preparation of the soil, consisting of shallow plowing and harrowing. Sometimes even the harrowing is dispensed with. These huge wheat-farms rarely yield a crop of more than from ten to fourteen bushels to the acre; and operations, to be profitable, must be conducted on an enormous scale. If, instead of merely "tickling" the lands, the owners of the bonanza farms were to

cultivate them thoroughly, they would be rewarded with a harvest fourfold as great.

After the land has been deeply plowed, the under-soil packed by the sub-soil packer, and the surface harrowed and pulverized, a full year should elapse before the first crop is planted, in order to obtain the best results. This season is needed for the collecting and storing of water. In the winter and early spring, heavy snows cover the ground. When these melt in the spring, instead of draining off the surface or evaporating, as they have done for ages, they sink into the reservoir prepared for their reception. As soon as the surface is dry enough, the ground is harrowed over again and again, to place the soil mulch in proper condition. This is repeated after each rain until seeding time arrives. The seed is then drilled in just deep enough to place it below the soil mulch in the moist, compacted soil beneath, causing germination in the quickest possible time.

After planting, the dry farmer does not trust to luck and Providence to do the rest, and blame it all on the weather if the final result is failure; but he continues to harrow over the ground after each rainfall until the growing crop is too far advanced to permit of this without causing its destruction. By that time it covers the ground fairly well, protecting it to some extent from the sun and hot winds, and making the constant loosening of the soil mulch less imperative.

No sooner is the crop harvested than preparation begins for the next seeding. The plow follows close behind the harvester, cutting a furrow seven inches deep. Behind the plow follows the sub-soil packer, similar in shape to a disk-harrow, but having ten sharp wheels that cut deeply into the plowed ground and press the soil firmly together. The packer is drawn very slowly, but all ground plowed is packed and harrowed before work is stopped for dinner or for the night's rest. No matter how long a time must elapse before the planting of the next crop, the ground is harrowed over after every rain, but never when it is dry. Through winter and summer this persistent and untiring stirring of the soil mulch is continued, whether any-



SORGHUM, THE NEVER-FAILING ROUGHAGE CROP OF THE PLAINS
GROWN BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

thing be planted or not. The dry farmer, therefore, knows no season of rest or idleness. He knows that eternal diligence is the price he must pay for good crops. He not only believes, but practises, "the gospel of work," and richly deserves the ample rewards that are surely his.

It has been thoroughly demonstrated that rational dry-farming methods, as above outlined, will produce from three to five times the results of ordinary farming methods on the same lands. In the sub-humid belt between the ninety-seventh and the one-hundredth meridians, the additional labor and expense amount to about twenty-five per cent. West of the one-hundredth meridian, twice the usual amount of labor is necessary. This is partly offset by a saving of more than two thirds of the seed, and is richly compensated for by an increase in the harvest amounting to from 200 to 400 per cent. The ordinary farmer on the plains sows forty quarts of wheat to the acre, and threshes anywhere from nothing at all up to twenty bushels. The average crop grown in Kansas for the last fourteen years has been thirteen bushels to the acre, and fifteen bushels to the acre was

the highest average for the State in any year in that time. The farmers who follow the Campbell system sow only twelve quarts to the acre, and never fail to harvest from thirty-five to fifty-six bushels. Last year the third largest crop ever produced in Kansas was cut. It averaged twelve and three quarters bushels, aggregating 75,576,867 bushels, grown on 5,854,047 acres of land. The average crop grown in the State by users of dry-farming methods was thirty-seven bushels to the acre. If this average had been maintained throughout the State, the Kansas crop for 1905 would have amounted to 216,599,739 bushels.

The average annual precipitation between the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains and the Kansas-Nebraska line is 14.93 inches. In this arid region, in which long experience has proved ordinary agricultural methods to be unprofitable, there is a margin of almost three inches over the requirements for the successful following of dry-farming methods; and Julesburg, Limon, and many other flourishing agricultural communities are living witnesses of the efficacy of the Campbell system. While an annual rainfall of twelve inches is sufficient

to bring to maturity any ordinary farm crop, there are many special crops that can be grown with a good margin of profit with an average annual rainfall of less than ten inches. Experiments are now in progress for the development of varieties of wheat, alfalfa, and corn possessing greater drought-resistant qualities than any now known. Enough progress has been made along this line to prove the entire practicability of developing such varieties, and there are those who do not hesitate to say that the time is not far in the future when it will be possible to grow crops of economic importance wherever natural vegetation of any kind flourishes. Of course to produce, or create, varieties of ordinary crop plants that will flourish under arid conditions will require years of careful cultivation and selection with regard to drought-resisting qualities. That such experiments will ultimately be crowned with perfect success is surely no unreasonable expectation, in view of the miracles that have been performed by Luther Burbank and others with plant life in other fields of investigation.

While the methods used in dry farming were evolved from the experience of private persons, without aid or encouragement from official sources, yet within the last few years the Department of Agriculture has made a contribution of inestimable importance to the dry-farming movement by making a systematic and successful search for crop plants particularly adapted to cultivation in arid and semi-arid regions. In this work and in the general investigation of improved methods of farming in arid America, it has been, and is now being, ably seconded by the various State agricultural schools throughout the West. While practical dry farmers have proved by their own experience on hundreds of different farms that all the ordinary cereals, forage plants, fruits, berries, and vegetables will flourish and richly reward the agriculturist in the arid belt, if given sufficient care and attention, the Department of Agriculture and the various State agricultural schools have shown that certain valuable crops can be raised with much less labor than others, and that some will flourish better without irrigation in some parts of arid America

than they will flourish in any part of humid America.

Work on these lines is in progress and is far from being complete; but among the crops proved to be particularly adapted to cultivation on the high, dry plains are dwarf Milo maize, Turkestan alfalfa, Kaffir corn, proso, emmer, Swedish oats, beardless barley, native white-stem grass, and several other native grasses. More important than any of these, however, is durum, or macaroni, wheat. The first crop of this of commercial importance grown in the United States was harvested in 1901, and amounted to 100,000 bushels. Last year the crop exceeded 15,000,000 bushels. It will not thrive in humid regions, requiring for its most perfect development a dry climate and a semi-arid land. The variety best adapted to cultivation on the American plains is Kubanka durum, native to the great plains of Russia north of the Sea of Azov, where the climatic conditions existing in eastern Colorado and western Kansas and Nebraska are almost exactly reproduced. Experiments conducted by the Colorado State Agricultural College last year, at Littleton, in El Paso County, resulted in an average yield of forty-seven bushels to the acre, without irrigation. At Fort Collins near-by, a small irrigated field yielded forty-five bushels to the acre, but of a quality very inferior to that grown on non-irrigated land. Exhaustive tests have shown that for all baking purposes this wheat is superior to any of the ordinary varieties of winter and spring wheat grown in this country; and laboratory tests have proved that it contains a higher percentage of both sugar and gluten than do the common varieties, making it more palatable and more easily digested. Durum is widely grown in Europe for the manufacture of macaroni and like products. Nearly 2,500,000 pounds of the manufactured products and a considerable quantity of the wheat and flour are imported into this country every year, for the reason that the common varieties grown in America make very inferior macaroni, vermicelli, and spaghetti. It is probable that imports of these products, and of wheat and flour for their manufacture, will show a very rapid decline, and will soon cease altogether. For a time the milling interests



SORGHUM, SUGAR BEETS, AND POTATOES GROWN ON THE PLAINS, WITHOUT IRRIGATION, BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

opposed the general planting of durum wheat, asserting that its hardness would make necessary costly changes in their machinery and methods. However, in the face of a rapidly increasing annual crop of durum wheat, these objections have virtually ceased to be heard. Its general cultivation will be attended with so many advantages that the milling interests will have to adapt themselves to it; and its prolific qualities and suitability to lands that are now waste make it advisable to raise it, even if it should have to be marketed at lower prices than those prevailing for less hardy varieties. The average crop of durum throughout the West last year was forty bushels to the acre. As its cultivation becomes more general, it is probable that the center of the American wheat-belt will be moved at least two hundred miles farther West.

Hundreds of striking instances of successful farming by the methods of the Campbell system of soil culture might be cited; but a very few examples showing the growth of the idea will suffice.

Twenty years ago, Mr. J. P. Pomeroy, now of Colorado Springs, acquired 30,000 acres of land in Graham County, western Kansas, and founded Hill City almost in the center of the tract. For fourteen years portions of this land were

cultivated by old-fashioned methods. In all that time only one good crop was harvested, that being in a season when the rainfall was abnormally large. He had heard of Mr. Campbell and his system of dry farming, and sent for him, telling him to go ahead and show just what he could do on land on which profitable farming by ordinary methods had been proved to be impossible. Mr. Campbell laid out a model farm on the very land that had been tried often with discouraging results. Last season the sixth successive crop was harvested. In the fourteen years in which old-fashioned methods were followed, thirteen failures were scored. In the six years in which the Campbell system has been on trial on the same lands, a crop failure has been unknown. The smallest yield of wheat per acre in that time has been thirty-five bushels, while farmers close by have never obtained more than thirteen bushels per acre, and very rarely even that. The yield of corn, oats, potatoes, alfalfa, berries, small fruits, and vegetables is equal to that obtained from the best of the irrigated farms around Greeley, Fort Collins, Grand Junction, and other parts of Colorado "under the ditch." A six-year-old orchard is in prime condition, the trees being as large as eight-year-old trees in the famous

fruit-growing district of Palisades. A more complete vindication of all the claims made by advocates of the practicability of farming on the plains without irrigation could not well be imagined.

About a year ago, the members of the Young Men's Club of Cheyenne, Wyoming, listened to the reading of a paper on the subject of dry farming by State Engineer Clarence J. Johnston. A project was at once set on foot for the opening of a demonstration farm on waste lands near the city, supposed to be entirely worthless without irrigation. This farm was put in charge of Mr. F. C. Herrman of the Irrigation and Drainage Bureau of the United States Department of Agriculture. Last season record-breaking crops of corn, potatoes, peas, oats, and garden vegetables were grown on those "waste" lands. Winter wheat, rye, alfalfa, and barley were also sown. Within ten days the grain was ten inches high, covering with a perfect carpet of green the land that had been considered incapable of raising anything.

At this writing all these crops promise a more abundant yield than will be obtained from the irrigated lands of the same neighborhood; and, unless hail or some unforeseen cause works havoc, a great impetus will be given to the cause of dry farming throughout Wyoming and adjacent States. In the work of this demonstration farm, the Board of Trade of Cheyenne, the State and National governments, and the great railroads, are all coöperating, in order to determine just what can be done by scientific soil culture to improve agricultural conditions on the arid and unproductive lands of Wyoming. A full description of the methods used and the results obtained will be published in pamphlet form, and will be distributed broadcast throughout the West. During the present year, exhaustive tests of dry farming will be made at this place with corn, potatoes, durum wheat, field pease, sugar beets, brome-grass, beardless barley, and a large variety of forage plants, cereals, and vegetables. So promising has the experiment so far proved that one hundred farmers of the neighborhood are now trying dry-farming methods under the direction of the superintendent of the demonstration farm.

Near Julesburg, Sedgwick County, in northeastern Colorado, dry farming is practised more generally than in any other portion of the West, with highly gratifying results. The average crops reported last year by the farmers of that region without irrigation were: wheat, thirty-five bushels to the acre; corn, fifty bushels; potatoes, 200 bushels; rye, thirty bushels; oats, sixty-five bushels, millet, two tons; and cane for forage, five tons. As a result of this showing, many of the farmers of the neighborhood who have been irrigating their lands have sold or given up their water-rights and abandoned the use of the ditch entirely. A similar movement has been begun at Fort Collins, some of the farmers who tried both methods last season finding that dry farming yielded larger returns than they were able to obtain in adjoining fields by the use of irrigation. However, action of this kind is at present ill-judged and premature, and is discouraged rather than countenanced by the true friends of dry farming. No doubt irrigation is the best, safest, and most economical treatment for lands on which irrigation is practicable. It is to the millions of acres of arid land that can never be irrigated because there is not water enough that dry farming comes as a messenger of hope.

There is nothing inimical to irrigation in the dry-farming movement. Each has a wide field before it. In many regions it is probable that a combination of irrigation and dry-farming methods will be found desirable. By an economical use of the water stored in reservoirs, in accordance with dry-farming principles, and by conserving the rains and snows that fall in the soil as taught by the advocates of dry farming, and drawing upon the irrigating ditches only to supply the deficiency, it is possible that irrigation reservoirs may be able to supply double or treble the acreage they can serve by the present wasteful methods, and that great stretches of territory in which the rainfall is too small to allow the successful application of dry-farming methods alone may be covered with waving grain fields.

Last autumn the little settlement of Limon, situated on the dry plains of Lincoln County, Colorado, leaped into wide-



WHEAT ON THE HIGH PRAIRIE, EASTERN COLORADO, GROWN WITHOUT IRRIGATION, BY THE DRY-FARMING METHOD

spread prominence on account of the surprising exhibit of agricultural products made at the second annual harvest festival of the Eastern Colorado Fair Association. The surrounding country is far from the possibility of irrigation, and its agricultural future depends absolutely upon the success of dry-farming methods. The exhibits of garden vegetables, cereals, and forage crops were equal to any made at any county fair in the country, and were amply sufficient to silence the critics who have long claimed that eastern Colorado never can become a prosperous farming country. A twenty-pound squash, a thirty-five-pound head of cabbage, and an eight-pound sugar beet were among the prize-winners; as also were specimens of potatoes that yielded 200 bushels to the acre, of winter wheat that yielded thirty-five bushels to the acre, of corn that yielded forty bushels to the acre, of rye that yielded twenty-five bushels to the acre, and of Milo maize that yielded ten tons to the acre. That diversified farming is possible without irrigation in this district was well proved by exhibits, in addition to the above, of watermelons, tomatoes, apples, turnips, carrots, red beets, radishes, pumpkins, squash, onions, Kaffir corn, sorghum, brome-grass, timothy, and many other productions of the field, garden, and orchard.

At the experimental sub-station of the

Nebraska State Agricultural College, located at North Platte, highly satisfactory results have been obtained, under the management of Superintendent W. P. Snyder. He has proved not only that as good crops can be grown on those parched and wind-swept lands as in the irrigated valleys, but also that perhaps the most profitable way of utilizing those crops is in the raising and fattening of hogs and cattle. The extension of dry farming, therefore, will not mean the extinction of the great stock-raising industry of the Western public-land States, but it will mean its continued growth, with the distribution of the profits among many thousands of small farmers, instead of among the comparatively small number of wealthy and arrogant cattle-owners. When the arid lands have been reclaimed, they will support many times the number of cattle that now graze upon them, although the open range will no longer exist, and the great cattle-ranches that now cover areas as large as Eastern counties will be cut up into multitudes of small farms. At the North Platte agricultural sub-station, brome-grass, Kaffir corn, Kherson oats, emmer, and cane yield abundantly, and alfalfa is considered one of the most profitable of all crops. Durum wheat is there shown to yield three times as much per acre as the common varieties. An attempt is now being made to develop a winter variety of

durum. If this is accomplished, Western wheat-growers will have nothing to fear from the competition of Canadian or Argentine harvest-fields.

At the Fort Hays experimental substation of the Kansas State Agricultural College, four cuttings of alfalfa were obtained without irrigation last year; and, although corn is regarded as particularly unsuited to that locality, yet last year's crop averaged forty-five bushels to the acre. At this station it has also been demonstrated that sugar beets can be grown as successfully and as profitably in arid as in irrigated lands. The yield in tons per acre is smaller, but this is fully compensated for by the greater sugar contents. Apples, peaches, pears, plums, cherries, and a great variety of forest trees thrive upon the simplest application of dry-farming principles on these plain lands, which are naturally treeless and devoid of other vegetation than bunch-grass and sage-brush.

The most surprising thing connected with the subject of dry farming is the unwillingness of the average Western farmer to give it a fair trial. It would naturally be supposed that men whose utmost labors barely suffice to wrest a livelihood from the parched and unwilling acres they own would be eager to adopt any method that gave promise of better results, or at least to imitate the methods of their neighbors, who, with no better land, yet obtain results many times greater.

Before the Pomeroy model farm was started at Hill City it was advertised for six weeks that Mr. Campbell would explain his methods of soil culture at a free public meeting in the court-house. The hall was crowded with farmers, some of whom traveled for many miles in order to attend. Of the whole assemblage, only two adopted the lecturer's recommendations. These have been fully as successful as he has been, raising good crops every year. The others listened, shook their heads, and went their way unconvinced. They still cling to old-fashioned methods, such as have wrecked tens of thousands of farmers in every locality between central Kansas and California, and have never yet given satisfactory results west of the Missouri River.

As a class, farmers are the most conservative men in the world. Most of those who left Eastern farms to build new homes in the Western land of promise argue that the methods their fathers and grandfathers employed must necessarily be the best methods, regardless of conditions that differ as widely as the antipodes. Full of bigotry and prejudice, they set their faces like flint against what they term "new-fangled notions." A good many of them, it is to be feared, shrink from the unceasing toil and unremitting watchfulness demanded by the new system. In any event, it has been observed that those who have been in the West for many years can only rarely be persuaded to give dry farming a fair trial. They will not even read dry-farming literature, or visit a model farm or an agricultural experiment station to inspect the results attained by rational methods.

Newcomers in the West, however, are nearly always willing to learn and profit by the experience of others, and the younger element among the farmers hail dry farming as the dawning of a new era. It is the young men that have given to scientific soil culture the impetus it has received at Cheyenne, Julesburg, Limon, and other places. It is the young men, also, that are responsible for the aggressive campaign being conducted by the Campbell Dry-Farming Association, organized last October, with headquarters in Denver. Its object is to spread the dry-farming propaganda until every acre of arable land throughout the great West is tilled to the utmost limit of its productiveness; and its membership includes hundreds of successful dry farmers in Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and other States.

The cynical have often remarked that the price at which land could be bought on the plains was gaged by the ability of the owner to pay taxes. Many thousands of acres have changed hands at one dollar, or even less, per acre, because the owners thought it better to take a little than to lose all. Less than two years ago, many sales were reported as low as \$3 and \$3.50 an acre. Last year prices ranged from \$5 an acre to \$7.50, and even up to \$10 and \$12; and the



A WHEAT-FIELD ON A "DRY FARM," AT HALDREDGE, NEBRASKA, WHICH HARVESTED FIFTY-FIVE BUSHEL TO THE ACRE

President of the Colorado State Commercial Association is on record with the prediction that in a short time no land in eastern Colorado within a reasonable distance of railroad transportation can be bought for less than \$25 an acre. This revolution in land values is due mainly to the activity of men who have been watching the results of experiments in dry farming. Some have bought for speculation, some for cattle and sheep ranches, but more than all for active farming. One company has bought 300,000 acres of arid land in the Panhandle of Texas, and 80,000 acres more in eastern Colorado, to be subdivided into small farms and sold to those willing to cultivate by the Campbell system.

Western Kansas and Nebraska and eastern Colorado are known all over America as forming one of the most desolate and God-forsaken regions on the continent. Abandoned for the most part to Occident ants and prairie dogs, whose low mounds dot the plains for hundreds of miles, being, in fact, almost the only objects that break the monotony of the view over thousands of square miles of territory. The ill repute of this great region is largely traceable to the thousands of men who rushed thither with true American impulsiveness and lack of

foresight seventeen or eighteen years ago. The glowing reports of land agents and town-site promoters had inspired dreams of easily gotten wealth in the world-old virgin soil, in men unprepared for hardship, ignorant of the conditions that were to confront them, and knowing nothing of the only methods that would have made successful farming possible. Their haphazard and misdirected efforts in lands where the heavens so stingily measure out their moisture brought scant and insufficient returns, and most of these early pioneers on the plains sacrificed their invested capital and sought other fields of endeavor. These men forever cursed Kansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, and their deserted farms were again given over to sage-brush, cacti, and rabbit-grass. It now seems as if the history of the prairie lands a thousand miles farther east was about to be paralleled. Forty years ago it was commonly believed that the prairies of Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois were irreclaimable wastes, where nothing but poverty and starvation awaited the settler. Just as these lands yielded in time to the plow and harvester, so will the inexhaustible soil of the Great Plains richly reward the toil of those who adapt farming methods to natural conditions.



THE FUNERAL OF RAT BROOKS

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

WITH PICTURES BY DENMAN FINK



AT 's done owned up, Aunt Lundy! He 's done owned up!" 'Cindy Lomax's black face radiated excitement as on her homeward rush she paused a moment

by the spring where the old negress was wringing out her "white folks' clothes." The clothes fell back into the wash-tub, and the old woman straightened up with a jerk that shook twenty years from her curves and angles.

"Hush!"

"Done tole all erbout it!"

"Hush!"

"How he was at 'Liza Jenkins's when Bill Jenkins come in an' grabbed er pistol from de chimley—"

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"Which went off when him an' Bill was wrastlin', an' kill' 'Liza!"

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"An' den went off ergin an' kill' Bill!"

"Lordy mussey—hush!"

"An' how de house burn' up, an' burn', an' burn' dem up!"

"Lordy mussey on my soul!"

"Yes, ma'am, he done tole ev'y fac' in de case! Said dey was goin' ter hang 'im anyhow, an' he wanted ter ease es min' an' mek es peace wid God. Said he wanted ter mek es peace wid God an' was sorry for all he done done—sorry him an' Bill done kill' 'Liza, sorry him an' Bill done kill' Bill, sorry ev'ybody done got burn' up, an' specially sorry he took an' tote off de pistol which dey cotch 'im wid; an' he wan' ter make es peace wid God now."

"De Lord have mussey on my soul!"

"Yes, ma'am! He done tole it all! 'Cause de sher'ff promise' ter let 'im have his funer'l preach' befo' dey hang 'im!

He wants ter be dere, an' see de crowd, an' hyah de singin' an' de preachin,' an' enjoy essef wid es frien's long as 'e can. Hit 's ter be nex' Friday, an' I knowed you 'd all wan' ter be dere."

"Me? I 'll be dere!" 'Cindy rushed away to the right with her burden of news, Aunt Lundy to the left. The first two houses they passed sent out other runners. In an hour the whole settlement knew that Rat Brooks had "owned up." In twenty-four hours the whole county knew it. So travels, and for two hundred years has traveled, exciting news in the South. And Rat was already assured the presence of a great audience when his obituary should be preached and his departure from an outraged world should be taken.

Erasmus, better known as Rat, from his ability to get into and out of tight places, was the most remarkable of all the Brooks negroes. Son of the best of them all, Daddy Jesse (the carriage-driver and the trusted servitor of "Ole Miss," the aged owner of Rockledge), who had preceded him to the shadow-land, he acquired with equal facility and retained with equal ease the shrewdness of the era into which his race had been plunged by freedom; so that at forty he represented a new and irredeemable type of negro, one supplementing the minimum of manual labor with the maximum of mother wit. His genius in these respects, pivoted in a moral vacuum, had pointed his path through a whirlwind of experiences with smoke-houses, corn-cribs, dissolute women, sheriffs, constables, county jails, and the courageously jealous of his own race. His adventures would fill a volume, though an unmailable one; and some of his escapes were little less than marvelous.



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"JUST LOOK AT THE HANDWRITING"

No jail of his own region could hold him; no chain-gang anywhere. He had been both through and over granite walls, and he wore iron bracelets as a woman golden ones, to be laid aside at will. In jail he would be in command of the criminal colony thereof in twenty-four hours. In the convict camp he would be a trusty and the invaluable servant of the boss in a week. When he left, every track dog followed amiably as his personal friend. If he left by night, he usually came back the next day, or at least next week. But he always came back and resumed his duties quietly. He became, in the end, a distinct county institution, the one, only, indescribable, and impossible Rat. Very largely he was a joke, and no man who looked into his smiling, friendly face and heard his glib, confidential tongue could ever believe all the evil told of him.

In all these experiences Rat exhibited to a remarkable degree an intellectual power and the rarest of senses among negroes—the sense of proportion. He was always, by his own confession, “a nigger.” He was never known to offer insolence or violence to any white person. His deference to white women was a beautiful courtliness inherited from his father; and his faith and confidence in “his people,” as he called the whole Brooks family and connection, was child-like and touching. Old Miss, the supreme head of the family, stood with him as the highest expression of God’s efforts in behalf of humanity, while the name of her departed consort, the Colonel, he breathed rather than mentioned. And it was a part of the plan of this shrewd negro never to wrong or injure in any way a member of the still influential Brooks family, on whose shoulders he had ridden out of many a difficulty. The family, in fact, had spoiled Rat, accepting him half-humorously as an original, and believing, also half-seriously, that he was whiter than some of the people who painted him black.

But the psychological moment of Rat’s career approached when he wandered into a county where the Brooks family was not a power, and became involved in serious crimes. Rumors of his predicament had, it is true, drifted to his old haunts, but were not distressing to the people who heard them. One of the Brooks nephews-

in-law offered lazily, with no takers, a bet at stiff odds that Rat would be at home in ten days, and his home sheriff remarked casually that the hemp had not been planted at Manila for the rope that would hang Rat. This was about the measure of the anxiety his friends displayed.

But there was reason for more. Rat had been defended in court by a young appointed attorney who promptly had him convicted; and, no fee being involved, had carelessly permitted the time allowed for an appeal to pass.

Back to the plantation where Rat was born the vaguest of rumors as to his distress penetrated. There was a young woman here, comely, nay, beautiful, a fine horsewoman, and a delight to the eye of the village to which she came occasionally for woman’s trifles, who addressed a polite letter to the sheriff having Rat in hand, in which she inquired as to the charges preferred against Erasmus Brooks, if it were indeed true that he was under suspicion. Erasmus had been presented to her on her birthday by the late Colonel, her grandfather, then at home learning to button his collar with his left hand. The day after this notable presentation Lee had made his memorable ride to Appomattox, and the Georgia baby had been stripped of her only earthly possession—Erasmus. The war robbed the cradle in two ways.

When the distant sheriff’s reply was received, this dainty little woman indignantly declared its author unworthy of belief.

“Just look at the handwriting!” she exclaimed. “Anybody can see he is a common fellow.” If character is indeed measured in chirography, the sheriff, it must be admitted, was plainly a liar of the worst kind, and other opprobrious things besides. The sheriff, however, had laboriously told the truth to the best of his knowledge and belief, and from his heartbreaking penmanship is quoted this, “Yes, ma’am, thar is a nigger in here name of Rat Brooks if you mean him, and he is deeply suspishened of the murder and arson of two other niggers and is to be hung next Friday.”

Before the one-time owner of Erasmus had recovered from the shock, there came a letter from Erasmus confirming the

sheriff's. This letter, written to the supreme earthly power, from the convict's standpoint, necessarily goes on record in the story of his tribulation. It is the spirit and flavor of the story, the nimbus of the great Rat himself.

To my honerd and my respectd Ole Miss, an I hope the good God will bless you for all the good she has done on erth to man. I am heah in jale to suffer for the crimes of a man I never did no harm to in my life and who kill hissef, him and me, too quick to tell the trooth. We had hole of the pistol. I was pushin the pistol aroun while hit was a shootin an hit went off and kill Liza fust an him las an he lef hit in my han to witness erginst me. I didn burn up they house, the lamp turn over an burn up him an his po wife an I was five mile an still goin when I looked back and seen the sky lit up. I was sholy scared Ole Miss an erway fum my white folks, an I most umbly asks yo fergiveness. Cum an help me Ole Miss for God sake. Evybody will bleeve you when you tell them erbout me an wont nobody bleeve me. Tell my littl Miss Alice howdy for me an her nigger is in heep er truble. I aint done no wrong Ole Miss but I oughtnt gone so far from home. An I woodnt er tuk his pistil but I was too skeerd to know I had it. Hit cums off nex Frydy Ole Miss. Yò frien an yo servant.

Rat Brooks.

Hit will sholy cum off nex week ef you dont cum an help me.

Rat.

When Mrs. Francis Brooks read this letter in the plantation home where the boyhood of the unfortunate Rat had been spent, she removed her glasses, wiped them, and let her eyes rest on the spreading field of cotton the white-plumed ranks of which had come out of the distances, and were still coming, to hurl themselves against the barricade of the orchard hedge. She did not see them or the splendor of the peacock on the crest of the gin-house rivaling the sunset he challenged glaucously. Perhaps she saw only the face of the dead friend Jesse who managed her slaves for four stormy years and spent his life to prosper hers.

Mrs. Brooks was of the South's supreme court, always feminine, wherein every gentleman is attorney or bailiff, and its code the unwritten law of a beautiful civilization. Precedent, if properly endorsed, has a value in this court, but

woman is the whole bench. Its reasoning may seem at times defective, measured by man's vulgar laws of logic, but this is of little consequence, because it always reaches the correct conclusion. Ask one of these delightful little judges in black gown and lace collar, with the gray of spent devotion on brow and head, why the conclusion is correct; and, if not surprised into silence, she will inform you that it is correct because there can be no other conclusion. And this stands without military aid, for the court lends unto, but never asks assistance of, the military. In conclusion, from a decision of this court there is no appeal. God may pardon the man the Southern woman has condemned, but he never reverses her judgment.

Mrs. Brooks handed the letter to the first member of the court that joined her. Gifted with less balance and experience, this delightful little associate in muslin and roses expressed herself in a decision so vigorous as to leave no room for argument. And soon the whole section of court adjourned to the outside and established itself behind two ancient bays in a chariot the opening doors of which always brought down a tumult of little carpeted steps; and incidentally behind a broad-backed, ebon Jehu and a livery of the assembled kind, with penance collar.

"Poor old Uncle Dan! Did you notice his face, Alice?"

"Yes, Grandmother. It reminded me—the expression, I mean—of a dog in a churn treadmill I saw at the fair."

"Still, I am glad, now, Uncle Jesse is dead. It would have been tragic driving us on such an errand."

"Yes, Grandmother." These were the only words spoken between Rockledge and town.

The court, safely in town, assembled its bar and bailiffs indiscriminately, and laid its commands on them lavishly. Old Colonel Stephens took the matter "in charge," but with expressed hopelessness as he gathered the facts. Major Simpson pledged his word of honor that no harm should come to Rat. Banker Thomas would "see about it immediately." William Ruff, Esq., advised writing at once to Major Crawford Worthington of Woodhaven, in the county that threatened Rat's earthly and possibly spiritual ca-

reer. And besides, to quote him, "the Major is an intimate friend of the Governor, who holds the pardoning power, can stay proceedings, and reprieve." Out of the multiplicity of counsel there is wisdom, and wisdom is the highest form of inspiration. Mr. Ruff's suggestion was at once pronounced an inspiration, and the court adjourned for supper, tired, but almost happy, behind the penance collar and the dog-in-the-treadmill expression of countenance and the ancient bays.

"I think, Alice," said Old Miss, when the little tumble-down steps had been folded and Old Dan, with a more cheerful countenance, guided away the venerable bays, and, lifting their skirts, the ladies ascended to the portico—"I think now it is all right. To-morrow I shall write to Cousin Crawford. Possibly I might write to-night; but there is plenty of time, and the ride has fatigued me greatly. Do you think Colonel Stephens was quite courteous to us? It seemed to me he lacked—ah—well, enthusiasm."

"He did, Grandmother. Major Simpson is so hearty and encouraging! And I like Mr. Ruff. He seemed to know just what to do." And the next morning, the court, having consumed about eighteen hours of Rat's limited supply of time in consultation, indicted a letter to Cousin Crawford. This being a record letter, also, is necessary to the story:

*Major Crawford Worthington,
Woodhaven, Ga.*

Greetings to you, my dear Cousin.

I am deeply concerned in the unfortunate condition of poor Erasmus, a son of my faithful old carriage driver Jesse, whom you, of course, remember. Erasmus has not of late led a perfectly correct life, I regret to have to say, though he should not be blamed too harshly. The necessities of his new condition have brought him into contact and association with the poor white element and this, you know, will always demoralize a negro. Besides he suffers from the influx of new ideas disseminated through Yankee teachings and sometimes, it is likely, forgets his proper position and the respect he owes to our name as well as to the memory of his faithful father. My dear Cousin, the boy is in great trouble. He is in jail in your county charged with murder and arson, which is of course a preposterous charge to bring against a Brooks negro. He is, I am sure, the victim of conspiracy or of a most remarkable accident and we must see that justice is accorded him. Erasmus it

appears, has been tried and in the absence of friends convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged; and unfortunately he has suffered the time given him to appeal in to pass, as Colonel Simpson informs me; so that now there is nothing left for us to do, but to have the Governor stop the affair and after hearing our side of it restore the boy to liberty. I know you can arrange this, my dear Cousin, without much trouble, the Governor being your personal friend and greatly indebted to you for his political success. Besides he is kin to me, Sallie Brooks in 1797 having married John Telfair, grandfather to the Governor. Please see to it at once my dear Cousin and have Erasmus sent direct to me upon his release. I think when I have had a chance to talk to him he will lead a different life.

Alice joins me in affectionate regards to you.

I shall be glad to have you mention to Isam that we always remember him pleasantly.

Faithfully and devotedly yours, my dear Cousin,

Hannah Brooks.

Major Worthington received this communication in his ancestral home, Woodhaven, and read it twice. Then he thundered with his stick on the porch floor, removed his plethoric left leg from the bannister, and shouted for Isam. That worthy came slowly around the corner of the house.

"Yes, sah. Heah I is, Marse Craffud."

"Where have you been, you black rascal?" All of the redoubtable Major's rhetoric is not necessary to the record.

"Des cleanin' de house knives, Marse Craffud. Anything ail you, Marse Craffud?" The little man's face broke into sympathetic curves and solitudes. The Major's wrath grew as his questions proceeded.

"Why did n't you tell me, sir, that the negro who killed a man and woman and burned their house in this county recently was a Brooks negro? Answer, sir!"

"Well, Marse Craffud, I did n't know dat nigger was in de fambly ontel dey done sentence 'im ter be hung, an' den I was des natch'ly too 'shamed of de fac' ter tell anybody."

"Get on a horse an' bring Colonel Legare here at once. Go on now! Go on—sir!" The Major's stick went end over end through the air, but Isam had passed back and around the friendly corner.

There was an earnest legal discussion

at Woodhaven the same evening, in which Isam took part. Strange to say, without appreciation of the value of his information, he supplied the only "new evidence" to be had. He had gathered this from his race. Two men had heard Bill, the husband of the frail Eliza, state that he was on his way home to kill Rat Brooks, and that if Rat was there, and no one had removed Bill's pistol from the chimney ledge, he would surely kill him.

On this the lawyer built his hopes of a stay of proceedings, since there was a possibility that a jury might decide that the killing was not murder in the first degree. Armed with this evidence, in the form of affidavits, and with a peremptory demand from Major Worthington on His Excellency the Governor that he carefully consider the possibility of committing an act of injustice beyond human power to remedy, Colonel Legare set off for Atlanta. There were only four days to act in, and Rat's fate hung in the balance. Dire accidents threatened to dash all hopes to earth. The Governor was out of the State, but homeward bound from New York, and Georgia has no Lieutenant-Governor. There was no one in the State with power to stay the execution of Rat Brooks; nor was the Governor's act a law outside. He was due to arrive in Georgia on or about the time Rat was scheduled to depart therefrom.

A whirlwind of telegrams passed over the wires. The lawyer met the Governor and argued his case through a part of the two Carolinas. And then, after a wait in Greenville for the Columbia Limited, which had one passenger for Atlanta, while nearing the Georgia line a coal car selected one of Rat's four remaining hours in which to get off the rails ahead of the passenger train. Finally, however, the train reached Toccoa, Georgia, and every passenger, from the Governor down, looked at his watch. It was the almost unanimous verdict that, if the sheriff had been prompt, Georgia was minus one of her colored citizens.

"But sheriffs are not always prompt," said Legare, "and ours never is."

THE courage of Rat Brooks diminished with the moments of his time on earth. If not his courage, something from his wonderful mental or perhaps psychologi-

cal composition—something intangible, indefinable, and indescribable, experienced by the average man at forty-six,—it depends on how he has lived, or the father ahead of him,—something that may be referred to briefly as the x in an equation, but is better illustrated by the arrow shot upward and for one hundredth part of a second, at the limit of its flight, is seen horizontal and motionless against the sky. At this supreme moment a man is neither optimist nor pessimist: he is the balance of opposing forces.

The arrow always descends, but to some men wings are born for a long and level flight.

Rat began to sag a little when no immediate answer to his letter arrived. When he offered to tell the truth as to the dead negroes and burning house,—he had not told it at the fatal trial,—if the sheriff would let him have his funeral preached on the scaffold, he was almost dying of homesickness. The thought that he was to be done to death in the presence of strangers, with no friendly eye to meet his, no tear of sympathy to fall on his bleeding heart, overcame him. And to this must be added the fact that Rat was having his first experience with a steel cage. There was no surer way to secure a sympathetic audience than by a funeral ceremony. And what a comfort to hear once more the familiar voices lifted in song, Clarissa's shrill soprano, 'Cindy's weird contralto, the deep baritone of Wilson Henry, and the roar of Uncle Dan's bass. And if the Rev. James John Paddywink Paddyshaw Isaac Augustus Granville Haynes Alexander Brooks could be induced to conduct the funeral and lift in prayer the hill-reaching voice for which he was famous, it would rob the doomed man's departure of many terrors. He would die not as a felon, but as a hero-martyr, and enter into the joys of the faithful. People would remember forever the glory of his last appearance and the pathos of his dying words. He had been a central figure all his life; he would occupy the middle of the stage when the curtain fell.

And then the longer the ceremonies, the longer the life. Strange immortal hope! There is no such thing as complete despair.

Rat immediately proceeded to compose



Drawn by Denman Fink. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"'MY PO' HEART IS POWERFUL STRAINED, BRER BROOKS'"

his speech. He would describe the cause of his downfall, and offer to the ears about him a solemn warning. He would chant and pant, and work his friends into a frenzy. He would die the admired of all men and women.

Rat overlooked one fact in his plans. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, for whose whole name there is room but once in the record, was a man of ideas and a stickler for the *Discipline*. Although he usually held the little book which contained the regulations of his profession upside down while quoting, it was none the less to him a sacred rule of action. When, in response to Rat's earnest call for spiritual assistance, the Rev. Mr. Brooks crossed the county-line and entered the jail building, Rat's temporary, if not final, dwelling on earth, he came as a doubter. He, too, was from Rockledge, and bore in his many names the memory of the people whom his mother most admired. And he knew Rat's career in all its ramifications. When the plan of the advanced funeral was outlined to him, he glared at the unfortunate convict and promptly shook his head.

"Hit ain't laid down in the *Discipline*, Brer Rat," he said, "dat er funer'l or, as de white folks say, er obittery can be preached over anybody 'ceptin' er 'remains.' An' you ain't no remains." Rat shivered, but clung to his dearly loved plan. He answered indignantly:

"Huccum—huccum I ain't no remains? Dey say er man condemn' is dead ter de worl'." The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head gloomily.

"All de same, man, you *ain't* no remains 'cordin' ter de *Discipline* specificat-ins. Ef you was, I would n' be heah 'sputin' wid you. An' ef you was er remains, you would n't be heah 'sputin' wid me. Wait tell you is er sho 'nough remains and laid erway, an' I 'll preach yo' funer'l wid pleasure. An' I 'll do hit *right*. Hit ain't nuthin' but foolish cur'osity want ter mek you be dere an' tek de risk o' spoilin' my preachin'. I preach yo' daddy's funer'l an' yo' mammy's, an dey lef' hit ter me. Dey war n't erfeard Brooks would hol' 'em up ter scorn or fail ter wrastle fer dem like Jacob at de foot of de ladder. fer de blessin' o' de angel. Dey des knowed dat Brooks would spotly be dere doin' es bes'. Trus' me, trus' me,

Brer Rat! Dere ain't no use in yo' bein' dere ter look on an' distrac' de congregation. Hit 's mos' onreasonable, an' I sholy is 'stonish' at you. What kinder fool you take me fer?" The Rev. Mr. Brooks grew eloquent, and roused his own resentment.

"Hit do seem to me," said Rat, gloomily, turning his suddenly saddened face away, "dat hit ain't much to ax. I ain't got much time, Brer Brooks, ter perpare fer de end. Ain't nair man come ter me yet wid de conseleration of de sperit. Ef you had er been heah, hit would er been all right, an' I would n't care so much. But heah dey is er-rushin' me right up ter de grave, feedin' de body, feedin' de body an' starvin' my poor thirsty soul. Hit do look ter me, Brer Brooks, dat what little time is lef' ought ter be my time. Ef hit ain't down in de *Discipline*, you is er big er-nough man to put hit dere nex' conf'rence time. Sholy, sholy ef anybody ought ter be at es own funer'l ter gain strength an' gyether conseleration f'om de prayin' an' de singin' of de good people lef' behind, hit 's de man esef. What good, what good," continued Rat—"what good is hit goin' ter do *me* ef you preach er funer'l atter I 'm sho 'nough dead an' gone? You might des as well fight er rock battle over me—des as well. An'," continued Rat, falling into gentleness again, "I do des so *love* ter hyah you preach, Brer Brooks. You probes me deep—you probes me deep. Dam' de *discipline*!" he exclaimed, dashing away his tears—"Hold on, Brer Brooks, hold on, my *deah* frien'!" as the Rev. Mr. Brooks arose in horror. "Dat war n't me said dat! Hit was de devil tryin' to drive you off f'om me an' let my po' soul drap down ter de fire. Set down, Brer Brooks, set down! *Lord bless de Discipline!* Dat 's *me* talkin' now; dat 's me er-stretchin' out my han's ter you. My po' heart is powerful strained, Brer Brooks. Looks like ef I could hear all the Laura Grove people sing an' shout an' pray, an' yo' special voice lif' up ter de th'one er grace, look like ef I could see you on yo' knees rock-in' the whole congergation like a big wind in er little canebrake, hit would n' be so hard ter go!" Rat was now weeping.

The Rev. Mr. Brooks was distinctly touched by this tribute to his powers.

"Ef hit was des down in de *Discip-*

line," he said doubtfully, "an' ef you would des remember you was er remains an' ac' like er remains—"

"I sholy will," said Rat, fervently, "I sholy will! But I would des natch'ly love ter sing; hit do lif' me so."

The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head.

"De remains never sings at es own funer'l," he said obstinately.

"An' ef I could des shout er little, des shout er little!"

"De remains *can't* shout. No, sah! Ef I preach dat funer'l,—an' I mus' see Ole Miss fus,—you mus' lay back up dere in yo' chair wid er blank face and shet eyes—you *can* wear er smile, Brer Rat, des er little de-Lord-is-my-shepherd smile an' look happy; but ef yo' mouth opens in er grin—"

"Who--me?"

"An' ef you shout 'Amen' you goin' ter spile yo' funer'l, 'cause er talking remains would natcherly stampede any crowd."

"Is dey goin' ter talk erbout me, Brer Brooks?"

"Sholy. Who dey goin' ter talk erbout ef hit ain't you? Fus one and den erner is goin' ter talk erbout you."

"I ain't goin' ter stan' no lies on me, Brer Brooks; I ain't goin' ter stan' 'em!" A glitter lighted Rat's eye.

"Dere 's goin' ter be lots er lies, Brer Rat, but dey 'll all be on yo' side. Folks is good ter de dead, Brer Rat. Dey 'll tell er live man ter his back he 's er devil an' ought ter be hung; but when he is er remains—man, dey will look him in de face an' say 'Erner angel gone ter glory!' Hit 's de way er de worl'. You goin' ter be er angel in dat crowd, Brer Rat. Hit 's cheap and don't hurt nobody."

"What *you* goin' ter say erbout me, Brer Brooks?"

"Dunno, dunno. I des goin' ter let er sperit lead me."

"Which one, Brer Brooks?"

"De fus one comes erlong, Brer Rat. De one gits dere fus is gen'ly 'titled ter de remains."

"Brer Brooks, hit 's on my min' ter say hit was me broke in de chicken house an' got fo' er yo' hens. An' I 'm truly sorry."

"You ain't tellin' me no news—'ceptin' I did n't know tell des now you was sorry. What you sorry erbout? 'Cause you lef' two?"

"Do de bes' yer can fer me, Brer Brooks. I can't pay you fer dem hens; but dey war n't much, nohow. Dey was put tergether wid rivets an' tied wid fiddle-strings."

"Dey was young hens," said the Rev. Mr. Brooks, indignantly.

"Was dey? Den de cookin' sp'iled 'em. Did n' do me no good. Dey not only lay heavy on my po' sinful soul, but day lebbly on my po' weak stomach. But ef I happen ter git loose an' out er heah, I 'll sholy fetch yer back eight fer de fo' I tuk."

"You ain't goin' ter git loose; an' ef you did, I 'd cook de res' o' my hens de nex' day an' not 'spec' you ter bring me none." The Rev. Mr. Brooks was angry. "I 'm goin' now to Ole Miss, an' ef she p'int de way, I 'm er-goin' ter sen' you word. An' ef I preach, I 'm goin' ter preach dat funer'l wid de bark on if you so much as bat yo' eyes at me ergin, nigger! Don't you do hit, don't you do hit! Hit 'pends on what kind er remains you is as ter what kind er funer'l you git. Ef you is er loud, onruly, rookus remains, hit 's goin' ter be er loud, onruly, rookus funer'l. An' ef you is er lambl like, trancy kind er remains, what looks like hit has been pluralized by de sperit of righteousness, an' would druther not come back, dere ain't no limit ter what I 'm goin' ter do fer you. But don't exaggerate me, don't exaggerate me when de time comes! I cya'n tek nuthin' f'om no *man*, much less er low-down remains, dead or no dead." Brer Brooks pocketed his Discipline and took up his hat.

"I sholy did n' mean nuthin' erbout dem hens, Brer Brooks," said Rat, feeling the chill in the air, "I sholy did n't. I reckon de same ole devil mus' er put dem words in my mouf, too."

"Don't talk ter me erbout hens no more, nigger! Ef you does, you goin' ter have dat funer'l all by yo'se'f, an' no preachin'!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks adjourned fiercely across the county-line and laid the case before Ole Miss.

The day selected for the last public appearance of Erasmus Brooks dawned with cloudless skies. Providence had inverted a sapphire cup over the grewsome preparations for his departure, and mocking-birds were specially merry. The fame and the ill fame of the unwilling

hero of the impending tragedy, and his threatened fate, had penetrated every part of two counties. His own race promptly turned the day into a holiday. Every morning train unloaded its hosts near to the scaffold. Farming operations were suspended that farm animals might draw laborers to the scene.

When Rat, escorted by sheriff and deputy, ascended the scaffold and gazed about him, there were no vacant spaces in the ranks of his friends and acquaintances, and an army of strangers gazed on him breathlessly. If the assembling of this multitude was an honor, Rat's bosom should have filled with pride. He was certainly exalted, and could with great difficulty be restrained from breaking into song. The Rev. Mr. Brooks, *Discipline* in hand, cautioned and threatened him into silence. The solemnity of the occasion had somewhat quieted the preacher himself.

"Remember, Brer Rat," he said, "you es des er remains. You *mus'* berhave yo'-se'f an' don't disturb dis special meetin' called to honor you as er remains! Hit would be ondecen't fer you ter start er rookus at dis time. Ev'ybody heah is yo' frien', my brother. Leave hit ter me an' de sher'ff," Rat gasped, cast his eyes toward the long county road leading down from the hill, and sank into his seat.

"My frien's," said the preacher, gazing out over the concourse through his horn-rimmed glasses, "hit is contrary to de *Discipline* ter preach any man's funer'l an' him not dead, but our po' frien' heah is in need of savin' grace; an', onreasonable as hit is, he wants yo' touch an' blessin'. He is, 'cordin' to de *Discipline*, when dis funer'l starts, er remains, an' derfo' I hope you will all take off yo' hats an' remember de man is sholy dead. An' ef de po' mortal man esse'f breaks de bonds an' so far fergits esse'f as ter interrump de services, you will spotly excuse him, fer he is in er mighty tight place even fer er remains—"

"Pray fer me, brothers, pray fer me, sisters!" shouted Rat, struggling to rise.

"Dere he goes, dere he goes!" said Brooks, without looking back. "Ev'ybody sing tell he cools off! An' sing dat good ole hymn,

Sister Annie, Sister Hannah—" A shrill voice began the good old hymn, and found instant support in a thousand other voices. High above all soared the melodious baritone of Rat Brooks, although the Rev. Mr. Brooks made earnest efforts to stop him and shook the *Discipline* in his face. Rat was somewhat subdued when the hymn ended, and the Rev. Mr. Brooks addressed the audience.

"My frien's," he said, "you have come to the remains of er man you all know, some fer bad an' some fer good. He was er good man in his way. He had *his* way, an' hit war n't our way. Hit was his way, an' we ain't heah ter jedge 'im. Ef we was ter jedge, we 'd say es way was mos'ly wrong, but de good musseyful Lord is de jedge. Ole Miss says he was er good man gone wrong, an' she knows. I ain't 'sputin' her jedgment, my frien's, but I don't see how er man can be er good man an' commit arson on er house an' two mo' niggers. He was sorry fer hit, my frien's. Ef we do wrong, the way is as broad er-comin' back as hit was er-goin', an' maybe we is er-meetin' Brer Rat on de way back."

"I 'm er-comin' back!" shouted Rat.

"He 's er-comin' back, my dear frien's—comin' back. He means his po' soul is er-comin' back, fer hit ain't down in de *Discipline* dat er remains ever comes back; an' we give his po' soul the right han' o' fellowship. He 's er-comin' back. Oh, hit 's a great word, dat coming back! You an' me have gone wrong, we all go wrong; but we come back, we come back! Stretch out yo' han' an' bless de soul what comes back!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks was panting now.

"Ef he 's comin' back," exclaimed a voice in the crowd, "I 'm goin' home an' lock up; I sho is!" But the crowd was with the preacher, and shouted sympathetic responses as he continued.

"He war n't no bad man at de start. He ain't never bite de han' what fed him. De Brooks, de Lanes, de Reeses, de Paddywinks, de Haynes, de Paddyshaws, all tell you dat. He was 'faithful an' stood by es people."

"I stan' by my people! Ask Ole Miss, ask Ole Miss!" The Rev. Mr. Brooks shook his head and turned to the excited and almost frenzied Rat.

"Brer Rat," he said, dropping his

Is dere any of de ole sheep los' ternight?

voice, "you is er remains. Hit ain't in de Discipline—"

"I stan' by my people!"

"Yes, you *did* stan' by 'em, my chile; but at dis special time you is erbleege' to lay low. Hit 's ondecet. Hol' 'im, Mr. Sher'ff; hol' 'im down!" The sheriff succeeded.

"De man dat Ole Miss backs is er good man somewhar, my frien's—er good man somewhar. An' she backs dis po' onery nigger. Ole Miss says he 's wild, but dere ain't no harm in 'im. Dat is spotly what she says. An' ef Ole Miss says hit, she knows. Heah is er nigger dere war n't no harm in, an' dere ain't none now. He is er harmless remains. I 'm doin' my ve'y bes' fer 'im, an' I wish hit was better, but I mus' not er known 'im like Ole Miss did."

Here a voice raised the hymn,

I went down the valley to pray,
Studying about that good old way;
I'm going to wear that starry crown,
The Lord 's done show'd me the way.

The thousand voices again took up the melody. Rat and the Reverend Mr. Brooks engaged in an animated argument. Rat wanted to address the crowd, but the preacher objected fiercely, and carried his point. His final words forced themselves over the echoes of the concluding tones of the hymn.

"No, sah, you cyan't talk to my congergation! Git back whar you b'long, nigger, git back whar you b'long! Ef I got to argify an' 'spute on de stan' wid er remains, I 'm goin' ter start de soxdolyger an' tell de sher'ff de funer'l is done, an' buryin' comes nex'! Ef you want ter hyah de balance of dese heah seermonies, you got ter keep still. I 'm talkin' ter yer!" The situation appealed to Rat, and, while he waited, the Rev. Mr. Brooks concluded his remarks. He did for Rat nobly, on the authority of Ole Miss, and offered a most fervent prayer in his behalf—so fervent that a tumult arose in the excited crowd and the sheriff uneasily searched the faces of his supporting deputies. The climax came when, rising, he announced that a certain hymn would be sung, and during the fourth verse the ceremonies would be concluded and everybody would please take off their hats.

"Sing de whole hymn, Brer Brooks—

sing hit all!" said Rat, earnestly. "I does love dat hymn. Sing hit all, my dear frien's!" he shouted to the crowd.

"Sing hit thoo, my frien's," said the preacher; "hit 's de hymn he loves bes' of all."

During the singing Rat suddenly stood up and shouted. He had watched the long road that led over the hill and came down to the crowd, his restless eyes returning there from each diversion. As he shouted, a man came along this road, waving his hat and urging his horse to the utmost speed. Then the hat fell from his hand, which suddenly was thrust upward, and five sharp pistol-shots followed in quick succession.

"Wait fer 'im! Wait fer 'im!" yelled the excited negro, who now stood in his own chair, with both hands lifted high over head. "Ole Miss! Ole Miss! Ole Miss!" Tears streamed from his eyes, and his voice died out in sobs. Through the lane opened for him the horseman dashed to the foot of the scaffold and placed a paper in the sheriff's hand. The silence of death fell on the great crowd as the officer opened it. Then he read, and, gazing into the black faces, he said:

"The prisoner has been respited for thirty days."

"A mighty roar went up. It took four men to hold Rat. What he said in its entirety will never be known, but the Rev. Mr. Brooks remembers hearing this frightful sentence:

"Dam' the Discipline! I ain't no remains."

RESPIED, Rat was no longer an occupant of the steel cage, but of less conspicuous quarters. Outside influence assisted in this favorable change. At dawn of the fourth day, the jailor, who occupied a house opposite the jail building, heard a tapping on his window.

"Who is that?" he shouted. A gentle, penetrating, friendly voice found its way into the room.

"Hit 's Rat, Mr. Brown. Lord! Lord! Mr. Brown, de las' one o' dem niggers in dat jail done gone! Yes, sir; dey is sholy punch out er rock in the wall an' done gone. Dey ain' leave nobody heah by me."

"Gone! gone!" shouted the dazed official, throwing open his blinds. "Gone where? Gone where?"

"Gone ev'ywhere—done scattered like er flock o' pattyges when er hawk drap down. Dey made me come out, too, but I slip back ter tell you 'bout hit, 'cause I ain't done nuthin' ter run f'om, an' ain't nobody goin' ter pester me."

It took weeks to repair the jail. County finances were low, the term of court was distant. Having had opportunity to leave, and failing to avail himself of it, Rat was virtually left in charge of the structure. Gradually, through some unknown influences, public opinion changed in Rat's favor. Occasionally he would issue forth at night and visit

friends, but he returned before daylight. His reprieve was extended until autumn, and a new trial was ordered for him. After some weeks he disappeared, but the sheriff received a note from the owner of a distant sawmill, written at Rat's request, stating that Rat was at work and would return when needed. The case died out, and Rat still lives.

Years after, one of the escaped criminals, convicted of a second crime in Florida, told a reporter that Rat, who had worked many years in a granite quarry, planned the escape, and dislodged the stone. But who can believe a convict?



SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

UNCLE JOHN EN ROUTE

Rouen.

COME ON, girls, this is quite an expedition. I vow I shook a little when Mrs. Braytree suggested coming, too. Seven women to one man would be too many for comfort, as a general thing; but your Uncle John never shows the white feather, so I only drew the line at the dog. Why the devil five women want to travel with one dog and eight trunks I can't see; but if I was Mrs. Braytree, I'd probably know more about it. Curious little creature, the cross-eyed one, is n't she? And that Paulife—always wanting to be somewhere else. I told her

pretty flatly at dinner that if she could n't get any more fun out of Rouen than by wishing it was St. Augustine, she'd better have stayed in New York. Anything but these fault-finders.

"Well, ain't you ready? I've sent the luggage along, and it seems to me that we ought to be following its good example. Lord knows, two days is enough to waste in an old hole like Rouen; I was wondering last night what we ever came for. I never was so cold anywhere in my life, and sleeping on a slope with a pillow on your feet is n't my idea of comfort at night, anyhow. I don't understand the moral of the scheme, and the pillow keeps sliding, and I keep swearing, all night long. Also, I can't learn to appreciate the joy of standing on a piece of oil-cloth to wash. I must say that one

needs to wear an overcoat and ear-muffs to wash here, anyhow. I was dancing under the bell-rope and ringing for hot water a good half-hour this morning. I'm going to write, and have the asterisk subtracted from this hotel.

"Well, come on, if you're ready. Whose umbrella is that getting left by the door? Mine? I vow, I did n't remember putting it down. But no one can think of everything. Edna, is this soap yours? No? Well, I just asked. I

one? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Braytree, but I had to know in a hurry.

There, come on! come on! Squeeze through. Se—ven women and one man. Hurry! we want a compartment, here—no, there. Run, Edna, and get ahead of that old lady; here's two umbrellas to throw crossways, and then you can tell her there's no room, and the law will uphold you. You look surprised, Mrs. Braytree, but I learned that little trick coming from Havre. I tell you, by the



May Wilson Preston '06.

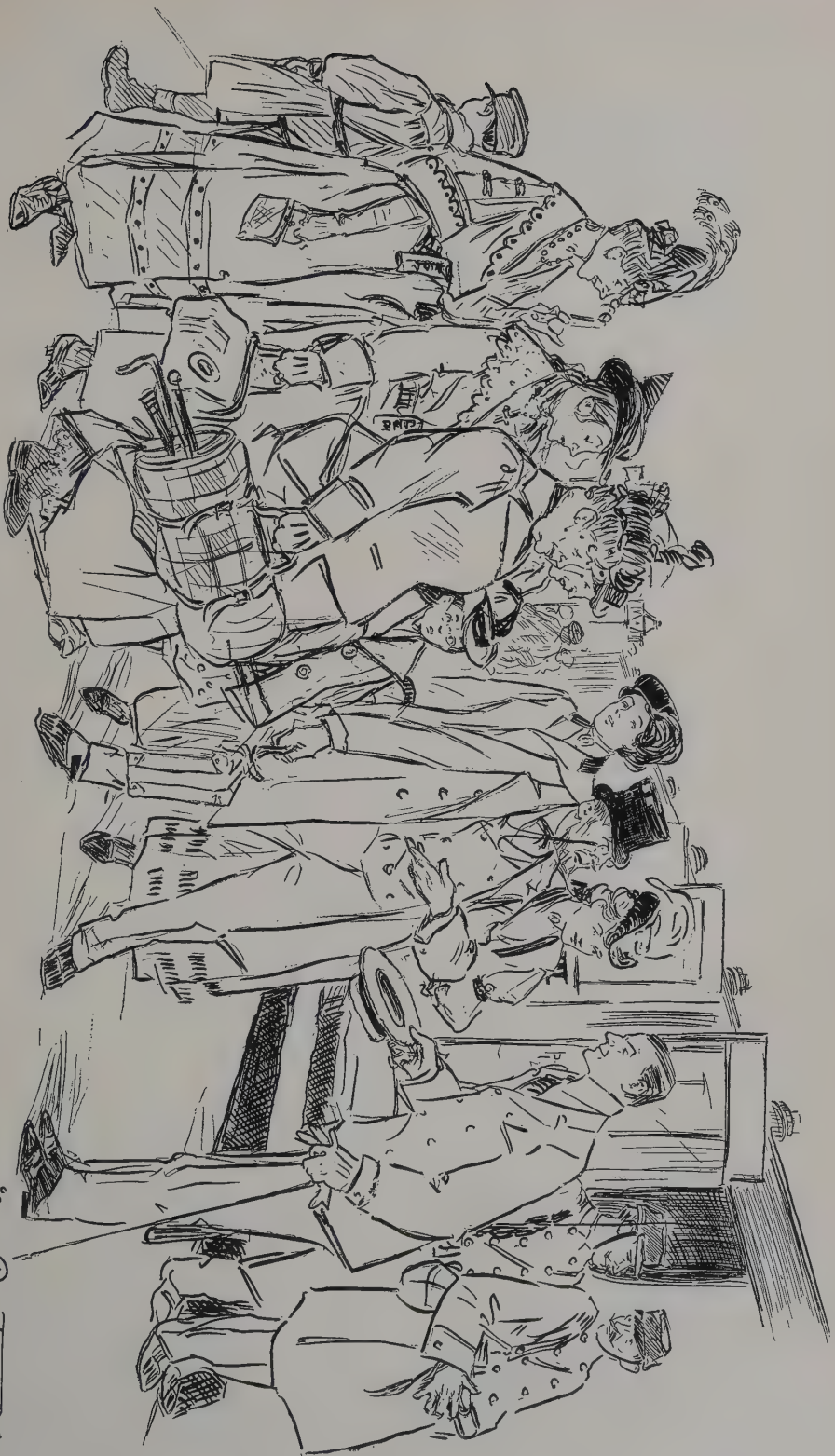
"I PRESUME THIS IS AS GOOD A TIME AS WE'LL HAVE
TO STUDY UP A LITTLE ON GISORS"

seem to have left mine somewhere, and it's live and learn. Come on! come on!

"Good morning, Mrs. Braytree—Eunice—Emma—Pauline—Augusta. I reckon we'd better be hustling along pretty promptly. The train does n't go until five minutes after the time, if we don't hurry. It's truly a pleasure having you join us, Mrs. Braytree. A little excursion like this makes such a pleasant break in the routine of sight-seeing, I think, and these quaint old—there, all get out now; I have the money. I'll take the tickets; we're all full-fare, are n't we? Or—how old is the little cross-eyed

time I get to Paris I'll be on to every kind of game going. I learn fast—take to Europe as a duck takes to water, so to speak.

"Well, we're off for Gisors. Great pleasure to have you with us, Mrs. Braytree; no more work to steer seven—Good Lord! there are n't but six here! Who is n't here? Edna's gone! What is it, Yvonne? I sent her ahead, did I? Oh, so I did, so I did. And of course she is waiting for us. Poor child! I hope she's not worried. As soon as we get out of the tunnel I'll hang out of the window and holler to her. Very convenient method



"OUR FRIEND MRS. BRAYTREE, AND ALL THE OTHERS ARE HER DAUGHTERS."

Mary Ann Green 26.



"TELL HER WE WANT DINNER FOR FOUR, AND PROMPT"

of talking to your friends aboard, Mrs. Braytree; only I should think a good many would lose their heads as a consequence. However, as the majority of the heads would be foreigners', I don't suppose it would matter much in the long run.

"Speaking of Gisors, Mrs. Braytree, it's really a very interesting place—according to the guide-book. As far as I'm personally concerned, I'd be willing to take the time to go there to learn how to pronounce it. The workings of the mind which laid out the way to speak French don't at all jibe with the workings of the mind which laid out the way to spell it—not according to my way of thinking. There's that place which we've just left, for instance,—“Ruin” as plain as the nose on your—on anybody's face,—and its own inhabitants can't see it—pronounce the R in a way that I should think would make their tongues feel furry, and then end up as if, on second thought, they would n't end at all.

"Yvonne, I wish you'd hang out and see if you see any of Edna hanging out. I declare, this is a very trying situation to be in. You don't know what a trip I had, Mrs. Braytree, trying to keep track of

these girls; and since we landed—well, I just had to call a halt in Havre and come off alone. Curious place, Havre, don't you think? See any one you knew there? We—who did you say? Why, that can't be; he's in Russia. Yvonne, did n't that young reprobate write you he was going to Russia? Yes; I thought so. Well, Mrs. Braytree says she saw him in Havre. Good joke his not knowing we were in Rouen; he'd have been down there in a jiffy, I'll bet anything. But your Uncle John is a rather tough customer to handle, and I expect that young man knows the fact, and so thought it best to give Rouen a wide berth. Not that I have anything in particular against young Reynolds, only I don't consider that any girl could be happy with him. And it's foolish to have a man around unless you can make him happy—I mean, unless he can make you happy. My wife was very happy up to the time she developed melancholia—a sad disease, Mrs. Braytree. Yvonne, I wish you'd hang out and see if you can see anything of Edna.

"I presume this is as good a time as we'll have to study up a little on Gisors. It seems to have been the capital of the

Vexin. I should n't be surprised if 'vex' and 'vexing' both come from that country, for the guide-book gives it as always in hot water. The French and English were both up against it most of the time, and it was vexin' with a vengeance. It says here that the old city walls are still standing and that Henry II built the castle. Is n't he the one we peeked around in Rouen? Yes, I thought so. It says that there 's very little left of the castle, though. I must say I 'm always glad when I read that there 's not much left of anything; it gives me a quiet, rested sort of feeling."

Gisors.

"WELL, here we get out. I 'll swing down first. If French trains were American, they 'd have trapezes or elevators to—get—out—by. Here, give me your hand, Yvonne—oh, there 's Edna. Well, I vow, who has she got—if it is n't—Yvonne, is n't that that young man—how d' ye do, Edgar? Delighted to see you again. Our friend Mrs. Braytree, and all the others are her daughters. Come, Edna; you come with me while I check this trunk. Where in thunder did you get that fellow from? How does he come to be in Rouen? Did you know he was in Rouen? Did you see him while he was there? I declare, I never will travel with any women again unless I am married to them. This is awful. Don't you know I 'm responsible for you two girls? And I send you ahead to get a compartment, and you find Edgar. It makes me want to swear. Say, was there any one else there with you? Worse and worse. I was afraid there was something wrong when we

kept hanging out and you never hung out at all. Well, we 'll have to go back and gather them all up. Yes, I 'll be polite to him; but, Edna, I hope you understand distinctly that a man like that could never make any woman—

"Yes, Mrs. Braytree, here we are again; and now we 'll all proceed over Gisors. Pretty place, don't you think? Picturesque. Did you ever see so many canals—or smell so many?—and the little cottages out of another century? Packed roofs—green trees—well-sweeps—I like this; I 'm glad I had the sense to come here. Edgar, will you oblige me by carrying that cane so that child does n't come within an ace of catching her mouth on it every other second? I declare, Mrs. Braytree, I wish we had n't run on to that young man. Of course he 's a nice fellow and all that, but young men are a great trial when you have two—

"Let 's turn down here. Most of the streets seem to be canal tow-paths. I vow, this *is* pretty. I could settle down in a place like this and live till I died. What do you suppose the people here do to amuse themselves, anyhow? From the way they look at us with their mouths open I should imagine that we were regarded in the light of a great event. And if that 's the case, they must be pretty hard up for sport. Oh, well, I presume it 's enough for them to paddle about on the green waters and stir up the miasma — as much sense as foreigners have.

"And so these are the walls—ramparts, I mean. Well, they 're fairly high. Wonder how high they are, anyhow? Edgar, will you do me the courtesy not to be pointing to the left with that cane of yours



"I DON'T WANT TO FALL OFF OF ANYWHERE, BUT I'D CHOOSE THE ROOF OF THAT CATHEDRAL TO START FROM ANY DAY IN PREFERENCE TO THE LOW-EST ALP THEY MAKE"

when I turn suddenly to the right again? I beg your pardon for seeming heated, Mrs. Braytree; but he really—

"Let's find a gate and go in; seems to be a park inside. I should think there *was* 'little left to be seen of the castle!' I don't see anything at all of it. Maybe they took it down and built the walls higher just to fool tourists. Well, I did n't come to Gisors to caper about in a park; let's go out and look at the church—the guide-book says the church is worth seeing. I think there's something very touching about guide-book enthusiasm: it keeps up so consistently right through to the end. I feel as if my own enthusiasm was most run through now. I don't know how Paris will affect me. Edgar, if I trip on that cane, you'll have to pay my doctor's bill. What makes you handle it as you do, anyway? I like to see a cane light and alert—not one that drags through the world in the style of yours. To judge from your cane, I should say you had n't been in bed before three for a month. I have to speak sharply to that fellow, Mrs. Braytree; he is about as wooden-headed as they make. Came across the ocean with us, and pestered the life out of me. You don't know what an ocean voyage is with two attractive girls—I beg your pardon; I forgot your four. Dear me! we were speaking of—yes—of Gisors, of course. I vow, I'm disappointed in it as a whole. I wish we'd gone to Les Andelys instead. Les Andelys is marked with an asterisk in the guide-book, and there's a castle there built by Cœur-de-Lion. By the way, Mrs. Braytree, the Cœur-de-Lion *itself* is buried in Rouen. Did you know that? Nice joke, eh? But, dear, dear, if there's no castle here when we get here, perhaps there'd be none there when we got there. I'm beginning to look upon Europe as a confidence-game; I—

"Well is *that* the castle! Great Scott! but it must have been big. It's big yet, and the book said there was very little left to see. I'm beginning to lose faith in that book. Picturesque idea, having the park hide the ruins till you come right smash on to them. Clever people, the French; make everything put the best foot foremost. Fine old round tower; nice tumble-down guard-chamber! I like this. Let's go round the other side. Great

place, eh? Worth a trip to see. Edgar, let me have your cane to point with. There, do you see that old staircase? Looks Roman to me; what do you think? I tell you, a man could write an historical novel out of old ruins if he prowled long enough. Come on, now; let's meander on down town and look at the church. As soon as I look at anything, I'm always ready to look at something else. Let's go out on this side and go back to town the other way. Then we'll look at the church, and then we'll put you and Edgar on the train for Rouen, Mrs. Braytree. What did you say, Yvonne? He is n't going to Rouen? Where is he going? To Paris, with us! Well, well, well! all I can say is, I do admire his nerve. I never in all my life went where I was n't asked, and took a cane. Now don't you see why no woman could be happy with a man like that? I never saw the beat. I tell you frankly, Yvonne, I don't like his ways and I don't like him. If you girls had let him alone on the boat, he'd have let us alone here. I declare, my day is just about spoiled. Your mother has trusted you girls to me, and I have n't drawn a quiet breath since. I did take a little comfort there in Rouen; but if I'd known that Lee was in Havre, I'd have been on thorns even there.

"Well, where is the church? Ask someone. What did she say? Down here? Down we go, then. Ah, I suppose that's it under the sidewalk. Nice commanding situation for a church, to grade a street by its tower! Why don't they put in the guide-book, 'Street commands a fine view of the roof?' There is n't time to go inside unless Mrs. Braytree wants to miss her train, and we don't want her to do that.

"This is the street to the *gare*, and we'll run right along. I expect we can get something to eat there, and get that 1:30 train for Beauvais. There is n't anything in Beauvais that would interest you, Mrs. Braytree; but there's a church there that I want to see. The guide-book says that Mr. Ruskin says that the roof has got a clear vertical fall that not many rocks in the Alps can equal; I don't just know what a clear vertical fall may be, but if there's a church anywhere near as high as an Alp, I don't want to miss seeing it.

"There 's the clock. You just have time to get aboard comfortably. Don't you want to go with them, Edgar? Well, I thought, maybe you might. Good-by, good-by; delighted to have met you. Good-by. Oh, yes, of course. In Paris.

"There, they 're gone, darn 'em! Now let's get some lunch. Did you ever see such a collection as those girls? It must have been a bitter pill when, after managing to assimilate the looks of the three oldest, the little one appeared with her eyes laid out bias. Come in here; we can get something to eat here, I don't care what; but I want plenty. Don't lose your cane, Edgar; life would n't be life to you without it, I expect. I like these country hotel entrances, through a carriage-house and a duck-yard, fall over a cat, and come in. Tell her we want dinner for four, and prompt. You put that in good forcible French for me, Edgar, and I'll be grateful to you till I die. Let's sit down. Let's eat."

Beauvais.

"Now, young people, I call this making a day count. This is my idea of getting about. Breakfast in Rouen, lunch in Gisors, Beauvais for a sandwich, and we'll dine in Paris.

"What time is it? Three o'clock. Well, we want to head straight for that cathedral. Seems as if it ought to show most anywhere over a little, low town like this, but I don't see it. Ask some one—ask any one. Well, what did they say? Right across the square. Whose statue is that in the middle? Joan of Arc? Jeanne Hachette? Who was Jeanne Hachette? Girl who captured flag from Charles the Bold, eh? Is that why they called him 'the Bold?' Sort of sarcastic on his letting a girl carry off his flag, I should consider. Well, when did she live? Has she got her year under her? 1492. Seventy years after Joan.

I should n't have thought she'd have inspired other young women in this part of the country to emulate her.

"Do we go up here? Ugh, how I hate walking over cobble-stones! Clean; of course they 're clean. I did n't say that I thought they were dirty. I said I hated to walk on 'em.

"What 's that chopped-off creation before us? *Not* the cathedral! Well—I—vow!

"Is *that* what I—what we—

"Where 's the front of it? What *did* happen to it? And what *was* Mr. Rus-

kin thinking of when he compared it to an Alp! I don't want to fall off of anywhere, but I'd choose the roof of that cathedral to start from any day in preference to the lowest Alp they make. 'Clear vertical fall,' eh? I wish I knew what that meant.

"Well, let 's go in. Where's the door? That little, unpretentious one looks feasible. Come on. Well, Edgar, are you coming, too, or do you choose to stay outside with your stick? I can't help it, Edna; I feel irritated at his being here at all, and then I 'm naturally disappointed over this church. I must say the biggest thing about it is that blank wall stopping up

where they left off. This is the kind of thing I 've come several thousand miles to look at, is it? Well, may as well go in, I suppose.

"So this is in the inside! Fine lot of carpets hung up to try and cover the deficiencies, eh? High roof—funny sort of shock you get whenever you look towards the front. Sort of like turning around and hitting your cane, eh, Edgar? Girls, this cathedral was begun in 1180, time of Henry II, and they quit in 1555, while Bloody Mary was abroad, and never got to the front end in the four hundred years. Well, well! dear, dear!

"Come on, girls, we may as well go



A BIT OF BEAUVAIS



“LOOK HOW MAD THAT OLD LADY IS; HEAR HER GIVE IT TO HIM
IN GOOD ROUND ENGLISH”

out; I feel like going to the station and heading for Paris. I suppose that's the next move in the game. You can stay here as long as you like, Edgar; we won't hurry you.

"Come, Yvonne, you walk with me. Did you ever see anything like that young man's gall? Your friend Lee could n't make any points around him. Just hooks right on to us, and stays hooked. I declare, if I carried a cane, I bet I'd give him one punch he'd remember long after. I'd sincerely beg his pardon. I did n't like him on the steamer; I've got no use for young men of his stamp. I—"

Gare du Nord, Paris.

"So this is Paris! Now, Edgar, I have one favor to ask of you—will you kindly allow me to manage my own affairs while you manage yours? I know just what to do, and I'll take Yvonne with me to do it. You can take Edna up to the hotel. Looked disappointed, did n't he? Counting on endearing himself to me forever by his able-bodied assistance, I'll wager; but I don't want any young man minding my business. Tell that blue blouse to take these checks and look up five trunks in a hurry. What did he say? We have n't got to overhaul them again here.

have we? Well, I am—I certainly just *am*. Have we got to hunt 'em up? Where? Well, ask him? Round back of this crazy mob? Well, tell him to go first. What 's this system of wildly speculating wheat-pits? Baggage-counters, eh? And will you look at the baggage! Talk about your 'clear vertical falls!' Those trunks on top will soon know more than Ruskin ever did.

"Where 's our man gone? Yvonne, do you know where that fellow went to? Well, ask some one. Look out—that baggage truck will be Juggernauting right over you before you know it. Now, where *is* the porter? I call this a pretty state of affairs—porter, valises, and trunk-checks all gone together. I thought you were watching him or I would have done so. Do you suppose we ought to speak to a policeman. I think we ought to. But will you look at the trunk-unlocking that's going on—good as a play—look how mad that old lady is; hear her give it to him in good English. Guess something got broke in transit. Keep a sharp eye out for that porter, Yvonne. Here come some more trunks, and more, and more yet. I wonder if this is regular, or if we've struck a rush. Where *is* that porter? I think we ought to be speaking to a policeman, don't you? Here's a choice new invoice of a couple of thou-

sand more trunks; that fellow will never be able to find ours, I know. Supposing he has found them, and gone off with them already. Hey, look at that lady jumping up and down! She sees *her* trunk, I'll bet a dollar. Well, I'd jump up and down if I could see mine. Yvonne, I really think we ought to speak to a policeman. Could you give a description of the man? I only remember that he wore a blue blouse. Oh, yes; and he had 'Commissionaire' across the front of his cap. Hello, here are nine trucks all at once, just a few million more additions to the turmoil. I tell you, we won't get out of here to-night, I don't believe. I vow, I wish I'd given the checks to Edgar, as he suggested. I really think we ought to be calling a policeman. Here are fourteen trucks all loaded to the gunwales, and two mass-meetings and one convention of tourists all at once. Yvonne, this is beginning to look serious to me; I think that really we ought to call—

"Oh, there he is with the whole of the stuff on one truck. Good idea; smart chap; and he was n't so very long either, considering."

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Paris.

DEAREST MAMA: Well, we *are* arrived! It *is* Paris at last! But I thought we should surely die in transit. I don't know what Uncle would have said if he had known that Lee was in Rouen; he was dreadfully upset over Mrs. Braytree's telling him that she saw Lee in Havre. He was very unreasonable, and laid it up against Lee that Mrs. Braytree saw him. Just as if Lee could help it.

We had a pretty good time coming down, only Mr. Edgar came up and came down with us, and of course Uncle did not like that. I think that Mr. Edgar came up to come down with me because we had a lovely time on the steamer coming over together, but Uncle hardly gave me a chance to speak to him. Uncle seems just instinctively to know whom Edna and I want to talk to, and then won't let us. But of course I'm not complaining, for it was lovely of him to give

us this trip, and we're enjoying every minute.

We arrived last night, and the only drawback is that Mrs. Clary is n't here. She left a note, and M. Sibilet's wife *is* his mother, and has a place out at Neuilly, and they were invited there for three days. She will be back to-morrow, and she left word for us to go straight to the Bon Marché and look at the white suits; so we did so. We told Uncle it was all right for us to go alone, and he had just gotten his mail, so he only said "Hum!" and we went. Just as we were taking the cab, who should we see but Mr. Chopstone. It was so lovely to see him again, and he got into the cab and went with us. We went to the Bon Marché; but it was n't much fun with a man, so we came out after a little, and he proposed taking the Subway and going to the Trocadero. Just then we met a man that Mr. Chopstone knew, and he had red hair and eyeglasses. Mr. Chopstone introduced him, and invited him to go along; but he said it was no use, because it was the wrong day, and we could n't get in when we got there. By this time we were down in the Subway, and Mr. Chopstone suggested that we go to the Bois, so as not to have to go back up the stairs again. While we were talking, the train came and went in a terrible hurry, and we got aboard in between. After we were off, we found that Mr. Chopstone was n't on. We did n't know what to do, because, of course, it was he that we knew, not the red-haired man. The red-haired man said he would do whatever we pleased, and Edna thought we had better get right off; but I thought we ought to go right on. We did n't know *what* to do, and so we kept on to the Bois.

The Bois was just lovely—all automobiles and babies; and who do you think we met? Betty Burleigh. We were so surprised, for I thought she was in California for her lungs; but it seems that she's been in Dresden for her music all winter, and now she's here for her clothes. She was with an elderly French lady, and I don't think that the elderly French lady liked to have her stop and talk to us. I thought at first that perhaps it was n't proper, on account of the red-haired man, but in a second I saw the real reason. Betty glanced around and

said, "Oh, Madame, où est Fakir?" Whereupon the elderly French lady looked absolutely terrified and tore madly off. We had quite a long talk before she came back with the most awful little black dog, which they evidently had *no* string to. She put him down and began to look displeased again, and Betty just glanced about and said calmly, "Oh, Madame, où est Fakir?" He had absolutely vanished again, and the elderly French lady sort of threw up her eyes and rushed wildly away. The red-haired man said, "Why don't you buy a chain for him?" Betty shrugged the Frenchiest kind of a shrug and said, "I don't have to chase him." The red-haired man said, "I should think she would buy the chain, then!" and Betty shrugged a much Frenchier shrug, and said: "I would n't allow it. While she is running after him I can do as I please?" The red-haired man

laughed. Poor madame came panting up with the creature just then, and Betty said sweetly, "Laissez-lui courir," so she had to put him down; but I could see that she meant to keep a sharp eye on him. Betty wanted us all to come to the Palais and lunch with her; but of course we refused, because you would n't have liked it, and, anyway, we had to go back to Uncle. She wanted the red-haired man to stay, anyway, and was quite put out when he declined. Just then two men in an automobile came up and asked her to go and see the balloon ascension. They did n't invite the elderly French lady, and she protested about "*comme il faut*"; but Betty said, "*Où est Fakir?*" and, if you 'll believe me, that little beast was gone again, and poor madame dashed off in pursuit. Betty made short work of bidding us good-by then, and at once got into the automobile, and was off.

We came slowly along back with the red-haired man, and at the Arc de

Triomphe we ran into Mr. Chopstone. It seems he went a station too far because he met some people he knew in the car behind us, and he says we must all go to the Châtelet with him to-night to make up. He said "Uncle, too," so we accepted. Then we took a cab and came back to the hotel, where we found our beloved relative with his feet on the center-table, reading the Paris "*Herald*." He looked over the top at us and announced that he 'd "done the Louvre." I think we must have looked startled, for he went on to say at once that he knew that it was



"WE FOUND OUR BELOVED RELATIVE WITH HIS FEET ON THE CENTER-TABLE"

something that had got to be done, and that he should n't enjoy, and so he had thought it best to go at it the first thing on the first morning and get it off his mind at once. He was very pleased with himself, because he says the "Bae-deker" says that it takes two hours and a half to walk through, and he was only gone from the hotel two hours in

all. Edna asked him if he spent much time looking at the pictures, and he said: "Young lady, if you 'd ever been in the place, you 'd never ask that question. Why, the whole thing is lined with pictures. I bet I dream of gilt frames for a week."

We had to go to lunch, and Uncle does n't like the food very much; he says it strikes him as "flummery," and he is really very much vexed over Mrs. Clary's being at Neuilly. Edna is vexed because Harry is there, too, and I 'm very much vexed indeed because she thoughtlessly gave Uncle the letter at lunch, and when he read about Monsieur Sibilet's wife being his mother he was more put out than ever. He said we could look out for ourselves this afternoon, as he had to go to the bank. Edna suggested that we go to the Louvre, and he said yes, that would be wise, because then we would all be free to enjoy ourselves. Uncle speaks of the Louvre exactly as if it were the

semiannual siege at the dentist's. But he was kind enough to offer to leave us there on his way to the bank, and when we took the cab, he arranged with the cabman and the hotel-porter exactly what the fare was to be, and held it in his hand the whole way.

Edna and I were mighty glad to get to the Louvre without Uncle, especially with the way he feels to-day, and we were wandering along in a speechless sort of ecstasy when all of a sudden I heard some one calling my name. I whirled around, and if it was n't Mrs. Merrilegs, in a state of collapse on one of the red-velvet benches. We went to her, and she took hold of our hands as if she 'd been our long-lost mother for years. She looked very white and tired and almost ready to faint, and we sat down on each side of her in real sincere sympathy, and she held our hands and told us how it was. It seems that they left home the last of last month, and they 've been all through the British Isles, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and they are going to finish Europe and be home the first of next month. She could hardly speak for tears. She says Mr. Merrilegs made out the itinerary before they sailed and that they have lived up to it every day except just one, when he ate some lobster crossing the Irish Sea, and they lost a day that night. She says they drive a great deal, because they can hardly walk any more, and that she does n't believe that there will be a museum or palace in Europe that they won't be able to say that they have driven by when they go home. She said they had come to the Louvre to see what pictures they wanted for their new house, and that they never meant to take more than twenty minutes for the selection, and that they had been there an hour already. She felt badly because the itinerary had them visit Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower as high as the elevator goes, and Versailles this afternoon. She said they wanted to try and call on the American consul, too, to ask about a masseur. She said Mr. Merrilegs said he thought if they could get hold of a good masseur and keep him right with them that they could manage to rub through to the end.

Edna and I felt dreadfully sorry for her; but there did not seem to be any-

thing to do except look sad, and we did that as heartily as we knew how until in a minute or two Mr. Merrilegs hove in sight with a funny little Frenchman dancing round and round him. Mr. Merrilegs looked almost as exhausted as his wife, and called Edna by my name and me by hers. His wife asked him if he had ordered the pictures, and he said: "No; I have n't any more time to waste here. I 've given Claretie the paper with the sizes of the spaces marked on it, and he 's to go through and measure till he finds a famous picture to match each space." Mrs. Merrilegs sort of nodded faintly and said: "But we don't want any martyrs in the dining-room, you know," and her husband said, "Yes, yes, he understands; and he says he 'll find a Susanna to fit your bath, too." Mrs. Merrilegs stood up then with a very audible groan, and they both shook hands with us in a way that quite wrung our hearts. Then they limped away with the little Frenchman spinning gaily about them, and we went on alone.

In the very next room we met Mr. Chopstone. He was awfully glad to see us, and said, with our permission, he 'd join us; but as he seemed joined anyway, we did n't even dream of refusing. He asked if we 'd told Uncle about the Châtelet, and then we remembered that we had forgotten. He said he was so glad, because he could n't get any seats except *baignoirs*, and they looked queer, because no one can see you. He asked if we would like to go to the opera instead, and we were just discussing it when we turned a corner and ran right on to Betty Burleigh and the red-haired man. His name is Potter, and, did you ever! They looked so upset that it can't have been an accident, their being together. But how could they have arranged it? If they did n't arrange it, why did they look upset? Betty had on a bright green cloth dress and a violet hat, and the red-haired man heightened the general effect so much that we moved on as quickly as possible. Mr. Chopstone said very roundly: "You 'd better fight shy of her, I think," and Edna said dryly: "Of him, too, don't you think?" I waited a minute, and then I said it seemed droll to think that if we were all English we 'd be pleased to call poor Betty a typical American.

We came home when the Louvre closed and found Uncle back with his feet on the center-table. He had had a big fire built, for he said it gave him chills to look at the nymph over his bed. He had put in a true Merrilegian afternoon, having been to the Palais de Justice, Sainte-Chapelle, Notre Dame, and driven by the Hôtel de Ville and around the Opera House—"completely around." He says there won't be a thing left for him to look

shook his watch and held it to his ear that way he always does when he's dangerous, and said he was in no mood for any of Lee's jokes. He looked very severely at me and said that Lee was a scalawag, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself for having him around.

Mrs. Clary will be back to-morrow, and we're very glad, for Uncle is awful peppery and tartary, and says "Hum!" when



"MRS. MERRILEGS . . . TOOK HOLD OF OUR HANDS AS IF SHE 'D BEEN OUR LONG-LOST MOTHER FOR YEARS"

at by Monday. He says if he was pressed for time, he'd hire a cab for one whole day and lump the business; but that, seeing that we have the time, it really does n't seem necessary.

The mail came while we were talking, and the most unfortunate thing happened. To keep up the Russian idea, Lee wrote two postals and sent them to St. Petersburg to be mailed. Uncle saw the Russian stamps and knew Lee's writing, and he asked me to kindly tell him how Mrs. Braytree came to see a man who was in Russia in Havre. Edna said weakly that it must have been a joke and Uncle

we least expect it. Edna sent Mr. Chopstone a *petit-bleu*, asking him please not to ask us to go anywhere to-night. Mr. Edgar sent me some violets, but I had time to give them to the chambermaid before Uncle came in. If I only get a chance, I shall ask Mrs. Clary to declare that M. Sibilet's mother *is* his wife, even if she knows it's a lie. It does n't seem possible that Uncle could really care for Mrs. Clary; but he's so cross if she talks to any one else that I almost wonder if he does n't. Edna is all tired out, and says she will cry if Uncle tells her again that any man is n't the man to make any

girl happy. She says she likes men, and she thinks that they all make her happy. She wanted to go to the Châtelet in a *baignoir*, and she was wild to go to the opera in anything.

We talk Italy and mark Brittany every chance we get, but Uncle says "Hum!" to Italy the same as he does to everything else these days. I'm sure I don't see what we'll do if he takes the rest of Europe as hard as he does this much. But of course I don't mean that we're not having a lovely time, and we never forget for a minute how kind he was to bring us.

Next day.

OH, it has been awful! How can I write it all!

You see, Uncle has a little balcony, and the sun came out, so he did, too, this morning, on his little balcony. And he saw Mrs. Clary being brought back in an automobile by M. Sibilet and two French officers. Of course Harry was there, too, but that did n't mend matters any. In looking over, Uncle's glasses fell to the ground, and they were his comfortable ones with the rubber round the nose, and that part broke, too. Edna was taking a bath, and I had to stand the brunt of the whole. Uncle told me not to dare to fancy for a minute that he cared who Mrs. Clary went about with; but he did wish for the credit of America that she would steer clear of men like Sibilet. He was very sore over the French officers, too, and said that if he was a French officer he'd go and walk around Alsace until he came to his senses. While he was talking he knocked the water-pitcher over, and then Edna was ready to dress; so he went away while I sopped up the floor.

Mrs. Clary came in right afterward. She has had a splendid time, and she says she does n't care what relation the old lady is so long as she can have them for friends. She has had no end of fun since she came from Havre, and she says it's a shame about Uncle. She went to a beautiful lawn-fête at a countess's, and she says I must n't worry over Lee and Uncle. She rode horseback, too, and drove with a coach, and she says Edna must remember that Uncle is always peculiar, and does n't mean half he says. She went to two dinner-parties, and no one would believe that she was Harry's

mother. She says I ought not to be exasperated over anything, because nothing in the world can be so exasperating as having a son with a moustache when you don't look thirty-five, and that she does n't let *that* worry her. M. Sibilet is going to give a dinner for her at the Ritz, and she's going to get a lace dress all in one piece, and she says it was she who told Mr. Edgar that we were coming from Rouen, and that Betty Burleigh is considered very fast, and that it won't take long for her to settle Uncle. I'm sure I hope so with all my heart; but I don't believe he'll like the idea of the dinner-party much. Mrs. Clary says Mme. Sibilet's château is a perfect castle, and that one of the French officers in the automobile was a duke. She says we must be patient, and Uncle will get used to the Continent, just as all American men do. She says they never take to it like women, though. The other French officer was in the ministry once, and counts more than any duke. Mrs. Clary is always so sweet and comforting, and she is such a nice chaperon, because she always has men enough herself never to be spiteful.

Mr. Chopstone sent Edna back a *petit-bleu* that he had the box at the opera, and what should he do about it. Mrs. Clary says for us to go. She says she'll take care of Uncle, for she wants to straighten out her accounts, and she can just as well straighten him out at the same time. She gave me a long letter from Lee that he left with her, and she told Edna to go and have a nice walk with Harry, and she'd tell Uncle they were both asleep in their rooms. I declare, it's good to have her back. I feel as if a mountain was lifted off me, and on to her. She says you never dreamed of such fun as she's had out there at Neuilly, and that it's quite absurd—my worrying over little things like Lee and Uncle.

She talked so much that I grew quite light-hearted, and had early dinner and went off to the—

I'll have to write the rest to-morrow. A boy says Uncle wants to speak to me.

Next day.

I do believe Lee knows better how to manage Uncle than all of us put together.

When Uncle sent for me, I saw right off that Mrs. Clary had n't gotten him

anywhere near all smoothed out. He looked awfully vexed, and he told me he was done with Paris and he was going to clear out at once. He said he knew that Edna and I wanted to go to Italy, but, unfortunately, he could n't see it himself in that light. Then he paused and said "Hum!" and I waited. After a little he said that he 'd happened to run across two or three things lately that had rather interested him in Brittany, and how would I like to go there. I was almost stunned at the success of Lee's scheme, and I was so happy that I suddenly felt as if I wanted Mrs. Clary and Edna to be happy, too, and I just threw my arms around his neck and said: "Oh, *Uncle*, let 's go off together—just you and me—and have a real good time together, all by ourselves. Will you?"

I must have done it *very* well, for Uncle's face smoothed out at once, and he told me that he 'd been meaning to give me Aunt Jane's watch ever since she died, only that it needed a new spring, and he never could remember to take it to the jeweler's. His face clouded some later, and he shook his head and said he wished he felt more security as to Mrs. Clary and Edna; but then he crossed his legs the other way, and said we only had one life to live, and could I be ready to start

by day after to-morrow. I said that I was sure I could, and he said "Hum!" very pleasantly, and I went to my own room and told Mrs. Clary. She was so pleased she says I am a saint, and that it 's too bad for me to miss the dinner. She is going to wear her pink pearls, and she says that she will try to telegraph Lee.

I will confess that my heart sinks a little bit from time to time when I think of trying to bear Uncle all alone for I don't know how long; but I have great faith in Lee, and I know that he 'll be somewhere along the coast, and that will be a comfort.

Uncle has been out and bought a Gaelic grammar and the history of the Siege of La Rochelle, for he says he wants to have some intelligent conception of what he sees. He wants me to learn the grammar, and he says, where he sees to everything, he should think I could do a little trifle like that for him once in a while. When he put it that way, I thought I must try; but, oh, heavens! you ought to see that grammar!

I will write again as soon as I can. Harry is going to take us all to the Café aux Fleurs for tea.

Lovingly,

Yvonne.

(To be continued)

A FOREST FANE

BY HARRIS MERTON LYON

I KNOW a cool spot in the forest deep,
Banked up with ferns, where girlish violets
Look forth devoutly, where the noon sun frets
The moss with wavy gold. Gay flowers peep
Like fair-haired maidens from a dungeon-keep
Out in the silent coolness. Old regrets
Are solaced in this place, and one forgets,
Bathed in the air's Lethean magic sleep.

In fancy here might Pan have lain by chance,
Tuning his reed to lead some woodland dance;
Echo, the nymph, have paused on flying feet
To shake each leaflet in the green retreat;
Or, kissed by the moon that night, all garlanded,
Here fair Endymion have placed his head.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AN IDEAL LIFE

A NATURE governed by sentiment, by inflexible principle, by the highest ideals; enriched with the best gifts of the orator and the writer, namely, imagination, conviction, and rare power of expression; a life extending through periods of intense stress and the re-forming of institutions in the Old World and the New—such a nature, with such possibilities and opportunities, was that of Carl Schurz.

In his youth a romantic and bravely adventurous revolutionist, he soon developed into a statesman of the idealist type. Though full of the emotionalism of the orator, he was no mere dreamer and impracticable. He wished to see things accomplished, and seldom, in any appeal, failed to take sides.

His consistency was related not to parties, but to principles. This was far from making him ineffectual in political contests, for in such contests he was often himself one of the leading occasions of the success of the cause which he supported with such unwonted fire, and with such evident disinterestedness.

One might or might not agree with him in every decision of his public life, but no one could convict him of being a place-hunter or a moral coward. He could abstain from office in the interest of a cause as easily as he could refuse a fortune—as he once did—in the interest of his own self-respect.

His career and his higher appeals have been inspirations to many, and must continue to be so—appeals to the noble life, and to that pure patriotism which is dedicated to the service of all mankind.

In boyhood Carl Schurz was an Old World hero of romance; in the history of his native country his knightly deeds have put on an atmosphere of tradition and of myth. In manhood he battled for freedom and the life of the American Union. In ripe age he stood among the

honored heroes and councilors of the Republic. He passes away, leaving a blameless and beautiful fame as a precious inheritance for his fatherland and for the country of his adoption, and of his splendid devotion.

THE FAMILY, PUBLIC OPINION, AND HYPOCRISY

A MERICA, with its evils of divorce, has acquired an unfortunate reputation from the point of view of the sacredness of the family—a reputation, on the whole, which it does not deserve. A singular and dramatic international incident of recent occurrence illustrates the fact that an overwhelming body of public opinion sustains the family institution. This incident has been described by certain natives and foreigners as an illustration of national pharisaism; as having elements of hypocrisy, cowardice, and cruelty. It may possibly have had touches of these unlovely vices, so far as individuals are concerned; but the action of public opinion in such cases will always be in danger of taint and error or hypocrisy in details.

It is, however, not the minor aspects of the incident, so much as the larger, that interest us; and in the larger view there is reason for deep rejoicing in the existence of a public opinion in America which values, and is preservative of, the marriage relation and the institution of the family.

When it comes to hypocrisy, there is no more loathsome hypocrisy than that which sustains a condition of social affairs whereby a man or woman, inspired by caprice or self-indulgence, may evade solemn obligations and enter easily into new and inviting relations. To hear such action—when the fruit of pure selfishness and uncontrol—defended, as is often the case, on high spiritual grounds, is enough to awake the humorist in the duller mind, or to fill with disgust the honest

auditor. Who has not heard irresponsibility, whim, satiety, or curiosity dignified by amateur philosophers with scientific or with godlike names. Here is hypocrisy indeed,—ridiculous and rank. By this way lies danger to the spirit, danger to the family, danger to the state.

If the family is not worth saving, let us have the other thing. This other thing—this vaunted freedom of the spirit, truth to individual character and destiny, loyalty to liberty—has a popular name which goes to the root of the matter. Behind the false preachment of a noble life lurks the specter of what the plain people call “free love.”

The public opinion of America has been tested, and it is opposed to “free love” and all apparent attacks on the sacredness of the family; it may express its opinion in any given case with awkwardness, or without sufficient discrimination,—that is not what we are now considering,—but the *opinion* is sound and right. Our people believe that the family is worth saving, and all good citizens and wise men should be glad.

An after-the-war story, that our Southern friends tell, may come to memory when one listens to high-minded excuses for anti-family principles—in other words, for yielding to temptation. A young man of fighting age who had accompanied his mother in her flight from the South to Canada at the approach of hostilities, was not received with marked favor by the young ladies on his return from self-inflicted exile. His good mother was much concerned by this quiet, social disapproval, and tried to placate one of the belles of the town by explaining to her how necessary it was that the young man, the only male in the family, should stay away from the battle-field in order to take care of his mother and guard the family interests. “Oh, my dear Mrs. Blank,” said the smiling girl, “you need not say another word; for I would have done exactly the same thing myself,—I am *such* a coward.”

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD

IT would seem that Canadians and Americans, as a whole, have come into a friendlier understanding and closer sympathy since the talk has well-nigh

ceased of “the United States annexing Canada.” The annexation idea, as proclaimed in former times, may be said to have received its *coup de grâce* at last spring’s “Pilgrim” dinner in New York at the hands of Earl Grey, the present high-minded and extremely popular Governor General of Canada, and our own Secretary of State, Mr. Root. That probable former annexationist and present very energetic and effective apostle of peace, and race-imperialist, Andrew Carnegie, on his recent tour in Canada, while renouncing all thought of the annexation of the Dominion by the United States, declared that such renunciation did not imply that Canada should not, one of these days, “annex the United States.”

In his speech before the Canadian clubs of various Canadian cities Mr. Carnegie told of his dream of Canada playing the part of Scotland and annexing her Southern neighbor, as Scotland annexed England, and then bossing her for her good, as Scotland now does England. In this dream of his he “saw Canada then take by the hand her revered motherland, and take with the other hand her big, hitherto somewhat strenuous brother, place one in other, and unite them again, making out of three lands—still sovereign states and so remaining—one grand nation, as they were before.” “It will not,” he said, “be as long hence as it is since the Pilgrims landed when there will be three hundred millions and more members of our race on this continent, while in Britain there will not be more than fifty millions, and cannot be without race deterioration.”

This is essentially the idea Colonel T. W. Higginson throws out in his “Critic” paper on “A reunited Anglo-Saxondom,” where he quotes Sir George Grey, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Dicey, Senator Sumner, Secretary Hay, Mr. Carnegie, and others. In speaking of the increasing cordiality between Canadians and citizens of the United States, he supposes there is no prospect that the United States and the Dominion of Canada “will ever become nearer to each other in political organization, unless it be under some very wide and comprehensive tie which shall bring the whole English-speaking world under some general name, yet leave the various parts to entire individuality.”

Whatever the future may have in store for the Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic race-imperialism, including what Mr. Carnegie calls "language-imperialism," and Sir George Grey, "the People of one Tongue," thus taking in the French-Canadian element, and the Continental-European immigration generally—whatever may come in the way of a closer relationship between the various peoples speaking the English language, there is great cause for gratification at the present good-will existing between the people of Great Britain and those of the United States, and between Canadians and Americans, using the latter term as it is, for convenience, used in Canada as well as in the United States.

This good-will, on the part of Canada, was illustrated by a speech in the Ottawa House of Commons, which preceded Mr. Carnegie's Canadian visit by only a few days. The Hon. N. A. Belcourt, formerly speaker of the House, moved an address to King Edward, which was adopted, inviting him to visit Canada, with a view to extending his travels to the United States, as he did when Prince of Wales, and heir to the throne. Mr. Belcourt expressed his hope and belief that such a visit would not only have a useful effect in Canada, but that for the peace-promoting King to visit the President, himself so successful in the cause of peace among the nations, would afford the means of rendering more intimate and more cordial the relations which exist to-day between the American Republic and the mother-country. The honorable gentleman furthermore expressed in eloquent language the hope of a peace-compelling alliance between the United Kingdom of Great Britain and

Ireland, its possessions throughout the world, the Republic of France, and the Empire of Japan.

Whether the King shall respond favorably or not to the invitation and suggestion of Canada, the good work of the peace-makers north and south of the Canadian frontier will go on. Mr. Carnegie well said at Toronto and elsewhere, that "the most powerful ship in the British navy is not the *Dreadnought*, but that little yacht on the great lakes, flying the Union Jack and carrying one tiny gun used only for exchanging friendly salutes of peace and good-will with a similar little craft flying the Stars and Stripes,—that is the most powerful as it is the most beneficent ship in all the British navy."

Our modern prophet of peace, who, by the way, would reap more profit than any other man in the preparation of those armaments which he passionately condemns, may not be wrong when he declares that never again are English-speaking men to stand face to face in battle; and that if they ever do fight, it will be side by side in defense of a noble cause, and only when that cause insures future peace. Nor may he be far from the possibilities when he suggests that the English-speaking nations, united with France, may yet be able to prevent war among other nations, by "intimating" that such an act would be "unfriendly."

The unarmed peace of our border is, indeed, a symbol and promise of the complete peace which arbitration and a closer union are to bring to the English-speaking peoples; and a symbol and promise of the peace to come between all the civilized nations of the earth.



OPEN LETTERS

Harpooning a Porpoise from the Martingale-Stay of a Whaler

(See the Frontispiece)

PORPOISE and sea-pig are the common names applied by seamen to all small sea mammals, including the true dolphin, the latter name being used only in reference to a certain brilliantly hued fish of the tropics.

Indigenous to nearly every sea, the porpoise is to the whalermen of to-day what the "buffalo" was to the Western immigrant of the early fifties. Doomed to months on end without other fresh meat, the whaler hails with joy the raising of a school of these creatures.

There is a scuffle for harpoons while the ship plunges along, burying her bows in the oncoming seas; the boat-steerer perches out on the martingale-stay in the smother, and follows with his iron every move of the porpoises breaching and dodging under the cleaving forefoot.

Suddenly there is a swish of line, as the iron is darted, and soon a struggling porpoise dangles in mid-air, as the hands on the fore-castle-deck lustily haul him aboard.

Maybe the process is repeated till a dozen of the beasts are flopping about the deck and blood is dripping from every scupper. Then it is turn to and dress the catch, and soon a dozen porkers are strung along the cutting stage suspended by their tails.

The ship's pig, the captain's dog, the steward's chickens, come in for a share. (A veritable menagerie exists aboard a whaler.) The cook tries out the jaw oil in the galley, for the quantity is too small to start the fires of the try-works forward.

After the hard day's labor, come the juicy porpoise steaks, the crisp liver, the spiced and seasoned porpoise cakes. For a while the cook is the most popular man aboard ship. But only for a while, for the opprobrious epithet, "son of a sea cook," has been earned in sad reality.

Clifford W. Ashley.

Equestrian Portrait of Olivarez by Velasquez

TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS—SEE PAGE 417

OLIVAREZ was prime minister of Spain during the first half of the forty-four years of the reign of Philip IV. He quickly recognized the genius of Velasquez, who was then

twenty-four years old, and brought him to the notice of the more youthful king. He was his constant friend thereafter, and it is worthy of record that in the minister's downfall and disgrace, when all but a few of his friends had deserted him, the artist was prominent among those few who could still attest their gratitude by personally visiting the old man in his exile at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the court.

Olivarez doubtless possessed, in private life, estimable traits that endeared him to such discerning spirits as Velasquez, but as a statesman it is recorded that he was the most unscrupulous and powerful of the seventeenth century. He was always raving for war and protesting that he could not live without it. Thus he kindled a conflagration, to the ruin of the land, "losing more territories to the Castilian crown than it has been the fortune of few great conquerors ever to have gained" (Stirling-Maxwell). He who stirred up so many wars now wished, finally, to see himself seated in the saddle as a general of cavalry, although he had never so much as smelt the odor of battle. Carl Justi, referring to this portrait, says: "The general is undoubtedly a humbug, just as his brown hair is a sham. His habits were anything but military, and his enemies sneered at this 'heroic minister' and 'grand old man,' who was so delicate that he refused to go on board a vessel, as at Barcelona, in 1632, for fear of sea-sickness. When his portrait was exposed for sale in Madrid, in 1635, it was pelted with stones, and the same occurred again at Saragossa, in 1642.

"But these are outward considerations, and it must be admitted that the figure suits well the assumed rôle. So true is this that, were the subject unknown, he would perhaps be taken for some leader of invincible 'Iron-sides' in the great war. In fact, the French critic, Charles Blanc, describes the picture as that of a hero leading the charge without bluster or ostentation."

Velasquez made many portraits of his powerful patron, but in this one, showing him mounted on his Andalusian bay, it is considered that he strove to outdo himself. In composition it lays no claim to originality, since Rubens and Vandyke had done similar things before, which Velasquez had seen and doubtless studied, and the position of the figure upon the horse is generally criticised

as being too far forward upon the neck of the animal; but as a tissue of rare and subtle tones, of subdued and sonorous harmonies of color, it ranks with the most refined canvases of the world.

To give a crude idea of the coloring, we may say that the figure is clad in black armor, the jointings of which are edged with gold; the hat is dark gray, with purple plume; the scarf is gold-embroidered and wine-colored; the boots are of a warm, grayish color; and the saddle is old gold, mingling with the golden fringe of the scarf. These tones appear to great advantage upon the chestnut horse and against the delicate grays of the clouded sky, the blue passages of which are of a warm greenish tint. The whole of the sky and the background is bathed in a greenish cast, and the foliage behind the figure comes out with brighter touches of green, giving the impression of spring leaves. This is a specially charming bit, and so modern in treatment that nothing at present could surpass it. In the distance, the umbery tones of which become richer toward the foreground, is seen the smoke of battle and the marching of soldiers.

This canvas measures approximately ten feet, three inches high, by seven feet, ten inches wide, and was, according to Carl Justi, painted about 1636. The picture is painted in the artist's second manner, and is in the Prado Museum, Madrid.

T. Cole.

NOTE

The changing of a word in Mr. Cole's description of Murillo's "Prodigal Son Feasting," in *THE CENTURY* for May, gives the reader the impression that Mr. Cole's engraving is of a sketch from the large picture, the fact being that the engraving is of the original sketch from which the large picture was made.

An Interesting Orchestral Experiment

IN view of the stories that reach us of deficits in orchestral organizations from so many large cities, and the determination to discontinue some orchestras that have been running for a number of years because the citizens of many large cities refuse to support the orchestras, and the few rich music-lovers have grown tired of making good the yearly loss, it is interesting to note that an enterprising Western organization—the St. Louis Choral-Symphony Society—closed its last winter's season not only without a deficit, but with a small balance in its treasury.

The society has been entirely self-supporting during the season just past, relying

absolutely upon its regular subscriptions and upon the proceeds of the series of popular concerts which they gave on Sunday afternoons during the winter. It has no guarantors, no permanent fund; in fact, nothing but its own unaided efforts to rely upon.

The music given, whether at the regular subscription concerts or at the popular concerts, has been of a high order, embracing the best symphonies and the most classical numbers. Soloists of great reputation and ability have appeared, and the story is of crowded houses at every performance.

This society seems to have realized the fact that nothing succeeds in America, permanently, that is not democratic, and that its future depended upon the plain, every-day people; so during the last season, it departed from its tradition of twenty-six years' history and depended no longer upon the support of the generous few, but went direct to the mass of music-lovers in St. Louis and appealed to them; and the response was instantaneous and overflowing.

The society seems to have been an excellent combination of good business management and musical aptitude, and the results have been shown in a way that should be at least an example to other cities.

H. C.

The Diet of Children

There is one point in Mr. Burbank's otherwise admirable article on the "Training of the Human Plant," in the May *CENTURY*, which calls for comment. He refers to children who upon an exclusive diet of cereals and vegetables became anæmic, low in vitality, and "frightfully depraved." There are sickly and naughty children produced by all kinds of diet, but it runs counter to all the best science of the day to suppose that Mr. Burbank has hit upon a true case of cause and effect. Dr. Joseph E. Winters, who is perhaps the best-known specialist on children in New York, and an opponent of vegetarianism, says, in a pamphlet on the food of children, that "there is more so-called nervousness, anæmia, rheumatism, valvular disease of the heart, and chorea at the present time in children from an excess of meat and its preparations than from all other causes combined." He also declares in another place that blood-coloring matter (and hence rosy cheeks) comes from vegetable-coloring matter, and not from meat. It is a total error to suppose that the absence of meat in a dietary can have anything to do with anæmia. As for "depravity," a wide acquaintance with vegetarians is sufficient proof to me of the mistaken character of Mr. Burbank's contention.

Ernest H. Crosby.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

An Economic Revel

INCREDIBLE as it may seem, and regardless of the pooh-poohs of the doctors, there are two young men in our town who, by careful economy and by sharing expenses, can get along on ten or twelve dollars a day apiece for their food and still keep in good physical condition. More than that, one of the young men declares that they have gained in weight since they adopted a simple system by which to regulate their habits and expenses.

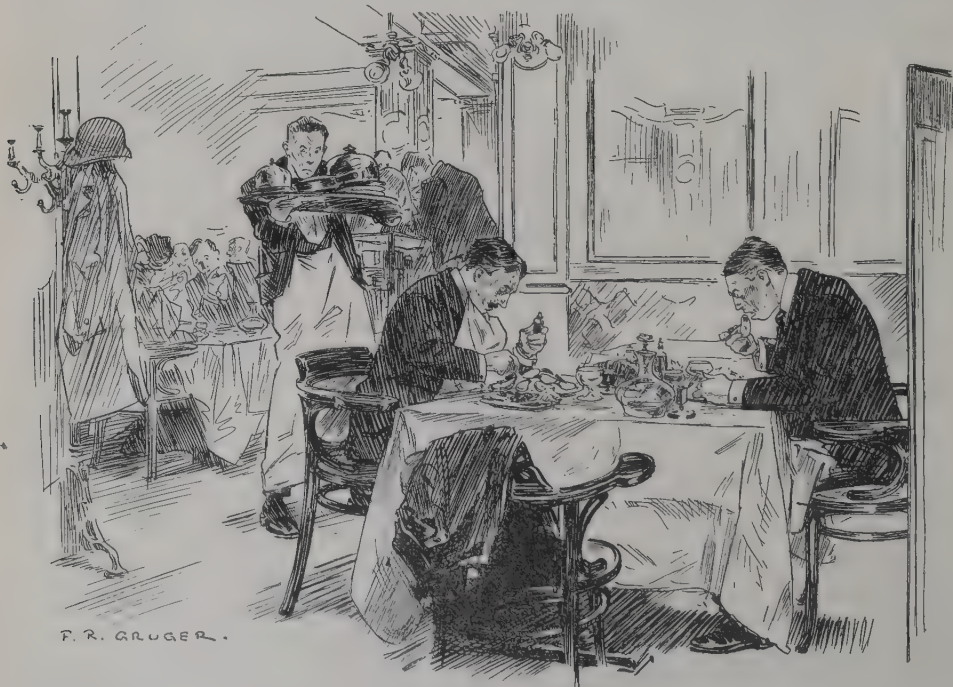
"We don't care for any notoriety or special credit for our system," said one of the young men, diffidently. "We really don't think it is wonderful enough to talk about; but if our experience can be of any benefit to other young men who are trying to make both ends meet and still eat enough to keep soul and body together, I will gladly tell how Henry and I get along without overstepping our fixed allowance.

"Of course, one good habit leads to another, so we are systematic not only about eating, but about our clothing and lodging.

We live in three rooms near the heart of the city. There are two bath-rooms. Each of us has a sleeping-room, and the third room is common territory where we may entertain our friends.

"You'll see there is money saved at the very start. By being centrally located, we save at least twenty cents a day on car-fares, to say nothing of cabs, and we save the wear and tear of rubbing our clothes against car seats. But our principal saving is on food. There are a number of good restaurants in the neighborhood, so we can change about to avoid monotony.

"We are usually up by nine o'clock, — ten at the latest, — and a brisk walk of several blocks gives us an appetite for our simple morning repast. This meal invariably begins with fruit, generally grape-fruit, two portions of which seldom, if ever, cost more than thirty cents. Any reputable physician will admit that the acid of grape-fruit is an excellent tonic for the entire digestive system, and it is



F. R. GRUGER.

Drawn by F. R. Gruger

"WE NEVER ALLOW THE EVENING MEAL TO COST US MORE THAN
TWELVE OR THIRTEEN DOLLARS"

soothing to the throat after excessive smoking. Extravagant as it may be, Henry and I have not yet given up tobacco.

"Just a dash of kümmel poured over the grape-fruit adds a lot to its flavor and tang, and the cost of one cordial-glass, which is ample for two fruit portions, may be divided. There is more economy as the result of doubling up. A man eating breakfast alone would be obliged to pay the whole cost of the kümmel and have more than he needed. It is these little things that count up.

"Well, the fruit adds to the appetite born of the walk, and we usually satisfy it with chops and kidneys. On cold mornings we may add a sausage—only one apiece. Henry has a theory, and I agree with him, that when the mercury is below twenty-six degrees the human system réquies buckwheat cakes and syrup as a breakfast extra. Henry is a methodical young man and looks at the thermometer every morning before breakfast. A large pot of coffee completes our morning repast. The whole seldom costs more than two dollars.

"Of course we vary that breakfast menu. I have merely mentioned that as a sample. But chops are a favorite because, as all reputable physicians will admit, any part of the lamb or mutton is excellent for the alimentary canal.

"Fortified by our breakfast, Henry and I repair to our respective avocations and wait as patiently as we can for luncheon-time.

"Our midday meal is scarcely more than a bite. It must necessarily be simple not only for economy's sake, but because neither of us has more than an hour and a half to spend away from business. We usually begin with a hot soup. The average reader may think that that is ridiculous and ask scoffingly, 'How are you going to begin a luncheon without clams and cocktails?' Scoff away! Henry and I are determined to put a little something in the bank each week. Besides, any first-class physician will say that shell-fish more than once a day are injurious.

"But to get back to our simple luncheon. A hot soup is what the healthy stomach craves at midday, and it should come before the solid foods, after a fast through the long forenoon. Never to spend money for food between meals is one of our most rigid rules. Next to the soup, there is a wide variety to choose from. Any doctor worthy of his profession will admit that what the stomach desires at a given time is the best thing for it. To-day's luncheon will do as well as another for an illustration. We divided first a large portion of finnan-haddie (the system must have real salty things occasionally), and then a portion of grilled bones and potatoes cooked in the simplest manner. As a light beverage to quench the thirst caused by the fish we had a quart

of sauterne between us, and for dessert a little pastry. No cheese for luncheon—not a crumb.

"Cheese, as the dietitians well know, is a condensed food, and the stomach does not require it at noon. By knowing that simple fact we are enabled to save more money.

"At dinner Henry and I indulge ourselves just a little, but never to the extent of violating our agreement to live simply and economically.

"It is more economical in the long run, we find, to cater a trifle to the appetite, for there is bound to be a reaction for the man who tries to be too strict. For one week of excessive saving and pinching there will be a month of extravagance. That, above all things, is what Henry and I mean to avoid.

"After a hard day's work, the stomach requires something piquant as an appetizer. It makes the dinner taste better, and the better a meal tastes the more easily is it digested. By exercising a little prudence in this direction, we keep our digestion and save a great deal on doctors' bills. That is another feature of our economy.

"But I am getting away from a simple dinner suggestion. There is the money-saving appetizer, to begin with—cocktails or sherry and bitters. If the former is selected, do not eat the cherry. The cherry always reminds me of what my Aunt Jane used to say about fruit: 'gold in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night.'

"Clams or oysters should follow the appetizer. They are easily digested, and are given to invalids who can eat nothing else. Because of the modern method of serving oysters on cracked ice, they should be followed immediately by a clear, hot soup. Fish is very inexpensive and at the same time nutritious. We frequently make it a part of our dinner.

"The nutritive qualities of red meat are so well known that I hardly need mention them. As a man's earning capacity depends wholly on his health, it suffices to say that Henry and I always insist on some sort of roast after the fish, and with it we give our systems the benefit of at least one vegetable.

"Henry and I are not among the false economists who underrate the food value of game-birds. There is a distinctive flavor about the meat of a duck or a partridge that every active person struggling in our fierce modern competition for a living requires. So when Henry and I made up our minds to formulate some common-sense way of getting along, a bird for dinner was the very first thing we declared should remain on the list. Green things are indispensable to health, so we also insist upon a salad.

"That is about all that is needed for a simple dinner, except, of course, some sort of dessert, which adds but little to our daily

cost of living, and the coffee; and then, as a further preventative of indigestion, we generally have a cordial.

"We never allow the evening meal to cost us more than twelve or thirteen dollars. That price, of course, covers a quart of champagne. I don't remember whether I mentioned that or not. The effervescence of the wine acts as a check on any heaviness after the meal, and so adds to a man's capacity for high thinking.

"We have but one quart between us, mind you,—never two, except possibly on holidays or on Henry's birthday or mine. But we always share the expense, no matter what the quantity is. That is the strong economical feature of our living together. Half the price of a quart, for instance, is less than the price of a pint bottle, which a man eating alone would be obliged to buy. So what we save on our kummel, our sauterne, and our champagne alone amounts to about one dollar a day. That is three hundred and sixty-five dollars a year, and just the interest on that is enough to pay for three or four good magazines, which otherwise one might not be able to afford.

"Our system has not blinded us to the necessity of a little wholesome recreation. Henry and I go to the theater, but never oftener than three nights a week. The physical benefit of being entertained in this way is shown by the fact that Henry and I are always hungry after the performance. But we don't think of eating a regular meal at that hour—just a bite. Sometimes it is a lobster or a little flaked crab-meat or a rabbit, with a mug or two of ale. Ale is a splendid sleeping-potion.

"We have been living this way almost a year, and are healthier and more contented than we ever were before. Our only regret is that we did not begin sooner. But, like all country boys who come to the city, we had to have our fling before we settled down. I can't help thinking how foolish we were in those days, when we thought we must have so many things that we have now learned to do without—breakfast food for breakfast, brain-workers' food for luncheon, health food for dinner, and heaven only knows what else."

Charles A. Selden.

M'sieu' DuBois hof Mon'réal

M'SIEU' DuBois hof Mon'réal
'E's 'appies' een hees over'aul',
Truelle een han', an' hees *niveau*
To mak' hees *belles briques pose* jus' so:
Mason-de-brique hof *première classe*,
'E buil' hees *furnaises* so dey las';
"Een *Mon'réal* I learn heem, *moi*.
You see," he boas', *M'sieu' DuBois*.

To *pose le foyer, sacrebleu!*
W'en he *commence*, 'e's *serieux*;

But w'en hees *furnaise* stan' so square,
Ah, den, *le temps*, it get more fair;
Han' w'en *le tuyau, c'est posé*,
'E laugh: "*V'la, bonne cheminée*,
Lik' dose hof *Mon'réal, ma foi*,
You 'ave," 'e cry, *M'sieu' DuBois*.

Marteau-de-pierre, marteau-de-brigue,
'E 'andle bot' hof dem so queek:
Wit' *regle-de-plomb, ciseau, équerre*,
'E work so fas', 'e mak' you stare:
Wit' good *truelle*, han' nize *terre glaise*,
'E mak' dose *briques* lie fas' al-ways.
"She las' lik' *Mon'réal, je crois—*
Toujours," 'e laugh, *M'sieu' DuBois*.

M'sieu' DuBois 'e's radder small:
Dere much too beeg, doze over'aul',
Han' for hees leg, dere croo-keed, so!
Jus' lik' dat crook in some *tuyau*;
"Dere so *loyal*, my ol' *genoux*,
Dat hall de time, see w'at dey do,—
One point to *Mon'réal*, — *mais moi*,
I cannot go," he sigh, *DuBois*.

M'sieu' DuBois 'e love to say
How *Mon'réal* is *belle* han' *gai*:
But — wit' hees shrug — "it ees too far:
I shall go soonaire to the star'.
My croo-keed leg' *danse* more, ah, no;
Ol' t'roat sing not like long ago:
But *work* like *Mon'réal, ma foi*,
Dat he *can* do, can ol' *DuBois*."

So *M'sieu' DuBois* hof *Mon'réal*
'E's 'appies' een hees over'aul';
Truelle een han', an' hees *niveau*
To mak' hees *belles briques pose* jus' so;
Mason-de-brique hof *première classe*,
'E buil' hees *furnaises* so dey las':
"Een *Mon'réal* I learn heem, *moi*,
You see," 'e boas', *M'sieu' DuBois*.

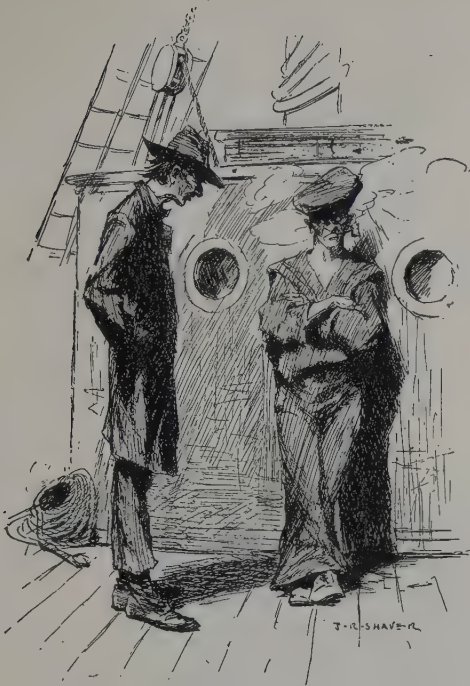
Épilogue.

M'SIEU' DUBOIS:

Like you, forsooth,
All have their *Mon'réal* in youth,
A land of royal heights, it seems,
With joy alight, and paved with dreams:
Nor go so far through life, alack!
But they, like you, look fondly back.

And smile content, if they can feel
They shape their toil to their ideal:
Like you, who build each hearth, it seems,
An altar to that Land-of-Dreams.
I hope the smoke-blown wreaths that rise
From mine will speed through azure skies,
And homing back to Youthland, fall,
Dream-crowns, how blest! on Montreal.

Beatrice Hanscom.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

WHERE DANGER LURKS

—“Don’t you find that a sailor’s life is a somewhat dangerous one?”

—“It sure is; but, fortunately, it ain’t often that we gits into port.”

The Song of a Spooky Ship

A haanted ship was the *Admiral Pipp*
Of the most rip-roarin’-est sort,
And me tale is true as the day is long,
And true as the night is short.

Captin Dave was our skipper brave,
A ruffy old, bluffy old tar,
Who swigged his gin from a biscuit tin,
For a curious man he war.

But after dark on that haanted bark
Ye could hear ’em gibber and squeak,
Ye could hear ’em moan, ye could hear ’em
groan
From the keel to the topmost peak.

And one was the haant of a bo’s’n gaunt,
And one of a sailor stout;
And they ’d dance all night by the for’ard
light,
And stand on their heads and shout.

And one fine night the bos’n white
His gobulin whistle blew,
And, *blow me blow!* from the watch below
He summoned a ghostly crew!

And they started to dance and they started
to prance
All over that demon brig
With a jovial sound of “All hands round!”
To a sort of a cake-walk jig.

Now Captin Dave (and he sure *was*
brave!),
He watched that foolin’ awhile,
Then he says to me, “I’ve a great idee
To handle them spooks in style.”

So to them he said “Because ye ’re dead
Ye have n’t no claim to shirk;
If ye ’re goin’ to lark on *this* haanted bark
Ye ’ve got to git in and work.”

So he put a spook to helpin’ the cook,
And he put a spook at the wheel,
And other shades at various trades
He set with a will o’ steel.

And ghostly tars at the masts and spars
He set to reefin’ the sail,
While one poor spec’ was a-swabbin’ the
deck
With a petulant, spectral wail.

So three days long that mystical throng
Worked on—’t was a right good joke
With us o’ the crew with nothin’ to do
But lay in our bunks and smoke.

But the third dark night them mariners
white
They spoke to the captin thus:
“We ’re a-goin’ to skip this turrbul ship,
For the hours is too long for us.”

So *presto whist!* straight into the mist
Faded that grave-yard corps;
Jest sneaked away, and to this day
They ’ve never been heered of more.

“For it’s surely best that a ghost should
rest,”
As I says to the captin’s clerk,
“Sperrits and spooks is great on looks,
But a little bit shy on work.”

Wallace Irwin.

When I Can Spel as Good as You

BY GEORGE THORNTON EDWARDS

Dear Father:

No more need you be
ashamed of or displeezed with me,
and no more need you on me frown
as oft' you do when I fall down;
Not 'cos I can't subtract or add,
but just becós my spelling 's bad.
You know, pa, when I took exams,
it 's kawsed me many silent Kwams
to think the hie marks that I got
in other studies went for not.
My reeding 's good, my riting 's fare,
can't beet my grammar anywhere.
Arithmetic, jeografy,
and my deportment, you 'll agree,

are not so bad but mite be wurse;
but it 's my spelling 's been my curse.
I get my verbs and pronouns strate;
I know how, too, to punctuate,
tho' I 'm not making an excuse:
if one can't spell, why what 's the use?
But, O deer dad, I' heard to-nite
that soon all wurdís will be spelled rite.
No more, when you see how I spel,
will you say things it hurts to tell,
and you 'll not be inclined to say
words that you ort n't anyway.
Our spelling, dad, you 'll be surprized,
is soon to be Karneggized;
then you 'll be prowd, and I will, too,
for I will spell as good as you.
So now, pa, that my letter 's dun
I 'll sign myself

Your loving sun



Drawn by Eugene T. Pilsworth

"Here comes a man," the green plum cried;
"I wonder what he's after."
"You watch your trunk," the pear replied;
"That fellow is a grafter."



Color drawing by Howard Chandler Christy

THE SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER

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THE CATCHING OF THE COD

BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS



HIS is the story of the catching of the cod. It is the story of the cold calculation of man laid against the innocence of fish. It is the story of the trip of the smart Gloucester schooner *Sarah B.* from Boston to the Georges Banks and back. Cap'n Hiram has left a cargo of cod in Boston, and now he has turned his thoughts from westward to eastward. With all his lower sails and a kite or two drawing their best, he is racing past Provincetown, with Minot's Ledge Light far astern. The mounds and pits on the Georges shoals beckon him from beyond the blue rim of the Atlantic. Out yonder are leagues and leagues of water, yellow, green, and blue, and under the surface are millions and millions of finned creatures. Cap'n Hiram cares for few of the many varieties. He is a Banker, and his game is cod.

Whether you are plunging on a transatlantic greyhound through the cobalt swells on the southern edge of the Grand Banks, or cutting the shallows of the

Georges on a Boston packet, or slipping across the gloomy headlands of Newfoundland in a Red Cross liner, you will see continually the festooned sails of the fishing schooner and hear always of fish. Perchance as you slide by one of the wide openings in the Newfoundland coast you will note the hundred rocking craft at anchor and say to jovial Capt. Clarke of the *Rosalind*:

"What are those fellows catching over there?"

And he will answer you laconically:

"Fish."

Your laugh will bring no responsive smile to his face, and seeing his earnestness, you will ask:

"What sort?"

"Oh, sometimes they get a halibut and sometimes they get a flounder," he will reply, "but mostly they catch *fish*."

And then you will understand that, in the language of these latitudes, "fish" means cod.

All the way from the Cholera Banks, some twenty-five miles east of Sandy Hook, to Sambro Head, thence to Cape

Race, and thence to the eastern dive of the Newfoundland Banks into the central abysses of the Atlantic, the fishermen hunt the cod in his lair, and because, like Disko Throop, they have learned to think as cod, they catch him. So Cap'n Hiram, who works the Georges for the Boston market, is driving the *Sarah B.* under all plain sail to the eastward.

Drive her out and drive her in; that is the fisherman's way, for she must be back in time for the Friday market. If she does not catch the market, there are fish to be salted down or packed on the ice. On the Banks she will loaf and invite her prey, but now she hurries, hurries, hurries, slipping through the water like a yacht, fast and staunch, a craft to woo a sailor's eye and to line a fisherman's locker.

Cap'n Hiram carries a motley crew, part Irish, part Swedish, and part plain Yankee. He never carries all of one nationality, for then, in case of trouble, they would stand together. As it is, they will split, and there will surely be some to stand by the skipper. But they are all Bankers like himself, and they know that the luck of the craft is their luck, and the bigger the fare, the bigger each man's tally.

The eight dories are stowed in a nest, that is, one within the other amidships in the waist. The trawl-tubs and the trawls are ready.

No fancy navigation is done on board the schooner *Sarah B.* The compass and the lead are the mainstays of the skipper in finding his way, and he knows every lift and fall of the bottom, every change in the texture or color of the sand. Wake him up out of a ten years' sleep adrift on the Banks and give him two casts of the "dipsey" lead, and he 'll tell you where you are as nicely as a naval officer would after an hour's work at Sumner's method. Fair weather or foul, blow high or blow low, sunshine or fog, it is all one to him: he feels his way through it all with his leaden finger on the bottom. This time he has calculated that fish are loafing about near the north edge of the Banks, and thither he makes his way.

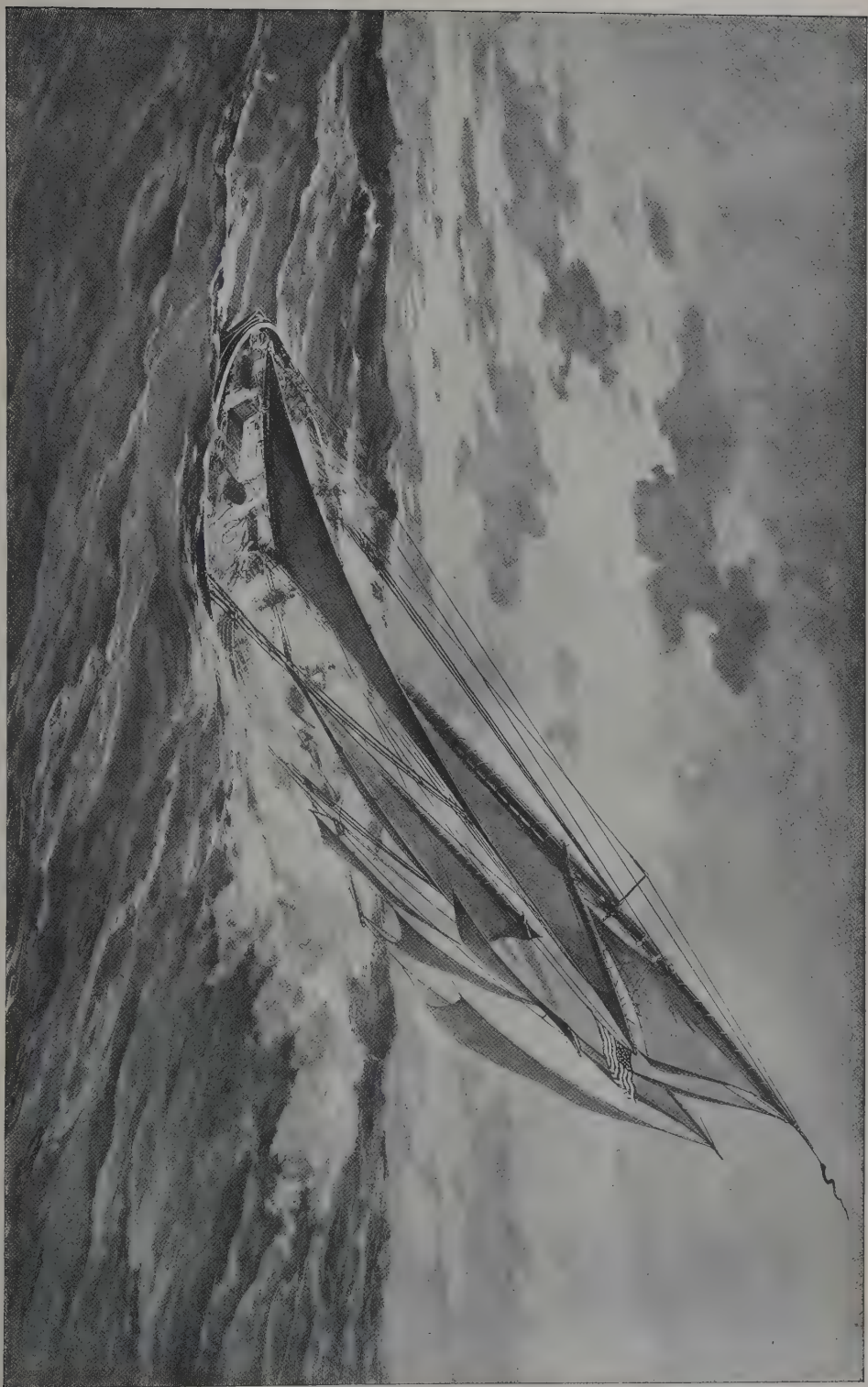
The wind has dropped to a light, cool air from the north when Cap'n Hiram comes upon his chosen ground. As neatly as you would bring an automobile to a door, he rounds up the *Sarah B.* and lets

go the mud-hook. Down comes the main-sail and it is furled. The boom is lashed amidships and the riding-sail, a triangular piece of canvas, goes up in its place. The forward sails being in, the schooner rides to the wind under the riding-sail.

The next step is to feel the ground. The eight dories are put over and manned. Each one carries her four tubs filled with trawl-lines. Now, a trawl is an ingenious contrivance of man against the repose and security of fishdom. It consists of a main line, with a lot of smaller lines dangling from it at regular intervals. Each of these smaller lines carries a baited hook. At the beginning of the trawl is an anchor, from which streams a cable, and to the top end of this cable is attached a buoy bearing the standard of the dory, a sort of mark by which it may be identified. A long pole with a disk at its top and on the disk some sort of inscription—that is the fisherman's standard. Sometimes the inscription is a masonic emblem, signifying that the doryman is a brother of the square and level, or it may be some personal design. Two men are the crew of a dory, and dorymates are they for better or for worse. They share fortunes and they must do their full share of the work. The tally is kept by boats, and the boat which does not gather in its quota does not finger much of the profits of the run.

The heaving of a trawl is simple enough, for the line goes out over the quarter and the hooks are thrown clear of the gunwale. When the trawl is hauled in it passes over a "gurdy," or trolley, on the gunwale near the bow and is coiled down in the tub. When the first tub is emptied in heaving a trawl, the end of this line is bent to the beginning of the line in the second tub, and so on till the end of the last one is reached. At the finish, another anchor and a second buoy are put overboard. The entire trawl is now resting on the bottom, and along its entire length are the smaller lines, with their baited hooks, inviting the cod to become a commodity for that Friday market in Boston.

The weather? Well, the fishermen of the Banks are a long way from home, and they have to stay out in the streets, no matter what the weather may be. Eight dories would start from the sides of the *Sarah B.* just the same, even if the seas



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

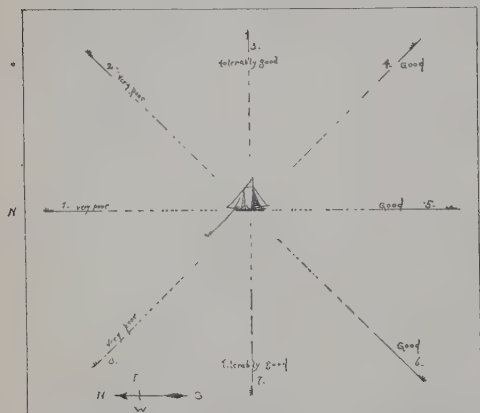
"WITH ALL HIS LOWER SAILS AND A KITE OR TWO DRAWING THEIR BEST, HE IS RACING PAST PROVINCETOWN"

were ranging up against a horizon that was as close as the rims of a saucepan.

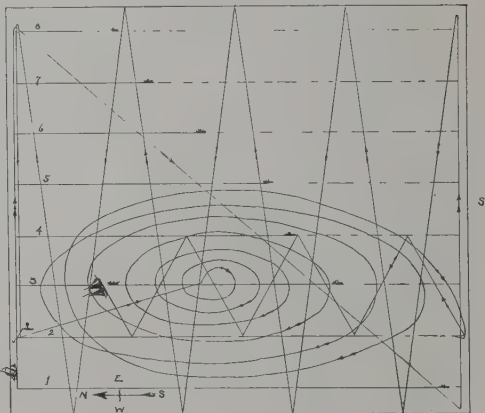
The first day they put off toward eight points of the compass—north, northeast, east, southeast, south, southwest, west, and northwest. From the schooner as a center eight long trawls radiate toward the circular horizon. It is a huge cod web, with the old spider, Cap'n Hiram, sitting in the middle, waiting for his prey. Or, if you like it better, the whole contrivance is an octopus, with its far-reaching tentacles out-spread to find out where

upon him with the deadly barbed hook in our hands and the Friday market in our minds.

Cap'n Hiram mentally blocks out a fine spacious square of old ocean. This is to be his battle-field. The top boundary of it is a line running east and west some distance south of his present anchorage. He gathers in his dories and gets his anchor. Now he sails down to one end of his north boundary,—let us say, for example, the west end,—and there he puts Dory No. 1 overboard. As he sails eastward along



"FROM THE SCHOONER AS A CENTER EIGHT LONG TRAWLS RADIATE TOWARD THE CIRCULAR HORIZON"



THE SPIRAL PATH IN LOOKING FOR A LOST DORY

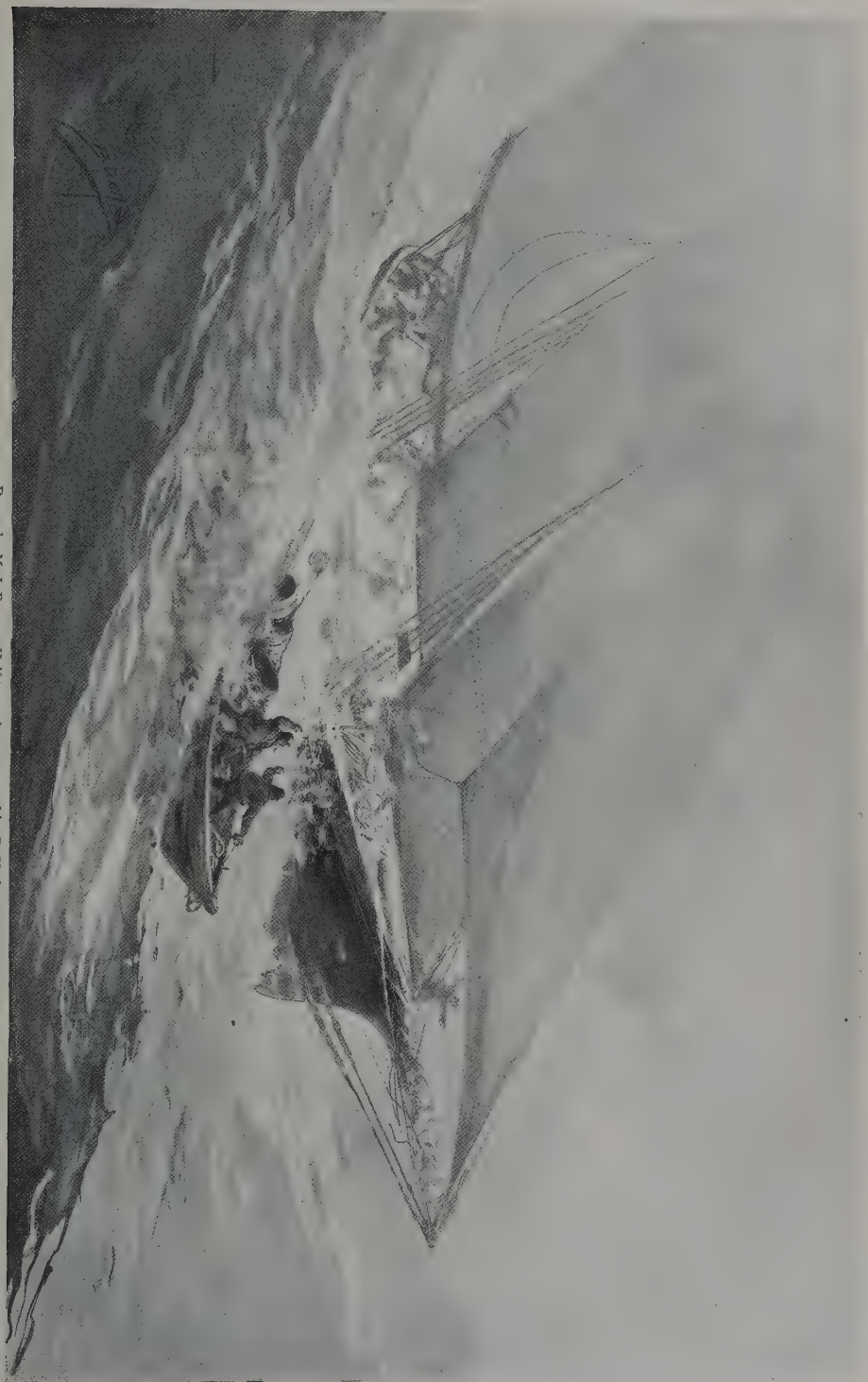
the victims are. Dory No. 1 has laid her trawl to the north, and when she hauls it she finds a very poor catch. Dory No. 2 to the northeast and Dory No. 8 to the northwest have the same sort of luck. It is evident that the cod lurks not in these quarters. Abeam of the schooner on the east is Dory No. 3, and on the west tumbles over the foaming crests Dory No. 7. They lift their trawls to report that the catch is tolerably good.

But it is from the other three dories in the southerly hemisphere of the compass that the cheering news comes. The catch is good, and as the skipper turns his gaze over the taffrail at the heaving expanse of water south of him, he knows that the fish are down there. And now it is time to call in the scouts. We have located the enemy, and the next move is to make him ours. Over the sandy, water-hidden ridges on the bottom to the south of us he is lying in fancied security. We shall descend

his line he drops the other dories at regular intervals. They are thus ranged along the line like racing crews at an intercollegiate regatta, each in its own lane of water.

When Dory No. 1 is put overboard she lets go the anchor of her trawl and pulls away directly down wind, paying out the trawl as she goes. When her four tubs are bare of line, she drops her second trawl-kedge and hangs on for a time to let the fish bite. Dory No. 2 proceeds in the same manner along her lane, and the other boats follow suit. The result is that, as all the trawls are of the same length, the eight dories bring up abreast of one another on the base-line at the south end of the skipper's blocked-out field of operation.

All this sounds very simple. But stop a bit. The land is far away, many miles to the westward. There are fifty fathoms of green water between the surface and the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

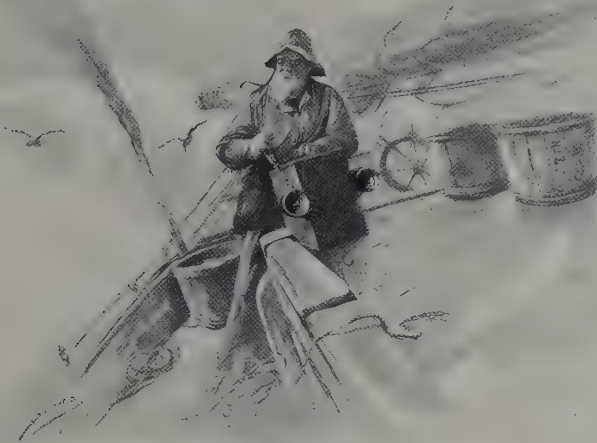
"ALL THE DORIES SAVE ONE HAVE BEEN SIGHTED."



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill
"LEAPING, AND PLUNGING BOWS UNDER"

bottom. The Atlantic spreads two thousand miles to the eastward, and the deep-sea swell runs ceaselessly day and night. The pitiless winds torture the sea forever. Calms come sometimes in the sweet summer months, to be sure, but with them comes fog, the deadliest enemy of the liner and the fisherman alike. To be lost in a fog in an open boat more than a hundred miles from the coast is not a thing for which even a fisherman learns to have a liking, yet it is not an uncommon

boundary, trying to sight all his dories on the way and to ascertain if all is going well with them. As he navigated out to the Banks, so he bisects diagonally his square. The compass holds him to his southwest course and the lead line discloses to him the secrets of the bottom. He knows that bottom as you know the floor of your room, and when he reaches the southwest corner of his fishing lot he is at the precise spot where Dory No. 1 should drop her second trawl-anchor.



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"SENDS A LONG, WAILING BLAST DOWN WIND"

experience for him. In autumn come the gales, and then to hold fast to a trawl, with the dory pitching bows under and the heavy line threatening to drag her to destruction, is not a pleasing diversion.

Now Cap'n Hiram of the *Sarah B.* finds himself on the Banks in ordinary conditions. It has grown again to a whole-sail breeze, and the schooner piles up a smother of foam under her lee bow as she plunges over the roaring crests at a seven-knot gait. But Cap'n Hiram is an old hand at the game. He makes his first move according to the established rules. From the east end of his north boundary, where he dropped Dory No. 8, he sweeps with the wind over his starboard quarter right down to the west end of the south

Now Cap'n Hiram puts the helm of the *Sarah B.* hard up, and jibes, while the cook, the only member of the crew left on board, shifts the head sheets. Now the skipper stands across the base-line of his ground to the eastward. He can run that line with great accuracy, and his purpose is to ascertain whether the eight trawls have been set. The wind is "breezing up," as sailormen say, and the sea is rising. That makes little difference to the *Sarah B.*; she is snug enough for anything short of half a gale, and she threshes through the foaming windrows, a little queen of the salt surge. The dories, having dropped the anchors at the southerly ends of their trawls, start back to the north. It is now their busi-

ness to reverse their first process. They lift their trawls and get the fish. Fish is what they came for, and the Friday market is beckoning down behind the western horizon.

Cap'n Hiram, having come to the easterly end of his base-line, starts to sweep up his fleet. He reaches all the way across the field on a wide starboard tack, with his sheets lifting a little, so that the schooner is not quite closehauled. His eyes peer ahead on both sides, for the skipper is looking to sight the dories as he quarters his ground like an old setter in a quail-field. All the way across to the westerly side the schooner skims, and not a dory sighted.

Helm's alee, and about she goes. Now on the port tack, the *Sarah B.* heads to fetch the middle of the easterly side. Something ought to heave in sight soon. It's a little thick up to windward, and the observation is limited. But wait a moment. Almost as the schooner's helm goes down for her tack on the easterly line, Dory No. 8 heaves into view. She was the last to be put overboard at the northerly end of the line, and she is not over half-way up to the start. Tubs and fish lying in her bottom show that her two men have not been idle.

The *Sarah B.* sweeps thundering into the shining hollows just to windward of her. Hoarse shouts ring across the few rods of intervening water. Cap'n Hiram knows how the catch is coming. The schooner slips away on the starboard tack again, off for the other side of the codlot. Two more tacks bring her up to the north end of the field. All the dories save one have been sighted. There are signs of fog, and Dory No. 3 is missing. Where is she? There is no question about one thing: wherever she is, she is holding fast to her trawl. To lose it would be to go helplessly adrift, with fog driving down upon her, the wind hardening, and the sea getting up a very nasty kick.

Cap'n Hiram must gather in his other dories, and then he must hunt for No. 3. The first thing to do is to try the spiral path. Picking up No. 1 as she lies over her anchor at the starting-point, the skipper bears down, with the wind on his port quarter, for the center of his field. He can find that center with the faithful lead-line. Once there, he begins to sail from

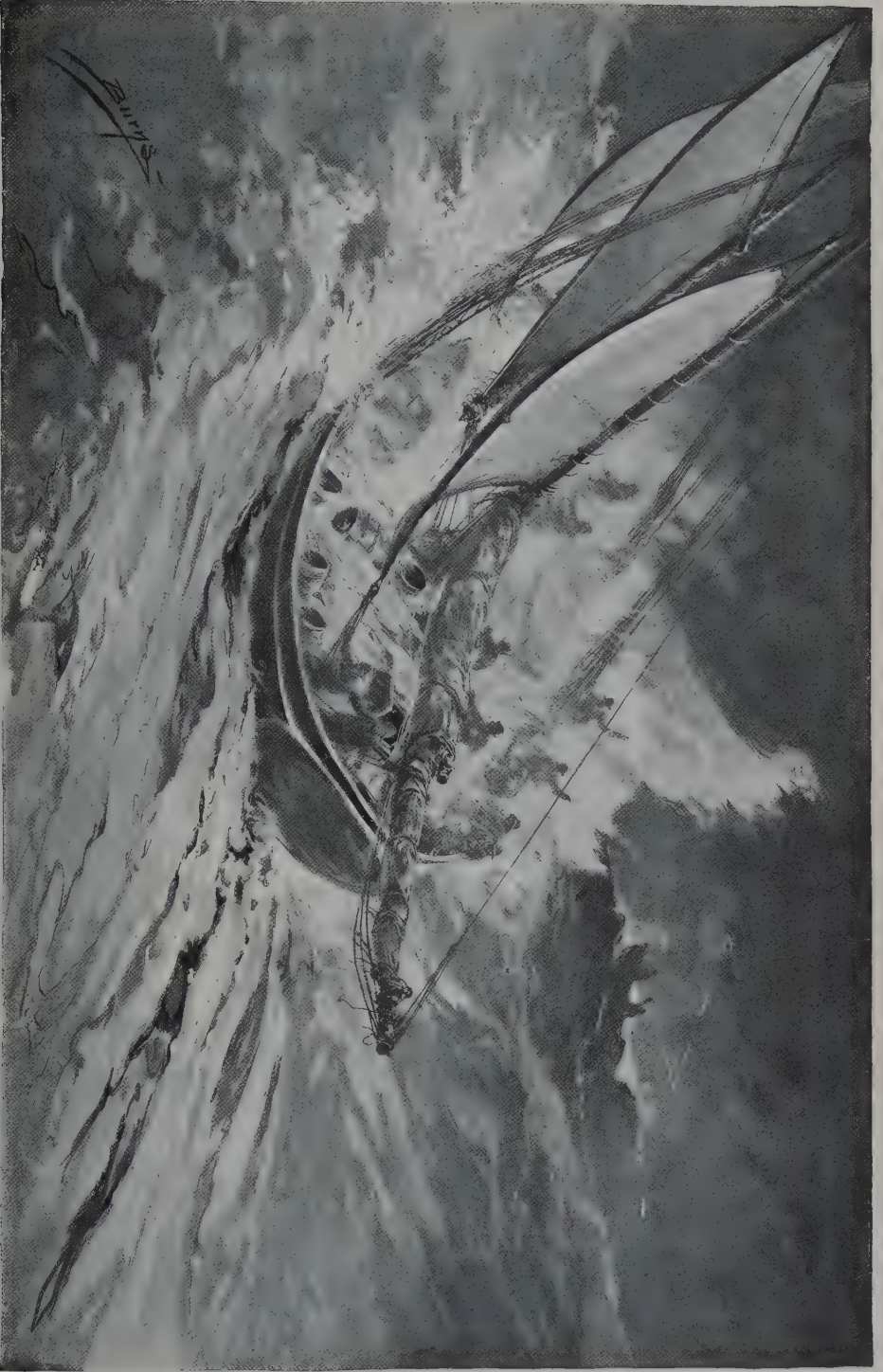
that point around and around in a series of constantly widening circles till he has swept over his entire field and even beyond its limits. In this sweeping he picks up his other dories, but where is No. 3?

The thickness grows, and over it begins to creep the dimness of late afternoon. The blue of the leaping sea hardens into a cold gray. The silver foam feathers into snowy smoke. Down in the gathering shadows Dory No. 3 is leaping, and plunging bows under. The spray hurls itself over her sharp nose in hissing streams. She tugs at the trawl as if she would break its bonds and free herself, to go driving whither the wind would carry her. The doryman in the bow clings to the trawl. His mate bends to the oars, to ease the strain by rowing up against the sea. To make headway is impossible. All that the two can hope for is to hold their own and wait for Cap'n Hiram, who they know is searching in the fog, to come and find them.

And now all the world is gray and only a few rods wide. The ghostly waves rush suddenly out of gray nowhere on one side to vanish into it on the other. The *Sarah B.* herself begins to wear the aspect of a staggering specter as she reels across the half-hidden billows. Cap'n Hiram's face takes on a strained look. He leans forward from the wheel as if he could peer into the fog and find the dory by straining his gleaming eyes. He is too old a seaman to be deluded by that false sense of isolation which creeps over the landsman in a fog.

He knows that out yonder behind the impenetrable gray curtain lies a heaving ocean filled with moving craft. He knows, too, that while in clear weather one may cruise for miles and miles without meeting a sail, in a fog there is always something lying in wait for the sailor. But most of all he thinks of his dory. He yearns for that boatload of fish. He worries because the boat may go astray and he may have to lose valuable time searching for it. He hardly fears its entire loss, though he knows that is not an impossibility. But the weather has not yet reached an alarming state, although it would frighten a landsman almost to death to be out there in the schooner, not to speak of the dory.

The skipper has a mechanical fog-horn,



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick
"DORY NO. 3 IS SEEN UP TO WINDWARD"

one of those which you blow by pumping wind through it with a crank. He leaves the wheel ever and anon and sends a long, wailing blast down wind through the shroud of mist. Every shriek of this eery voice is followed by a silence which is only accentuated by the smashing of the seas against the schooner's bows. Dreary, dreary it all is, and night coming on to make of dreariness a deadly gloom. At last a wider circle brings Cap'n Hiram and the *Sarah B.* across the northern boundary of the field, and there the skipper stops long enough to anchor a dory with a light swinging from the top of her mast at the top of No. 3's lane, so that it may act as a guide to that boat in case her crew succeeds in pulling her up to the head of the field. This same light will later on act as a mark for Cap'n Hiram when he is threshing through the night in his search for the lost boat.

His wide circle swings him outside the eastern boundary of his field and down beyond the southern end, for down there the dory might be if she had gone adrift. This, however, the skipper regards as unlikely.

"It ain't no such weather as that yet," he says to himself.

Then he hauls sharp up on the wind and begins a beat up to the top of the field once more. This time he does not sail in circles, but in short tacks from one side of No. 3's lane to the other. If she is anywhere along the lane he must find her in this way. As the night sets in, the weather grows hot and murky.

"We 'll have somethin' doin' before dawn," mutters Cap'n Hiram, as he twists the wheel another spoke.

Now the wind falls light for a time, and then it comes in from the southwest. A low mutter of distant thunder floats down across the writhing swells. The skipper scents an approaching squall, but that gives him no concern for his schooner. She is snug enough. He does begin to be uneasy about the dory, for if the weather becomes very dirty, she may not be able to hold on. Presently there is a smart puff and a rattle of snarling thunder that tell of the near rush of the squall.

The fog whirls and staggers before the rising breeze. Suddenly there is a break, and a half-buried star drops a watery gleam through the rift. Five minutes

later the fog is torn to tatters and goes writhing away to leeward like the smoke of a twelve-inch gun. At the same instant the squall breaks. Pandemonium is loose. Shrieks in the rigging, crashes against the bows, and the groaning of tortured timbers, mingle with the bellows of the thunder. The sea gets up with incredible celerity, and the schooner is tossed like a chip. Can a dory live? Indeed it can. Dories have lived through gales. There is nothing better in the way of a small boat than a dory.

Cap'n Hiram has the *Sarah B.* on the starboard tack. The seas are pounding viciously against her weather side and sending tons of spray scurrying through her humming cordage. The crew is lined up along the rail, with eyes straining into the darkness. Suddenly a cry comes from forward. It is the voice of the cook.

"I see her!"

"Get out, cookey! Your eyes are full of gravy."

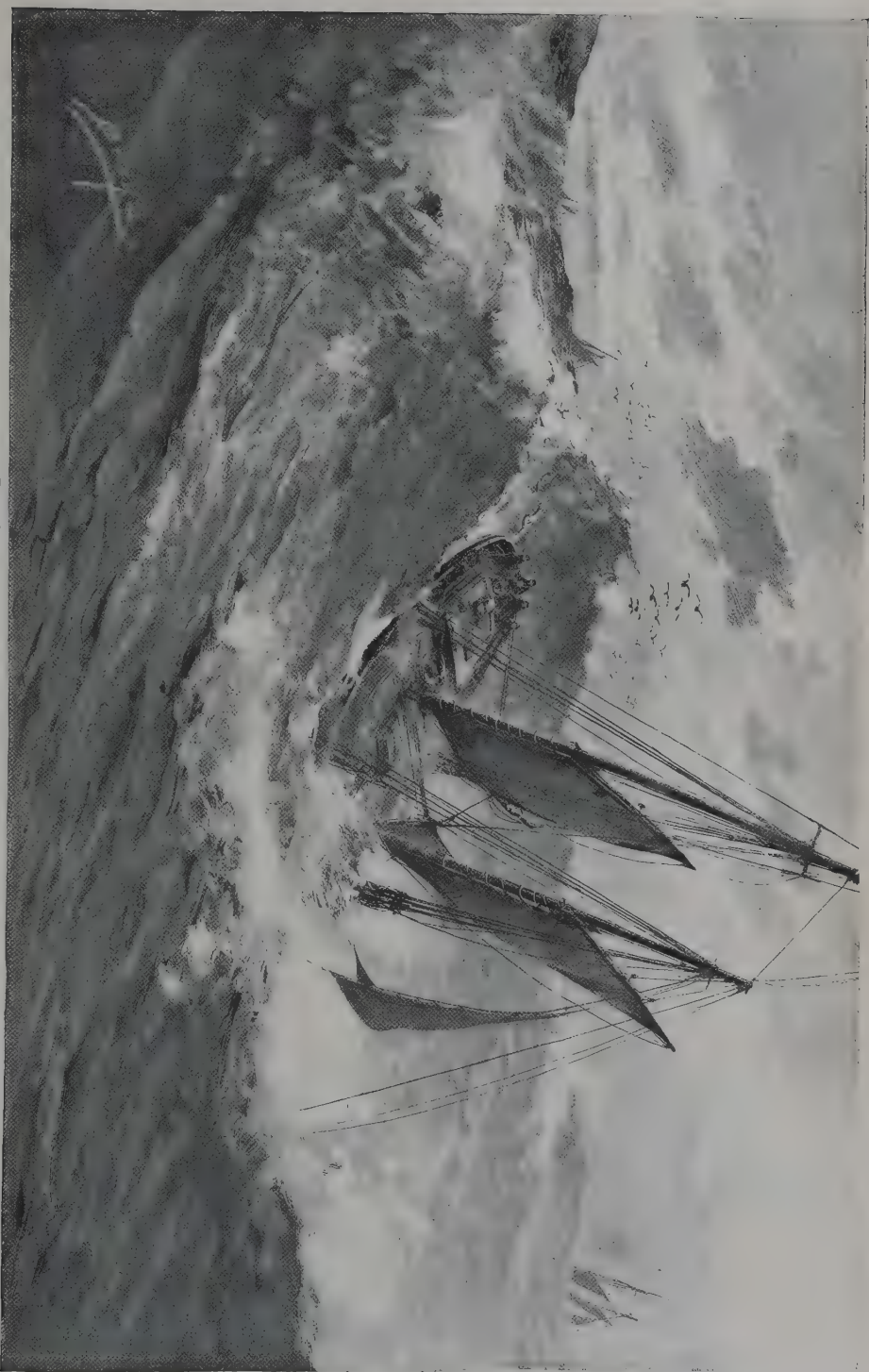
But now all are tense with anxiety. Crash! The heavens are split, and a blinding zigzag of lightning rips down the sky. For an instant its glare lights up the sea, and Dory No. 3 is seen up to windward, pitching like a cork. Instinctively some hands leap to flatten in sheets as the schooner is jammed hard on the wind. It 's like a yacht race, only ten-fold more wild.

"By the great hook block!" says the skipper, "she 's hanging to her trawl yet!"

Another tack, and the *Sarah B.* is brought down just to windward of the dory. One of her hands heaves the painter as the schooner forereaches on her, and it is caught by one of the fishermen on deck. The suspense is over, for in another moment Dory No. 3 and her men are safe, and the *Sarah B.*'s crew slacks away its tense cord of anxiety.

"And now," says Cap'n Hiram, "we 'll not mind a little breeze o' wind."

And wind enough and to spare the skipper has, for it blows smartly for the next three days. Nevertheless the *Sarah B.* gets her fare, for that is what she is out there to do. "Captains Courageous" Kipling called the Banks skippers, and that is what they truly are. They fish and fish and when their holds are full of fish, they go home. Meanwhile all the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"THE 'SARAH B.' MAKES THE PACE A LIVELY ONE"

varieties of celestial and demoniacal weather of which the roaring forties are productive come along and make trouble for them; but they plot off their squares and fish them down in spite of it all.

So when Cap'n Hiram gets his fare, he points the schooner's nose for Cape Cod. There's a huge sea still running, but the schooner has it astern of her, and as every roarer sweeps under her, it gives her a mighty push homeward. The riding-sail has been sent down, and a double-reefed mainsail set in its place. Driven along by this, her reefed foresail, and her jib, the *Sarah B.* makes the pace a lively one, and as she toboggans down the steep olive slopes, she shoves her bowsprit clear into the smother of foam under her bows and the water roars right up to the foremast foot.

Not alone is the *Sarah B.* Out of the depths behind the rim of the ocean have risen the *Mary Brown* of Chatham, and the *Phineas Phinney* of Gloucester, and five or six others. They have all taken the breeze over their taffrails, turned tail on the Georges and headed for Boston. It's an easy run this time, for the catch was quick and big, and the Friday market will be there for all hands.

But, nevertheless, the man who lands his cargo first will make the best of the bargain, and so there is a race for Boston Light and the land of the codfish-buyer—a race not of gingerbread yachts, but of toilers of the sea, fishermen of the Banks, storm kings every one of them.

And when the fish are landed, it is up and away again to do it all over, till days of doing are ended and final night closes over the cod-fields.



THE DOUBTFUL AGE

LETTERS AND EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MISS EVA FARLEIGH, IN ENGLAND,
TO HER SISTER, MRS. ELLA CHESTER, WHO HAD JUST LEFT ENGLAND
FOR SOUTH AMERICA

BY ANNIE C. MUIRHEAD

IN TWO PARTS

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

PART TWO



HE quietness continues, or rather intensifies. Even the Lestranges have gone up to London, so I have the place pretty much to myself.

I told you in my last that Miss Lynn had already left. She is to be in Oxford for Eights-Week, it seems. She made some reference to this in my presence, and was rather taken aback, I thought, when I remarked that I should meet her there. I believe she supposed the invitation from Joe was a specialty all to herself. Polly

Lestrangle broke in: "Why, of course Miss Farleigh is to be there. Joe, I do believe, would throw up his oar in disgust if she were n't there to see him row. *She* has to be there, whoever is." I felt positively grateful to the loyal girl. And then Maud asked whether I had heard from Joe lately, and I rattled off his last budget of news and witticisms. Miss Lynn was puzzled: she could n't make out the situation at all, being evidently convinced that she had completely cut me out before Joe went. The Lestrangle girls, I notice, have been a little sharp

with her lately, as if she were getting upon even their good, strong nerves.

Now they are all gone. There is consequently very little to write to you about.

I miss Joe ever so much. Absence is doing its work in making my heart grow fonder, and I have only too much time now to realize my loneliness. How nice it would be to have a home of my own! A home to keep for somebody else, that 's to say—for him to come back to when he *did* have to go away, and to be interesting in his absences just because there was his sure return to look forward to. I am a very old-fashioned woman, I have come to the conclusion; or perhaps it is that I am in the transition-stage—have only partly outgrown my domesticated and utterly self-abnegating grandmother, and have not yet developed into my perfectly independent, self-centred, and, consequently, well-poised granddaughter.

But no doubt you are thinking that if I have nothing more interesting to tell you than that I may as well stop scribbling. Good-by.

May 7.—It feels odd to be writing to you like this week after week, without getting an answer. It 's more like writing a serial story. Your letters from ports on the way strike me as entirely irrelevant, they have so little to do with the life I am leading, and I, alas! have so little to do with the life you are leading. I am getting plenty of time now to read and study, and have been exploring the village library.

Mr. Egerton, by the way, calls every day, bringing me papers, magazines, and so on, and assures himself of my welfare. We compare the letters received from Joe, and have long talks about the boy and his future. We are becoming close friends, Mr. Egerton and I, over this common interest of ours.

It was the mention of the village library that made me think of him just now, for it was he who managed to get it built—collected subscriptions from rich and poor to start the thing, and, greatest triumph of all, persuaded the village worthies to support it from the rates. He has endowed it himself with great quantities of books, among other things with a very complete collection of works on political economy and sociology, which he

makes a point of keeping up to date by continual additions. I find it very convenient for my studies at this particular juncture.

The librarian and I have many conversations. He is, I find, a wholesale admirer of Mr. Egerton, and tells me ever so many interesting tales about him and the family.

His brother, Sir John Egerton, was estranged from him a good many years ago, it seems, on account of some trouble over the sanitation of the village of Fairhazel, at the gates of Egerton Court. There was an insufficient water-supply. Sir John, the squire, had diverted most of it to feed a fountain in his private grounds, the consequence being that in summer the stream through the village frequently dried up, and typhoid fever epidemics were frequent, till Mr. Egerton, aided and abetted by the doctor, took the matter up. His remonstrances to his brother having no effect, he appealed directly to the board of health, which ordered the necessary works: and of course the ratepayers, including his own brother, had to stand the expense, and were highly indignant with him as the cause of it. It explains the estrangement from most of his own class in the surrounding county. He has an imperturbable way of persisting in his projects till he gets what he wants that must of course be very provoking to his opponents.

However, he is quite independent of country society, seeing that he knows most of the interesting people one hears about in the outside world—authors, artists, statesmen, etc. He spends a month or two each year in London or abroad, and these interesting folk aforementioned come down to visit him in his cottage; thus he manages to keep in touch with big movements and important persons, and can afford to smile at Hazel-edge.

He has apparently a strong hatred of the petty tyranny that the baronet loves to wield, and stands between his brother and the latter's victims whenever possible. Mr. Bainbridge was one of the latest of these. I was rather surprised at the time to meet the curate at luncheon in Mr. Egerton's house, knowing that Mr. Egerton is an agnostic, and not likely to be hand-in-glove with the ecclesiastical au-



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE BOATS AT LAST CAME TEARING ALONG"

thorities that be. But I have learned since that, agnostic though he be, he has shown himself the curate's best friend in the recent crisis.

Poor Mr. Bainbridge not long since ventured to preach a sermon against war, and illustrated it by some too-frank references to the Boer war now waging—too frank, that is, for the feelings of the baronet, who stalked out of church then and there, ejaculating "Damned nonsense!" as he went; and afterwards wrote to the vicar, saying he would not enter the church again so long as Mr. Bainbridge was curate, and would repeal all his subscriptions to all the church's good works until the offending curate was dismissed. The vicar, in a dilemma, felt that it would be sacrificing the interests of his parish at large to deprive it of the support of this pillar of the church, and, therefore, though loth, decided against the curate. Some of the other church people have been very indignant with this interference with the right of free speech, and Mr. Egerton, though no church-member, believes in a parson's speaking out the faith that was in him, and staunchly supported his cause, to the extent of getting a living for Mr. Bainbridge from some one of his influential friends. Further cause of indignation of the baronet against him!

You can perceive, therefore, the reasons why Mr. Egerton has led a rather isolated life for years, though now people and people's opinions are fast coming round to his way of thinking. They say that even his wife was not sympathetic with his advanced ideas; but she died before she could have influenced him much one way or the other.

The welfare of the poorer people has been his continual study, and he has confided to me his hopes for Joe's future as squire of the domain, and all that should then be done for the condition of the tenantry, which is as disgraceful under the present régime as the law, plus Mr. Egerton, permits. One can see where Joe gets his idealism.

The librarian told me a touching little tale of Mr. Egerton's heroism years and years ago when there was still a superstitious dread of smallpox in the village, and no one could be got to nurse a poor man who had it. Mr. Egerton himself shut himself up in the cottage with the

poor fellow, food being left outside for him from day to day, nursing him tenderly until the end.

There is much else I could glean for you from my talks with Mr. Foster, the librarian; but I don't suppose those details about people you don't know can interest you very much. Now that Joe is in Oxford, I am rather "graveled for lack of matter."

May 14.—Joe writes as affectionately as he dares and as often as business permits. He is in training for the Eights-Week, and is working hard besides. Everybody expects him to get a double-first, and his name is bandied about in connection with the Newdigate Prize. He is a clever chap,—is n't he?—my Joe. His father is so proud of him and so glad that he is turning out such a fine fellow. It has been the supreme effort of his life to bring up Joe, and it is one in which he may be said to have succeeded. He himself, however, is still anxious on account of Joe's temperament, which is of a nature that may easily lose balance from any great shock or disappointment. I see very well what is in his mind as he talks. He is inclined to think Joe is so versatile as to lack stability, but then, Mr. Egerton himself is so preternaturally stable.

We have had by this time a great many walks and talks together, and once he has been to tea at my frugal board, setting dear Mrs. Green all in a flutter at the honor done her inn. She is one of those who esteem Mr. Egerton by far more than a head taller than the present baronet.

With it all, he finds time to be very sympathetic toward me and my own affairs, and has shown himself much interested in all I have told him about my past life and struggles. I have felt it only right to talk to him very fully about them; and, indeed, he has made it very easy to do, and I find myself confiding in him most unexpectedly. He is of that rare variety of person who understands without requiring elaborate explanations. Naturally, the work I have lately taken up as vestrywoman is just the thing to appeal to him, and I talk shop to my heart's content. He was much amused at first by the idea that I did anything the least bit useful in the world. I think he



Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"I WILL BE A MOTHER TO YOU, JOE," I FOUND MYSELF SAYING APOLOGETICALLY"

thought me a very scatterbrained person, and teased me about being fit only to "look pretty, and read poetry, and pick flowers." He was more than half in earnest, too, drat him! But I have convinced him by slow-degrees that I know a thing or two, and can do a thing or two, till now he is more respectful, and condescends to treat me as an equal. It is a little touching, even, his eagerness to discuss the things he is interested in, now that he finds some one who is interested in them, too, without feigning.

He has promised me a great treat for the day after to-morrow. Cheriton, the novelist, who, it seems, is a great friend of his, is coming to spend a night with him, and I am invited to meet him at dinner! I have long wanted to meet the great man, so you can imagine my feelings.

May 25.—It's a long time since my last letter to you, but I've been so gay and frivolous of late, there has been no time to think of writing. Where shall I begin? I have already nearly forgotten that delightful dinner with Cheriton, which was like feasting on nectar and ambrosia in company with the gods. It was n't a bit disappointing, as these occasions so often are, though, indeed, that was due to Mr. Egerton as much as to Mr. Cheriton. In congenial company he comes out like the sun from behind a cloud, and surprises you by shining in his strength. Indeed, that dinner deserves a long letter all to itself, but I shall have to leave it till another time, when I am less agitated with personal interests that are pressing to be told. My visit to Oxford is a recent and vivid occurrence, so I will begin with that.

I joined the Lestrangle party in Oxford, and we stayed at the Mitre, I am glad to say. We "sight-saw" vigorously for the few days I was there: visited all the principal colleges and gardens; attended garden-parties in some of the latter; "did" the Bodleian; went to a concert at Balliol; heard service in the chapel of New College, where Sir Joshua Reynolds's window is; inspected Christ Church kitchen, where Mrs. Lestrangle was much impressed with the toaster for making four hundred slices of toast at once; and walked on the Broad when we had

nothing better to do, which was seldom. These brief notes are intended to refresh your memory of the happy days gone by when Ned was at Balliol.

The dear old place was looking quite gay in honor of the great occasion—the bumping-races. The window-boxes of the colleges, filled with scarlet geraniums, yellow *Calceolarias*, and bright-blue flowers,—what is it they are called?—made the gray walls look festive. The college gardens were all at their freshest and greenest and bloomiest. Perhaps the most vivid memory of all is of the sweetbriar that grows in the cloisters of Magdalen. Joe took us through the cloisters the evening we arrived, and that unexpected whiff of fragrance, and that burst of greenness, growing up from the very roots of the old monastic arches and uncurling its new leaves in the shadow of the cloisters, made a striking contrast characteristic of all Oxford. Oxford in Eights-Week is such a strange mixture of long ago and the immediate moment, of antiquity and modernity, of hoary peace and eager young life, it is fascinating.

The main event of the week was, of course, the Eights-races. We watched them from the barge of Joe's college, naturally sporting his college colors. It was a pretty sight to see the long row of barges, flying their gay flags and crowded with girls and women brightly dressed in light summer costumes. The weather was ideal—warm enough to sit still and look on with comfort, and yet not so warm that you felt it would be hard for the rowers.

The Lestrangle girls were more interested in the boat-races and the cricket-matches than in any other sight-seeing; and we all felt bound to support Joe, so we attended the races every day. This sounds almost as if I attended the races only from a sense of duty—miles away from the facts of the case. I love to see a display of strength and skill, and there is something specially fine in a contest between crews: every oarsman feels a responsibility for all the rest, yet the glory to be won is not a personal matter that can make any one among them conceited.

I felt like a child again when the races were on. Our necks were stiff with craning before the boats came in sight. I was

always nearly bursting with suspense before the starting-gun was fired and we knew the race had begun. Then the excitement! The boats at last came tearing along, with the accompanying crowd of "men" rushing along the towpath, shouting encouragements, hooting and whistling, blowing horns and rattling rattles, till your spirit was caught up in the rush and went racing along for dear life in the wake of the particular boat you happened to be interested in.

Our enthusiasm was greatly stimulated by the fact that Joe's boat did splendidly this season. It made a bump almost every day, and steadily worked its way up the river.

The last evening of all was of course the most important, and the excitement was intense. The rowing was very keen: several bumps seemed imminent, but the "imminence" was always frustrated at the last fraction of a second, amid yells and shrieks from bank and barges both. As it picturesquely happened, Joe's was the only boat that won a bump that evening, bringing it up second in line. Every one is lamenting there is not one more day, that that particular crew might have a chance to assert their right to the head of the river. As it is, they have so gallantly won their way up five places that the interest in them has been accumulating all the week, and this final bump was an occasion of ovation and glory for them. We shared in the honors, and felt proud of it, I can assure you, that we personally knew some of the heroes of the day. Joe came up to greet us, after he had disembarked, rubbed down, and dressed up again. We had lingered to watch the rough-and-tumble nonsense on the river after the races were over. He came straight to me first, dear boy! with eyes for no one else, though the Lestranges and Miss Lynn and college-friends galore were crowding round, eager to congratulate him. He came straight to me, with triumph and happiness glowing in his eyes. They said plainer than words that now he felt he had won laurels worthy to lay at my feet, thanks to his youth and strength and the strong arms of the other good fellows in the boat,—they had won the honors of the day,—and any woman might well be proud to have a hero of the day at her command. It was all very naïve, of

course, yet quite in the spirit of the occasion: not a young girl on the barge but would have agreed with him if she had been consulted. His crew, one and all, were brought up to be introduced to me, and it was evident to all around that I was a very important personage. Cynthia Lynn he had barely greeted, which was not altogether righteous conduct on his part, considering how outrageously he had flirted with the young lady a few weeks ago.

That light kept glowing in his eyes, and I knew it meant that he felt the propitious moment had come. There was just this little illusion of triumph needed to make him forget his own unworthiness (as he thought it), and feel fit to offer me his hand and heart.

And I—felt suddenly grown very old. I don't know how to explain it, Ella, but in the midst of all the enthusiasm of congratulation of which Joe was the glowing center, it came over me all at once that I could never bring myself to marry him. The cold truth of things had touched me at the very core, and I realized then the gulf that was between us. When Joe won his race, he lost his chance with me. Perhaps you will instinctively understand it all better than I can explain.

The girls and youths around were all talking with bated breath, as it were, of Joe's wonderful achievements: it was so unusual that a man of renown as an athlete should also be going to win such honors as a student; he did splendid work, they said, was certain of a first class, and he has just been announced as the winner of the Newdigate. He is going about displaying with pride a post-card of congratulation he has got from the poet Swayne. Is n't it delightfully English and incongruous that the greatest living poet should use a post-card to convey his praise for a poem? Joe, it seems, is one of the most brilliant debaters at the Union, too. Certainly, it is a very unusual combination for one man, and they talked as if there were nothing more for him to win; he was a young lord of life.

It made me realize the difference in my point of view. I have lived long enough to know that the beginning of life is not the end of it—that 's about the gist of all that my moralizings come to. It is not

the winners of prizes at college who generally come out first and win the prizes in the battle of life. Alas! the young things have not yet begun to be tried and tested, whereas they imagine they have already *achieved* something!

Life is a much more serious thing than even Joe has begun to realize; and he, I admit, is much wiser for his years than the others. Oh, those others! No doubt they had some influence on my conclusions. Joe himself is an exceptional creature; but to see those infants, his contemporaries! There is something so *callo-look-*ing about a youth! I think it is in his *ears* chiefly that the effect lies.

But the upshot is, I felt that my philosophy was too cold and dull to be hitched to the car of this glowing young Apollo: it would only drag it down. It would be a case of crabbed age and youth trying to live together. Instead of being eager and adventurous like himself, I should hang back and be cautious; I should have wise saws to apply to his modern instances at every turn, mistrustful even of his successes, lest they should mask some hidden evil. I have seen the vanity of much that is still alluring glitter to him. He has to go through his experiences for himself. In fact, to be brief, I am old and he is young, and that important truth you no doubt think I might have known as well six weeks ago as now.

Of course, if I were a different type of woman, I should not feel so. There is the case of Anna Bartlett, who married a man fifteen years younger than herself, and it has been a highly appropriate marriage in every way. But temperaments alter cases.

Well, my own selfish longings obscured my sight at first. I want to be happy, I want to have a home of my own, I want to have some one to love me, I want to have some one to love. It seemed as if Joe were proffering me all that, and it is hard, for my own sake as well as for his, to refuse. But, indeed, at the moment I am so much taken up with thinking of him that I know I sha'n't realize my own case till long after. I am in a state of almost frantic consternation at the thought of what is ahead of me. However can I bear to wound that darling boy, now, in the midst of all his triumph, too—to make

it all turn to dust and ashes around him? I hate to hurt a young thing, Ella. And yet I know that five years hence he will be feeling very grateful to me. But, oh! five years hence is not now, and when I think what his father has told me of his emotional temperament and its workings, I feel scared.

Perhaps this is being absurdly perturbed. I know I have had reason to be amused at myself on previous occasions for taking my own refusals of myself too seriously. I believe I used to suffer a great deal more than the men in question. I am always so *exceedingly* sorry for the poor man who does n't get me! It seems to be the special form my conceit takes. But poor Joe—he takes everything so vehemently! How am I to break it to him?

I hurried off from Oxford at the earliest opportunity. Fortunately, I had talked of the day after the races were over as also the term of my visit, and was able consistently to stick to that arrangement in spite of urgent entreaties to stay longer.

We had a breakfast in Joe's rooms that final morning (he had been unable to entertain us before, owing to his training; and there was the bumping-supper to occupy his attention the last night). Joe was in particularly brilliant form, as gay and light-hearted as possible. He had invited some choice spirits to meet us at breakfast: learned, talented, comical—all kinds were represented; and the girls were in very holiday humor, too. Joe made a charming host (he is bound to shine in society, that young man), and lavished his most delicate attentions upon me. I, thinking of what was to come after, began by feeling like a death's-head at a banquet, and every inch my age; but the youth and good spirits of the rest of the party were very infectious, and I soon found myself rattling away nonsense with the best of them. The young men were quite relieved to find that a vestrywoman was also human, and I felt that I was a distinct success with them, outshining even the sparkling Cynthia; for society girls are common enough to the undergraduate, whereas a vestrywoman is something of a novelty. Joe was obviously proud and pleased at the impression I was making, and I was only too glad to be able to give him this last gratification.

It was in a blaze of glory, accordingly, that I left Oxford. Owing to a cordial arrangement made at breakfast (Miss Lynn, I believe, originated the idea), the whole party came to the station to see me off afterward. Joe, consequently, had no opportunity of being with me alone. He looked sorry, I could see; but I was not. He does n't get away from Oxford till some time in July, and perhaps by that time there will have been opportunity to let the real state of my mind dawn upon his, and prevent shock. I sincerely hope so. Twice, and by a lucky chance, the imminent proposal has been averted: I ought to be able to keep it from coming altogether.

May 26 (continuation).—And then when I got to Hazeledge, there was Mr. Egerton on the platform to meet me, eager to hear about Joe's success.

The last time I saw him, he was standing on the platform of the station in London, seeing me off to Oxford. He had at first merely meant to see me off from the little station at Hazeledge, but, while we were waiting for the train, he suddenly took it into his head that he would come as far as London with me. He longed to come all the way, and join us in our fun, but some parish business demanded his attention during that week, and he is not the man to give up duty for pleasure, however alluring. I felt distinctly chagrined, I must confess, that though I turned on him the full battery of my charms, such as they are, I could not prevail upon him to come farther with me. He stood looking wistfully after my train as it steamed off to Oxford, till I felt "wae" for him, as Carlyle would say.

I felt now such a fraud as I sketched the gay scenes at Oxford for his benefit, and saw his delight and satisfaction increasing with every word. He was relieved to know that Joe was well; he had been afraid the double strain of study and athletic training would have been too much for him. It is quite touching to see the devotion he has for this boy of his—his all-the-world. He was overflowing with tender, sympathetic, minute questions, and his mind seemed so full of Joe that it was a surprise to me to find he had other important business to attend to im-

mediately. We were walking up together slowly from the station, and I had made some conventional remark about finding it difficult to settle down here after the excitements of Oxford. He jokingly offered, as an only resource, the meeting of the village parish council, to which he was just going. As a matter of "shop," of course I was interested, and very glad to have the opportunity of attending.

He had a matter on hand which has been engaging his attention for some time, and the final decision was to be reached to-day. It concerns the building of a gymnasium for a girls' school in the village. The vicar has a piece of land adjoining the church which he wishes to sell for this purpose. It is near the school, but, also, as I say, near the church; and to have a building erected on it would effectually spoil the present picturesque view of the same, at the top of a slope, with its graveyard on one side, and this vacant ground on the other.

The village has a bit of land not very far from the school on the other side, which would be more suitable for the purpose, and where the gymnasium would not be a blot on the landscape. This piece of ground, however, to complicate matters, is coveted by a man who wants to build a public-house on it.

Mr. Egerton, of course, desires to have this latter piece of land sold for the gymnasium. The situation is unmistakable: it is obviously for the best interests of the village community that it should be so.

Ranged against the public interest, however, are the private interests of the vicar and the brewer, plus the depraved natures who pine for another beer-swilling resort. These interests united are going to be too strong for Mr. Egerton and the public welfare.

It may perhaps shock your innocent mind that the vicar should thus be leagued with the powers of darkness and destruction; but know you not that vicars are but human? He has a large family to support, he needs the money, and likewise he has a grudge against Mr. Egerton because the latter is not of his fold: therefore, for the nonce, the brewer and the apostle of Christ walk arm in arm.

Even so, it is difficult to believe that the united common sense of the rest of the community should not prevail against

them; but it seems there has been a carefully organized opposition worked up from the beginning. The allies of the vicar and the brewer have been working among the people, until their representatives have pledged themselves to vote for the public-house—or against the dangerous Mr. Egerton, which is their more tactful way of putting it.

That day the council had to decide whether it would sell the village property for the public-house or for the gymnasium (the difference in price was not much).

Mr. Egerton knew that all this had been going on, and knew very well that his measure was going to be defeated, but accepted it all with an imperturbable good humor that impressed me. It is not so much that it matters where the building is (though the Goths and the Huns and the Vandals combined could hardly do more to spoil the beauty of the village than our cultivated vicar), but it is the ingratitude of the people for whom Mr. Egerton has spent his life that moves my rancor, if it does not move his. To most of them, as individuals, it is an entirely neutral affair as to which plot of ground is used; but you would think they would rally in force to support anything that Mr. Egerton wanted, considering how much he has done for them. You would think it would discourage him and make him feel how useless all his efforts had been, all his sacrifices, when the very people he has befriended turn round and rend him—for that is exactly what they did in the meeting. But he merely remarks that he did not work for gratitude—that the wages of gratitude are too seldom paid.

And he behaved in such a cheerful, matter-of-fact way during the meeting. Not content with opposition, his enemies had organized insult. The speeches on the other side were obviously aimed directly against Mr. Egerton, and were positively insolent in tone. And when he rose to speak, they howled and yelled, trying to drown his voice and force him to sit down. But he calmly stood waiting till the noise subsided, and then went on with his remarks; and persisted in this calm way till he had finished all he had to say. It was an exhibition of great dignity and sweetness, and my heart swelled within me to see it. I was not the

only woman there: there were ladies present from many of the leading families round, which would have made it all the more galling for Mr. Egerton, if he had cared at all. But he did not.

After all, the vote was very close, so his eloquence must have rallied more supporters to his side than the opposition expected; but his amendment was lost, and the land was sold to the tavern-keeper. The vicar was jubilant, as of course it clears the way for his sale to the girls' school.

"It's all in the day's work," said Mr. Egerton, good-naturedly, as we came out together, after he had soothed down his indignant friends and supporters, who were talking of the affair in terms not at all complimentary to the vicar. "The British countryman has yet got to be educated into being his own master. In town it's rather different. Here the yokel is still very much at the mercy of the squire and the vicar, and, to give the devil his due, it's because the squire and the vicar have so usually been his best friends. It's only now and then that we come across traces of tyranny, whether temporal or ecclesiastical. I am merely helping along the work of education—and I am content."

I was too excited at the time to think of it, but afterward it struck me how curious was the contrast between the son's successes and social triumph at Oxford and the father's failure at home, with serried opposition against him of all the surrounding county. Yet, of the two occasions, this village brawl as to whether or no a tavern should be built on a particular spot seemed to me much more important than whether a nice-conditioned youth at Oxford should help win a boat-race, and carry off a double-first, and the Newdigate Prize and all!

Poor Joe! I dare say he would gladly give up all his honors for the sake of being right with me.

May 27, Sunday.—I did not "get off," after all. I had been back barely two days, when this afternoon Joe appeared, looking so bright and boyish, and with a pretty shyness in his manner, too. I exclaimed at this his sudden appearance in term-time, and wanted to know what it meant.

"I have come straight here from the station," he explained, "and I suppose I shall have to go back first thing to-morrow morning; but I had not the patience to wait any longer. You know what I've come for." And here he looked at me with those beseeching brown eyes of his that always make my heart twist inside me.

Then there had to follow a painful time. I tried to soften it down for him as much as possible; but, of course, when "no" is the gist of the matter, it does n't help much to wrap it up in soft words. He took it beautifully, so that I have never loved him more than at that moment. And I *do* love him, Ella, though not just exactly the required way. He was very quiet and very manly, turning pale as he said he knew it needed a better man than himself to win me. Then he wrung my hand violently, and took one last look. His quivering attempt at a smile of reassurance nearly broke my heart. I should so like to have taken him in my arms and comforted him; but I thought I better not. And then he was gone, and I was left, feeling very cruel and very desolate, and had a good cry.

And so there is the end of my little romance—before there has been time to hear your comments on the beginning of it.

I wish you were close at hand to-night, Ella! Kiss all the bairnies for me. Good-by for another week.

June 3.—I have so much to say that I don't believe I shall get it all down in time for the mail. I have been too much taken up this week to begin my letter till to-day.

I left off last time because I could n't see to write for my tears. The next morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found a bunch of beautiful roses beside my plate, which I knew came from the Egertons's garden, and I did not need Mrs. Green to tell me that Master Joe had left them on his way to the station that morning. Sweet of the boy, was n't it? A little token of forgiveness.

Not long after breakfast Mr. Egerton appeared, looking anxious as he came into the room, and then commiserating when he saw how doleful I looked. This interview was what I had been dreading. I

did not know how much he knew, and if I had to break it to him, it would be almost more painful than breaking it to Joe. And if he *did* know, I wondered what on earth he would think of me, or what depressing news he would bring me about Joe. I was too sick at heart to try to make conventional conversational openings; so he plunged into the subject at once, sitting down on the sofa beside me, and taking my hand in his.

"You were quite right," he said; "I knew it would come out so, or at least I hoped it would come out so."

That was balm to my distracted feelings; there was small need for my agitation, if Mr. Egerton approved. Joe had told him all about it last night, as I had supposed he would, and Joe, it appeared, was behaving splendidly.

"This is the first thing to make a man of him. I am very grateful to you, Miss Farleigh. It needed some big experience like this to give his nature coherence and stability. It will keep him out of a great deal of harm. You have raised the standard for him, you see. He won't fall in love very easily or very soon again; and I am glad of that, for he had much better think of other things for a year or two to come."

This, and much more of the same sort, Mr. Egerton kept saying till I grew more collected. It was very comforting to me to hear that I had not done the harm I feared—rather, on the contrary, good.

Then he went on: "I must say I was myself doubtful what effect it would have on him, and did not dare interfere by word or deed to influence either your action or his. Too much depended on the outcome. But I have been looking on very anxiously, and I am glad you have had the resolution to refuse him: it would not have been at all appropriate."

At this I felt a little piqued, and asked rather huffily: "Do you not think I could have made him happy?"

"I do not think he would have made *you* happy," he answered gently: "I'm afraid you do not yet realize that I have been watching this affair just as anxiously for your sake—and for mine—as for Joe's. You would have worried and wavered on his account even more than on your own. What you need is some one who will not let you worry and waver,

but will take care of you, and decide for you." Here he paused and smiled, as if amused at my backwardness to understand. "Do you know, I told Joe something last night that I dare say helped him to bear his disappointment better than he otherwise would, by giving a new tenor to his thoughts. May I tell you?"

And then my heart stood still with an indescribable alarm. I understood in a flash, and a sudden, new, strange emotion, rising in my breast, almost choked me, and I could not utter a syllable.

He went on quietly, but very earnestly: "I told Joe he had a rival in his own father; that I had been generous enough to stand aside and leave the field to him, but that now that he had failed I meant to try my luck. I love you, dear one, and I understand you, and I need you. You have glided into my life like a sweet strain of poetry, when I thought all hope of such emotion, such happiness, was over for me. It will be all the sweeter because it comes so late. I will cherish you very tenderly, dear woman, if you will let me take care of you."

Oh, dear! It is absurd of me to try to repeat to you what he said. I go over it and over it in my mind all the livelong day, and it is hard to keep one's heart under lock and key when it is full; but, after all, there are some things that can only be between two.

So you must not expect me to describe in detail everything that happened or was said after that.

One piece of prudence you will appreciate. It was such a new idea to me, as he very sagely remarked, that he considerably gave me time to think it over—till Saturday only, less than a week; but he would n't give me more, for he says I never know my own mind two days together, and I should be tired out by then with making and unmaking it. And then he hastened to add, in case I should be offended, that he liked me all the better for it.

After which he mercifully took his departure; for, indeed, my head was in a whirl. And yet, with all my confusion of thought, I had no doubt as to my feelings. I felt as if a weight had been taken off my heart. I felt as if I had been led blindfold all these past weeks, and lured on in ways unknown to myself, till sud-

denly the bandage has been snatched from my eyes, and I find myself in an enchanted garden of happiness.

It is odd, but I simply had *no* doubts as to what answer I should give Mr. Egerton. I realized that this was the inevitable thing. All my doubts were at an end. The strangeness, the wonder of it, overwhelms me.

Later.—I begin to understand now what has been the great want in my life up till now—ought I to confess it with humiliation? It seems that I have needed a manly arm (metaphorically speaking for a masculine mind) to lean upon. For, for all that I am so old, so "advanced," as my Philistine acquaintances call me, I am so horribly feminine! I have been an intellectual wobbler, and have all along, without knowing it, felt the need of a permanent guiding and controlling force in which I could have perfect trust. Joe, with all his brain power and brilliancy, had the faults of youth and inexperience: he would have looked up to me instead of I to him.

It is distressing, the amount the modern woman requires of her liege lord. It takes him all his time to live up to her requirements, and it takes *her* all her time, till her hair is gray, to find him—the person whom she is able to love, honor, and obey. Anyhow, it has taken me up to the threshold of middle life before I could find the right combination of qualities in my mate. In all the men I have met as possible candidates for the honor, there has been something wanting: if they had intellect, they had no heart (and nothing would bore me so much as to live with a purely intellectual person); or, if they had heart, they had no refinement; or, if everything else were right, they were hopelessly wanting in experience of the underside of things, which, after all, makes up fully five sixths of life, and I could not possibly feel them my superiors in judgment.

The self-confident woman may find it more comfortable to marry her inferior in these ways: I am not a confident, merely a confiding woman (as you have found out to your cost by this time, poor confidante!).

Mr. Egerton has such a dear, strong, steady nature: it will be so restful to live

with him. I admire his calm philosophy of life so much: there is no tyrannical imposing of his way of thinking on others, nothing but a large, generous toleration and sympathy, and a strong conviction that the living of life is the main thing, and it does n't much matter whether one is heard of in the living of it or not.

Then, in joining my life to this dear man's, it does n't mean an abrupt cutting-off from all my past. On the contrary, it is just a continuation and development of all I have worked at or taken interest in. I don't need to forget my poor people. It's so good to think that my practical experiences will not be wasted. I am so glad that my study of economics and civics will be of use in working along with him. I am so glad I am interested in the same things he is interested in. Of course that has been our chief bond of sympathy all along, and all the while I was innocently thinking it was Joe. He has lived all his life without sympathy (the one and only "he," I mean,—not Joe), but now he is going to have it in full measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over.

He came back on Saturday, after I had "thought it over" all the week, and we had a lovely, long, satisfactory talk.

And so, if you please, allow me to announce to you my engagement to Mr. Egerton! Michael is his name, by the way, and a very appropriate name it is, too; for he is an angel, if ever there was one.

I will send this off at once, for I want you to know without loss of time what a happy, contented woman I am—for the first time in my life. I will try to write again soon.

June 10.—I have the feeling that perhaps you won't be so surprised at the news I told you in my last letter as I was myself. Looking back over the last few weeks, I see the significance of things and thoughts and feelings that I misjudged then; and you, at a safe distance, as the impartial spectator, have probably been able to read between the lines.

I am astonished now at my own blindness that the idea never entered my head. I suppose it was because I always thought of Michael as vastly beyond me.

I know I am not good enough for him;

yet I don't for a moment think of *not* marrying him. I merely have a more passionate desire to serve him and make him happy to the very best of my ability. And as for thinking that any other woman might be able to make him happier, I simply can't tolerate the idea for a minute.

Have you still got all the letters I have written to you from here? I was going to ask you to burn them, but, on second thoughts, I would rather you sent them back to me. It may be edifying to re-read the nonsense I wrote.

For one thing, I remember writing about giving up one's ideas or hopes of finding perfection in a man (although I have been rejecting the creatures all my discreet life because they *were n't* perfect!). Lest you should misconstrue this as an aspersion on Michael's character, I hasten to tell you that he is as near perfection as any mortal man can be. Or, at least, he has the faults I like best, which is perhaps the more scientific way of putting it.

N. B. I shall not care now how sternly and grimly he looks at other people so long as his eyes soften when they look at me.

June 18.—It seems that Cynthia Lynn is the arch-plotter who has been weaving her web around us all.

Joe was not so unprepared for the dénouement as I was, strange to say. I understand now his coldness to her in Oxford, which I thought at the time so unlike himself. It appears that Cynthia by that time was deliberately trying to poison his mind against me, and had aroused his deepest indignation by the things she said. But after I left Oxford came her greatest opportunity. Then it was that she managed to convey to him her insinuations that I had gone away in such a hurry, attracted by the charms of his father. It was easy enough for her to give circumstantial evidence in apparent support of her suspicion, till Joe was worked up to such a pitch that he could not rest another moment without finding out for certain how things really were. Hence his sudden descent upon Hazeledge. It seems he had been anxious to ask me, when I refused him, whether it was because I loved his father, but could not quite screw up

his courage when it came to the point. He had wanted to assure me, generous lad, that he hoped I should have no scruples about marrying his dad, since I could not marry himself—to give me his approval and benediction, in fact. He did not grudge his father this unwonted piece of happiness.

Of course he found out a little later in the evening from his father that there had been absolutely nothing between us as yet, but that Michael meant to try his fate; the rest you know.

And it was Cynthia who first gave Michael the idea that such an outcome might be possible—my preference of him to Joe, I mean. Her hand it was that applied the torch and fired the flame. She has been shrewd enough to read my mind for me, and understand more clearly than I did myself that I was not really in love with Joe,—only in love with love, as she cleverly put it,—and that he was not mature enough to satisfy me in the long run.

What amazes me is the swiftness with which she got upon sufficiently confidential terms with Michael to have such a conversation with him. She is singularly adroit. Then, in sounding me as to the state of my feelings for Joe, Michael fell in love with me himself, so he says.

When Joe was so long in getting a decision, his father grew angry that he seemed to be playing fast and loose. He was n't going to have Joe making a fool of me, for of course by this time people had begun to talk. This really seems hardly fair to Joe, for it might with at least equal justice be said that I was making a fool of *him*; but here, you must understand, the lover's partiality for once outweighs the father's. He had expected that Joe and I would be engaged before Joe went back to Oxford; and since that had not happened, felt at liberty to woo me on his own account.

He was rather anxious, however, when I went to Oxford for Eights-Week, and felt bound in honor not to say anything before that. (I understand now why he would not come, too.) But he saw at once by my manner when I returned that "nothing had happened," and was wonderfully relieved. Then the way seemed open before him; but still he would not have spoken so precipitately if it had not been for Joe's declaration. That brought

things to a head; and really, I have cause to be grateful to Cynthia Lynn, though the event was not as she had planned it.

Poor girl! I am sorry for her. She is so madly in love with Joe (and that is altogether to her credit) that she has completely lost her head. It is not in the least like her usual dexterity and tact to blunder as she has done. She has not the smallest chance now with Joe. Michael cannot bear "that flashy girl," as he calls her; and it is one of the merits attributed to me that I have been the means of spoiling Joe's "taste for trash." He thinks Joe's trouble through his little love-affair with me more than justified by the fact that it has prevented him from being caught in the toils of Miss Cynthia Lynn, as Michael thinks would otherwise have been inevitable. Certainly she is fascinating.

It would no doubt seem positively comical to an onlooker, the way we have got shaken up together, and changed places so, but, I assure you, it is terribly serious to all of us concerned.

June 19.—I keep having more and more important things to tell you.

We have just had word of the sudden death, by an accident, of Michael's brother. There has been so little sympathy or intercourse between the brothers for years that it is hardly a matter for grief. But Michael is now the baronet—a consummation that takes my breath away when I consider what it all means. But I am glad Michael will now have a chance to carry out his pet ideas. He will probably need more than ever an helpmate to strengthen his hands for the work he has laid out for himself; and I am glad I shall be there to cry "On!" Meanwhile, he has so much business to attend to that it takes him away from me a great deal, and *that* I don't like.

I have had the dearest little note of congratulation from Joe, and I believe he means it. His sense of humor must make it impossible for him to keep on any length of time having romantic yearnings for the woman his father is engaged to. I am glad things have happened so as to make it easier for him.

Michael hints at a very early marriage, but of course a very quiet one, so that we may begin this new life together.

June 23.—.....All these details of frocks and furbelows are very entrancing. I do not agree with those good people who consider them entirely irrelevant at this great crisis of a woman's life. I shall have to go up to London again to-morrow for the final fittings, etc. I wish you were here to help me. It takes away half the fun of having a trousseau not to have you to help me to choose it. I must just try to console myself with the other half—Michael's enjoyment of it. He has great appreciation of pretty clothes. Hence my apparent extravagance in the way of morning-gowns and fluffy things. It's the style of garment he thinks becoming to me, and *he*, you know, has an artistic eye.

I have just had a little item of news that delights my soul. You remember my tale of the parish meeting, and how the vicar was looking forward to selling his land to the girls' school? Well, Miss Martin, proprietor of the school in question, was present at the meeting, interested to see whether her bid for the other piece of land would be accepted, and, it appears, was so moved by Michael's remarks about the vandalism of spoiling the most picturesque spot in the village by erecting a building near the church, that she withdrew her offer from the vicar, (which had been only conditional, in any case,) and has bought a piece of land farther away from her school, which, therefore, will cause some inconvenience to herself, a piece of self-sacrifice in the cause of beauty and in the spirit of Ruskinism which I heartily applaud. This piece of poetic justice on the vicar gives me a wicked satisfaction. Michael is gently pleased for the sake of the village.

June 23. Evening.—We are having such glorious June weather! I have just come in from a walk with Michael. We came home through the fields. Is there anything more beautiful than a June meadow? It is such a luxuriance of growth and color—strong reds and blues and yellows set thickly in the tall green grass that tones down the separate notes

and brings them all into harmony! One may look and touch and gather and look—and still there is ever more beauty to fill one's heart.

The evening light lay softly over everything. I have always liked the evening light best: it is so calm and kindly and *wise*, softening the sharp edges of things, like the wisdom of a man who has seen and sounded the depths of life, and has a tender tolerance for the world's weakness.

We have had a beautiful time together, and I am *very* happy.

P. S.—Did I tell you I had seen Joe again? He came on for the funeral, of course, and Michael and he came to see me in the evening.

I was standing by the little white gate in Mrs. Green's luxuriant tangle of a garden watching for them when they appeared together round the corner. The lad looked a little older and thinner, I thought, but as bright as ever. He came striding forward to meet me, with hands outstretched, and an expression half-shy, half-amused. If it had been anybody but the handsome Joe he would have looked sheepish.

Nervously, I took up the first word. "I will be a mother to you, Joe," I found myself saying apologetically. A wildly absurd thing to say, when you think of it! However, it served to break the awkwardness of the situation.


"That 's better than nothing," he answered drily, smiling a trifle sardonically; and then suddenly he laid his head down on my shoulder with a little tired, confiding gesture that was very touching.

I had the satisfaction at last of rumpling his hair and giving him a heart-felt kiss—in the presence of his father, who looked on approvingly, Sedate Madam! I can see that we are going to be as good comrades in the future as we have been in the past, with the dangerous sentiment eliminated. I think I understand and know how to manage the lad; and he will very soon be a happy Joe again, I pledge you my word.



WHEN CAPITAL "TOOK HOLT"

BY CAROLINE LOCKHART

F there 's one thing brings out the worst side of my nature more 'n another, it 's gittin' holt of a can of dod-gasted, Injun bakin' powder that turns out sink-ers like them."

Old Man McPherson slammed a tin of pale, rock-like biscuit upon the bare pine table and eyed them angrily.

"That air the seventh batch of armor-plate as I have been called to put in my stummick this week." There was a plaintive note in Dad Falkner's voice.

"Look here, Dad, if my cookin' don't suit that delicate palate of yourn, you know what you can do. I 'm plumb sick of doin' general house-work, and any time you find yourself hankerin' after my job, I won't be nowise mad about your takin' it. There ain't been no washin' done in this shack fer over a month now, and I advises that you hit the floor about six to-morry mornin' and play up a little tune on the wash-board."

"My remark were n't intended fer a kick; it were merely an observation," Dad hastened to explain in a conciliatory tone, 'as he tried to puncture a biscuit with his thumb.

The apology was entirely satisfactory to the old man bending over the rusty cook stove which stood in one corner of the log cabin. His face cleared, and he cried cheerfully, as he set a frying-pan of bacon on the table and drew up the remnant of a chair, "Grab a root!"

Dad Falkner scraped the bottom of a dish which had contained stewed dried currants and sighed. "This air the last of the bear-sign, I s'pose?"

Old Man McPherson nodded.

"And the swine-buzzum air gone?"

His partner jerked his head in assent.

"I 'll have to take a couple of ca'tridges

out to-morry and git a goat. Take a billy and cook him in sody fer a couple of hours, and he ain't bad eatin'."

"They ain't but one ca'tridge," Old Man McPherson replied shortly.

Dad Falkner's face sobered.

"We 're sure gittin' down to hard-pan, pardner," he said. "If capital don't git in here pretty soon and take holt of them mines, I won't have enough clothes left on me to flag a hand-car, if they was all red. I kind of had a hunch capital would come in on the stage to-night."

"Lem me see, Dad, you 've had that hunch twicet a week ever sence the Black Marier shet down, and that were six years ago."

Dad, the sanguine, ignored the sarcasm, and fumbled in his pocket for a bit of ore, from which he blew a few ptarmigan feathers, and passed it across the table.

"That 'll be a fine spec'min to show capital," he said eagerly. "I got that out 'n the Tud'shead to-day."

Old Man McPherson looked it over critically.

"It air a fair spec'min fer a blanket lead," he said, with studied indifference. "It might go two per cent."

"Blanket lead be blanked!" cried Dad, in quick anger. "The Tud'shead air a true fissure lead, and there 'll be a concentrator workin' there when your old hole in the ground air used fer a garbage dump fer the mine boardin' house. What fer a Jim Crow miner air you, anyhow, that you don't know a true fissure lead when you see it!" Dad glowered at the old man across the table.

Night after night the same dispute took place as to whether the Toad'shead claim was a blanket or a fissure lead. An angry silence now fell between the two old partners, which would last until

morning, when they would awaken with the disagreement of the previous evening forgotten and their hearts filled with fresh hopes.

These two old men were among the half-dozen derelicts who remained in Boulder, clinging pathetically to the belief that the "busted" mining camp far back in the fastnesses of the towering Rockies would boom again. When Boulder boomed they would sell the Black Maria mine and the Toad'shead claim. They would go to that vague country known as "back East," where kinsfolk who were strangers now would welcome them "back East" to the land of milk and honey—the promised land of Canaan.

Year after year they hung on grimly, waiting for the capitalist who was to "take holt" and put new life into the devitalized camp by opening the abandoned Black Maria. Actual starvation now stared the old men in the face. Gradually they had sold all that was salable save a rifle. Horses, shot-guns, pack outfits—everything had gone for flour and bacon. They had nothing more to sell. To-night the silence which lay between them was due as much to depression as to ill feeling. Each realized that the end had come; they could hold on no longer.

The lean mongrel outside the cabin barked furiously. The door opened, and a stranger stepped inside. "Ah, bacon for supper," he observed cheerily as he sniffed the air. He pulled an empty starch box to the table and reached for a biscuit. He was unceremonious even for Boulder, and the men eyed him in surprise.

"Pitch into the swine-buzzum," said Old Man McPherson, the first to recover his presence of mind and manners.

The new-comer had a round bullet-head, upon which he wore a felt hat that, as he ate, he kept turning round and round. There was no back or front to it, and it fitted sidewise as well as any other way. There was a three-days' growth of black beard upon his face, above which gleamed a pair of deep-set gray eyes. He wore overalls, and one of his shoes was tied on with a necktie.

"What might I call your name, pard?" inquired Dad Falkner, after the sinkers

had somewhat appeased the stranger's ravenous appetite.

The stranger threw a quick glance over each shoulder and then lowered his voice. "They call me 'The Man of Mystery.' I am a promoter. I have just made a fortune by putting on the market a corset which clamps on like a fire-horse's harness, and is removed with one jerk of a string attached to the front steel. I am now looking for new investments. Behind me I have capital."

The old partners started at the sacred name of Capital and exchanged glances.

"Take any interest in mines a-tall?" Dad asked eagerly.

"Corsets, mines, baby-food, all the same to me," replied the promoter, with a sweeping gesture.

"My pardner's mine, the Black Marier, air the very thing you air lookin' fer—went eleven per cent. copper in Spokane; six per cent. air a payin' proposition." Dad's voice was tremulous with excitement. "The mine is patented, and 300 feet of tunnelin' is done. All you got to do now is to sink a shaft and git below water-level. When you do, Mister, you got a mine."

"Look here, Mystery," said Old Man McPherson, earnestly, to the stranger. "What Dad says is straight, but if you aims to make only one investment, I advises that you look into the Tud'shead. The Tud'shead air a payin' proposition from the start. The Tud'shead," he continued, with emphatic deliberation—"the Tud'shead air a true fissure lead."

It was the first time he had ever made the acknowledgment. Dad heard in amazement, then he sprang to his feet impulsively, and there was a catch in his voice as he cried, "Old Man, Old Man, you air a square pard!"

"To-morrow, if the weather permits," said the Man of Mystery, grandly, "I will step up to the Toad'shead and look over the property. If the inspection is satisfactory, I will notify my people in Deer Lodge to come on. I should like to retire now, if you please."

It was Dad Falkner who relinquished his bunk to the stranger, and Old Man McPherson who parted with a blanket that Capital might not sleep cold.

"I am accustomed to having my meals regularly," hinted the Man of Mystery as

he dusted a place under the bunk for his hat and crawled in between the blankets.

Before sunrise the next morning, Dad Falkner was creeping over the frost-covered rocks of the basin to get the mountain-goat—which had ranged there throughout the summer. The old man waited for the goat to come from his den half-way up the mountain-side. Dad swore as he noticed his tremulous hand. It meant so much, this one shot: it meant the proper entertainment of Capital; it meant the ability to hold on a few days longer, if there was to be haggling over the price of the mines.

The glacier on the Northern mountain was rosy with the light of the rising sun when the wary old goat came slowly from his den and stood on the edge of the precipice looking suspiciously into the basin below. The old man raised his rifle. The crack reverberated through the cañons, and the goat, with a shattered shoulder, came hurtling down the mountain side.

"Pretty good shot you made there, Dad," said a jovial voice, and Dad turned from his work of skinning the odoriferous billy to see Bayard, the "tin-horn" lawyer from Choteau, standing behind him with fishing-tackle in hand.

"Company fer breakfast," replied Dad. "It were goat or nothin'."

"Tenderfoot?"

"Nope; Capital," replied Dad, proudly. "My pard and me stand a good show of makin' our stake at last."

Bayard listened attentively to the story of the coming of the Man of Mystery.

"A queer customer," Dad concluded; "but a moneyed man, as you can see by the way he carries himself."

Bayard watched the old man as he skinned the goat and hung the carcass in a tree.

"McPherson and me will pack it down while the Cap'talist looks over the mines," he said, and Bayard stood looking after him as he slipped and slid down the steep trail to the cabin.

That he was not concerned in the prospective transaction gave Bayard a pang. Instinctively his crafty brain busied itself with wild schemes to benefit himself should capital "take holt." He sat down on a rock and stared contemplatively at the carcass of the mountain-goat. To let

the old men reap the entire benefit of their years of labor and faith and patience seemed to Bayard like a criminal neglect of his own interest. He forgot the trout at the foot of the falls which he was to take back to his camping party for breakfast.

A smile spread over Bayard's face till it became a fixed grin, and he began to swear softly. They were blithe curses of congratulation. He picked up his fishing-tackle and walked briskly back to the tent.

The Man of Mystery seemed restless after breakfast. He moved from the window to the door and watched the road through the pines as though he were expecting somebody.

"You seem oneasy, stranger," observed Old Man McPherson as he stacked the breakfast dishes to be washed at some future time.

"It 's the goat," replied the Man of Mystery, tartly; "it sets heavy."

"If you can find a little chaw of spruce gum, it 'll take the taste out 'n your mouth." The guest had complained bitterly of the strength of the venerable billy.

The Man of Mystery paused abruptly in his walk. "If there 's as much ore in sight as you say, and the specimens you showed me are fair samples of the lode, you can put your own price on the Toad's-head. My people will come right on from Warm Springs and hand you over the money. My judgment goes with them. Corsets, mines, baby-food, it 's all the same," he reiterated, with another comprehensive gesture.

Dad Falkner, sharpening his skinning knife on a whetstone, nearly amputated a finger as he heard the stranger's generous offer. Old Man McPherson turned from scraping the frying-pan and looked at him searchingly.

"Furthermore," cried the promoter, pacing to and fro, and turning his felt hat around and around in growing excitement, "if the Toad'shead is what you say, I 'll take the Black Maria on the same terms, on the strength of the ore you 've showed me."

Dad sliced another finger as a glittering vision arose before him, and he looked for a reflection of his own radiant face in Old Man McPherson's sphinx-like countenance.

"I 'll go up there now—now," shouted the Man of Mystery, a strange ashen pal-lor creeping over his face. "Any minute my people may be in from Warm Springs, and I won't have my report ready."

He bounded through the door, and the partners from the doorway watched his head bobbing above the quaking asp as he ran up the trail which led to the Toad's-head claim.

"Queerest-actin' cuss I ever see," said Dad, in a puzzled voice.

"It happens frequent that Capital air eccentric," Old Man McPherson replied dryly.

An hour or so later, Bayard met the stranger coming from the claim with his pockets and hat full of rocks.

"How do, sir?" he said, extending a friendly hand. "What you think of our country?"

"Think!" cried the stranger, on whose cheeks a red spot now burned. "I think there 'll be millions of dollars taken out of that prospect hole up there. I 've discovered,"—and he threw a cautious glance toward the quaking asp,—"I 've discovered that in the talc which lies between the wall and the lode there is a composition, which sells at one hundred dollars an ounce!"

"Lord!" ejaculated Bayard, growing pale. "You don't say so!"

"My people in Deer Lodge will pay any price for that claim or the Black Maria, either."

"You 'll excuse me, sir," said Bayard, hastily, "but my camping party over in the basin are waiting for me. I 'll see you again, sir, I 'll see you again." He started on a fox trot through the brush to the basin, where Old Man McPherson and Dad were removing the goat carcass from the tree.

"I 've got some bad news for you, friends," said Bayard, panting from his run. "I 'm blamed sorry, but it 's too late now. The game-warden is camped up here with me, and he 's dead on to you fellows killing that goat. He heard the shot, and took a look at you from the ledge over there. The shooting season is n't open yet, and, as you know, there 's a mighty stiff fine on goats. He 's fixing to take you right back to Choteau with him."

The color faded from Dad's face.

"But we can't go," he cried; "we got this deal on."

"I can't nowise accommodate him," said Old Man McPherson. "And I 've got quite an aide on my knife here to make my refusal p'inted."

"Look here, now. You fellows don't want to get in any row over this. I 'm a friend of yours, and you let me handle this matter for you. I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll take those mines off your hands and shut up this game-warden's mouth. I 'll make you an offer of eight thousand dollars apiece for your mines, giving you my check for half the amount and my note for the balance. You know I 'm good for it—everybody knows it. You don't know what kind of a report this stranger will hand in, and this is your chance to cinch the cash. I am willing to take the mines on a little speculation; I 've seen the ore, and I know they are all right, if properly developed. What do you say?"

"I 'll sell out fer eight thousand when there 's skatin' in h—l," began Dad, his eyes blazing.

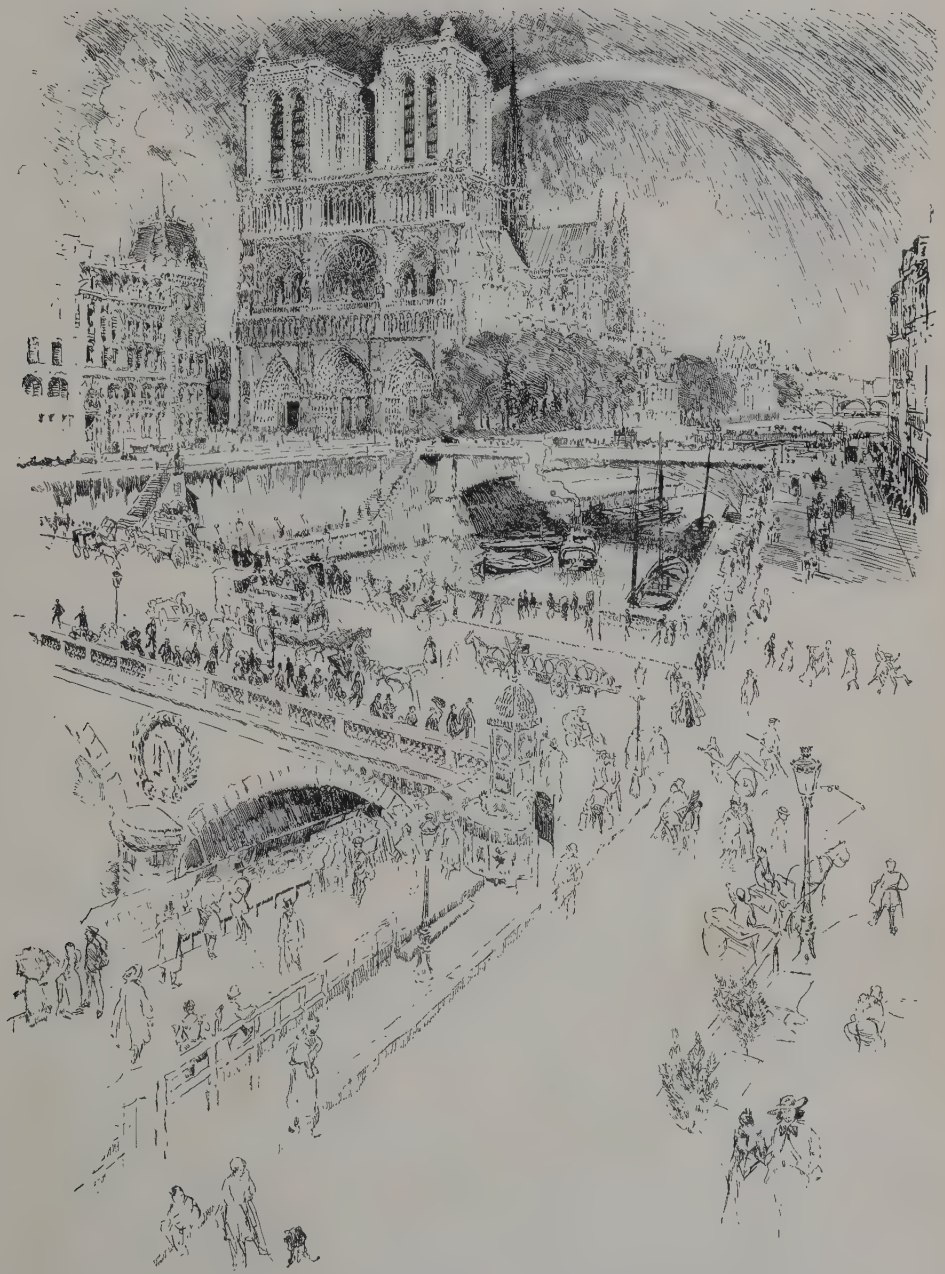
"Dad, it seems to me we air in a tight place, and it would look more to your credit if you would show some little gratitood to Bayard for tryin' to help us out, instead of abusin' him."

Old Man McPherson gave his partner a look which made that person stare blankly.

"For my part," continued Old Man McPherson in a meek voice, "I 'm plumb grateful to you. I know the mines is worth more, but I 'm sick of holdin' on, and, besides, I don't want to git in no scrap with the county. I hates lawin'. Look at them fellers they kept four months in jail fer killin' a cow elk! More 'n likely they 'd keep us a year fer shootin' that dod-gasted billy."

"But, my Godfrey!" protested Dad, "the stranger said if the mines was what we represented, and they air, we could set our own price. I was figgerin' on fifty thousand dollars."

"That 's all good enough, if, as Bayard says, we knowed what the stranger was goin' to report on them; but here we got a chanct to sell them on the spot and sell to a friend, too. I advises,"—and he gave Dad a look from his mild, blue eyes that bored like a gimlet,—"I advises that you sell out now—with me."



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MAIN FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE SOUTH
BRANCH OF THE SEINE

FRENCH CATHEDRALS

NOTRE DAME, PARIS—CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS—
ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

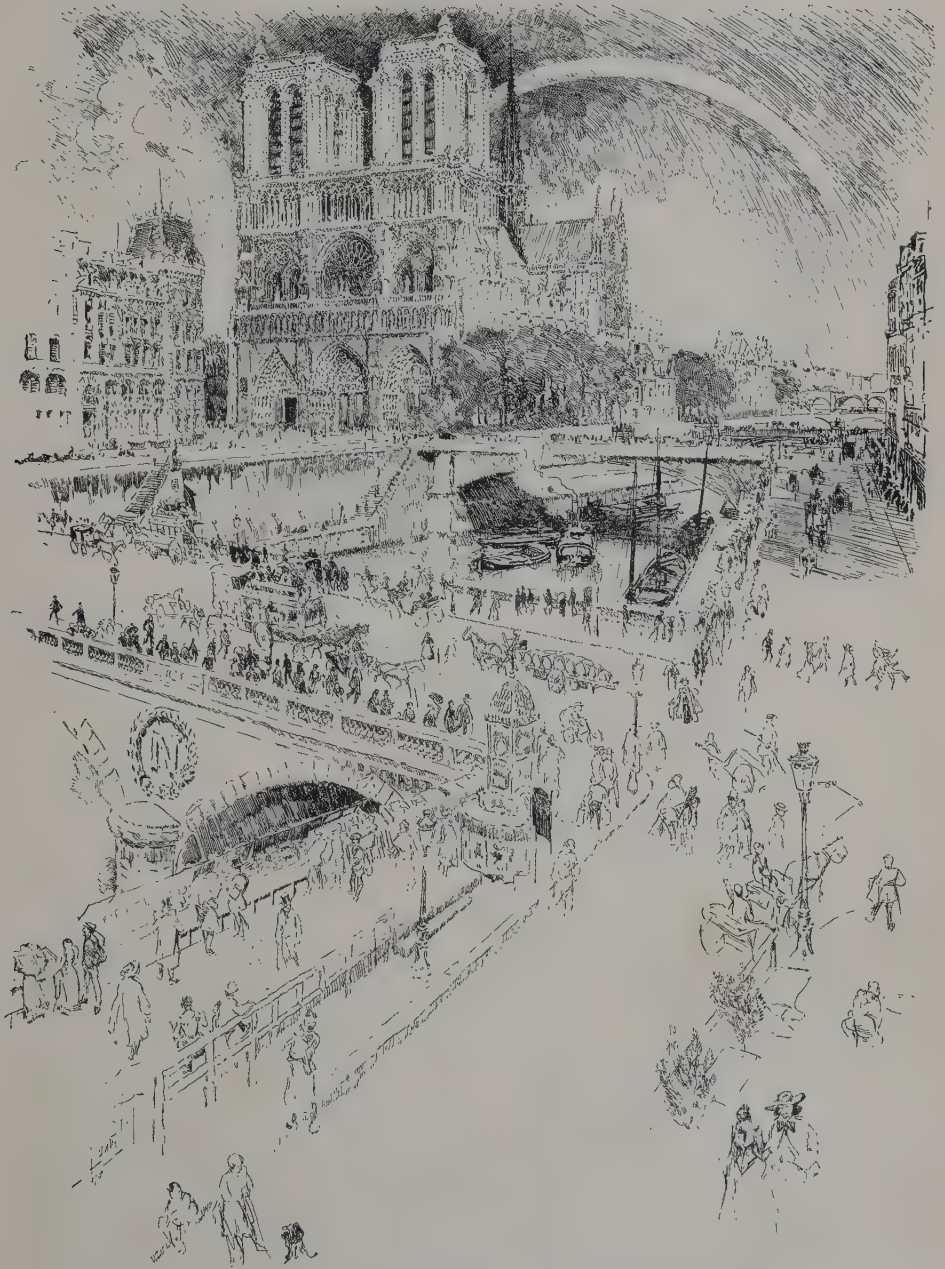


FTEN as I have seen Notre Dame, the marvel of it never grows less. I go to Paris with no thought or time for it, busy about many other things; and then, on my way over one of the bridges across the river, perhaps, I see it again on its island, the beautiful towers high above the high roofs of houses and palaces, and the view, now so familiar, strikes me afresh with all the wonder of my first impression.

The wonder only seems greater if I turn, as I am always tempted to, and walk down the *quais* on the left bank, the towers before me and with every step coming more and more completely together, by the Pont Neuf, to the island, and at last to the great square where Notre Dame fronts me in its superb calm. When one comes close to it, so close as to take in the detail, there may be a moment of disappointment, for the restorer has not spared it. Nor has time been altogether kind, for the gradual leveling up of the *place* has dwarfed the great façade. But from the other end of the wide open square the details of restoration disappear; dignity has not entirely gone with the steps that once led up to the west doors; and one is aware solely of the stateliness and splendor and harmony that the old builders gave their design. Notre Dame is "the only un-Greek thing that unites neatness and majesty, elegance and awfulness," R. A. M. Stevenson, who knew and loved it, said. But, serene as it may be at most hours, in the evening

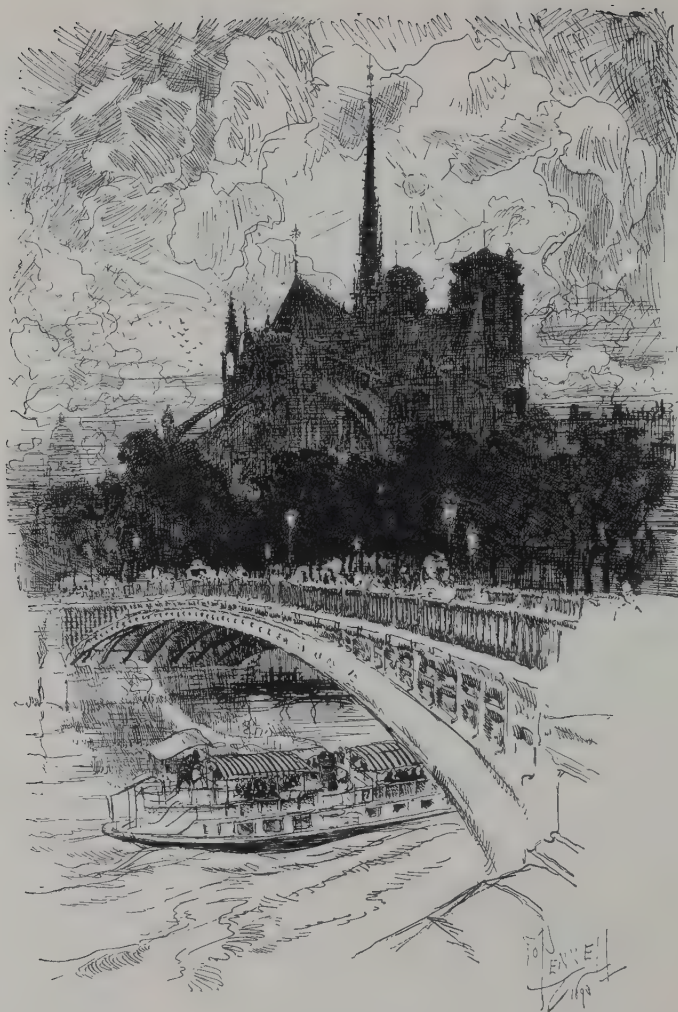
light neatness is lost in the majesty of mass; during a storm or shower you are awed into forgetting the lighter quality of elegance, and you form still another idea of the vastness and height of Notre Dame from the top of one of the lofty old houses on the near quais, with the extraordinary arrangement of bridges in the foreground.

There may also be moments of disappointment in the interior. I sometimes wish I had never seen it except during high mass or some great ceremonial. They have fine music at Notre Dame, and the right respect for ritual, and the stately architecture makes an appropriate background for the pageant of religion. But when the last priest in the procession has passed into the sacristy, when the last note of the organ has died away, when the last member of the congregation has dipped his, or more likely her, fingers in the holy water at the door, when one is alone in the silent aisles, then one cannot help feeling how barren this vast interior is of the color and warmth, the sentiment and atmosphere, of an old Catholic church. Once it must have been as perfect a background for prayer as for pageant; but first Soufflot, sweeping away stained glass, tombs, brasses, in the name of beauty, and then Republicans, defiling what was left in the name of reason, turned it into an abomination of desolation, stripping it bare, chilling it to the marrow. And the chill is still there. The dishonor they did to the architecture was long since repaired, and the architect may take his pleasure to-day in Viollet-le-Duc's version of what the old architect-



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MAIN FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE LEFT BANK OF THE SOUTH
BRANCH OF THE SEINE



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE EAST END OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SEINE

tural plan ought to have been; but only the centuries can restore that which it took centuries to build up. There are no old chapels laden and glowing with the spoils of ages of devotion, no bewildering medley of old tombs mellowed and stained by time, no delicious little architectural inconsistencies born of the caprice of piety, no picturesque disorder, or ornament on walls and columns. It may be that to come into Notre Dame from the sunny square is to plunge into darkness, but, dim as the light is, I have never found it religious. It needs no wild flight of imagination to discover why, to Huysman's hero, Notre Dame seemed a cathedral without a soul.

But there is another view that gives quite another impression—the view of the east end from the river. It is said that Notre Dame is lost, hidden, ineffectual in the big modern town, which it does not dominate as it dominated the Paris of St. Louis. This is, in a measure, true. One never thinks of Paris as a cathedral city, as one does of Chartres, or Albi, or Laon. In the life of the boulevards and the Bois, Notre Dame may be, probably is, forgotten. Indeed, it would be easy to pass weeks and months in Paris, and to be never as much as reminded of its existence, except, from the top of an omnibus, on a hurried journey between the “Grands Magazins du Louvre” and the

"Bon Marché," or from the quais, on a chance visit to the bookstalls there, or from the well-known little restaurant of the "Rive Gauche," where a glimpse of the towers through an upstairs window adds zest to the good dinner or breakfast. But as you see it when you come down the river from Charenton, Notre Dame still dominates the Ile de la Cité, which, with the nearer shores, was the Paris of St. Louis. As you approach, in one of the crowded little boats, it appears to fill the island, as if the island had been designed to hold it from all eternity. The garden, at this distance, dwindles into a fringe of green, to give value to the purple depths, a scale to the massive height, of that wonderful apse with its labyrinth of flying buttresses and tall pinnacles. And the water between seems to isolate the cathedral, to remove it to a world apart—to some unexplored Garden of Armida where the Church is the enchantress. Now it is all mystery—mystery above and beyond the melodrama of Victor Hugo;

mystery unrevealed to Méryon, though he etched very much the same view from the Quai de la Tournelle, and fashion has made his mechanical plate famous; mystery that deepens when, at evening, detail is swallowed up in the gathering shadows, and Notre Dame rises black and solemn against the sunset, now, in very truth, the "mountain of mystery" you hoped for.

But wonderful as is the east end, Notre Dame reserves its greatest wonder until you have gone in by that little door at the base of the northern tower, paid a half-franc to the man sitting in the tiny office just inside, and climbed the narrow stone stairway that goes winding up, and up, and forever up. Now and then, through the darkness, glimmers a ray of light, widening, as you draw nearer, into a slit of a window through which you look out upon a bewildering mass of roofs, or, as you climb higher, to clear sky. Higher still, the ray becomes a space of light, as if heaven were opening above. And you



Drawn by Joseph Pennell



Drawn by Joseph Pennell. Engraved on wood by H. Davidson

THE WEST, OR MAIN, FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME, AFTER A SHOWER

climb and climb, and the space develops into a door, and you go through it, and you are not in heaven, but in the innermost circle of hell itself. For it is up here, from their airy platform, that the devils of Notre Dame watch over Paris. Wherever you turn, there, perched on the dizzy parapet, are monsters, demons, and chimeras, straight from out the middle ages, horrible, vile, revolting, even in restoration: the *Stryge*, with elbows on the parapet for ease, face supported on long, slim, demon-like hands, tongue stuck out straight in a malicious sneer at that most splendid, most characteristic monument of modern Paris, the Arc de Triomphe, and all it represents; the leering ape and the nameless creature which lean well over for a better view, their loathsome, open-mouthed grin broadening as they lean; the obscene beast, half-cow, half-woman, lolling comfortably with arms crossed, and evil eye wandering far away to the dainty little church of St. Etienne; the hungry ghouls; the insatiable vampires; the unclean flock of birds, one so grotesquely like Gladstone—there they all are, an infernal cohort of devils, really looking, really laughing, at the farce of civilization played for their benefit.

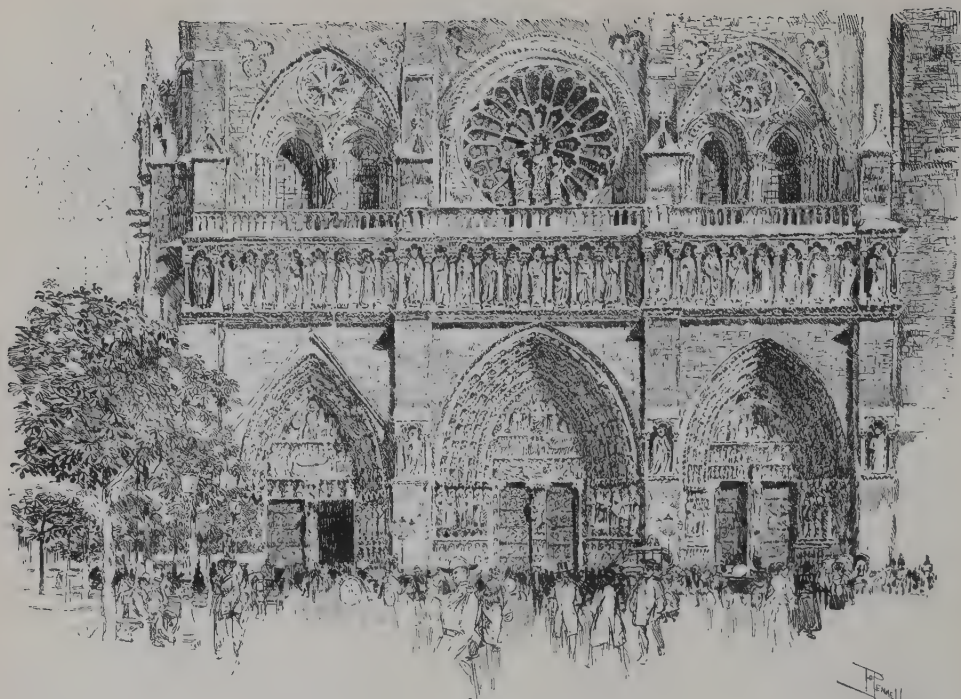
And the things that make them laugh, we glory in as art, we respect as history, we reverence as tradition. Think, for a minute, what the church is that serves as their pedestal: Notre Dame, praised above all for its sanity, its virtues almost classic, ranked with Chartres and Bourges "among the most satisfactory Gothic cathedrals we possess," in Ferguson's guarded language; as the most perfect example of "the era of the great cathedrals," in the praise of more enthusiastic writers. In other churches devils almost as grotesque may be found, but they have their part, useful or decorative, in the general scheme. The most ingenious of those modern critics who know more about the motives of the medieval artist than he did himself could not assign to the devils of Notre Dame any function in the architectural design, any shadow of utility as a reason for their being there. They do not decorate the gallery; they cannot be seen from below; I doubt if, until Méryon's etching gave the Stryge its fame, the world in general had discovered their existence. They



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE GROTESQUE, CALLED "LE STRYGE"
(VAMPIRE) ON THE MAIN FAÇADE

point no moral; they are not, like gargoyles, useful as drain-pipes; nor could the most obstinate seeker after symbols make them symbolize anything except the caprice or the cynicism of the sculptor. On Notre Dame's airy platform, they are as inconsequent as a howl of Eulenspiegel laughter would be at the end of the "Divine Comedy," or Satan, cloven-hoofed, horned, with barbed tail, enthroned among Fra Angelico's saints and angels. In their hellish company, Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame" becomes something more than a fabric of romantic rhetoric. *Quasimodo*, swinging with the great bell, *Claude Frollo*, hurled from the tower-



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE DOORS OF THE WEST, OR MAIN, FAÇADE OF NOTRE DAME

ing heights, suspended in space, are no longer mere marionettes of melodrama. If you stayed up there long enough, you would yield to their uncanny spell. The very cat that lived with them a few years ago, as it went springing from precipice to precipice of stone wall, as it ran and leaped and crawled over pinnacles and along the sharp ledges of fearful chasms, seemed like one of the demons come to life, while the stories the *gardien* used to tell of the sudden swift jump of the suicide to death, made the blood curdle as no tale of horror on the printed page ever could.

The traditions of Notre Dame are as glorious as its architecture. Of the history of France, from the time of Philip Augustus, it is the record, according to Viollet-le-Duc; from the beginning of time, he might have written. For the history of France centers about the island, and the history of the island centers about the spot where Notre Dame replaced the earlier Christian churches of St. Etienne and Ste. Marie, and they had succeeded the Roman temple of Jupiter, and it, most

likely, had been erected on the site of an older altar of the Gauls, which had sprung up from the primeval wilderness. All the characters in the obscure drama of events that made the old Lutetia—Julian's "little darling city"—into the Christian capital of Christian France, flit like phantoms, or strut like heroes, about the sacred place on the island—Clovis and Ste. Geneviève, Chilbert and the complicated family of kings who lived and died, I used to fancy in my school-days, for my torment; St. Denis, St. Marcel, and a host of others as holy, but of reputation so local that it had not reached my old convent home, though the hospitality extended there to saints of all nations was without limit.

And no matter who reigned in later days, no matter what the form of government, you cannot get away from the island and its cathedral. To Notre Dame the kings came from Rheims to offer thanks; in Notre Dame they lay in state before they were carried to St. Denis. Sansculottism took possession of it. Napoleon looked to it for his most dram-

atic effects. The Commune would have done away with it forever. Under its shadow the laws of France have been administered, criminals punished,—what associations from the Conciergerie alone!—the sick tended, gossip manufactured. You could not separate it, if you would, from the drama of France in the making. And, if you could, the Paris of to-day would still be the stage—the life of Paris in its most intimate aspect, the play for that audience of mocking, gibing devils.

There, immediately below, is the heart of the island, with the huge Hôtel-Dieu and the Palais de Justice, and the Sainte-Chapelle of St. Louis springing up like

a delicate flower in the midst of it. On each side, as far as the eye can reach, is the town they have watched during centuries, as it spread ever northward toward Montmartre, ever southward toward the hill of Ste. Geneviève, and beyond, and still beyond. Here and there a familiar landmark breaks the monotonous vista of houses: on one side, the graceful tower of St. Jacques, the long line of the Louvre, the tall Arc de Triomphe, in the late afternoon a gate to the flaming splendor of the sunset, and on the horizon of a clear day a cloud of smoke to show where St. Denis stands, waiting for the kings who will come to sleep there no



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

A BIT OF THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE NORTH SIDE OF NOTRE DAME FROM THE NORTH BRANCH OF THE SEINE

more. On the other side, the Institut, the Panthéon, St. Etienne with the near Tour de Clovis that, from here, seems but a part of it. In front, the river flows seaward, tranquilly as when no bridges were thrown across its current and the wilderness on its banks was one not of houses, but of forest and swamp. Away in the distance, insolent symbols flaunting themselves against the sky, rise, to the left, the Eiffel Tower, that "gigantic specter of recent civilization"; to the right, Abadie's sham Byzantine church, that lofty monument to the dead art of architecture. And on the near bridges and streets and squares the crowds come and go, little black pigmies, from the cathedral heights; the roar of the great city fills the air.

All Paris is there—the Paris of a noble past, the Paris of an ambitious present. And this, to the devils of Notre Dame, is, as it always has been, a farce for inextinguishable laughter.

II

CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

THOUGH the devils laugh, Notre Dame is still the scene of church and civic ceremonial. St. Denis, under the cloud of smoke one sees on a clear day from the devils' platform, is now only a sad derelict of the past to which both churches belong, stranded in an ugly industrial quarter.

To get the full dramatic effect of the

contrast, the way to go to St. Denis is by the electric tram that starts from just behind the Madeleine. It takes one through a long, unlovely workmen's quarter to the Barrière; through a dreary stretch of the kitchen gardens that encircle the city outside the walls, as they once did within, and gaunt factories with tall chimneys belching smoke, and occasional barracks of houses; through a wide street of dull shops, crossed by

other streets only a trifle less wide and a trifle more dull, all alike, except that one leads to the church where the kings of France lie buried. The only conspicuous feature in the journey is, when beyond the fortifications you look back, the domed Sacré Cœur high on Montmartre, the Hill of the Martyrdom ever since St. Denis lost his head there for Christ. His miraculous walk, his head in his hand, as he appears in countless French pictures and



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE ROSE WINDOW IN THE NORTH END OF THE TRANSEPT OF NOTRE DAME



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE MAIN FAÇADE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

sculptures, was over much the same route that the tram follows; but "the faire crosses of stone carved with fleurs de lys," as Evelyn saw them, at the points where St. Denis laid down his head and rested, are gone. Industry takes no stock in sentiment or tradition.

When place and street in front are empty, St. Denis carries off its fallen fortunes with something of dignity. But as I last saw it, on a spring day, when the new conscripts of the year had gathered just outside, dancing, singing, buying big paper rosettes, not one with a thought or a glance to fling to it, the church struck me as being only in the way, useless, out of gear with the new life that had grown up about it, preserved entirely from sense of duty. It looked to me forlorn, with its one melancholy western tower; with the restorer's work half done on the exterior,

—not that I am not glad the work is only half done, but that it should be exceptional in France, where restoration is so often overdone,—with the long, rank, uncut grass in the inclosure to the north of the nave; with the mean houses shutting in the east end. And where care has been given, it is to mark it more unmistakably as the *monument historique*, the mere survival, its real life long since spent.

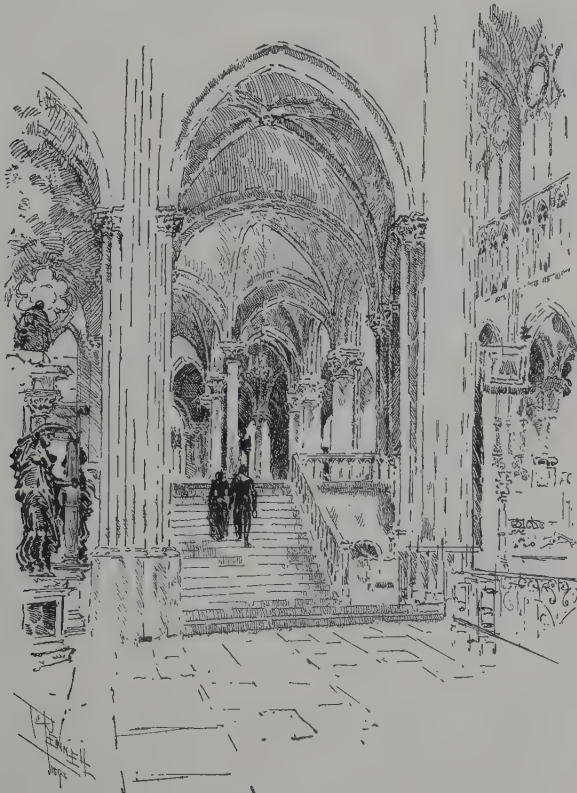
The fine interior, so like and so unlike Westminster Abbey, has virtually become a museum; the royal tombs, reached by that picturesque wide stairway to the ambulatory, suggest in their neat rows so many specimens, labeled and catalogued. One cannot see without emotion tombs like that of the good King Dagobert,—great too, though best remembered for the affair of the breeches in the song,—

of Louis XII, Henry II, Francis I, with their beautiful sculptures, of the last of the Bourbons, with their bitter memories. But to follow the sacristan as he drones out the story learned by heart and repeated until his very voice betrays his boredom with the whole business of royalty, alive or dead, is to see in St. Denis nothing save the show-place for tourists.

And this is the church that not even Notre Dame can outrival in the sanctity or splendor of its past, its site chosen by the holy man who was first bishop, first martyr, first saint of Paris; the building founded by Ste. Geneviève, whose first chapel over his grave grew eventually into the church in which the Abbé Suger made the first experiment with the pointed arch on so large a scale—the first great Gothic church; St. Denis, the shrine of the oriflamme of France; the Louvre, or Versailles, of dead royalty.

And so it remains, only a Louvre or a Versailles, shaken by the storm of Liberty,

Equality, and Fraternity. Patriots of 1793 had no more use for dead royalty in its tomb than living royalty in its palace. And after "Patriotism has been down among the tombs rummaging," had played ball with the skeletons of kings,—having to stop to hold its nose when that worst of old enemies, Louis XV, appeared, suffering a relapse into loyalty before the embalmed body of that old favorite, Henry IV,—after royal bones and royal ashes had been dumped into one unroyal common grave, after royal tombs had been broken and royal statues mutilated, there was not much left of St. Denis. But, defaced, roofless, a haunt of birds of prey, it was at least an eloquent monument to the hatred of the third estate for kings and priests. After the tombs—or so much of them as could be—were brought back by Louis XVIII, after new noses and hands and draperies were found for the poor dishonored effigies, after the building was roofed in, its walls mended,



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE SOUTH AISLE OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. DENIS

and everything generally put to rights by indefatigable Viollet-le-Duc, St. Denis was doomed to awake no feeling stronger than curiosity in the tourist. It is the irony of fate that royalty, dead forever in France, should rest not in the capital, not in the cathedral, but in the parish church—to this rank has St. Denis been degraded—of a busy industrial suburb, the headquarter of anarchists, where the people who killed it are too busy to remember, much less to resent, the presence of its tomb among them.

There may be other places of interest in the suburb of St. Denis. I never looked for them. I am content with my last impression of it—with wide street of dull shops and electric trams, with groups of conscripts, with gaunt factories, with chimneys belching smoke, and with the sad old church, the last resting-place of the royalty France sacrificed a century ago that just such a busy industrial town might live and prosper.

III

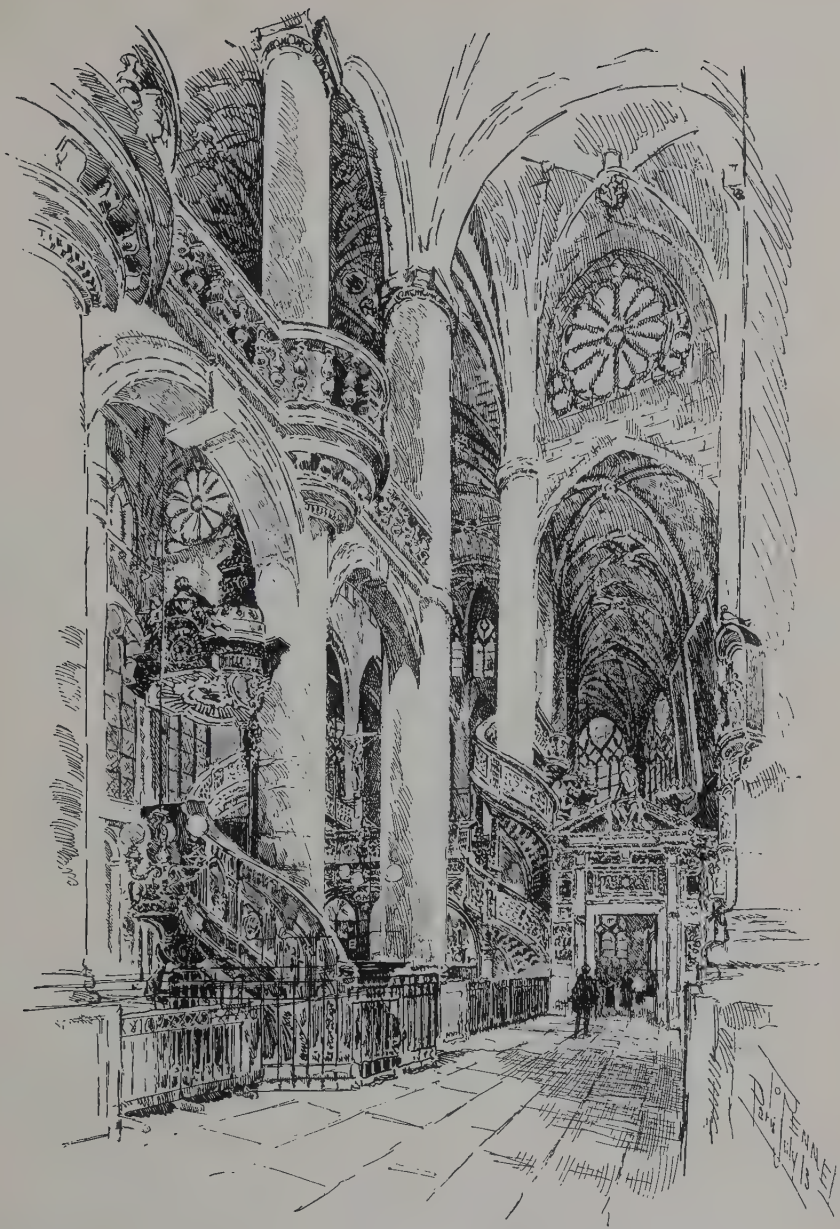
ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

It seems in keeping that the other saint whom Paris claims as its own—Ste. Geneviève—should also provide, in the church consecrated to her memory, a contrast as striking and as typical of the city which she loved. After the patriotism that sacked St. Denis and worshipped reason at Notre Dame, had scattered her ashes to the four winds of heaven, and burned the Châsse in the Place de Grève, that place of cruel memories, St. Etienne-du-Mont, the little church on the high, windy mountain under the shadow of the Panthéon, remained sole heir to her tomb and its associations. The virtue of Paris is said to be its faculty for remaining true to tradition on the traditional spot. The Romans would find the metropolitan church where they had their temple of Jupiter; St. Louis would find justice administered where he held his open court; and so Thomas Aquinas and Abelard would find the shrine of Ste. Geneviève still in the students' quarter, where they remembered it.

If at St. Denis one may study Gothic architecture at its dawn, if at Notre Dame one may enjoy it in its perfection, for its decadence, its transition into renaissance, one must go to St. Etienne-du-Mont.

Those who burn the lamp of obedience to Ruskin will see in it nothing save the seven deadly sins of architecture. But I, burning no such lamp, think, with R. A. M. Stevenson, that it is a "charming church." Like Abbé Suger, its builders had the courage of experiment and their own individuality. They preserved all that pleased them in the old Gothic, they borrowed all that seemed best from the new school, and they made the adaptation with such independence and also such leisureliness (the building going on through a century), that there is not another church just like it. And St. Etienne, as one of its abbés says in a delightful little guide, knew how to be faithless to the traditions of art and follow its own caprice, without compromising its harmony. Certainly, nothing is compromised in the west front, which is harmony itself. Nor in the interior, which is all lightness and airiness, an effect due chiefly to the open arcade replacing the usual triforium and clerestory; while caprice could not be more capricious than in the choir screen, with its stairs to the gallery, deliberately for ornament, careless of utility, winding about the piers on each side. Even the beautiful old windows contribute to the effect of airiness; for they date no further back than the sixteenth century, when the designers of stained glass were tired of the old somber schemes, but had not gone to the deplorable extreme of what has been called the protestantism of *grisaille*, or no color at all. A worldly little church, one would say, designed for feasting, not fasting, for the silks and satins of the courtier rather than for the sackcloth and ashes of the penitent; as the church in which religious art died, Martin disposes of it in his history.

Religious art may have died, but not religion. For this "charming church," bright, gay, capricious, worldly, is the holiest place of pilgrimage in Paris. To pass from the nave and its aisles to the solemn chapel where lights burn about the golden shrine of Ste. Geneviève, is to leave all suggestion of levity and worldliness behind one. People always kneel before the tomb, rapt in an ecstasy of prayer. A priest in surplice, his stole by his side, is always in attendance. Without being a Catholic, one can appreciate the beauty of fidelity in this homage to



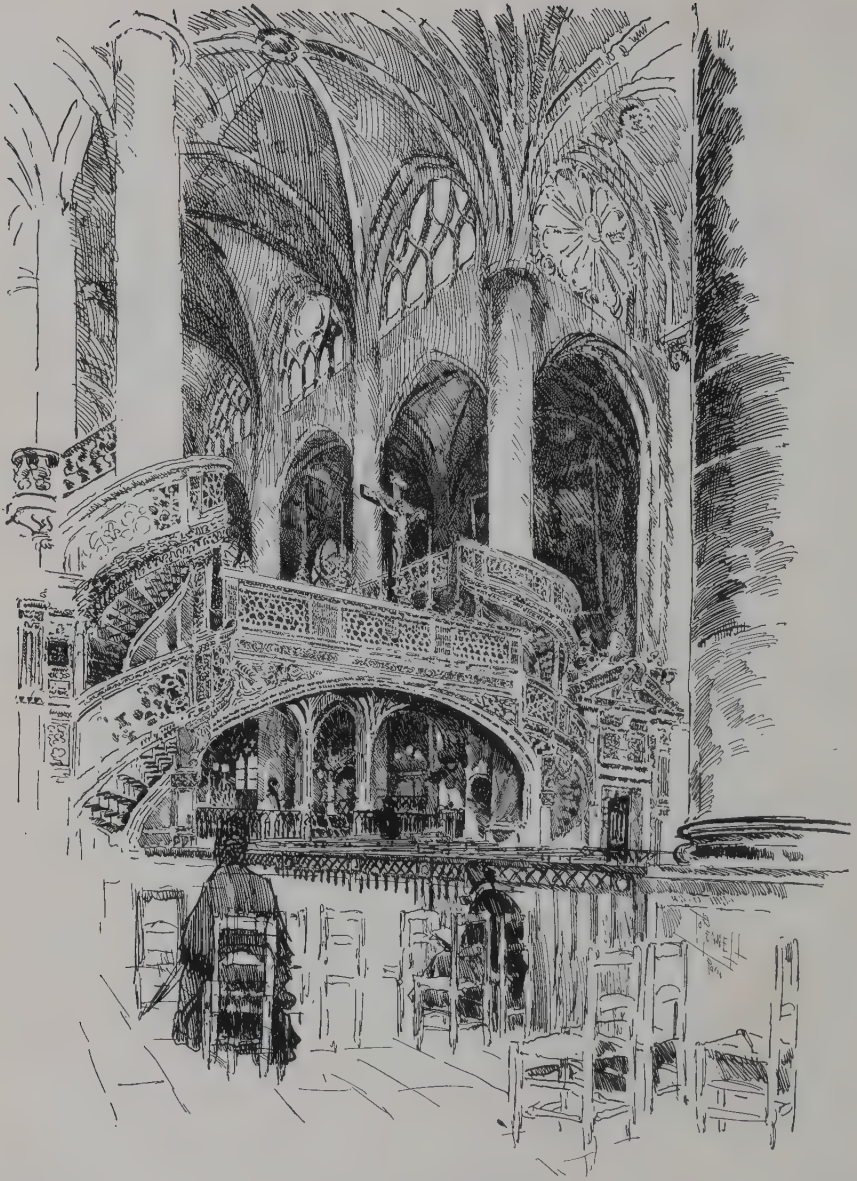
Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE AISLE OF ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT, LOOKING EAST

the little shepherdess, paid, after fifteen hundred long years, by the people of the city she saved from the barbarians. God, it was said, meant her to do great things, and she did them.

And St. Etienne is filled to overflowing with other memories, inherited from the church of Ste. Geneviève, of which time has spared only the tower—the

Tour de Clovis—that one sees rising from the Lycée Henri IV on the other side of the Rue Clovis. Of the basilica, founded by the king whose name here figures so largely, it is the legitimate descendant, rather than that huge temple built by Soufflot and now dedicated by a grateful country to its great men. A marble tablet at St. Etienne records many of



Drawn by Joseph Pennell

THE CHOIR OF ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT

these memories in a gold-lettered list of Merovingian monarchs, before which I find myself trembling, as if it were the condensation of the awful school book in which I was supposed to master early French history. And its memories are not exhausted by the tablet. The names of Racine and Pascal among the dead it has honored open literary vistas. To finish its story would mean to be con-

fronted with ignoble crime there in the sanctuary where an unoffending archbishop fell before the assassin as late as 1857. But St. Etienne bears its associations as gaily as Paris, the city laden with the great, the stupendous past chronicled, in these three of its churches,—St. Denis, Notre Dame, St. Etienne—but on the surface light-hearted, with a charm irresistible to itself and to all the world besides.

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

I

SHOWS MRS. THESIGER IN HER HOME



HE Geneva express jerked itself out of the Gare de Lyons. For a few minutes the lights of outer Paris twinkled past its windows, and then with one spring it reached the open night. The jolts and lurches merged into one regular purposeful throb, the shrieks of the wheels, the clatter of the coaches, into one continuous hum. And already in the upper berth of her compartment Mrs. Thesiger was asleep. The noise of a train had no unrest for her. Indeed, a sleeping compartment in a Continental express was the most permanent home which Mrs. Thesiger had possessed for a good many more years than she would have cared to acknowledge. She spent her life in hotels, with her daughter for an unconsidered companion. From a winter in Vienna or in Rome, she passed to a spring at Venice or at Constantinople, thence to a June in Paris, a July and an August at the bathing-places, a September at Aix, an autumn in Paris again. But always she came back to the sleeping-car. It was the one familiar room which was always ready for her, and though the prospect from its windows changed, it was the one room she knew which had always the same look, the same cramped space, the same furniture, —the one room where the moment she stepped into it she was at home.

Yet on this particular journey she woke while it was yet dark. A noise slight in comparison to the clatter of the train, but distinct in character and quite near, told her at once what had disturbed her.

Some one was moving stealthily in the compartment—her daughter. That was all. But Mrs. Thesiger lay quite still, and, as would happen to her at times, a sudden terror gripped her by the heart. She heard the girl beneath her dressing very quietly, subduing the rustle of her garments, even the sound of her breathing.

"How much does she know?" Mrs. Thesiger asked of herself; and her heart sank, and she dared not answer.

The rustling ceased. A sharp click was heard, and the next moment, through a broad pane of glass, a faint twilight crept into the carriage. The blind had been raised from one of the windows. It was two o'clock on a morning of July, and the dawn was breaking. Very swiftly the daylight broadened, and against the window there came into view the profile of a girl's head and face. Seen, as Mrs. Thesiger saw it, with the light still dim behind it, it was black, like an ancient daguerreotype. It was also as motionless and as grave.

"How much does she know?"

The question would thrust itself into the mother's thoughts. She watched her daughter intently from the dark corner where her head lay, thinking that with the broadening of the day she might read the answer in that still face. But she read nothing even when every feature was revealed in the clear, dead light. For the face which she saw was the face of one who lived much apart within herself, building among her own dreams as a child builds upon the sand and pays no heed to those who pass. And to none of her dreams had Mrs. Thesiger the key. Deliberately her daughter had withdrawn herself among them, and they had given her this return for her company. They



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE BECAME AWARE, . . . WITH A SUDDEN MORTIFICATION, OF HER OVER-ELABORATE APPEARANCE"

had kept her fresh and gentle in a circle where freshness was soon lost and gentleness put aside.

Sylvia Thesiger was at this time seventeen, although her mother dressed her to look younger, and even then overdressed her like a toy. It was of a piece with the nature of the girl that, in this matter, as in the rest, she made no protest. She foresaw the scene, the useless scene, which would follow upon her protest,—exclamations against her ingratitude, abuse for her impertinence, and very likely a facile shower of tears at the end,—and her dignity forbade her to enter upon it. She just let her mother dress her as she chose, and she withdrew just a little more into the secret chamber of her dreams. She sat now looking steadily out of the window with her eyes uplifted and aloof in a fashion which had become natural to her; and her mother was seized with a pang of envy at the girl's beauty. For beauty Sylvia Thesiger had, uncommon in its quality rather than in its degree. From the temples to the round point of her chin, the contour of her face described a perfect oval. Her forehead was broad and low, and her hair, which in color was a dark chestnut, parted in the middle, whence it rippled in two thick, daring waves to the ears,—a fashion which noticeably became her,—and it was gathered behind into a plait which lay rather low upon the nape of her neck. Her eyes were big, of a dark gray hue and very quiet in their scrutiny; her mouth was small and provoking. It provoked when still with the promise of a very winning smile, and the smile itself was not so frequent but that it provoked a desire to summon it to her lips again. It had a way of hesitating, as though Sylvia were not sure whether she would smile or not, and when she had made up her mind, it dimpled her cheeks and tranfigured her whole face, and revealed in her a tenderness and a sense of humor. Her complexion was pale but clear, her figure was slender and active, but without angularities, and she was of the middle height. Yet the quality which the eye first remarked in her was not so much her beauty as a certain purity, a look almost of the Madonna, a certainty, one might say, that even in the circle in which she moved she had kept herself unspotted from the world.

Thus she looked as she sat by the carriage window. But as the train drew near to Ambérieu, the air brightened and the sunlight ministered to her beauty like a careful handmaid, touching her pale cheeks to rosy warmth, giving a luster to her hair, and humanizing her to a smile. Sylvia sat forward a little, as though to meet the sunlight. Then she turned toward the carriage and saw her mother's eyes intently watching her.

"You are awake?" she said in surprise.

"Yes, child. You woke me."

"I am very sorry. I was as quiet as I could be. I could not sleep."

Mrs. Thesiger raised herself upon her elbow.

"Why?" She repeated the question with insistence. "Why could n't you sleep?"

"We are traveling to Chamonix," replied Sylvia. "I have been thinking of it all night." And though she smiled in all sincerity, Mrs. Thesiger doubted. She lay silent for a little while. Then she said with a detachment perhaps slightly too marked:

"We left Trouville in a hurry yesterday, did n't we?"

"Yes," replied Sylvia; "I suppose we did," and she spoke as though this was the first time that she had given the matter a thought.

"Trouville was altogether too hot," said Mrs. Thesiger; and again silence followed. But Mrs. Thesiger was not content. "How much does she know?" she speculated again, and was driven on to find an answer. She raised herself upon her elbow and, while re-arranging her pillows, said carelessly:

"Sylvia, our last morning at Trouville you were reading a book which seemed to interest you very much."

"Yes."

Sylvia volunteered no information about that book.

"You brought it down to the sands, so I suppose you never noticed a strange-looking couple who passed along the deal boards just in front of us." Mrs. Thesiger laughed, and her head fell back upon her pillow; but during that movement her eyes had never left her daughter's face. "A middle-aged man with stiff gray hair, a stiff, prim face, and a figure like a ramrod. Oh, there never was any-

thing so stiff!" A noticeable bitterness began to sound in her voice and increased as she went on. "There was an old woman with him as precise and old-fashioned as himself. But you did n't see them? I never saw anything so ludicrous as that couple, austere and provincial as their clothes, walking along the deal boards between the rows of smart people." Mrs. Thesiger laughed as she recalled the picture. "They must have come from the provinces. I could imagine them living in a château on a hill overlooking some tiny village in—where shall we say?—" She hesitated for a moment, and then with an air of audacity she shot the words from her lips—"in Provence."

The name, however, had evidently no significance for Sylvia, and Mrs. Thesiger fell back in relief.

"But you did n't see them?" she repeated, with a laugh.

"Yes, I did," said Sylvia, and brought her mother upon her elbow again. "It struck me that the old lady must be some great lady of a past day. The man bowed to you, and——"

She stopped abruptly, but her mother completed the sentence with a vindictiveness she made little effort to conceal:

"And the great lady did not, but stared in the way great ladies have. Yes, I had met the man—once—in Paris," and she lay back again upon her pillow, watching her daughter. But Sylvia showed no curiosity and no pain. It was not the first time when people passed her mother that she had seen the man bow and the woman ignore. Rather she had come to expect it. She took her book from her berth and opened it.

Mrs. Thesiger was satisfied. Sylvia clearly did not suspect that it was just the appearance of that stiff, old-fashioned couple which had driven her out of Trouville a good month before her time—her, Mrs. Thesiger of the many friends. She fell to wondering what in the world had brought Monsieur de Camours and his mother to that watering-place among the brilliant and the painted women. She laughed again at the odd picture they had made, and her thoughts went back over twenty years to the time when she had been the wife of Monsieur de Camours in the château overlooking the

village in Provence, and Monsieur de Camours's mother had watched her with an unceasing jealousy. Much had happened since those days. Madame de Camours's watchings had not been in vain; a decree had been obtained from the Pope annulling the marriage. Much had happened. But even after twenty years the memory of that formal life in the Provençal château was vivid enough; and Mrs. Thesiger—yawned. Then she laughed. Monsieur de Camours and his mother had always been able to make people yawn.

"So you are glad that we are going to Chamonix, Sylvia—so glad that you could n't sleep?"

"Yes."

It sounded rather unaccountable to Mrs. Thesiger, but then Sylvia was to her a rather unaccountable child. She turned her face to the wall and fell asleep.

Sylvia's explanation, however, happened to be true. Chamonix meant the great range of Mont Blanc, and Sylvia Thesiger had the passion for mountains in her blood. The first appearance of their distant snows stirred her as no emotion ever had; so that she came to date her life by these appearances rather than by the calendar of months and days. The morning when, from the hotel windows at Glion, she had first seen the twin peaks of the Dent du Midi towering in silver high above a blue corner of the Lake of Geneva formed one memorable date. Once, too, in the wintertime, as the Rome express stopped at three o'clock in the morning at the frontier on the Italian side of the Mont Cenis tunnel, she had carefully lifted the blind on the right-hand side of the sleeping compartment, and had seen a great wall of mountains tower up in a clear, frosty moonlight from great buttresses of black rock to delicate pinnacles of ice soaring miles away into a cloudless sky of blue.

She had come near to tears that night as she looked from the window, such a tumult of vague longings rushed suddenly in upon her and uplifted her. She was made aware of dim, uncomprehended thoughts stirring in the depths of her being; and her soul was drawn upward to those glittering spires as to enchanted magnets. Ever afterward Sylvia looked forward through weeks to those few moments in

her mother's annual itinerary, and prayed with all her heart that the night might be clear of mist and rain.

She sat now at the window with no thought of Trouville or their hurried flight. With each throb of the carriage-wheels the train flashed nearer to Chamonix. She leaned forward and took from her berth a book—the book in which she had been so interested when Monsieur de Camours and his mother passed her by. It was a volume of the “Alpine Journal” more than twenty years' old. And she could not open it but some exploit of the pioneers took her eyes, some history of a first ascent of an unclimbed peak. Such a history she read now. She was engrossed in it, and yet at times a little frown of annoyance wrinkled her forehead. She gave an explanation of her annoyance. For once she exclaimed half-aloud: “Oh, if only he would n't be so *funny!*” The author was indeed being very funny, and, to her thinking, never so funny as when the narrative should have been most engrossing. She was reading the account of the first ascent of an Aiguille in the Chamonix held by guides to be impossible, and conquered at last by a party of amateurs. In spite of its humor, Sylvia Thesiger was thrilled by it. She envied the three men who had taken part in that ascent—envied them their courage, their comradeship, their bivouacs in the open air beside glowing fires on some high shelf of rock above the snows. But most of all her imagination was touched by the leader of that expedition, the man who sometimes alone, sometimes in company, had made sixteen separate attacks upon that peak. He stared from the pages of the volume—Gabriel Strood. Something of his great reach of limb, of his activity, of his endurance she was able to realize. Moreover, he had a particular blemish which gave to him a particular interest in her eyes; for it would have deterred most men altogether from his pursuit, and it greatly hampered him. And yet in spite of it, he had apparently for some seasons stood prominent in the Alpine fraternity. Gabriel Strood was afflicted with a weakness in the muscles of one thigh. Sylvia, according to her custom, began to picture him, began to talk with him.

She wondered whether he was glad to

have reached that summit, or whether he was not on the whole rather sorry—sorry for having lost out of his life a great and never-flagging interest. She looked through the subsequent papers in the volume, but could find no further mention of his name. She perplexed her fancies that morning. She speculated whether, having made this climb, he had stopped and climbed no more, or whether he might not get off this very train upon the platform at Chamonix. But as the train slowed down near to Annemasse, she remembered that the exploit of which she had read had taken place more than twenty years ago.

II

BAD NEWS AT CHAMONIX

BUT though Gabriel Strood occupied no seat in that train, one of his successors was traveling by it to Chamonix after an absence of four years. Of those four years, Captain Chayne had passed the last two among the coal stacks of Aden, with the yellow land of Arabia at his back, longing each day for this particular morning, and keeping his body lithe and strong against its coming. He left the train at Annemasse, and crossing the rails to the buffet, sat down at the table next to that which Mrs. Thesiger and her daughter already occupied.

He glanced at them, placed them in their category, and looked away, utterly uninterested. They belonged to the great class of the Continental Wanderers, people of whom little is known and everything suspected, people with no kinsfolk, who flit from hotel to hotel and gather about them for a season the knowing middle-aged men and the ignorant young ones and perhaps here and there an unwary woman deceived by the more than fashionable cut of their clothes. The mother he put down as nearer forty than thirty and engaged in a struggle against odds to look nearer twenty than thirty. The daughter's face Chayne could not see, for it was bent persistently over a book; but he thought of a big doll in a Christmas toy-shop. From her delicate bronze shoes to her large hat of mauve tulle, everything that she wore was unsuitable. The frock, with its elaborations of lace and ribbons, might have passed on the

deal boards of Trouville. Here at An-nemasse her superfineness condemned her.

Chayne would have thought no more of her, but, as he passed her table on his way out of the buffet, his eyes happened to fall on the book which so engrossed her. There was a diagram upon the page with which he was familiar. She was reading an old volume of the "Alpine Journal." Chayne was puzzled. There was so marked a contradiction between her outward appearance and her intense absorption in such a subject as Alpine adventure. He turned at the door and looked back. Sylvia Thesiger had raised her head and was looking straight at him. Thus their eyes met, and did more than meet.

Chayne, surprised as he had been by the book which she was reading, was almost startled by the gentle and rather wistful beauty of the face which she now showed to him. He had been prepared at the best for a fresh edition of the mother's worn and feverish prettiness. What he saw was distinct in quality. It seemed to him that an actual sympathy and friendliness looked out from her dark and quiet eyes, as though by instinct she understood with what an eager exultation he set out upon his holiday. Sylvia, indeed, living as she did within herself, was inclined to hero-worship naturally; and Chayne was of the type to which, to some extent through contrast with the run of her acquaintance, she gave a high place in her thoughts. A spare, tall man, clear-eyed and clean of feature, with a sufficient depth of shoulder and wonderfully light of foot, he had claimed her eyes the moment that he entered the buffet. Covertly she had watched him, and covertly she had sympathized with the keen enjoyment which his brown face betrayed. She had no doubts in her mind as to the intention of his holiday; and as their eyes met now, involuntarily a smile began to hesitate upon her lips. Then she became aware of the buffet and her ignorance of the man at whom she looked, and, with a sudden mortification, of her own over-elaborate appearance, her face flushed, and she lowered it again something quickly to the pages of her book. But it was as though for a second they had spoken.

Chayne, however, forgot Sylvia Thesiger. As the train moved on to Le Fayet,

he was thinking only of the plans which he had made, of the new expeditions which were to be undertaken, of his friend John Lattery and his guide Michel Revaillood, who would be waiting for him upon the platform at Chamonix. He had seen neither of them for four years. The electric train carried the travelers up from Le Fayet. The snow-ridges and peaks came into view; the dirt-strewn Glacier des Bossons shot out a tongue of blue ice almost to the edge of the railway track, and a few minutes afterward the train stopped at the platform of Chamonix.

Chayne jumped down from his carriage, and at once suffered the first of his disappointments. Michael Revaillood was on the platform to meet him, but it was a Michel Revaillood whom he hardly knew, a Michel Revaillood grown very old. Revaillood was only fifty-two years of age, but, during Chayne's absence, the hardships of his life had taken their toll of his vigor remorselessly. Instead of the upright active figure which Chayne so well remembered, he saw in front of him a little man with bowed shoulders, red-rimmed eyes, and a withered face seamed with tiny wrinkles.

At this moment, however, Michel's pleasure at once more seeing his old patron gave to him, at all events, some look of his former alertness, and as the two men shook hands he cried:

"Monsieur, but I am glad to see you! You have been too long away from Chamonix. But you have not changed. No, you have not changed." In his voice there was without doubt a note of wistfulness. "I would I could say as much for myself."

That regret was as audible to Chayne as though it had been uttered; but he closed his ears to it. He began to talk eagerly of his plans. There were familiar peaks to be reclinbed, and some new expeditions to be attempted.

"I thought we might try a new route up the Aiguille sans Nom," he suggested, and Michel assented but slowly, without the old heartiness and without that light in his face which the suggestion of something new used always to kindle. But again Chayne shut his ears.

"I was very lucky to find you here," he went on cheerily; "I wrote so late that I hardly hoped for it."

Michel replied with some embarrassment.

"I do not climb with every one, Monsieur. I hoped perhaps that one of my old patrons would want me. So I waited."

Chayne looked round the platform for his friend.

"And Monsieur Lattery?" he asked.

The guide's face lighted up.

"Monsieur Lattery? Is he coming, too? It will be the old days once more."

"Coming? He is here now. He wrote to me from Zermatt that he would be here."

Revailloud shook his head.

"He is not in Chamonix, Monsieur."

Chayne experienced his second disappointment that morning, and it quite chilled him. He had come prepared to walk the heights like a god in the perfection of enjoyment for just six weeks; and here was his guide grown old, and his friend, the comrade of so many climbs, so many bivouacs above the snow-line, had failed to keep his tryst.

"Perhaps there will be a letter from him at Couttet's," said Chayne, and the two men walked through the streets to the hotel. There was no letter, but, on the other hand, there was a telegram. Chayne tore it open.

"Yes, it 's from Lattery," he said, as he glanced first at the signature. Then he read the telegram, and his face grew very grave. Lattery telegraphed from Courmayeur, the Italian town just across the chain of Mont Blanc:

"Starting now by Col du Géant and Col des Nantillons."

The Col du Géant is the most frequented pass across the chain, and no doubt the easiest. Once past its great ice-fall, the glacier leads without difficulty to the Montanvert hotel and Chamonix. But the Col des Nantillons is another affair. Having passed the ice-fall, and when within two hours of the Montanvert, Lattery had turned to the left and had made for the great wall of precipitous rock which forms the western side of the valley through which the Glacier du Géant flows down—the wall from which spring the peaks of the Dent du Requin, the Aiguille du Plan, the Aiguille de Blaitière, the Gripon, and the Charmoz. Here and there the ridge sinks between the

peaks, and one such depression between the Aiguille de Blaitière and the Aiguille du Gripon is called the Col des Nantillons. To cross that pass, to descend on the other side of the great rock wall into that bay of ice facing Chamonix, which is the Glacier des Nantillons, had been Lattery's idea.

Chayne turned to the porter.

"When did this come?"

"Three days ago."

The gravity on Chayne's face changed into a deep distress. Lattery's party would have slept out one night certainly. They would have made a long march from Courmayeur and camped on the rocks at the foot of the pass. It was likely enough that they would have been caught upon that rock wall by night upon the second day. The rock wall had never been ascended, and the few who had descended it bore ample testimony to its difficulties. But a third night, no. Lattery should have been in Chamonix yesterday, without a doubt. He would not, indeed, have food for three nights and days.

Chayne translated the telegram into French and read it out to Michel Revailloud.

"The Col des Nantillons," said Michel, with a shake of the head, and Chayne saw the fear which he felt himself looking out from his guide's eyes.

"It is possible," said Michel, "that Monsieur Lattery did not start, after all."

"He would have telegraphed again."

"Yes," Michel agreed. "The weather has been fine, too. There have been no fogs. Monsieur Lattery could not have lost his way."

"Hardly in a fog on the Glacier du Géant," replied Chayne.

Michel Revailloud caught at some other possibility.

"Of course, some small accident, a sprained ankle, may have detained him at the hut on the Col du Géant. Such things have happened. It will be as well to telegraph to Courmayeur."

"Why, that 's true," said Chayne, and as they walked to the post office he argued more to convince himself than Michel Revailloud: "It 's very likely—some quite small accident—a sprained ankle." But the moment after he had sent the telegram, and when he and

Michel stood again outside the post office, the fear which was in him claimed utterance.

"The Col des Nantillons is a bad place, Michel, that 's the truth. Had Lattery been detained in the hut, he would have found means to send us word. In weather like this that hut would be crowded every night; every day there would be some one coming from Courmayeur to Chamonix. No, I am afraid of the steep slabs of that rock-wall."

And Michel Revaillood said slowly:

"I, too, Monsieur. It is a bad place, the Col des Nantillons; it is not a quick way or a good way to anywhere, and it is very dangerous. And yet I am not sure. Monsieur Lattery was very safe on rocks. Ice, that is another thing. But he would be on rock."

It was evident that Michel was in doubt, but it seemed that Chayne could not force himself to share it.

"You had better get quietly together what guides you can, Michel," he said. "By the time a rescue-party is made up—the answer will have come from Courmayeur."

Chayne walked slowly back to the hotel. All those eager anticipations which had so shortened his journey this morning, which during the last two years had so often raised before his eyes through the shimmering heat of the Red Sea cool visions of ice-peaks and sharp spires of rock, had crumbled and left him desolate; anticipations of disaster had taken their place. He waited in the garden of the hotel at a spot whence he could command the door and the little street leading down to it; but for an hour no messenger came from the post office. Then remembering that a long, sad work might be before him, he went into the hotel and breakfasted. It was twelve o'clock, and the room was full. He was shown a place among the other newcomers at one of the long tables, and he did not notice that Sylvia Thesiger sat beside him. He heard her timid request for the salt, and passed it to her, but he did not speak, he did not turn; and when he pushed back his chair and left the room, he had no idea who had sat beside him, nor did he see the shadow of disappointment in her. It was not until later in the afternoon when at last the blue envelop

was brought to him. He tore it open and read the answer of the hotel proprietor at Courmayeur:

"Lattery left four days ago with one guide for Col du Géant."

He was standing by the door of the hotel, and, looking up, he saw Michel Revaillood and a small band of guides, all of whom carried ice-axes, and some rucksacks on their backs, and ropes, come tramping down the street toward him.

Michel Revaillood came down to his side and spoke with excitement.

"He has been seen, Monsieur. It must have been Monsieur Lattery with one guide. There were two of them."

Chayne interrupted him quickly.

"Yes, there were two," he said, glancing at his telegram. "Where were they seen?"

"High up, Monsieur, on the rocks of the Blaitière. Here, Jules." And in obedience to Michel's summons, a young, brown-bearded guide stepped out from the rest. He lifted his hat, and told his story.

"I was on the Mer de Glace, Monsieur, the day before yesterday. I was bringing a party back from the Jardin, and, just by the Moulin, I saw two men very high up on the cliffs of the Blaitière. I was astonished, for I had never seen any one upon those cliffs before. But I was quite sure. None of my party could see them, it is true, but I saw them clearly. They were perhaps two hundred feet below the ridge between the Blaitière and the Gripon, and to the left of the col."

"What time was this?"

"Four o'clock in the afternoon."

"Yes," said Chayne. The story was borne out by the telegram. Leaving Courmayeur early, Lattery and his guide would have slept the night on the rocks at the foot of the Blaitière, they would have climbed all the next day, and at four o'clock had reached within two hundred feet of the ridge, within two hundred feet of safety. Somewhere in those last two hundred feet the fatal slip had been made; or perhaps a stone had fallen.

"For how long did you watch them?" asked Chayne.

"For a few minutes only. My party was anxious to get back to Chamonix. But they seemed in no difficulty, Monsieur. They were going well."

Chayne shook his head at the hopeful

words, and handed his telegram to Michel Revaillood.

"The day before yesterday they were on the rocks of the Blaitière," he said. "I think we had better go up to the Mer de Glace and look for them at the foot of the cliffs."

"Monsieur, I have eight guides here, and two will follow in the evening when they come home. We will send three of them, as a precaution, up the Mer de Glace. But I do not think they will find Monsieur Lattery there."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I believe Monsieur Lattery has made the first passage of the Col des Nantillons from the east," he said, with a peculiar solemnity. "I think we must look for them on the western side of pass, in the crevasses of the Glacier des Nantillons."

"Surely not," cried Chayne. True, the Glacier des Nantillons in places was steep. True, there were the séracs,—those great slabs and pinnacles of ice set up on end and tottering high above, where the glacier curved over a brow of rock and broke,—one of them might have fallen. But Lattery and he had so often ascended and descended that glacier on the way to the Charmoz and the Gripon and the Plan. He could not believe his friend had come to harm that way.

Michel, however, clung to his opinion.

"The worst part of the climb was over," he argued. "The very worst pitch, Monsieur, is at the very beginning, when you leave the glacier, and then it is very bad again half way up, when you descend into a gully; but Monsieur Lattery was very safe on rock, and having got so high, I think he would have climbed the last rocks with his guide."

Michel spoke with so much certainty that even in face of the telegram, in face of the story which Jules had told, hope sprang up within Chayne's heart.

"Then he may be still up there on some ledge. He would surely not have slipped on the Glacier des Nantillons."

That hope, however, was not shared by Michel Revaillood.

"There is very little snow this year," he said. "The glaciers are uncovered as I have never seen them in all my life. Everywhere is it ice—ice—ice. Monsieur Lattery had only one guide with him,

and he was not so sure on ice. I am afraid Monsieur that he slipped out of his steps on the Glacier des Nantillons."

"And dragged his guide with him?" exclaimed Chayne. His heart rather than his judgment protested against the argument. It seemed to him disloyal to believe it. A man should not slip from his steps on the Glacier des Nantillons. He turned toward the door.

"Very well," he said. "Send three guides up the Mer de Glace. We will go up to the Glacier des Nantillons."

He went up to his room, fetched his ice-ax and a new club-rope, with the twist of red in its strands, and came down again. The rumor of the accident had spread. A throng of tourists stood about the door and surrounded the group of guides, plying them with questions. One or two asked Chayne, as he came out, on what peak the accident had happened. He did not reply. He turned to Michel Revaillood, and forgetful for the moment that he was in Chamonix, he uttered the word so familiar in the high Alps, so welcome in its sound.

"Vorwärts, Michel," he said, and the word was the open sesame to a chamber which he would gladly have kept locked. There was work to do now; there would be time afterward to remember—too long a time. But, in spite of himself, his recollections rushed tumultuously upon him. Up to these last four years, on some day in each July his friend and he had been wont to foregather at some village in the Alps, Lattery coming from a government office in Whitehall, Chayne now from some garrison town in England, now from Malta or from Alexandria, and sometimes from a still farther dependency. Usually they had climbed together for six weeks, although there were red letter years when the six weeks were extended to eight—six weeks during which they lived for the most part on the high level of the glaciers, sleeping in huts or mountain inns or beneath the stars, and coming down only for a few hours now and then into the valley towns. Vorwärts! The months of their comradeship seemed to him epitomized in the word. The joy and inspiration of many a hard climb came back, made bitter with regret for things very pleasant and now done with forever. Nights on some high

ledge, sheltered with rocks and set in the pale glimmer of snow-fields, with a fire of brushwood lighting up the faces of well-loved comrades; half-hours passed in rock chimneys, wedged overhead by a boulder or in snow gullies beneath a bulge of ice when one man struggled above, out of sight, and the rest of the party crouched below with what security it might, waiting for the cheery cry: "Es geht. Vorwärts!" the last scramble to the summit of a virgin peak; the swift glissade down the final snow-slopes in the dusk of the evening, with the lights of the village twinkling below—his memories tramped by him fast; always in the heart of them his friend's face shone before his eyes. Chayne stood for a moment dazed and bewildered. There rose up in his mind that first helpless question of distress: "Why?" and while he stood, his face puzzled and greatly troubled, there fell upon his ears, from close at hand, a simple message of sympathy uttered in a whisper gentle but distinct:

"I am very sorry."

Chayne looked up. It was the overdressed girl of the Annemasse buffet, the girl who had seemed to understand then, who seemed to understand now. He raised his hat to her with a sense of gratitude. Then he followed the guides, and went up among the trees toward the Glacier des Nantillons.

III

THE FINDING OF JOHN LATTERY

THE rescue-party marched upward between the trees with the measured pace of experience. Strength which would be needed above the snow-line was not to be wasted on the lower slopes. But, on the other hand, no halts were made; steadily the file of men turned to the right and to the left, and the zigzags of the forest path multiplied behind them. The zigzags increased in length, the trees became sparse and finished; the rescue-party came out upon the great plateau at the foot of the peaks called the Plan des Aiguilles and stopped at the mountain-inn built upon its brow, just over Chamonix. The evening had come; below, the mists were creeping along the hill-sides and blotting the valley out.

"We will stop here," said Michel Re-

vailoud, as he stepped on to the little platform of earth in front of the door. "If we start again at midnight, we shall be on the glacier at daybreak. We cannot search the Glacier des Nantillons in the dark."

Chayne agreed reluctantly. He would have liked to push on if only to lull thought by the monotony of their march. Moreover, during these last two hours, some faint rushlight of hope had been kindled in his mind, which made all delay irksome. He himself would not believe that his friend John Lattery, with all his skill, his experience, had slipped from his ice-steps like any tyro. Michel, on the other hand, would not believe that he had fallen from the upper rocks of the Blaitière on the far side of the col. From these two disbeliefs his hope had sprung. It was possible that either Lattery or his guide lay disabled but alive and tended, as well as might be, by his companion on some insecure ledge of that rock cliff. A falling stone, a slip checked by the rope, might have left either hurt but still living. It was true that for two nights and a day the two men must have already hung upon their ledge, that a third night was to follow. Still, such endurance had been known in the annals of the Alps, and Lattery was a hard, strong man.

A girl came from the chalet and told him that his dinner was ready. Chayne forced himself to eat, and stepped out again on to the platform. A door opened and closed behind him. Michel Revailoud came from the guides' quarters at the end of the chalet and stood beside him in the darkness, saying nothing, since sympathy taught him to be silent; and when he moved, moving with great gentleness.

"I am glad, Michel, that we waited here, since we had to wait," said Chayne.

"This chalet is new to you, Monsieur. It has been built while you were away."

"Yes; and therefore it has no associations and no memories. Its bare white-washed walls have no stories to tell me of cheery nights on the eve of a new climb, when he and I sat together for a while and talked eagerly together of the prospects of to-morrow."

The talk ceased. Chayne leaned his elbows on the wooden rail. The mists in the valley below had been swept away;

overhead the stars shone out of an ebony sky, very bright, as on some clear winter night of frost, and of all that gigantic amphitheatre of mountains which circled behind them from right to left there was hardly a hint. Perhaps here some extra cube of darkness showed where a high glacier hung against the cliff, but, for the rest, the darkness hid the mountains. A cold wind blew out of the east, and Chayne shivered.

"You are cold, Monsieur?" said Michel. "It is your first night."

"No, I am not cold," Chayne replied in a low and quiet voice; "but I am thinking it will be deadly cold up there in the darkness on the rocks of the Blaitière."

Michel answered him in the same quiet voice. On that broad, open plateau both men spoke indeed as though they were in a sick chamber.

"While you were away, Monsieur, three men without food sat through a night on a steep ice-sheltered ice-slope behind us, high up on the Aiguille du Plan, as high up as the rocks of the Blaitière; and not one of them came to any harm."

"I know. I read of it," said Chayne; but he gathered little comfort from the argument.

Michel fumbled in his pocket and drew out a pipe.

"You do not smoke any more?" he asked. "It is a good thing to smoke."

"I had forgotten," said Chayne.

He filled his pipe and then took a fusee from his match-box.

"No, don't waste it," cried Michel, quickly, before he could strike it. "I remember your fusees, Monsieur."

Michel struck a sulphur match, and held it as it spluttered and frizzled in the hollow of his great hands. The flame burned up. He held it first to Chayne's pipe-bowl and then to his own, and for a moment his face was lighted with the red glow. Its age, thus revealed, and framed in the darkness, shocked Chayne at this moment even more than it had done on the platform at Chamonix. Not merely were its deep lines shown up, but all the old humor and alertness had gone. The face had grown mask-like and spiritless. Then the match went out.

Chayne leaned upon the rail and looked downward. A long way below him, in

the clear darkness of the valley, the lights of Chamonix shone bright and very small. Chayne had never seen them before so straight beneath him. As he looked, he began to notice them; as he noticed them, more and more they took a definite shape. He rose upright and, pointing downward with one hand, he said in a whisper—a whisper of awe:

"Do you see, Michel? Do you see?"

The great main thoroughfare ran in a straight line eastward; through the line and across it, intersecting at the little square where the guides gather of an evening, lay the other broad, straight road from the church across the river. Along those two roads the lights burned most brightly, and thus there had emerged before Chayne's eyes a great golden cross. It grew clearer and clearer as he looked; he looked away and then back again, and now it leaped to view,—he could not hide it from his sight,—a great cross of light lying upon the dark bosom of the valley.

"Do you see, Michel?"

"Yes." The answer came back very steadily. "But so it was last night and last year. Those three men on the Plan had it before their eyes all night. It is no sign of disaster." For a moment he was silent, and then he added timidly: "If you look for a sign, Monsieur, there is a better one."

Chayne turned toward Michel in the darkness rather quickly.

"As we set out from the hotel," Michel continued, "there was a young girl upon the steps with a very sweet and gentle face. She spoke to you, Monsieur. No doubt she told you that her prayers would be with you to-night."

"No, Michel," Chayne replied, and though the darkness hid his face, Michel knew that he smiled. "She did not promise me her prayers. She simply said, 'I am sorry.'"

Michel Revailoud was silent for a little while, and when he spoke again, he spoke very wistfully. One might almost have said there was a note of envy in his voice.

"Well, that is still something, Monsieur. You are very lonely to-night, is it not so? You came back here after many years, eager with hopes and plans, and not thinking at all of disappointments. And the disappointments have

come, and the hopes are all fallen. Is that not so, too? Well, it is something, Monsieur. I am lonely, too, and an old man, besides, so that I cannot mend my loneliness. I tell you—it is something that there is a young girl down there with a sweet and gentle face who is sorry for you, who perhaps is looking up from among those lights to where we stand in the darkness at this moment.”

But it seemed that Chayne did not hear, or, if he heard, that he paid no heed. And Michel, knocking the tobacco from his pipe, said:

“You will do well to sleep. We may have a long day before us,” and he walked away to the guides’ quarters.

But Chayne could not sleep; hope and doubt fought too strongly within him, wrestling for the life of his friend. At twelve o’clock Michel knocked upon his door. Chayne got up from his bed at once, drew on his boots, and breakfasted. At half-past the rescue-party set out, following a rough path through a wilderness of boulders by the light of a lantern. It was still dark when they came to the edge of the glacier, and they sat down and waited. In a little while the sky broke in the east, a twilight dimly revealed the hills, Michel blew out the lantern, the blurred figures of the guides took shape and outline, and silently the morning dawned upon the world.

The guides moved on to the glacier, and spread over it, ascending as they searched.

“You see, Monsieur, there is very little snow this year,” said Michel, chipping steps so that he and Chayne might round the corner of a wide crevasse.

“Yes; but it does not follow that he slipped,” said Chayne, hotly. For he was beginning to resent that explanation as an imputation against his friend.

Slowly the party moved upward over the great slope of ice into the recess, looking for steps abruptly ending above a crevasse, or for signs of an avalanche. They came level with the lower end of a long rib of rock which crops out from the ice and lengthwise bisects the glacier. Here the search ended for awhile. The rib of rocks is a natural path, and the guides climbed it quickly. They came to the upper glacier and spread out once more, roped in couples. They were now well

within the great amphitheatre. On their left the cliffs of the Charmoz overlapped them; on the right, the rocks of the Blaitière. For an hour they advanced, cutting the steps, since the glacier was steep, and then from the center of the glacier a cry rang out. Chayne, at the end of the line upon the right, looked across. A little way in front of the two men who had shouted, something dark lay upon the ice. Chayne, who was with Michel Revaillood, called and began hurriedly to scratch steps diagonally toward the object.

“Take care, Monsieur,” cried Michel. Chayne paid no heed. Coming up from behind on the left-hand side, he passed his guide and took the lead. He could tell now what the dark object was. For every now and then a breath of wind caught it and whirled it about the ice. It was a hat. He raised his ax to slice a step, and a gust of wind stronger than the others lifted the hat, sent it rolling and skipping down the glacier, lifted it again, and gently dropped it at his feet. He stooped down and picked it up. It was a soft, broad-brimmed hat of dark-gray felt. In the crown there was the name of an English maker. There was something more, too: there were two initials, J. L.

Chayne turned to Michel Revaillood.

“You were right, Michel,” he said solemnly. “My friend has made the first passage of the Col des Nantillons from the east.”

The party moved forward again, watching with redoubled vigilance for some spot in the glacier—some spot above a crevasse—to which ice-steps descended and from which they did not lead down. And three hundred yards beyond, a second cry rang out. A guide was standing on the lower edge of a great crevasse with a hand lifted above his head. The searchers converged quickly upon him. Chayne hurried forward, plying the pick of his ax as never in his life he had plied it. “Had the guide come upon the actual place where the accident had happened?” he asked himself. But before he reached the spot, his pace slackened, and he stood still. He had no longer any doubt. His friend and his friend’s guide were not lying upon any ledge of the rocks of the Aiguille de Blaitière; they were not waiting for any succor.

On the glacier a broad track, littered

with blocks of ice, stretched upward in a straight line from the upper lip of the crevasse to the great ice-fall on the skyline where the huge slabs and pinnacles of ice, twisted into monstrous shapes, like a sea suddenly frozen when a tempest was at its height, stood marshaled in serried rows. They stood waiting upon the sun. One of them, melted at the base, had crashed down the slope, bursting into huge fragments as it fell and cleaving a groove even in that hard glacier.

Chayne went forward and stopped at the guide's side on the lower edge of the crevasse. Beyond the chasm the ice rose in a blue, straight wall for some three feet, and the upper edge was all crushed and battered; and then the track of the falling sérac ended. It had poured into the crevasse.

The guide pointed to the left of the track.

“Do you see, Monsieur—those steps which come downward across the glacier and stop exactly where the track meets them? They do not go on on the other side of the track, Monsieur.”

Chayne saw clearly enough. The two men had been descending the glacier in the afternoon; the avalanche had fallen and swept them down. He dropped upon his knees and peered into the crevasse. The walls of the chasm descended smooth and precipitous, changing in gradual shades of color from pale, transparent green to the darkest blue, until all color was lost in darkness. He bent his head and shouted into the depths:

“Lattery! Lattery!”

And only his voice came back to him, cavernous and hollow. He shouted again, and then heard Michel Revailoud saying solemnly behind him:

“Yes, they are here.”

Suddenly Chayne turned round, moved by a fierce throb of anger.

“It's not true, you see,” he cried—“he did n't slip out of his steps and drag his guide down with him. You were wrong, Michel.”

Michel was standing with his hat in his hand.

“Yes, Monsieur, I was quite wrong,” he said gently. He turned to a big and strong man.

“François, will you put on the rope and go down?”

They knotted the rope securely about François's waist, and he took his ice-ax in his hand, sat down on the edge of the crevasse, with his legs dangling, turned upon his face, and said:

“When I pull the rope, haul in gently.”

They lowered him carefully down for sixty feet, and at that depth the rope slackened. François had reached the bottom of the crevasse. For a few moments they watched the rope move this way and that, and then there came a definite pull.

“He has found them,” said Michel.

Some of the guides lined out with the rope in their hands. Chayne took his position in the front, at the head of the line and nearest to the crevasse. The pull upon the rope was repeated, and slowly the men began to haul it in. It did not occur to Chayne that the weight upon the rope was heavy. One question filled his mind to the exclusion of all else—Had François found his friend? What news would he bring of them when he came again up to the light? François's voice was heard now, faintly calling from the depths; but what he said could not be heard. The line of men hauled in the rope more and more quickly, and then suddenly stopped and drew it in very gently; for they could now hear what François said. It was only one word, persistently repeated:

“Gently! Gently!”

And so gently they drew him upward to the mouth of the crevasse. Chayne was standing too far back to see down beyond the edge, but he could hear François's ax clattering against the ice-walls, and the grating of his boots. Michel, who was kneeling at the edge of the chasm, held up his hand, and the men upon the rope ceased to haul. In a minute or two he lowered it.

“Gently!” he said, “gently!” gazing downward with a queer absorption. Chayne began to hear François's labored breathing, and then suddenly at the edge of the crevasse he saw appear the hair of a man's head.

“Up with him!” cried a guide. There was a quick strong pull upon the rope, and out of the chasm, above the white level of the glacier, there appeared a face—not François's face, but the face of a dead man. Suddenly it rose into a colorless

light, pallid and wax-like, with open, sightless eyes and a dropped jaw, and one horrid splash of color on the left forehead, where blood had frozen. It was the face of Chayne's friend, John Lattery; and in a way most grotesque and horrible, it bobbed and nodded at him, as though the neck were broken and the man yet lived. When François, just below, cried, "Gently! gently!" it seemed that the dead man's mouth was speaking.

Chayne uttered a cry; then a deathly sickness overcame him. He dropped the rope, staggered a little way off, like a drunken man, and sat down upon the ice with his head between his hands.

Some while later a man came to him and said:

"We are ready, Monsieur."

Chayne returned to the crevasse. Lattery's guide had been raised from the crevasse. Both bodies had been wrapped in sacks, and cords had been fixed about their legs. The rescue-party dragged the bodies down the glacier to the path, and placing them upon doors taken from a chalet, carried them down to Chamonix. On the way down François talked for a while to Michel Revaillood, who, in his turn, fell back to where, at the end of the procession, Chayne walked alone.

"Monsieur," he said, and Chayne looked at him with dull eyes, like a man dazed, "there is something which François noticed which he wished me to tell you. François is a good lad. He wishes you to know that your friend died at once. There was no sign of movement. He lay in the bottom of the crevasse in some snow which was quite smooth. The guide he had kicked a little with his feet in the snow, but your friend had died at once."

"Thank you," said Chayne, without the least emotion in his voice. But he walked with uneven steps. At times he staggered like one over-done and very tired. But once or twice he said, as though he were dimly aware that he had his friend's reputation to defend:

"You see, he did n't slip on the ice, Michel. You were quite wrong. It was the avalanche. It was no fault of his."

"I was wrong," said Michel, and he took Chayne by the arm lest he should fall; and these two men came long after the others into Chamonix.

IV

MR. JARVICE TAKES ACTION

THE news of Lattery's death was telegraphed to England on the same evening. It appeared the next morning under a conspicuous head-line in the daily newspapers, and Mr. Sidney Jarvice read the item in the Pullman car as he traveled from Brighton to his office in London. He removed his big cigar from his fat, red lips and became absorbed in thought. The train rushed past Hassocks and Three Bridges and East Croydon. Mr. Jarvice never once looked at his newspaper again. The big cigar, of which the costliness was proclaimed by the gold band about its middle, had long since gone out; and for him the train came quite unexpectedly to a stop at the ticket platform on Battersea Bridge.

Mr. Jarvice was a florid person in his looks and in his dress. It was in accordance with his floridness that he always retained the gold band about his cigar while he smoked it. He was a man of middle age, with thick black hair, a red, broad face, little, bright black eyes, a black moustache, and rather prominent teeth. He was short and stout, and drew attention to his figure by wearing light-colored trousers adorned with a striking check. From Victoria station he drove at once to his office in Jermyn street. A young and wizened-looking clerk was already at work in the outer room.

"I will see no one this morning, Maunders," said Mr. Jarvice, as he passed through.

"Very well, sir. There are a good number of letters this morning," replied the clerk.

"They must wait," said Mr. Jarvice, and, entering his private room, he shut the door. He did not touch the letters upon his table, but he went straight to his bureau, and unlocking a drawer, took from it a copy of the "Code Napoléon." He studied the document carefully, locked it up again, and looked at his watch. It was getting on toward one o'clock. He rang the bell for his clerk.

"Maunders," he said, "I once asked you to make some inquiries about a young man called Walter Hine."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember what his habits were—where he lunched, for instance?"

Maunders reflected for a moment.

"It 's a little while ago, sir, since I made the inquiries. As far as I remember, he did not lunch regularly anywhere. But he went to the American bar of the Criterion restaurant most days for a morning drink about one."

"Oh, he did? You made his acquaintance of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you find him this morning, give him some lunch, and bring him round to see me at three. See that he is sober."

At three o'clock, accordingly, Mr. Walter Hine was shown into the inner room of Mr. Jarvice. Jarvice bent his bright eyes upon his visitor. He saw a young man with very fair hair, a narrow forehead, watery blue eyes, and a weak, dissipated face. Walter Hine was dressed in a cheap suit of tweed much the worse for wear; and he entered the room with the sullen timidity of the very shy. Moreover, he was a little unsteady as he walked, as though he had not yet recovered from last night's intoxication.

Mr. Jarvice noted these points with his quick glance, but whether they pleased him or not, there was no hint in his face.

"Will you sit down?" he said suavely, pointing to a chair. "Maunders, you can go."

Walter Hine turned quickly, as though he would have preferred Maunders to stay, but he let him go. Mr. Jarvice shut the door carefully, and walking across the room, stood over his visitor, with his hands in his pockets, and renewed his scrutiny. Walter Hine grew uncomfortable, and blurted out, with a cockney twang:

"Maunders told me that if I came to see you, it might be to my advantage."

"I think it will," replied Mr. Jarvice. "Have you seen this morning's paper?"

"On'y the 'Sportsman.'"

"Then you have probably not noticed that your cousin John Lattery has been killed in the Alps." He handed his paper to Hine, who glanced at it indifferently.

"Well, how does that affect me?" he asked.

"It leaves you the only heir to your uncle, Mr. Joseph Hine, the manufacturer at Lyons, who, I believe, is a millionaire. Joseph Hine is domiciled in France and

must, by French law, leave a certain percentage of his property to his relatives—in other words, to you. I have taken some trouble to go into the matter, Mr. Hine, and I find that your share must at the very least amount to two hundred thousand pounds."

"I know all about that," Hine interrupted; "but as the old brute won't acknowledge me, and may live another twenty years, it's not much use to me now."

"Well," said Mr. Jarvice, smiling, "my young friend, that is where I come in."

Walter Hine looked up in surprise. Suspicion followed quickly upon the surprise.

"Oh, on purely business terms, of course," said Jarvice. He took a seat and resumed gaily: "Now, I am by profession—what would you guess? I am a money-lender. Luckily for many people, I have money and I lend it—I lend it upon very easy terms. I make no secret of my calling, Mr. Hine. On the contrary, I glory in it. It gives me an opportunity of doing a great deal of good in a quiet way. If I were to show you my books, you would realize that many famous estates are only kept going through my assistance; and thus many a farm laborer owes his daily bread to me and never knows his debt. Why should I conceal it?"

Mr. Jarvice turned toward his visitor with his hands outspread. Then his voice dropped.

"There is only one thing I hide, and that, Mr. Hine, is the easiness of the terms on which I advance my loans. I must hide that. I should have all my profession against me were it known. But you shall know it, Mr. Hine." He leaned forward and patted his young friend upon the knee with an air of great benevolence. "Come, to business! Your circumstances are not, I think, in a very flourishing condition."

"I should think not," said Walter Hine, sullenly. "I have a hundred and fifty a year, paid weekly. Three quid a week don't give much chance for a flutter."

"Three pounds a week! Ridiculous!" cried Mr. Jarvice, lifting up his hands. "I am shocked, really shocked. But we will alter all that. Oh, yes; we will soon alter that."

He sprang up briskly, and unlocking once more the drawer in which he kept

his copy of the "Code Napoléon," he took out this time a slip of paper. He seated himself again, drawing up his chair to the table.

"Will you tell me, Mr. Hine, whether these particulars are correct? We must be business-like, you know. Oh, yes," he said gaily, wagging his head and cocking his bright little eyes at his visitor. And he began to read aloud or, rather, paraphrase the paper which he held:

"Your father inherited the same fortune as your Uncle Joseph Hine, but lost almost the entire amount in speculation. In middle life he married your mother, who was—forgive me if I wound the delicacy of your feelings, Mr. Hine—not quite his equal in social position. The happy couple then took up their residence in Arcade street, Croydon, where you were born, on March the 6th, twenty-three years ago."

"Yes," said Walter Hine.

"In Croydon you passed your boyhood. You were sent to the public school there. But the rigorous discipline of school life did not suit your independent character." Thus did Mr. Jarvice gracefully paraphrase the single word "expelled," which was written on his slip of paper. "Ah, Mr. Hine," he cried, smiling indulgently at the sullen, bemused weakling who sat before him stale with last night's drink. "You and Shelley! Rebels, sir, rebels both! Well, well! After you left school, at the age of sixteen, you pursued your studies in a desultory fashion at home. Your father died the following year, your mother two years later. You have since lived in Russell street, Bloomsbury, on the income which remained from your father's patrimony. Three pounds a week,—to be sure, here it is,—paid weekly by trustees appointed by your mother. And you have adopted none of the liberal professions. There we have it, I think."

"You seem to have taken a lot of trouble to find out my history," said Walter, suspiciously.

"Business, sir, business," said Mr. Jarvice. "It was on the tip of his tongue to add, 'The early bird, you know,' but he was discreet enough to hold the words back. 'Now let me look to the future, which opens out in a brighter prospect. It is altogether absurd, Mr. Hine, that a young gentleman who will eventually in-

herit a quarter of a million should have to scrape through meanwhile on three pounds a week. I put it on a higher ground. It is bad for the state, Mr. Hine, and you and I, like good citizens of this great empire, must consider the state. When this great fortune comes into your hands you should already have learned how to dispose of it."

"Oh, I could dispose of it all right," interrupted Mr. Hine, with a chuckle. "Don't you worry your head about that."

Mr. Jarvice laughed heartily at the joke. Walter Hine could not but think that he had made a very witty remark. He began to thaw into something like confidence. He sat more easily on his chair.

"You will have your little joke, Mr. Hine. You could dispose of it! Very good indeed! I must really tell that to my dear wife. But business, business!" He checked his laughter with a determined effort and lowered his voice to a confidential pitch: "I propose to allow you two thousand pounds a year, paid quarterly in advance—five hundred pounds each quarter. Forty pounds a week, Mr. Hine, which, with your three, will make a nice, comfortable living wage. Ha! Ha!"

"Two thousand a year!" gasped Mr. Hine, leaning back in his chair. It ain't possible. Two thou—here, what am I to do for it?"

"Nothing, except to spend it like a gentleman," said Mr. Jarvice, beaming upon his visitor. It did not seem to occur to either man that Mr. Jarvice had set to his loan the one condition which Mr. Walter Hine never could fulfil. Walter Hine was troubled with doubts of quite another kind.

"But you come in somewhere," he said bluntly; "on'y I'm hanged if I see where."

"Of course I come in, my young friend," replied Jarvice, frankly—"I or my executors. For we may have to wait a long time. I propose that you execute in my favor a post-obit on your uncle's life, giving me—well, we may have to wait a long time,—twenty years you suggested. Your uncle is seventy-three, but a hale man, living in a healthy climate. We will say four thousand pounds for every two thousand which I lend you. Those are easy terms, Mr. Hine. I don't make you take cigars and sherry. No. I think

such practices almost reflect discredit on my calling. Two thousand a year, five hundred a quarter, forty pounds a week—forty-three with your little income! Well, what do you say?"

Mr. Hine sat dazzled with the prospect of wealth, immediate wealth, actually within his reach now. But he had lived among people who never did anything for nothing, who spoke only of friendship when they proposed to borrow money, and at the back of his mind suspicion and incredulity were still at work. Somehow Jarvice would be getting the better of him. In his dull way he began to reason matters out.

"But suppose I died before my uncle; then you would get nothing," he objected.

"Ah, to be sure! I had not forgotten that point," said Mr. Jarvice. "It is a contingency, of course, not very probable, but still we do right to consider it." He leaned back in his chair, and once again he fixed his eyes upon his visitor in a long and silent scrutiny. When he spoke again, it was in a quieter voice than he had used. One might almost have said that the real business of the interview was only just beginning.

"There is a way which will save me from loss. You can insure your life, as against your uncle's, for a round sum—say, for a hundred thousand pounds. You will make over the policy to me. I shall pay the premiums, and so, if anything were to happen to you, I should be recouped."

He never once removed his eyes from Hine's face. He sat with his elbows on the arms of his chair and his hands folded beneath his chin, quite still, but with a queer look of alertness about him.

"Yes, I see," said Mr. Hine, as he turned the proposal over in his mind.

"Do you agree?" asked Jarvice.

"Yes," said Walter Hine.

"Very well," said Jarvice, all his old briskness returning. "The sooner the arrangement is pushed through, the better for you, eh? You will begin to touch the dibs." He laughed, and Walter Hine chuckled. "As to the insurance, you will have to get the company's doctor's certificate, and I should think it would be wise to go steady for a day or two—what? You have been going the pace a bit, have n't you? You had better see your solicitor to-day. As soon as the post-obit

and the insurance policy are in the office, Mr. Hine, your first quarter's income is paid into your bank. I will have an agreement drawn binding me, on my side, to pay you two thousand a year until your uncle's death."

Mr. Jarvice rose, as if the interview was ended. He moved some papers on his table and added carelessly:

"You have a good solicitor, I suppose?"

"I have n't a solicitor at all," said Walter Hine, as he too rose.

"Oh, have n't you?" said Mr. Jarvice, with all the appearance of surprise. "Well, shall I give you an introduction to one?" He sat down, wrote a note, placed it in an envelop, which he left unfastened, and addressed it. Then he handed the envelop to his client.

"Messrs. Jones & Stiles, Lincoln's Inn Fields," he said. "But ask for Mr. Driver. Tell him the whole proposal frankly, and ask his advice."

"Driver?" said Hine, fingering the envelop. "Had n't I ought to see one of the partners?"

Mr. Jarvice smiled.

"You have a business head, Mr. Hine, that 's very clear. I 'll let you into a secret. Mr. Driver is rather like yourself—something of a rebel, Mr. Hine. He came into disagreement with that very arbitrary body, the Incorporated Law Society—so—well, his name does not figure in the firm. But he *is* Jones & Stiles. Tell him everything. If he advises you against my proposal, I shall even say take his advice. Good-morning." Mr. Jarvice went to the door and opened it.

"Well, this is the spider's web, you know," he said with the good-humored laugh of one who could afford to despise the slanders of the ill-affected. "Not such a very uncomfortable place, eh?" And he bowed Mr. Fly out of his office.

He stood at the door and waited until the outer office closed. Then he went to his telephone and rang up a number.

"Are you Jones & Stiles?" he asked. "Thank you! Will you ask Mr. Driver to come to the telephone?" And with Mr. Driver he talked genially for five minutes.

Then, and not till then, with a smile of satisfaction Mr. Jarvice turned to the unopened letters which had come to him by the morning post.

TWO POEMS

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

FOR A GUEST-BOOK

A BOOK of guests! May it include
The wise, the witty, and the shrewd,
And such as own the double art
That makes them friends of head and heart.
May those who stand recorded here
Grow dearer with each added year;
Acquaintance into friendship grow,
And friendship ever brighter glow.
Old friends are best, we lightly say,
But, as they fall upon the way,
Keep full the ranks with newer friends,
Till time the adjective amends.
And if old friends still seem the best,
The adage should be thus expressed:
Friends are not best because they 're old,
But old, because the years that rolled—
The years that try and mar and mend—
Have proved them worth the title friend.

INNOGEN

A stage direction in the old copies of "Much Ado About Nothing" is "Enter Leonato, Governour of Messina, *Innogen* his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a messenger." As the wife of Leonato takes no part in the action, and neither speaks nor is spoken to throughout the play, she was probably no more than a character the poet had designed in his first sketch of the plot, and which he found reason to omit afterward.

IMMORTAL shadow, faint and ever fair,
Dear for unspoken words that might have been,
Compelled to silent sorrow none may share,
A ghost of Shakespere's world, unheard, unseen,
How many more like thee have voiceless stood
Uncalled upon the threshold of his mind,
The speechless children of a mighty brood
Who were and are not! Never shall they find
The happier comrades unto whom he gave
Thought, speech, and action—they who shall
not know
The end of our realities, the grave,
Nor what is sadder, life, nor any human woe.





"ELFRIDA SAYS THEY ARE SEEING EUROPE NICELY ON LESS THAN
A DOLLAR A DAY, AND UNCLE SAID, 'GREAT SCOTT!'"
(SEE PAGE 553)

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VII



Y DEAREST MAMA:

We are *en route*! We left Paris at the cheerful hour of seven A. M. yesterday morning. No one was up, and there was another train at half-past nine, but Uncle said that, considering the work that lay before us, we had better not begin by dawdling. I do think there is a happy medium between rising at five and "dawdling," but of course I did n't tell him so.

Edna sat up in bed and kissed me good-by. She and Mrs. Clary looked upon me as a cross between the savor of the situation and a burnt offering on Uncle's al-

tar; but they were all happy, and I did n't care—much.

Uncle mapped out the route, and, as a result, we got down at Chartres about half-past nine. He put the baggage in *consigne*, and then looked about with the air of a charger who snuffs the battle afar. I stood beside him, feeling like Mazeppa just before they let the horse loose.

The outlook from the station is not very attractive, and the first thing that Uncle said was that he did n't believe it was worth while stopping at all, and that he had a good mind to go on with the train; but just at that instant the train went on by itself, so we did not need to discuss the subject.

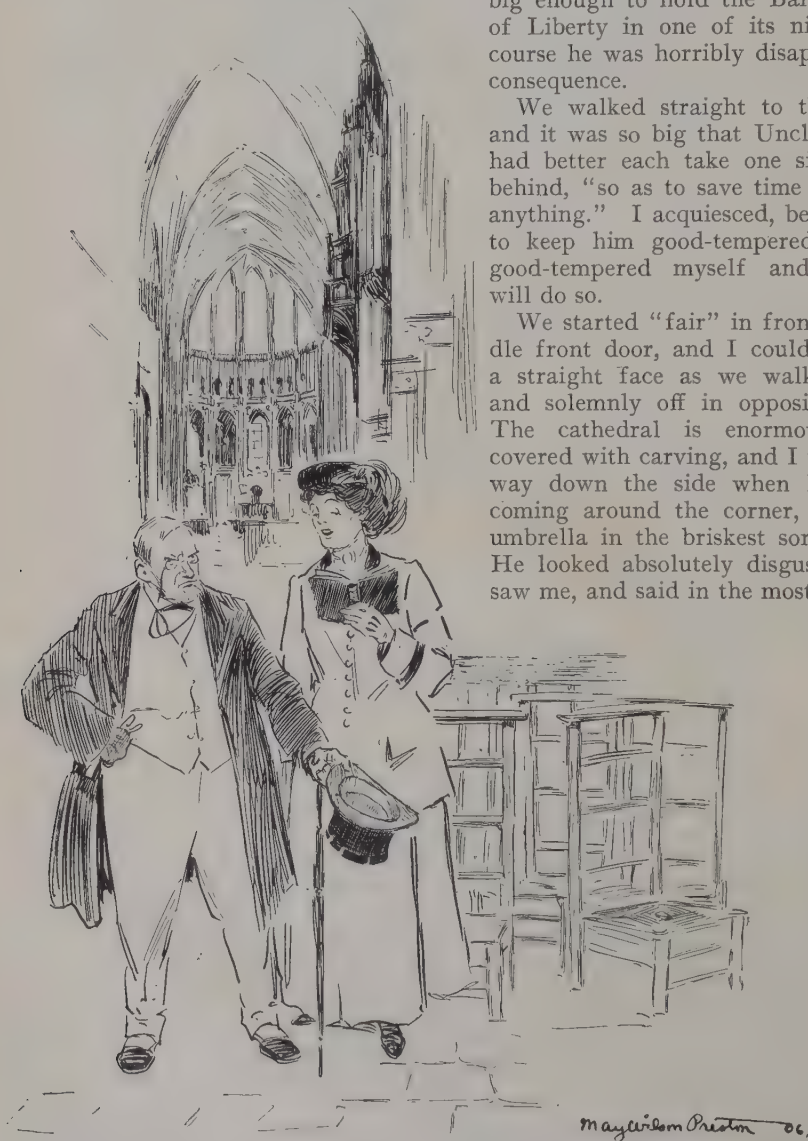
You see, there is a high ridge that runs

in front of the station, and Chartres is on the other side. Nearly all the towns here seem to be quite a little ways from the railway stations. Mr. Edgar says it's because the railroads run after their passengers in Europe instead of running over them, as they do in America. Uncle says it's very inconvenient, anyhow, and he pulled his hat down hard and said, "Well, let's have a look at the cathedral, anyway."

So we stormed the ridge forthwith, and spread down into the flat country beyond. As we descended the slope, Uncle began to be glad he had come. Chartres is very modest, and mainly one story high, so the cathedral towers aloft in a most soul-satisfying manner. Uncle said it was "something like." I was ever so glad that he felt so, because he said in Beauvais that something he had read had led him to expect that the cathedral there would be big enough to hold the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in one of its niches, and of course he was horribly disappointed, as a consequence.

We walked straight to the cathedral, and it was so big that Uncle thought we had better each take one side and meet behind, "so as to save time and not miss anything." I acquiesced, because I mean to keep him good-tempered, if keeping good-tempered myself and acquiescing will do so.

We started "fair" in front of the middle front door, and I could hardly keep a straight face as we walked promptly and solemnly off in opposite directions. The cathedral is enormous and just covered with carving, and I was only part way down the side when I saw Uncle coming around the corner, swinging his umbrella in the briskest sort of manner. He looked absolutely disgusted when he saw me, and said in the most injured tone



"WE WENT INSIDE AT ONCE, AND THERE I HELD THE GUIDE-BOOK AND READ THE EXPLANATIONS, WHILE HE KEPT UP A RUNNING CONTRADICTION OF EVERYTHING I READ"

imaginable, "You must have been stopping to look!"

He would n't hear to my continuing my tour of circumnavigation, so we went inside at once, and there I held the guide-book and read the explanations, while he kept up a running contradiction of everything I read. I don't see the good of Uncle's carrying a guide-book, for he says they need n't suppose he does n't know better than most of it.

There is a wonderful carved marble screen around the altar and a sacred statue with a yellow satin dress on; but being inside made Uncle John want to be outside right away, so we left very quickly, and he studied the Baedeker just long enough to let me notice how all the Roman noses on the kings and saints outside had been turned into Eskimo noses by the rains of centuries; and then he suddenly shut it, and said we would go right straight off then and there to see the famous enamels that Diane de Poitiers gave Henry II. He explained to me that this was n't the English Henry II, but the French Henry II, and then he asked me which of us had the luggage-checks, and if I had noticed whether the train went at eleven or half past. I must say it is like doing multiplications in your head to travel with Uncle; but of course I enjoy it, and the walk to St. Peter's Church was very pleasant, through quaint streets and along by little canals like those at Gisors.

The church was open, and open in more ways than one, for they were tearing up the whole floor to put in a furnace, and gravestones and pick-axes were leaning

up against the columns everywhere. There was n't a soul to be seen, and Uncle was so happy to be able to poke about unconcierged for a while that I sat down and let him desecrate around with his cane until he came to with a start and asked me what I supposed we came to Chartres for, anyway. I got up at that, and we went to look at the enamels, which

are in behind a locked balustrade and have curtains hung in front of them, besides. We had to get a woman to unlock the gate and draw the curtains aside and explain which enamel was which Apostle, and Uncle was very much put out over their being Apostles at all. I don't know what he expected in a church but he said he never thought about the church; he only thought about Diane de Poitiers. He says he does n't think it was in good taste, her having anything to do with the Apostles, and then he read in the book again and found he 'd made a mistake, and it was the king who gave them to her, and not she who gave them to the king, and that used him all up, and he said he wished

that he had never come.

I saw that we should have to have something to eat right off, so I said I was hungry, and Uncle said that was just like a woman, but to come on. We found a small restaurant, and had a very good lunch, and then Uncle said if I felt satisfied he would take it as a personal favor if we could go on to Dreux. I do wish he would n't put everything just that way when I really have n't done anything; but he looked at his watch and found that



DREUX
1906

DREUX

the time before when he had looked at it he had looked at it wrong and that we had barely ten minutes to make the train. As a matter of fact, the train was going then, but they don't go until ten minutes after in France, so when you miss a train, you always have ten minutes left to make it. We took a cab, and Uncle made the man understand that if he hurried it would pay; so we galloped madly over the ridge and just got aboard in time to learn that Uncle had left his cane in the cab and we 'd forgotten our luggage in *consigne*.

Of course the ride was rather gloomy, because there was almost no way to lay the blame on me; but after a while Uncle asked me if I really ever did see such a rank idiot as M. Sibilet, and he felt better after that. We reached Dreux about two o'clock, and I telegraphed back about the luggage while Uncle looked up a train for Argentan and set his watch by the railway time. He told me that the train that he had decided on left at 3:04 and that we could make it and see the mausoleum "easy." I never contradict Uncle, because it does n't do any good and does upset him awfully, so I went with him to get the cab, and wondered how long a mausoleum usually took to examine.

It seems that there are no cabs in Dreux!

I thought that that would end the mausoleum, but Uncle merely swept his eyes over the prospect and said we 'd have to walk, and walk pretty prompt. It was 2:10, and we walked fast. The mausoleum is on top of a hill, and Uncle said we could catch our breath after we got to the top. We never spoke a word going up. I knew that I was too young to die of heart-disease, so I did n't care, if he did n't.

It was a terrible climb, but we reached there at 2:32. It's the mausoleum of the Orléans family, and is modern. There is a concierge who takes you around, and we followed him, Uncle with his watch in his hand and going on like this: "2:40—tomb of the king's mother, eh? Fine old lady! 2:41—tomb of the Duc d'Aumale; good face, handsome decorations on his bosom, stained-glass windows—all made at Sèvres, eh? 2:43—" etc. You can imagine!

But what you can't imagine is the sublime and peaceful beauty of all those exquisite marble people sleeping there under the slanting rainbow sun-rays of the magnificent windows. They affected me so deeply that, in spite of Uncle, I could hardly keep back the tears. They did n't seem living and they did n't seem dead; I don't know what they were like—spirits made visible, perhaps. The Duchesse d'Orléans has her arm stretched across, so that it touches her husband, who was the eldest son of Louis-Philippe. The king himself stands upright in the midst of them all, and Queen Marie-Amélie kneels at his side in a beautiful pose. Two precious little babies are sculptured together on one tomb, and all the while we were going about, the place resounded with the echoes of the chisels that were preparing a place for the Prince Henry who was killed in Africa.

I could have stayed there hours, wrapped up in the mystery and wonder of it all, but Uncle fell down some steps while he was looking at his watch, and we departed forthwith. He said we must walk fast, and so again we walked fast. Of course it was easier, though, going downhill, and I said, when we were near enough not to be anxious any more, "It was worth seeing, was n't it?" To which Uncle replied: "Yes, if you enjoy that kind of thing; but all I could think of was the idea of spending such a lot of money on statues and then not having any cabs at the depot."

There was no time to get anything more to eat at the moment, so I just held my tongue until we were safely on the train again.

We reached Argentan at 6:15 p. m., and I felt as if I 'd been running Uncle, or, rather, running with Uncle, for a month.

The next morning we were called at seven, and I really thought that I could not get up at first; but I made it at the third try, and Uncle and I were out "seeing Argentan" at eight. At half-past he declared that there was really nothing to see, so we went to the *gare*, and he bought a Paris "Herald." As we were sitting there, waiting for the 8:04 train to Coulbœuf, in came Elfrida Sanders and her sister with bicycles. I was *so* astonished,



"PAID THE MAN AT THE ENTRANCE AND LET HIM GO"

and Uncle was rather pleased, too. They are doing Normandy on wheels, and they have their tools and a kodak and a small set of toilet-things and four clean collars all tied on to them. Elfrida says they've had a lovely time—only broken glass once, and rain two days. The sister is going to write a book and call it "Two on a Trot." I think that's a funny name for a bicycle story. Uncle said to call it "Two on a Tire"; but you know how stupid Elfrida is, and so she said, "Oh, but it's not a tandem." They were going to Coulibœuf, too, but we could n't go together, because they were traveling third-class. Elfrida says they are seeing Europe nicely on less than a dollar a day, and Uncle said, "Great Scott!"

While we were on the train, it began to rain and then it poured. Uncle became very gloomy, and said that was just what we might have expected. I did n't expect rain, and I did n't see why I should have expected it, so I only nodded. Uncle

did n't like my nodding, and said I should n't take such a pessimistic view of life at my age. While he was talking, I suddenly remembered the umbrella, and asked him where it was, and he had left it in Argentan! Then there was no more conversation.

We had to change cars at Coulibœuf, and we reached Falaise about noon. Elfrida and her sister got right on to their wheels and bumped gaily away over the cobblestones at once. The rain was over and the sun was shining, but Uncle said he had lost all faith in France and wanted to buy another umbrella the very first thing. We went to a store, and he said to buy a cheap one, as I would be sure to lose it. I asked for a cheap one, but the woman was quite indignant and said that she did not keep any cheap umbrellas—that the lowest she had was two francs—forty cents. I had to translate it to Uncle, and he was so amused that he bought one for three francs and gave a

franc to her baby, which was tied in a high-chair by the window.

Then we took a cab to the castle and paid the man at the entrance and let him go. There is a lovely, sloping road that follows the curve of the outer wall up to the summit of the hill, and we forgot how tired we were in thinking how pretty it was. These old castle enclosures are all so big. This one contains a college at one end, and then there is quite a wood which you must walk through before you come to the castle itself at the other end.

The castle is wonderful. It is splendid and big and old and strong and Norman.¹ It is built out of the red rock, and it has oubliettes and wells and pits and towers and everything of the kind that heart could wish to see. We saw the room where Prince Arthur was imprisoned for seven years and the room where William the Conqueror was born. It's a very little room in which to have had such a wonderful thing happen.

Uncle enjoyed the castle immensely; he took the deepest interest in every inch of it, and when the concierge showed us the window from which Robert the Devil first saw Arlette, he planted himself firmly inside it, and I almost thought that he was going to stay there forever. My feet ached so that I was glad enough to lean up anywhere for a minute, and I honestly believe that it was ten before he moved. Then he gave himself a little shake and said: "Well, to think of owning this place, and being able to stand in a window as high up as that one, and then to look down as far as that well is, and then only need to say, 'Bring her up!' and to know she'd got to come! Great Scott! no wonder their son conquered England. I'm only surprised that he did n't wipe Europe off the face of the continent!" Then he shook his head for quite a while, and we got under way again and went to Talbot's Tower.

It's high, and Uncle wanted to climb it. I did n't mind his climbing it, but he wanted me to climb it, too, and some one was ringing

the bell, so the concierge had to leave us and go back before anything was settled. Uncle said it was rather hard when he was doing so much to try and finish me up (he meant "finish me off," I think), for me to be so lukewarm about being finished; so I started in to climb, although my knees felt like crumpled tissue-paper. The steps were so worn that it was awful work, and Uncle would go up as far as any one could. He had the umbrella, and I had the candle, and often we had to step two and even

¹The author begs the reader's lenient consideration as to this description of Talbot's Tower. The story was written from notes taken five years ago, since which time the tower has undergone a thorough restoration.



"THE COMING DOWN WAS AWFUL . . . UNCLE WENT FIRST, AND I STEPPED ON HIS COAT TWICE AND SPILT CANDLE-GREASE ON HIS HAT"

three steps at once. When we came to the place where the steps ended, he stood and peeked out of a window (imagining himself Lord Talbot, I reckon), and then we started back. The coming down was awful;—I was honestly frightened. Uncle went first, and I stepped on his coat twice and spilt candle-grease on his hat. Uncle found it easier coming down than going up, and it was n't until we reached the bottom that we discovered that the reason why was because he had left the umbrella behind, and so had two hands to hold on by. I said, "Never mind; it only cost sixty cents"; but he was not to be comforted, and said bitterly, "You forget the franc that I gave her baby." I would have gone back for it, but I felt *so* hot and tired.

We came to Caen this noon, and went to bed, and I don't believe we shall ever get up again. Uncle said that with my kind permission he would suggest that I should not disturb him, and Heaven knows that I have no desire to. I telegraphed Mrs. Clary about mail, and then I went to sleep, and I slept until just now.

I never was so near dead in all my life; but you must n't think for a minute that I'm not having a lovely time, for I am, and it was so kind of Uncle to bring me. Now good-by, and with much love,

Yours,
Yvonne.

VIII

UNCLE JOHN PARALYZED

"COME in! Come on! Well, don't you hear? Can't you understand any—Oh, it's you, child. I thought it was one of those darned waiters.

"Sit down; pull up a chair by the bed. It's so long since I sent for you that I just about thought that you were not com-

ing. I suppose you were surprised at my sending for you; but it was the only way to do. It's a hard thing to break to you, Yvonne; but you'd have to know in the course of the day, and I always do everything right off that I've not decided to wait and see about. Now don't look frightened, my dear; nobody's *dead*—it's only that I'm paralyzed!

"There, what do you think of that? Yes, it's true for a fact. My legs! I had some premonitory symptoms yesterday going up that cursed old tower, and I had some very advanced ones coming down from it; and this morning, when I started to shave, the truth just burst in my face. Now, don't try to say anything, for I've read too many patent-medicine advertisements not to recognize paralysis when I feel it up and down the back of my own legs. I'm not the man not to know my own feelings, and I want to tell you that when I got up this morning I could n't stand up, and then, after I stood up, I could n't sit down; and if that

is n't a clear case of having completely given out, I don't know what you would call it.

"Now, my dear, the question is, What's to be done? Of course our travels have come to a full stop, for I shall probably never walk again. The curious thing is that I don't feel any particular inclination ever to walk again. You've no conception of the sentiments that I feel in my legs; but if you roll the fatigue of a lifetime into either the left or the right, you can get some faint inkling of the first freshness of paralysis. I tell you, Yvonne, it is awful. Every cobblestone I've gone over seems to be singing in my calves; but that's neither here nor there. What I want you to do is to go to the pocket of my valise, get out the cable-code book, and look out a word that means 'Both



FALAISE

legs paralyzed. What shall I do with the girls?' You 'll find a word that means it, if you look long enough. They 've got forty pages of words that mean every fool thing on earth from 'It 's a boy' to 'Impossible to lend you ten dollars.' I was reading it over in Paris the other day.

"Well, ain't you going to get the code-book? I don't want to be impatient, but I want some one to be doing something. You don't know how restless it makes me to think of lying here for the rest of my life. While I was waiting for you, I was thinking that probably I shall live right here in Caen till I die. I 'm very glad we got here too late to see anything, because now I can take it bit by bit and drag it out through my remaining days. I shall have a wheeling-chair and a man to push me around, and—well, maybe it 's in the little outside pocket. I know I had it in Paris, anyhow; I remember I was just reading that 'Salsify' means 'Your mother-in-law left by the ten o'clock train,' and that 'Salsifry' means that she did n't, when they brought me my money, and I was free to go.

"Well, now you 've got it. I thought maybe it would be in the little valise all the time. Seems to me the sicknesses begin with 'Salt.' I remember 'Salt-fish' means 'Have got smallpox; keep away,' and 'Saltpetre' means 'Have got a cold; come at once.' You look along there and find 'Paralysis.' I 'll just keep quiet while you 're looking. I 'd better be learning to keep quiet. Keeping quiet must be the long suit of the paralyzed, I should fancy. But you see what it is now to be an optimist. Here 's my life practically over all of a sudden, and, instead of being blue, I am as cheerful as a cricket. No need of fussing over the candle-grease on my hat now, for I shall never wear that hat again, I shall wear a soft felt tied over my ears with a plaid shawl, as they always do in rolling-chairs; as for the umbrella, I 'm actually glad I left it. It would only have been an aggravation to have seen it lying around. But all the same, I can't see why you did n't notice it lying down there. It must have been in plain sight,—I remember pointing over at Mont Mirat with it, and saying the rock looked as if it had been dropped there from above.

Yvonne, I tell you, when I think of all we did these last two days, I feel perfectly content to be paralyzed. I 'm glad to think that I 've got such a good excuse to stay right in bed; I 'm happy that it will be out of the question for me ever to travel again. I feel as if I 've traveled enough to last me forever; I actually don't want to see anything more. No more catching trains and climbing castles for your Uncle John—not in his life. You can put the Baedeker in the fire right now—I never want to see a red cover or a green string or an index again as long as I live. What 's that? No, I sha'n't want it to look over and recall things by; I can recall more than I want to just by the way I feel. I don't need any guide-book to remember what I 've been through since I left Paris. I remember too much. I remember so much that I am rejoiced to think that muscles over which I have no control will prevent my having to go out to-day and see anything else. It seems a little hard to think of having sight-seen so hard that you never want to see another sight, but I 'm perfectly content. And I don't want a doctor, either; I 've no faith in French doctors. It would be just like one to hypnotize me and set me going again, and I don't want to go. I want to lie right here, and I thank the Lord that I have money enough to allow me to lie here forever, if I feel like it. I was thinking this morning what a horrible existence a tramp must lead—always going on to new places. Thank Heaven! I can just settle down in this old one and stay on indefinitely. I want you to go down to the office and ask what rate they 'll make for this room by the year. I want this same room right along. It 's the first restful spot I 've struck since my trunk went smash into that ship. Yvonne, did you notice the way they handled those trunks when we landed—as if they were eggs? I tell you, the baggage system at home is a burning disgrace. That 's one reason I like Europe so—it 's quiet and peaceful. I heard some goats go by this morning; I 'd like to know a hotel in America where you can listen to a goat. And then that wallpaper, what a tranquil pattern—a basket of sunflowers upside down alternately with a single palm upside up! What a contrast to the paper on that room I sailed from! It looked

more like snakes doing physical culture than anything else.

"Yvonne, I was thinking it all over as I lay here this morning waiting for you, and the truth is, we've been traveling too fast. I wanted you to see all there was to see, and I overlooked myself completely. Don't feel badly, child, because

went to Falaise. No, I'm not sorry. Yvonne, there was something about that castle that I'll never get over. I tell you, those were the days to live in! I was thinking about it while I was waiting for you this morning. Will you consider what it must have been to put on a suit that you could n't be punched through,



"GET OUT THE CABLE-CODE BOOK, AND LOOK OUT A WORD THAT
MEANS "BOTH LEGS PARALYZED. WHAT SHALL I
DO WITH THE GIRLS?"

I know you never meant it; but it *is* the truth, and, as a consequence, here I lie paralyzed. Yes, we've been traveling too fast. It's the vice of the American abroad; it's the terrible secret drain upon the strength of our better classes. We come over to rest, and if we don't do two countries a week, we feel we've wasted our money. The idea of leaving Paris in the morning and doing Chartres and Dreux and getting to Argentan that night! Why, Hercules himself would have been used up. And then that castle at Falaise. But I'm not sorry that I

and then get out with an ax that faced two ways, and have full freedom to hack at people you hated. I tell you, child, I should have been one of those who barricaded themselves behind the dead bodies they had killed and kept right on firing over the top. And to-day my armor would be hanging up somewhere all full of dents and rusty blood-stains, and I'd be a sight in some cathedral, with your Aunt Jane wearing a funnel and an accordion beside me. We'd both be in marble, of course, some worn by time and some chipped by tourists—ah, well.

"Can't you find anything suitable in that code-book? Here, I've been waiting a quarter of an hour for you to hunt—hand me the book. I remember 'Shell' is 'Have broken my left leg,' and 'Shell-fish' is 'Have broken my right leg,' and 'Shaw' is—wait a bit—keep still, Yvonne; no one in the wide world can study a code and listen at the—

"Oh, well, I'll leave it till to-night. Not that I'm irritated at your interrupting, for I never let anything ruffle me, and when you write home the first thing I want you to tell your mother is that being paralyzed has not changed me one particle. Same even disposition, same calm outlook on life, same disinclination to ever bother any one. I want you to make them understand in particular how cheerful I am. Some men would turn cynical at waking up paralyzed, but not me. I feel as if I might get about quite a little in Caen, maybe even get to Falaise again some time; but you can bank on one thing, and that is that if I ever go back to Falaise I won't go up that tower again. I was wondering this morning as I lay here waiting for you how in thunder you were holding that candle to spill so much grease on my hat. You can't say that you did n't know I was there, for every second step you took your foot hit me in the small of the back. You ought to have gone first, anyhow. I know the rule is for a man to go first going down a staircase, but I don't call that business we were on any staircase; it was more like a series of cascades, with us forming the merry, leaping part. I tell you what, Yvonne, the next time it's up to your Uncle John to play the chamois that springs from crag to crag over an old middle-aged staircase while his niece pours candle-grease on his hat, you can excuse me.

"What I like is clean, open-to-the-day-light ruins, like that old one at Jumièges. No peril, no anxiety—all on a level, and time to look up at what was n't. I tell you, I would n't have missed seeing Jumièges for anything. I was thinking this morning as I lay here waiting for you that I have a good mind to write a book about

my travels, and that when I do I shall have the frontispiece me in front of Jumièges. I could take an artist down there on purpose, and while he was n't doing me, I could look it all over again. Maybe I could go there alone with a kodak and get a satisfactory frontispiece, only those rocks were so thick that most people would think it was a defective plate. I should n't like to have them think that, for if I was going to have a book at all, I should have it in good style—gold edges, bevel-plate, and so forth, don't you know. I'd like to write a book about Europe, I vow. I have n't been here very long, but I'll swear I know ten times more than any book ever tells. It never said a word in Baedeker about there not being any cabs at Dreux, or about the condition of those steps in Talbot's Tower, and such things ought to be known. It's all right to make light of perils past, but those steps were too dark for me to ever make light of in this world. Up toward the top, where we had to sit down and stretch for the next one—you remember?—I must own that I was honestly sorry I came.

"Well, my child, it must be nearing noon, and I feel like taking a nap before dinner. Suppose you go in and write to your mother and Mrs. Clary. After your mother gets the cable, she'll naturally be anxious for details, and she won't want to wait longer than ten days to know all. I wish you'd ring and tell them to bring me some hot water before you go; tell them I want it in a pitcher. Make them understand a pitcher. They brought it last night in a sort of brass cylinder, and I could n't get the thing open anyway—had to use it for a hot-water-bag in bed in the end. It worked fine for that. Never cooled off all night; in fact, I could n't put my feet against it till morning.

"There, now, you go on and leave me to sleep. You have n't the faintest idea of how used-up I feel. Don't forget to write your mother how cheerful I am; don't forget the hot water. I'll send for you when I want you. There—there—I'm all right, child; don't you worry. Just pull the curtains and let me sleep."

(To be continued)

HAND-OF-LOVE

BY ROSE YOUNG

Author of "Miss Nigger," etc.



MISS NIGGER was "shet of Poke Tate." She told me so herself. "Good riddings! Good riddings!" she said. Soon she was saying it morning, noon, and night, her face stormy and her bosom heaving.

Meantime Poke, a shiftless, jolly little man by nature, could eat "no satisfyin' bread nur drink no satisfyin' water." My mother, who could see more than most people, said that she did not believe that he could survive many or long-continued estrangements from Miss Nigger. There was something uncompromisingly dog-like in his devotion to her.

On the second Saturday of the difficulty Miss Nigger came up to the big house to scrub the porches. I got on the porch railing to talk to her while she worked. She had reached a crisis in her feelings. If you had known her at all, you would have known that she was just ready to take action in one way or another. She began at once to talk of Poke as if, in her thought, she had never left off—"no-countest, sit-downest nigger whut e'er wo' out a pant's seat. I shet of eem fuh good an' all this time, I is. I sho is." Up on the porch railing I reflected her emotions to the best of my facial ability. At this moment the emotion was triumph, blatant and flippant.

"How yeh reckon I e'er persuage myse'f I lak eem, pudden? Sech a ornery kind of nigger! Yeh know I ain't un'stan' how 'omans kin be the fools 'bout min they is sometimes." She looked up at me with an instructive exhibition of wonder at the feminine follies that she had outlived. Then, as quick as a flash, the emotion changed. "Ain't had no endurin' pledger

outen eem sence I taken up with eem. Thess trouble an' worry—trouble an' worry." And when she added, "Good riddings! Good riddings!" it was as if she moaned.

"Well, but, Miss Nigger," I began, jumping over her words to her feelings with a child's instinct, "if I were you, I should go on and make up with Poke, anyway."

She rocked back on her knees in a sea of suds, put her arms akimbo, and looked at me with guileful eyes. "Prups yeh ain't thess hyeh me seh he no 'count. Prups yeh ain't hyeh me seh he ornery. Yeh don't compromise how 't is 'bout a man, lamb-baby."

She fell back to her work vehemently, and I watched her, oppressed and silent. As my eyes never left her face, I was able to see its first sign of brightening. The manifestation of increasing optimism was gradual. First, she stopped plying her scrub-brush and rested on all fours, the brush under one hand, her head tucked to one side. She looked as if she heard something coming from afar. Then, quite unexpectedly, she gave a low chuckle and rocked back on her knees again and said with a subtle inflection: "Whin I mek up with Poke Tate, I 'low it gwine happum 'ca'se ol' Mam Jezzy cunjer the sinse outen me with one them tha han'-of-lub chahms of hern." She eyed me hypnotically as she proceeded in the tone of casual gossip: "They teh me down tuh Melrose Bottoms tur day 'bout Salsify Sue. Sue she be'n kippin' comp'ny with Mist' Cass Levassy, but they hev turbul fallin' out. Salsify Sue won't mek up, an' she won't mek up. Whut yeh reckon Cass do 'bout thet? Reckin *he* go round wibbily-wibbily, lak a frog in a walk?"—This was a

telling aspersion upon Poke's sick-hearted languor—"No, seh! He hump hisse'f tuh Mam Jezzy's house an' he buy a pow'ful han'-of-lub chahm. It made outen these yer ingreegens,"—she checked off the ingredients with unnecessary care,—“one chunk brimstun, one chunk sumphur, one root of Conquer-John, dried-up breens of one peckerwood, an' a rattlesnake haht b'iled in turkumtime. Cass pay fuh thet chahm with two pullet heads an' fo' pullet feet. Thin he fotch the chahm erroun tuh Salsify Sue's do'-step, t'gur with a shouldeh of pork an' a mess of turnip greens. Thin he hide in the pawpaw bresh. Salsify Sue come to the do'. Glampse whut on huh do'-step. Pick up the shouldeh. Mek a 'miration oveh it. Pick up the greens. Mek anur 'miration. Pick up the chahm—an', 'fo' Gord, rat thet minute she whimple out: 'Whah my Cass? Wha my li'l' dahlin' Cass?' An' she flop erroun' an' cut up the didos twel Cass kim out the pawpaw bresh an' squeege huh. Thass the way han'-of-lub chahm wuck with the Salsify Sue kind of nigger. But dellawsy me!"—she wrung out her scrub cloth and gave it an airy flip,—“some niggers is diff'unt in respex tuh bein' unsimilyar. Thish yer nigger's feelin's not li'bul tuh be fotch up by one chunk of brimstun, one chunk sumphur, one root of Conquer-John"—she repeated the hand-of-love ingredients mincingly, her derision finding expression in grotesque emphases—dried-up breens of a peckerwood—bress the ram! An' a rattler's haht b'iled in turkumtime—fuh the Lawd's sake! Tha yo' fine resipeep! Don' reckon, li'l' chile, lak you could say thet humbuggery atter me, honey-jug?"

But I could and did. My achievement made her laugh, and her subsequent remarks seemed born of a perverse hilarity and without sequence, so far as I could see. Perhaps an older person would have seen farther.

"Thet sho was a bad ruction twixen Sue an' Cass. Cass lif up one he stremikies—had he boots on, too—an' fotch Sue a kick in huh haid whilst she bendin' oveh huh wash-tub. Yit—would yeh bleeb it?—the han'-of-lub done druv thet 'membunce clean outen huh breens." This was the more extraordinary, when the size of Mr. Cass Levassy's booted ex-

tremities was considered. "I decla'," said Miss Nigger next, with a toss of her head, "the notion of a han'-of-lub cert'n'y do mek me laugh!—Lan' of goodness! thet li'l' splay-footed Poke settin' out yonneh by the hin-house this ve'y minute!" She squeezed the water from her cloth and got up and clicked her heels together, a sure sign of effervescing spirits with her. She had not been so gay in a fortnight. "I gwine home tuh my house pud soon, sugah." Half-way down the side porch steps on her way to the kitchen she called back ever so casually: "I ain't gwine nowhurs. I gwine stay rat at home the endurin' evenin'." Not quite satisfied even then, she added: "Cass pay fuh the chahm with fo' pullet haid an' fo' pullet feet," as if she could not get done laughing about it.

With a bland notion that I was acting on my own initiative, I hopped from my perch and ran around to the back-yard to find Poke. He was sitting on a log beside the hen-house. His head was bowed in the habit of these days. Two headless pullets, sacrificed for our supper, lay stifening some ten feet from him.

"Poke, do you want to know how you can make Miss Nigger fond of you again?" He and I had discussed the situation before this, but on those various occasions I had not been able to speak to the point as I was speaking now. He did not raise his head, but lifted his dull eyes, and his big, flexible ears flickered.

"You 've got to go to Mam Jezzy's and buy a hand-of-love and let it work on Miss Nigger, Poke. And you 've got to go now." I made this emphatic because Possum Swamp, on the edge of which Mam Jezzy lived, was a weird place, full of peculiar sights and sounds.

"Is I *got* tuh do dat?"

"Cut the heads and feet off your chickens first." I saw that he would have to be whipped on.

He obeyed me, but operated without enthusiasm and very slowly.

"Now take the bodies to the house." I kicked the heads and feet into a little pile, and followed his reluctant lead toward the kitchen.

Miss Nigger and Flindy, our cook, were in the kitchen. Flindy was baking cake and "light-bread," and the kitchen was fragrant. It was late in the after-

noon, but the rays of the declining sun found ample ingress through the wide windows, and what with the delightful odor and the bright sunshine, the fat, amiable face of Flindy, the lean, animated face of Miss Nigger, and the sound of their rich voices, the kitchen seemed a very pleasant place—far pleasanter than Possum Swamp, for instance. Poke, an impressionable soul, brightened, and laid the chickens on the white pine table with a flourish.

"Tha, ladies," he said jovially, "tha two mo' ol' hins." I am sure that, although both Miss Nigger and Flindy were supposed to be spinsters, he meant nothing personal in this remark. He was nervous and wanted to seem at ease, and he had often, in palmier days, delivered himself of little pleasantries of this sort, and they had gone well. Unguided, Flindy would have laughed even now, in her silent, shaking fashion, but, taking her cue from Miss Nigger, she was able to maintain an impressive sobriety.

"As I was remockin', Miss Ginness,"—pretending to resume a narrative that she had never begun, Miss Nigger raised her brows and spoke as simperingly as the ladies in "Godey's Magazine" would have spoken could they have spoken at all,— "as I was remockin', he wint with the bes' colluhd people in the country, my hubsum did. Lan' alive! long 'fo' we was married I use' tuh look off andy-gogglin' at thet nigger an' thess wonneh was the good Gord e'er gwine lemme soshate with sech a high-classer. Sim lak I thess was n't fitten fuh nuttin' but a do'-mat fuh he feet, he sech a true gemplum, my hubsum was." At this gush of wifely appreciation and humility I stared wonderingly. Not only was humility not one of Miss Nigger's prominent attributes, but it was the first time I had ever heard of her husband. I think it must have been also the first time that Poke had ever heard of him. He stood regarding Miss Nigger, with his lower lip sagging.

"Miss Ginness," continued Miss Nigger, waxing more and more eulogistic, "I thess wisht *you* could 'a' seen eem. He so brack he shine. He thet han'some it 'mos' mek yo' eyes bleed tuh look at eem. An' whin he wint off tuh the waw behinst he young marse, I tromp 'longside he hoss twel I fell down 'mos' daid. An' whin I

res'rect, I see befo' me them riders a-marchin' out of ol' Kintuck'. They sim lak phantyums thin, young marse an' my hubsum, parolin' the hilltops." According to every precedent established by pen and brush, she should have been overcome at this juncture in her recital. But she was n't.* Her voice was soaring exultantly as she added, "An' I ain't ne'er sot eyes 'pun my hubsum f'om thet day tuh thissen."

Poke had stood all that he could stand. He beckoned to me to come out into the yard with him. There we held a short and hurried consultation. "Sim lak I des 'bleege' tuh go tuh Mam Jezzy's atter all," he admitted solemnly. "An' I want yeh teh me whut dat han'-of-lub chahm kimpoge of, so I know whut I gwine ax fuh."

"One chunk of brimstone, one chunk of sulphur"—But Poke let me go no further.

"Urgghh!" he cried through chattering teeth. "Dey pow'ful mindful wuhds. Hol' yo' hosses des a minute. I gwine up tuh dat kitchin ag'in an' ax Miss Nigger"—nerved by the vapory horror lying latent in the hand-of-love, he ran back to the kitchen to try the effect of another plea for forgiveness. Now it so happened (at least I suppose it *happened*) that Miss Nigger opened the kitchen door and flung out her scrub water just as Poke reached the kitchen steps. She stood in the doorway for a freezing moment and looked at the dripping wretch below her. "Flindy," she called icily, "you be'r shoo thish yer li'l' banty rooster offen the steps. He li'bul tuh git drown out by wateh ur buhn up by fiah ef he cayn't kip hisse'f tuh hisse'f."

The effect of all this upon a braver man would doubtless have been deterrent, but upon Poke it acted as a needed stimulus. It showed him that the situation was so desperate, and that such uncomfortable things were going to happen because of it, that it must be relieved at all hazards. He shook the dirty water from his clothes and came back to me with a firmer tread.

"Whut dat resipeep?" he asked in a laconic, business-like manner.

I gave him the ingredients as I had received them from Miss Nigger, and he enumerated them again and again, a smouldering fire in his eyes. Then he

asked me to go down to the front gate with him while he got "de resieep sots in 'membunce." We went down the driveway to the tune of "brimstun, sum-phur, peckerwood breens, Conquer-John root, an' rattler's haht."

At the gate I stopped. Poke stopped, too, and stood pensively rubbing the top of his right foot on the back of his left leg. "Yeh gwine be hyeh at de gate whin I git back—ef I e'er do git back?"

I promised him that I would meet him there, and I reminded him that it was not far to Possum Swamp by way of the bridle-path across Camelot Meadows, and that the journey need not take more than half an hour if he hurried.

He shook his head in a whimsical way and started off as silent as the grave. He had not gone twenty steps when he turned and came back to me, smiling propitiatingly. "I decla' ef 't'ain't pass my 'membunce whur dat was brack-dawg grease ur turkumtime whut we want putt in dat chahm fuh shawtnin'."

I straightened him out on that point, and fretted until he dragged himself off again. When at last Camelot Paddocks cut him from my range of vision I slipped from the gate-post and ran into the kitchen to commune with Miss Nigger for a moment. I greeted her with a sly look, and said to her in the dog Latin that we used when we wished to exclude Flindy from our secrets:

"I-vus bet-vus you-vus make-vus up-vus with-vus your-vus sweet-vus heart-vus to-vus-night-vus."

"Go-vus way-vus with-vus yo'-vus talk-vus! Sweet-vus-haht-vus? Sim lak I has hyeh the wuhds in yehs gone by. But I cayn't ketch the air tuh the chune of it these days. Not lessen mebbe ol' Mam Jezzy wuck a chahm oveh me—ki-yi!" In adding this, she managed to give voice to a rare combination of contempt and credulity. "But tha now, Mam Jezzy not li'bul tuh wuck a chahm oveh thish yer nigger lessen you goes an' fetches the han'-of-lub yo'se'f, honeysuckle dump-lum." She gave a furtive glance out of the window, and, following her example, I was horrified to see Poke coming back up the long lane as fast as his feet could carry him. I ran down the kitchen steps and out to the front gate. Waiting for neither explanation nor apology, I seized

him by one coat sleeve and pulled him along with me. He was so nearly breathless that he was helpless and stumbled on obediently.

"Huccome I kim back"—he began as we entered upon the Camelot bridle-path; but I shut him up. At the paddocks he began again, "Huccome—". And again I shut him up. But as we sped along the banks of the Rillrall, very close to the skirts of the swamp, his explanation would no longer be denied, and he shouted in one explosion—"I done fegit tuh fotch along de hin haid an' feet."

However, it was too late to remedy that oversight. I assumed the responsibility of getting credit with Mam Jezzy, and made Poke go on.

If you were ever in the Twin Oaks country, you must have noticed that the Rillrall will not cross Possum Swamp, but makes an acute angle at the sycamore break and goes winding off toward Melrose Bottoms. Nesting there in that angle of the creek was Mam Jezzy's cabin. Back of it were three lean, white sycamores. The sun was setting now, and the sycamores seemed etched out on a background of living fire. Mam Jezzy was nowhere in sight.

"My lan'! ain't dat too bad! We done got trouble fuh pains. We des 'bleege' tuh go rat back."

I tried a new policy with the faint-hearted adventurer. "All right, go back; but the next time Miss Nigger douses you, the water 'll prob'ly be hot."

He became passive once more and tried to laugh, but his teeth chattered and the noise that he made was sepulchral.

And, in view of Mam Jezzy's reputation, his fears were not unreasonable. It was all that I, a white child with a father and mother that laughed at things, could do to hold myself to the project of facing her. She was an obi woman who had taken up her abode in the swamp cabin without asking or answering any questions. Some said that she was Algonquin as well as negro. But all that anybody knew was that on a Monday the swamp cabin was vacant; on a Tuesday she was in it. Ever since that Tuesday strange things had been happening in the Twin Oaks neighborhood. The bringing of recalcitrant Sue back to her lover's arms was only one of many. Yellow Annie's

baby had been born with straight legs, Lafayette Chouteau's dog had got the mange, Flagtail Cooper had been laid low with a mortal illness, his flesh had shriveled on his bones, his bones had cracked, and he died. The person that cannot see cause and effect in the high-priced trick-bag yellow Annie had bought of Mam Jezzy and the straight legs of yellow Annie's baby will not be able to see that the Chouteau dog's mange and Flagtail Cooper's death were results of efforts to irritate and defy the obi lady.

As we stood and faced her lair, with the memory of her doings in our minds, and in our eyes the vision of the white sycamores on the blood-red background, Poke's impressionisms worsted him and he threw back his head and lifted up his voice and howled.

"Chut! Chut-chut!" It was hard to tell whether it was the chirp of an angry sparrow or the voice of a human being. Poke and I looked up into the nearest sycamore-tree, whence the sound seemed to come. When we looked down, the obi lady stood peering around one corner of her cabin with moody eyes.

"Dat a buffler-bull yeh got fuh pet?" she asked of me, with a derisive look at Poke. She was inexpressibly dirty, her eyes were watery, her chin made a leathery dewlap, and her jaws were ornamented with gray bristles; but these witchy attributes, though perhaps not fascinating in themselves, were soothingly commonplace in comparison with that ventriloquistic voice of hers, young and cold and sneering. Taken all together, dirt and eyes, dewlap and bristles and voice, she was too much for Poke. He half sat, half fell upon the ground and covered his face with his hands. Although his supineness made Mam Jezzy mutter something else about a buffler-bull, it served the good purpose of recalling me to the task in hand.

"No, he is not a buffalo-bull," I explained to the obi lady. "He is Miss Nigger's sweetheart, and they have had a falling-out."

"Ty-hoo-hoo!" It was the sound that the owl makes in the dead of night when she laughs at the stars.

"And we have come to buy a hand-of-love charm for Miss Nigger, like the one you made for Salsify Sue."

The obi lady looked straight up at the sky. "I ain't see no pullet haid. I ain't see no pullet feet," she told the sky.

"I forgot to bring them. But I am the child from Twin Oaks,"—it was a joy to me to fall into her fairy-tale measure,—
"Give me the charm and I will send you the heads and feet by this man to-morrow." At this Poke lay flatter to the earth, as a very sick man lies deep into his pillows. Mam Jezzy shook her head.

"Tek de haid an' de feet," she said, still talking to the sky, "an' putt um in de long lane wheh yeh will find six crosses in de dus' clost by de ha'nt place in de osage-haidge. Dey will be brung unter me."

I closed the bargain immediately, and Mam Jezzy turned her attention to Poke for a moment. "Whyfo' yeh hab ruction wid yo' lady-frien'?"

Even in a state of collapse Poke showed himself more than a match for a witch when his skill as a fencer was engaged. "Well, it lak dis: I drap some salt las' week an' I clean fegit tuh th'ow air pinch oveh my lef' shouldeh. In co'se I 'bleege' tuh hab ruction atfeh dat."

"That was n't the only thing," I began, but Poke cut cross the path of my malice like the flash of a jay-bird's wing—

"Oh, yassum, an' nur day de fiah spit out at me, an' I clean fegit tuh spit back—dat so."

Rather than lose time in this fashion, Mam Jezzy turned her back upon him and went into her cabin. Only the shadowy outline of her was visible as she bent over a kettle that hung in her fireplace; but now and then words of magic import drifted out to us—"Gord above me—Gord ahine me—Gord afore me—mek dis rat'ler fang sweeten huh mout' fuh kind langidge—mek dis yarb rouge up huh feelin's—mek dese breens argify fuh peace." The incantation was more interesting than it was long, and very soon Mam Jezzy came forth, carrying a small greasy bag. "Dere now, dat chahm gwine mek huh ez weevily-wavily ez a speard of grass. Dey ain't no queschin 'bout dat. But ef it don't, des come rat back hyeh, an' I fix huh up wid de grave-dus' wet in de blood of de pig-eatin' sow."

I put out my hand for the bag, but the obi lady gave a scream, and held it high above my head.

"Gordamighty! yeh want tuh fall in love wid de li'l louse yo' own se'f? Don't tetch dat bag! What e'er yeh do, *don't tetch dat bag!*" So saying, she carried it to Poke, who cowered pitifully as she put it into his hands.

Then from her cabin door she waved her claw-like hands to us in farewell. When Poke reached the foot-board over the Rillrall, he took off his cap and ducked his body several times in convulsive politeness. Mam Jezzy cackled, and, at the sound, which seemed to come from close under his left ear, he leaped across the creek and bounded away into Camelot Meadows.

He was close to the paddocks before he ever stopped to draw breath or wait for me. "How I gwine look afteh yeh whin yeh kip so fur behind me?" he asked with mild and forgiving remonstrance.

I looked at him witheringly, but he declined to wither, for with Mam Jezzy behind him, the charm was steadily begetting confidence within him. As we went on through the meadow, he held the charm up now and again and addressed it as little Pokéy. "Roll up yo' sleeves, li'l Pokey, an' git raddy fuh wuck," he would say, lifting his chest arrogantly and winking at the charm slyly. Or, holding it in the one hand, he would move a slow, menacing fist before it and say, "Ef yeh don't bring my lady-frien' erroun, I gwine pounce de stuffin' outen yeh, mind dat, my small boy."

Just beyond Henway Wood we met my young uncle, Norval Henway, riding home to Camelot. Poke, as gay as a bobolink now, ran up to the mare's side.

"Say, Mist' Norve, could n' len' me no rattlin' money fuh to-night, could yeh? I gwine set up wid my bes' gal to-night, I is." He was sure of it at this moment. "I lak midy well tuh have a li'l rattlin' money in my pottit." The borrowing of rattling money was a well-established custom among the negro beaux of Twin Oaks. White men would lend on the "rattling" plea without flinching, for the money was always scrupulously returned next day. The accommodation was too much prized to be jeopardized. Norval, looking from Poke to me, divined the impending reconciliation, and rather glad of a chance to further it, let Poke have two silver quarters. Then, wishing us good

luck, our benefactor went on his way, and we went on ours.

We stopped at Twin Oaks just long enough to pick up a side of bacon from the smoke-house and a "settin' of aigs" from the barn, and hurried back to the long lane, and down the long lane to Miss Nigger's house.

Her door was closed. This was as unusual as it was fortuitous. It gave us a nice opportunity to deposit our burdens unseen. We placed the side of bacon on the west end of the door-step; then came the eggs in Poke's hat; then a small greasy bag, which I took great care not to touch. We made a good deal of scuffling noise, but we did not seem to disturb Miss Nigger. When our arrangements were complete, Poke gave the door a resounding knock and retired to the shelter of a syringa-bush at one corner of the house, where he stood with one hand in his pocket, rattling his money merrily. I ran entirely round the house to the back and peeped in through the open window.

When I reached the window, Miss Nigger was opening the door. From the door she stalked to the table with the bacon in one hand and a high-and-mighty look on her face. Glancing neither to the right nor to the left, she flung the bacon upon the table.

"Lak tuh know who be'n traffickin' with my do'-step, puttin' hawg-meat on my do'-step."

I had never seen her in such an ungracious mood, and I trembled for fear the charm would not be able to overcome her. She wheeled about and pranced back to the door in a frenzy—or a fine imitation of a frenzy. Instead of picking up the eggs, she stood for one harrowing moment like one whom fury renders mute. Then she burst forth into ungoverned whoops and yells.

"Who putt thet scorpium's hat 'pun my do'-step?" she screamed, when she allowed herself to become articulate. "Thet low-down niggery hat! Tek it 'way f'om hyeh!" She was too good an actress to do anything by halves, so she put her hands before her avertingly, and let her voice become a wild whine. "Won't nobuddy please tek it 'way? I drur see a rattler, I drur see a painter, I drur see a kangarilla." I could not help pitying the forlorn and droopy little figure by the

syringa-bush. 'The gay jingle of his money had ceased. He turned, with a lost-dog look upon his face, and had actually started to sneak away when these words stayed his flight: "Now whut thet grizzly li'l' bag a-doin' on my do'step? Fo' Gord! I li'bul tuh kill somebuddy fuh all this yer traffickin'. I thess gwine pick up thet varmint an' fling eem—whay-ow!"

And there she stood with the bag in her hand, her body stiffening as if it had received an electric charge, her face shining, and her mouth smiling. For a moment she stared into space with a peculiar waiting expression, as if she were watching something fine blossom into fullest glory. Then, little by little, her eyes came back to the hat full of eggs.

"Dellawsy me!" she honeyed, "who be'n so kind ez tuh fotch me a sittin' of nice aigs? Thet mus' 'a' be'n my li'l' white podner." She picked up the eggs, hat and all, and nested them in her arms. Then she gave a squeal. "This yer Mist' Pokeberry 'Tate'sez hat, this is!" She danced all round the room and out through the door into the yard. "Sim lak I ain't seen thet young man fuh coon's age. Hoodah! sim lak I be rat glad tuh see eem."

While she pirouetted in a seemingly uncontrollable ecstasy, the little figure over by the syringa-bush went into grotesque spasms of gaiety, now slapping both hands to his knees, now waving his arms over his head hilariously, now rattling his money loudly, now pounding the syringa-bush with a joyous fist.

Finally Miss Nigger sat down on the door-step, exhausted. "I declah I do 'bleeve li'l' buhd tellin' me I gwine have comp'ny fuh suppeh," she said, and held her head on one side, as if to listen to the little bird. And, at the covert invitation, Mr. Pokeberry Tate, as brave as a lion and as prideful as a peacock, came from behind the syringa-bush, jingling his silver nonchalantly.

"Good-evenin'," he said with easy affability.

Starting violently and calming her feelings by a most evident effort, Miss Nigger rose and gave him good-evening.

"How all yo' folks?" continued Poke, expanding more and more elegantly and less and less relevantly. Miss Nigger had no folks.

"They tol'bul. How 's yourn?" Poke had no folks, either.

"They middlin'. I hopes I see yeh well yo' own se'f, Miss Nigger."

"Wy, I sagashyatin' 'bout same as us'l. How *you* come on, Mist' Tate?"

"Wy, I be'n a li'l' squawmish fuh some days, but I kip able tuh sit up an' tek my victuals."

"Spikkin of victuals, I don't reckon yeh dispoze tuh some choke taters an' a li'l' good hawg-meat?"

"Go' long now, yeh know I dispoze."

As they entered the cabin, I saw that the gloom and unrest were all gone from Miss Nigger's face, the lost-dog look from Poke's. Miss Nigger left Poke and came straight to the window, as if she had known all along that I was there. She put her arms through the window and squeezed me vehemently. "Sim lak I kin putt innanything in this worl' thoo hand-runnin' ef my li'l' white podner he'p me," she said, with more meaning than I caught. I laughed at her.

"That 's a good one on you, Miss Nigger. It was the hand-of-love did that."

"Snakes alive! so 't was!" She was swinging the charm from her hand, and she let her eye rest upon it again, with an able resumption of the rôle that she had already played so well. Then she looked at Poke archly, and Poke jingled his money and spun around twice on one heel. They were still standing in the middle of the cabin, eying each other with a foolish but tremendous satisfaction, when I turned away from them and ran back up the long lane to my father's house.





From a photograph

FRANK A. PERRET, CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN, AND PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI,
ON THE TERRACE OF THE OBSERVATORY

VESUVIUS IN FURY

CAUSES AND CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GREAT ERUPTION
OF APRIL, 1906

BY WILLIAM P. ANDREWS

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN



ARDLY since Martial sang and Pliny the younger wrote of the great eruption of A. D. 79, which destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, has there been such a catastrophe as has this year visited the smiling Campania. Their words read like a description of the horrors of to-day.

"This is Vesuvius; lately 't was verdant and shaded with vine-leaves;

Here the grape was splendid, pressed in the yet-dripping coolers;

* * * * *

All in flames lie buried, immersed in mournfulest ashes;
Nor supernal Gods would have wished it allowed them."

Martial, Epigrams, IV, 44.

This is true to-day of the 193,000 acres of lately smiling vineyards, arable land, and forests greening in the spring sunshine, which, with some of the villages nearer

the crater, lie smoking in utter ruin, or are buried under from one to two metres of pumice-stone.

The present eruption, though one of the most terrible on record, has not quite reached the pitch of horror which the younger Pliny describes as accompanying the earlier phenomenon, though many of the incidents related by him of that earlier catastrophe have been repeated. The same enormous cloud, which Pliny likens to the appearance of a gigantic pine-tree, "shot up to a great height," and "spread itself out at the top in a sort of branches." Again it shrouded the whole vast gulf, and again the region round the mountain was covered with "a fall of cinders and pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock, while broad flames shone out from various places on the mountain." The terrible earthquake, and uproarious seas retiring from the shore, were lacking in this last convulsion; but the darkness, "not like a night when the sky is cloudy and there is no moon, but that of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are put out," was observed at various points about the bay, as it was by Pliny that fatal night near his villa at Misenum.

Lately, at Capri, twenty miles away, this phenomenon was noticed for an hour or two. It occasioned great alarm among some of the foreign visitors, and on the steamers making for the port of Naples, many of which were obliged to put back. For a day the port was inaccessible, owing to the showers of cinders darkening the air.

In half an hour the streets of Naples were filled to the depth of from five to six inches with a soft, powdered material resembling ashes, and this has occurred more than once. The inhabitants did not seem to be seriously alarmed, except the inmates of the prisons, who rebelled, and had to be controlled by troops. The streets, however, have been filled with religious processions, carrying the effigies of their patron saints and imploring divine aid. The people entered the cathedral and took forcible possession of their patron saint, and fully 30,000 persons escorted this sacred bust of St. Januarius from the cathedral to the confines of the city nearest the mountain.

The towns lying round the mountain-sides, however, were deserted and some of the smaller villages nearer the cone were



From a photograph

VIEW OF THE OBSERVATORY COVERED WITH CINDERS AND ASHES

destroyed. There the awful scenes reported by Pliny were repeated. An infernal darkness reigned, lighted up by the monstrous streams of burning lava, pouring down from the central cone and from vast crevices in its sides. From time to time new craters would burst forth, exploding with a tremendous roar and threatening to sweep all before them.

In the doomed upper villages the rain of cinders became a downpour of volcanic sand, mixed with larger pumice-stones and considerable masses of molten material. At the larger town of Ottaiano and in the outlying region of San Giuseppe, which are situated on the northeastern slope of the mountain, within the line of the railroad running round it, the people fled through this awful hail of projectiles, protecting themselves with tables and chairs held above their heads. The Government had sent trains to the station to take them away; but the removal was necessarily slow, owing to the constant blocking of the line by the masses of falling material, which in places filled the tracks to the depth of a yard. The distressing scenes of "The Last Days of Pompeii" were repeated, with husbands, wives, and children calling through the darkness for one another. Most were carried to places of safety; but of those who had fled for protection to the church to pray for heavenly aid, a hundred and fifty or more were buried beneath its roof, when it fell, crushed by the weight of the material falling upon it. A large number died in their own houses, unable or unwilling to leave their homes and face the terrible fire of missiles outside. This village of San Giuseppe and the larger town near it are like a partly excavated Pompeii, the pumice and sand reaching nearly to the tops of the lower houses, many of which were crushed by the additional weight imposed upon their level roofs.

The whole region round this part of the mountain was shrouded for days in dense clouds of smoke and cinders, and the smiling vineyards lie buried a yard or two deep beneath the material vomited forth by the awful crater menacing them from on high.

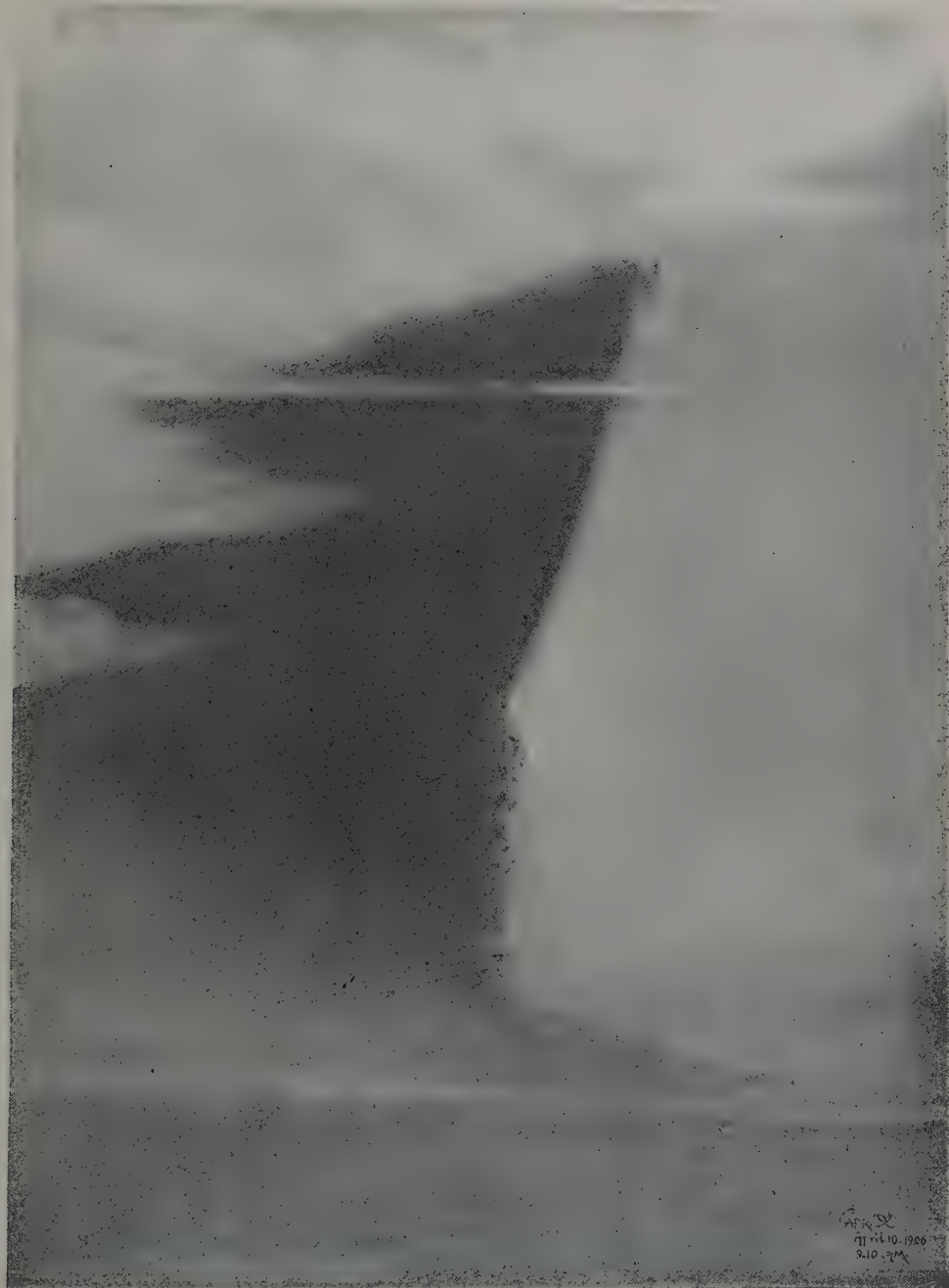
When the worst was over, the people at once came back and the desolated streets were full of returning fugitives seeking their lost homes or the bodies of

their dear ones. Naples and Castellamare, and the towns on the Bay of Salerno, were crowded with tens of thousands of refugees from the threatened or destroyed communes, who had to be fed by the authorities; but at the first chance of possible security they returned to their houses.

At Torre Annunciata, the large town nearest to Pompeii on the seashore, the people were opening their houses and shops on Monday, though they had been ordered out on Saturday, when it seemed impossible to save the town from the torrent of lava four hundred yards wide, and nine or ten feet in height, which was sweeping down upon it. On Sunday, April 8, this stream swept through a part of the village of Boscotrecase, on the heights above the larger town, destroying beyond recovery everything in its path; but at the high-lying cemetery outside the more thickly settled portions of the town it paused, divided, and then suddenly ceased flowing, quickly hardening on the outer parts, so that by Monday it was possible to walk on its surface.

At one house, which had been entirely surrounded by the flood, but not destroyed, one saw people, on top of the mass of lava, entering the upper windows with a ladder and bringing forth their household goods, to transport them to a place of safety. One vineyard was surrounded on three sides by this dividing current, and it was possible to walk into it among the lines of trimmed vines, and to perceive the fire still glowing in the towering walls of lava on each side. The people attributed this remarkable phenomenon to the miraculous intervention of their Madonna, "Our Lady of the Snows," with whose sacred image they had confronted the all-devouring monster sweeping implacably down on their apparently doomed homes. Step by step the priests and the faithful, singing the litany, retreated, as the awful flood swept on, and still the sound of singing and prayer rose above the fearful roar of the torrent and the thunder of the mountain above, belching forth from the central crater fiery bombs and enormous swirls of cinder, sand, and smoke, which rose to great heights. Yard by yard the lava swept onward: now a palatial villa would be surrounded by the torrent, crushed down, and disappear in smoke;





Drawn in pastel by Charles Caryl Coleman

VESUVIUS AS SEEN FROM THE ISLAND OF CAPRI BETWEEN NINE AND TEN O'CLOCK
OF THE FORENOON OF APRIL 10, 1906

now a weeping peasant would see his little cottage and vineyard, his all, go under in an instant. One poor woman was thus watching the fate of her earthly belongings from a little eminence, when a smaller crater came roaring forth at her very feet. She turned to flee, fell, rolled to the bottom of the little hill, and the next moment the lava flowed forth like

from the Naples side, it was not seen for more than a week. Only vast, dense clouds apparently of ashes and cinders, now as black as night, now gray, now tinged with red, came rolling and swirling down over all the region. It was these awful obscuring, asphyxiating, clouds which from time to time made navigation impossible. In Naples itself it occasioned



From a photograph

PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI IN HIS STUDY AT THE OBSERVATORY

the foam from a glass of beer and swept over the spot where she had been standing an instant before.

In the eruption of A. D. 79, it was the shower of pulverized material which came in this direction and destroyed Pompeii, while the lava flowed toward Herculaneum. This is what has made it easy to dig out Pompeii, but impossible to uncover any great part of the finer city, now lying under the modern town of Resina, on the confines of Naples itself. In the present eruption the conditions have been reversed.

The view of the mountain from Pompeii was comparatively unobstructed; but,

great inconvenience, and the roof of the market was crushed in, killing several persons. These ashes have several times filled the streets to a depth of six inches, but nearer the mountain, at Portici, Resina, and Torre del Greco, this rain of powdered material, mixed with lapilli and small stones, accumulating on the flat roofs, destroyed many houses. Though the electric lights were kept constantly lighted, it was impossible to see with any distinctness, or to move about without a lantern.

The Government sent steamers to Torre del Greco to bring away the fugitives, and



From a photograph by Alfred Green, made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

GOVERNMENT DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS

the screams of their sirens added to the uproar. Amid this scene of horror and desolation, the courageous King and

Queen came from Rome to aid the stricken people, and went, through the showers of dust and mud and lapilli, from



From a photograph by Alfred Green, made for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

WORKMEN CLEARING ASHES AND CINDERS FROM THE ROAD LEADING TO SAN GIUSEPPE, APRIL 24, 1906

place to place, cheering, comforting, and giving orders for their relief. Their cousin, the Duke of Aosta, in command of the troops, has daily been on the scene of action, and the artillery, with their wagons, have removed the feeble and wounded; while the engineer corps and the infantry have dug the dead from the ruins, or rescued those who have chanced to be saved by some protecting arch. Several children have come into the world while their distressed mothers were thus imprisoned among their shattered homes, or prostrated in the cinder-filled streets, and for a long time it will be impossible to verify the exact number of the victims, some of whom, still buried in the wrecks of their houses, were found alive after five days.

There have been splendid instances of heroism and devotion to duty, and the conduct of Prof. Matteucci at the observatory near Cook's railway has elicited the applause of Europe. This intrepid scientist remained at his post through the whole of the catastrophe, with his American coadjutor, Mr. Frank A. Perret, and five carabinieri, though the observatory itself was shattered and the power-house of the railway near by was swept away. The force of the blast from the crater can be estimated by the fact that one of the large boilers of the funicular railway was carried one hundred metres away from its foundation. His telegrapher fled, but Prof. Matteucci remained at his post, sending forth warnings and encouragement to the threatened communes below, while the bombs from the summit roared and crashed around him and the dense cinders and smoke enveloped him on every side.

Dr. Grahlavitz, of the observatory at Ischia, a seismologist of wide fame and experience, who has invented several most delicate instruments for measuring these phenomena, reported that the now extinct volcano on that island has not been at all affected by the occurrences across the bay. The cause of this eruption, he said, is certainly local and hydro-meteorological, due, that is, to the vaporization of the sea-water coming in contact with the incandescent mass in the mountain, and though the present activity is not likely to be of long duration, it cannot be expected to cease immediately.

The present eruption as a spectacle has been terrible and awe-inspiring, but not,

for the most part, as brilliant a sight as other minor manifestations of the volcano's power; for the whole region was covered nearly all the time with a dense pall of smoke and powdered dust through which nothing could be seen except the terrible flashes of lightning which seemed to pervade the earth and sky. This lightning was incessant, and accompanied with horrible roarings, which, mingled with the unceasing bellows of the crater, made a scene of terror that might well be compared to the descriptions of Dante's *Inferno*. Yet such was the unquestioning faith of the peasants in the protective power of their saints, that they confronted the monstrous serpents of lava sweeping down on their homes, almost as if they were watching the progress of a railroad train, till the implacable nature of their deadly enemy dawned upon them.

These eruptions go through three phases: First, the lava pours forth in a torrent, sometimes, as in the eruption which destroyed Herculaneum, preceded by a flood of mud. In that case it was the mud, burying the lower stories of the houses in Herculaneum, which preserved for us the treasures of art found in those ruins of the ancient city that men have been able to uncover. Secondly, the eruption or explosion takes place at the central crater, which covers the land with masses of pumice, powder, and sand. This sand at Herculaneum hardened into the soft sandstone called tufa, of which most of the houses are built. Then the third phase of sporadic eruptions sets in, gradually decreasing in intensity till the mountain resumes its normal condition.

In the present eruption, as in that of 1872, the flow of lava came not from the filling and consequent overflow of the central cone, but from the rupture of the sides of the cone itself, which the present writer had noticed from Resina, the week previous to the outburst, as apparently cracking in every direction, though the natives assured him that they felt no alarm. But a week later a tremendous crevice opened in the cone on the side above Torre Annunciata, and from this the lava descended in a stream over 600 feet in width. On Sunday night this stream of lava, reinforced by the explosion of a new opening beneath the central cone, reached the outward village of





From a map printed by La Tribuna, Rome

MAP OF THE SLOPES OF VESUVIUS WHICH WERE INVADDED BY THE LAVA OF THE RECENT ERUPTION

Oratorio, the part of Boscorecase lying between it and the town of Bosco Reale, above Pompeii. Then the spectacle from all round the bay was not only tremendous and awe-inspiring, but also gorgeous to the last degree. The pall of smoke was swept aside for an hour or two, about four o'clock in the morning, and the glowing lava stream, the fiery crater, and the burning woods and houses lighted up the wide expanse of waters till the whole great gulf looked like an enormous sheet of fire. Above, the stupendous pall spread itself forth, vividly illuminated by jagged lightnings; but the smoke closed in again, and for a week nothing was seen of the region round the mountain. On Sunday noon, above this impenetrable mist, rose a billowing column of copper-colored cloud, which reached an inconceivable height, variously estimated, according to the standpoint of the observer, at from two to five miles. At the top, this ruddy cloud spread itself out like an enormous stone pine, till its branches seemed to overshadow the whole country round the bay. The brilliant April sunshine turned to a pale glow, like the weird light that accompanies the total eclipse of the sun, and this effect lasted for days.

Early Monday morning, even at Capri, twenty miles away, it was impossible to see one's hand before the face; but as the volcanic powder shortly ceased falling there, it soon became only a pallid half-sunlight, struggling down on a desolated world in which not one green or white object was to be seen. The world was of a dismal, uniform quaker drab: everything had been covered to a depth of about a quarter of an inch with a soft coating of powdered volcanic material. The first glimpse of green, appearing as the wind shook the branches, was like the return of the dove to the ark after the deluge.

For five days thereafter nothing was seen of Vesuvius or of the region round about. Steamers emerged from the cloud covered with this gray powder or disappeared into it, bringing or carrying the news of what was concealed from view. Finally, on the following Saturday, the cloud lifted, and a new Vesuvius appeared to the astonished gaze of the beholders. In place of the picturesque, vine-and-forest-girdled mountain, with its smiling villas and verdant slopes, topped with the sharp black cone, from the acute mouth of which a wreath of smoke was sometimes seen to issue, a wide-spread

gray mound of ashes stood where Vesuvius once had been. The sharp cone had broken in at a point near the upper station of Cook's railway, which had wholly disappeared, engulfed in the whirlpool of fire within. The whole width of the mountain from that point was now one immense crater, belching forth billow after billow of dense smoke and cinders, which rose in an enormous quadrangular pillar, surrounded by an immense white ring of smoke.

When the mountain was first visible for a short time on the Monday previous, it looked as if it were covered with a brilliant coating of glistening snow, the earlier white crystals and ashes glittering and scintillating in the sunlight. This had now quite disappeared, and in its place a drab pall covered everything from the sea to the summit with a melancholy coating of destructive materials from a foot to three yards in depth.

The Naples "Mattino" estimates the arable land destroyed in the Vesuvian communes at 193,000 acres, valued at something over 60,000,000 Italian lire, equivalent to \$12,000,000.

Prof. Matteucci reports that this eruption has been much more severe than the famous one of 1872, or any other of times near to our own. He estimates the quantity of sand thrown out by the mountain during this eruption at millions of cubic metres. He says that this sand is the product of a long elaboration in the crater of the materials which are pressed along the volcanic conduit toward the crater, and that this time they were crushed by the falling in of the cone and pulverized by the tremendous friction. According to the size to which this attrition reduces these bodies, they issue forth from the crater as lapilli, sand, or a powder which is improperly called and believed to be ashes. These, he says, are not really cinders or ashes, but are formed by the pulverization of the larger masses.

This sand, forced out of the crater, is elevated to a certain height, and then, expanding, forms the *pine*, which, pressed by the wind, bends over and begins to sink, and the sand falls in a rain more or less thick, according to the quantity, more or less heavy, according to the size of the grains and their specific gravity. The volcano often expands and disperses this

cloud, which, in the present instance, remained long in the Vesuvian region because there was no wind to drive it away.

Prof. Matteucci also says that the present eruption began not on the 7th or 8th of April, of this year, but on the 27th of May, 1905, when the eruptive mouth opened on the northwest of the crater. That sent the lava down into the Atrio del Cavallo, the vast valley beneath the cone on that side of the mountain. It has always been the same period of volcanic activity. This has been continuous, but almost entirely internal, giving only external manifestations of little importance. Lately this eruptive phase has become more intense and has begun to manifest itself at the crater, with explosions of sand more or less powerful.

This lava, flowing through the snow on the cone to the valley on the top of the mountain proper, made the splendid spectacle which delighted visitors to Naples in the winter of 1906; but when the new mouths opened on the southeast of the cone, the mouth that had opened on the northwest in 1905 ceased to flow. Prof. Matteucci, with his American assistant, Prof. Perret, and the chief of the carabinieri, went to visit these new mouths, and found them to be five in number. They were disgoring lava in great quantities, which flowed downward with extraordinary rapidity.

Of the two most copious streams, one passed downward over the lava of 1744, and extended as far as Bolzano; the other forked, after a certain point, part of the stream passing over the lava of 1764, and part on the lava of 1850 and near that of 1714. It was this stream which ran down on Boscotrecase, destroying a portion of that town and proceeding toward Torre Annunciata, but pausing at the cemetery, after burning various outlying villas and houses of peasant proprietors.

It is yet impossible to estimate exactly the loss of life involved in this catastrophe. It is happily not as large as in some lesser manifestations of the mountain's power; but will probably exceed two hundred persons, and may reach a higher figure. The loss of property, in houses, crops, trees, and land, will be larger than in any eruption for centuries, and very extensive tracts of arable country will not for centuries be again productive.

HEROIC SAN FRANCISCO

A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE PLUCK AND HEROISM OF THE
PEOPLE OF THE STRICKEN CITY.

BY LOUISE HERRICK WALL



ORROR, panic, dread, terror—these are the words that have been most lavishly used by the local and Eastern press in describing the effect of the extraordinary disasters that have rushed upon us here in San Francisco during the last two weeks, filling every hour since the great earthquake shock of the morning of April 18—and the vastly more disastrous succeeding days of the fire—with a tempest of hurrying events. And yet to the thousands who have been caught within the whirlpool of intensest activity the words seem unreal, crude, and essentially false to the spirit that animates the whole mass of the people who are living with passionate energy through this time. The truth is that despair is not to be seen on any face, nor the droop of it weighing upon any shoulder, nor the ring of it heard in any voice, except where extreme old age or habitual self-indulgence has already set its mark.

Early in the morning of April 19, twenty-four hours after the heaviest shocks, when the earth still quaked at short intervals and the walls of wrecked buildings crumbled in at a puff of wind; when the fire had swept the Mission and most of the water-front bare, and was rushing against and overwhelming the great business blocks of the main thoroughfares, at that moment attacking the heart of San Francisco itself; when Market street was the flue through which the fire sucked its air from the bay; when marble and brick and concrete business blocks crashed in on themselves or, in the wake of the breakers of fire, glowed down

into heaps of lime and brick and ash and wire-draped junk; when the incessant explosions of dynamite of the fire-fighters, who strove to save by destruction, came in rushes of sound on each wave of ash-laden air that burned the face and dimmed the sight, I walked the whole length of San Francisco from the ferry to army headquarters in the Presidio and back again, and made a number of detours into the burning city, as far as the bayonets of the fire-line of guards would permit, over hot debris and under festoons of half-melted, fallen wires, where the city in its first hot haste was vomited out upon these ruined streets; and yet I saw no despair upon any human face.

In that day's tramp of twenty blistering miles I saw only four faces that showed the trace of tears and heard fewer shaken voices, and yet for miles my way lay among those who had just lost their homes and had turned but then from seeing the complete destruction of all their material wealth. I was close to the people, often wedged in among them for twenty minutes at a time. I must have spoken to several hundred refugees, so could not have failed to know the temper of the crowd, even if it had interested me less profoundly.

For hours as I walked I was combating the fatal but almost universal belief that the ferries had stopped running, that the wharves were all burned, and that the only hope of safety lay in reaching the west side of Van Ness Avenue and, if driven from there, to seek final refuge in the sand-dunes of Golden Gate Park and the Presidio. If the people who lived in the down-town districts had known on

the 18th, 19th, and 20th of April that they could escape from San Francisco into the country by way of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, and the Marin County towns, an inestimable amount of suffering would have been spared, but they firmly believed themselves hemmed in by the fire. The city, to them, was a trap with only one possible egress, miles and miles to the west. Day after day and all night long, without regular food, drink, rest, or respite from intense anxiety, thousands of families of women and little children dragged themselves from place to place in front of the flames, lying without shelter in vacant lots, exposed to fog and chilling rain. Premature childbirth and death to the feeblest of the old people resulted from the fatal misconception. In many cases families were walking and dragging their few rescued possessions away from the reach of the flames for four or five successive days and nights, going from one place of temporary shelter to another without the commonest necessities of life and without sleep.

Color was given to the rumor of the destruction of the ferries by the fact that the fire, which did sweep away most of the buildings on lower Market street except the ferry buildings, had for some hours on the 18th prevented transit by boat to and from town. Moreover, the ferry building had been seriously injured by the earthquake and many of the roofs of adjacent boat-landings had collapsed upon the staggering piers. The metal flag-staff on top of the ferry tower, whipped back and forth by the violence of the oscillation at that height, had been bent at a sharp angle, giving a look of greater insecurity to the whole building. All this was more than enough to confirm the reports of a complete blockading of the port.

Early in the morning of the 19th the extreme down-town section of San Francisco was wiped out. For the short way that the eye could penetrate the smoke one could make out only the shattered walls and columns of wrecked buildings sending up vast plumes of exquisitely tinted smoke,—mauve, pink, white, and gray,—with explosive bursts of orange flames tearing the obscurity beyond. The fragments of buildings near at hand were already mere pale monuments of ruin.

Market street was a trough of flame; and the only way up-town was to skirt the fire to the north and follow the streets least obstructed by fallen poles, wire, and wreckage. This had been a section of warehouses, factories, and canneries that had been shaken down and burned over some hours before. Thousands of tins of peach and apricot, their once gaudy labels roasted into blackness, were scattered among the bricks and rubbish of the fallen buildings. Now and then a can exploded with trivial ferocity and bespattered the passengers with scalding fruit. Thrifty, black-bearded Italians from the fishermen's quarter were making packs of the cans and slinging them over their shoulders. Street Arabs, themselves blackened past any racial classification, broke into the tins, and squatting among the smoking debris, freely feasted on the twice-cooked fruit. Every part of these streets was encumbered with wreckage; the pavement, torn and ruptured here more than elsewhere by the shock, was blocked by sliding piles of brick, in places as high as a man's head, that had to be climbed through and over, while everywhere leaning poles, draped with ensnaring wreaths of half-melted electric wires, made progress a mere crawl.

As I worked my way through this smoking quarter, where the stones were hot beneath the feet, I began to overtake refugees fleeing toward the Presidio. The sidewalks, already almost impassable with wreckage, were filled for miles, from this point onward, with household goods of every known variety,—sewing-machines, wads of bedding, pans, dishes, mirrors, crayon portraits—enlarged from photographs of the dear, ugly dead, no doubt,—bureaus, beds, pianos, banjos, soup-tureens, and every object that ever helped to complicate existence under a roof, were set upon legs that day. Everything that moved on wheel or castor became a wagon. Baby-carriages, piled high with clothes and bedding, sometimes running upon a single wheel, and trunks with castors, or two or three trunks a-tandem, were drawn through the streets by ropes of torn sheets. Women with lap-dogs and hundreds of men and women with bird-cages—parrots, canaries, and love-birds—hurried with the hurrying caravan. In a clear space I saw a well-dressed old gen-

tleman of about sixty, with a white mustache and imperial and a well-brushed high silk hat, trotting along briskly with a large new trunk, fastened by a new trunk-strap, trundling and bumping at his heels as a toy sheep bumps and trundles at the heels of a two-year-old. A wealthy and well-known dry-goods merchant of San Francisco had turned his trunk over and was nailing a pair of roller-skates to the bottom, to give speed to this ark of his fallen fortune.

In the confusion people met your gaze abstractedly; if questioned, they would answer, and return instantly to their interrupted tasks. All were intent on some immediate furious effort to save from the approaching fire what was left to them of family and possessions. The broken ant-hill, with its myriad escaping ants each carrying pupæ, grub, or some burden greater than himself, is neither less nor more tragic to look upon than these eager human creatures in their determined effort to save their own. In many you saw the tightening of the will that is a strong joy to the strong, and the fight for life quickened by the near rumble and jar of dynamite and fanned by the flame-beaten air laden with ash and cinder. The breeze swept scorching from the south, where the fire was swallowing a fresh block of houses every ten or fifteen minutes. The whole sky in that quarter was steam and smoke, torn by wallowing bursts of flame.

In certain of the streets even downtown one came upon back-waters of comparative quiet where the people, who had left their houses the night of the earthquake, still sat or lay upon their possessions outside of their own doorways half asleep from the fatigue and exciting vigil of the day and night. Among these groups there was no excited talk nor consultation: they seemed to have received their orders and to be awaiting drowsily the prod of the flames to set them on the march.

The flight of the people in these first hours of the great fire was so like what every one has read and heard about such flights that it had the familiarity, combined with grotesque strangeness, of a recurrent delirium, or one of those double mental impressions in which each phase of unfolding events is half-anticipated by

the tired mind, when one is ready to say, "If this is Hell, I have been there before."

The traditional bird-cages, the inevitable parrots, only unexpected in repeating each one his own little set of phrases, one crying in a harshly irritable voice, "What *is* it? What *is* it?" and another, sunk among his plumage, imitating the broken sobs of a woman's voice and stammering out, "Poor, poor Polly!"

From a hundred heaps of rescued treasure gramophones lifted their foolish, brazen mouths. Invalids rode in baby-carriages or across the locked hands of men or on shutters, or on mattresses of woven wire. One sick woman, whose hip had been injured before the disaster was pushed from near the City Hall to the ferry on two bicycles lashed together, catamaran fashion, and steadied over the debris by her sons. She was four days on the bed they had improvised for her of a chair tied to the wheels before she reached a place of safety. Babies were born on doorsteps, and mothers delivered before their time by those who were kind enough to stop and help. There is no way to exaggerate the extraordinary pain, hardship, and, above all, the killing suspense suffered during the flight, but at every point it was met and matched by heroism, ingenuity, family tenderness, and disinterested devotion.

"This awful time may not be worth the suffering it has cost," cried a young soldier, himself pallid with nights of work and watching, "but it is worth all the money it has cost—all, and more."

It has been wonderful and stirring to see the kindness, the magnanimity, the absolute absence of greed in taking advantage of one another's misfortunes. It takes more than pain or loss to make a tragedy when the spirit of a free people burns up strong and clear to meet its fate as it has burned in stricken San Francisco. Everywhere that American spirit that

".. Turns a keen untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things,"

everywhere the spirit that dares

"To shake the iron hand of Fate
And match with Destiny for beers"

has lifted its dauntless, impudent front, and with half satanic humor has lightened the load of hardship with a jest.

"I got to California just before the earthquake," said a comely young woman, who had saved her best hat by wearing it. "I sure never was so warmly received or got such a shake of welcome." She was living between two street cars in the middle of the street. A woman of seventy, white, wrinkled, but erect, said: "I am a miner's wife. We came out in the fifties, and I saw quite some hardships then. It would be queer if this should faze me. I've still got the clothes I stand in."

But of all the calm, unruffled people, the Chinese were by far the most self-contained. As the fire reached the squalid, gorgeous, ever-delightful streets of old Chinatown and ran like a swift blade into its sheaf, through their long, low, wooden shanties and into the great tiled and gilded bazaars turning to dross old Satsuma, carved ivories, polished teak, and tender porcelains of feather-weight, and all that world of beauty and strangeness wrought by the patient oriental knife and brush and needle out of insensate wood, brass, gold, silver, and silk to stir the senses of an alien race with wonder and delight—the grave, sad merchants of Chinatown gathered a few portable treasures into packs and long pole-swung baskets, and, with wives and children, coolies and slaves, poured out of their city into the unfamiliar reaches of North Beach. Their women and children, dressed in green and rose and gold, came in family groups, walking softly on padded, embroidered shoes through the debris of wrecked buildings, still with smooth, unwritten faces and calm eyes.

The small-foot, Number One wife of some great merchant tottered on her three-inch soles and clung to the shoulder of a plebeian maid. She walked for the first time in her life in broad day beside her lord, like a fearless American, over the torn cobbles of the streets. In each group of these richly dressed Chinese refugees there was at least one lacquered and pearl-inlaid treasure-chest slung across a pole borne by two bearers. These chests were like tiny ornate coffins, locked with heavy, hanging padlocks of elaborately wrought metal—brass or gold. In all my former prowls in Chinatown I had never before seen one of these jewel-cases; but on this day, when the secrets

of all hearts were open and all desires known, I saw dozens of them carried between pole-bearers. The seed of a new Chinese city lay in their burnished pods.

I worked my way up-town on the lower levels of the north water-front until I was about in line with the hotel district, then, turning south, I climbed one of the sharp ascents that still sheltered the north side from the flames. As I mounted the Taylor street hill, the crowd lessened, until I found myself almost alone and the way barred by the ready bayonet of one of the young soldiers of the fire-line guard. These men were stationed at every street entrance within a block or two of the fire and performed their military duties with the enthusiastic bloodiness of word of the peaceful citizen in uniform.

I reached the crest of California street at about half past ten o'clock, just in time to see the roof of the Bella Vista, one of the oldest and best-known family hotels of San Francisco, sink in upon its dissolving sides. The Pleasanton, the Colonial, the Cecil, the Buckingham, the Renton, and at least threescore others of the great caravansaries of this quarter, were then hung with the smoke of their final doom, and all were burned to the ground in a few hours. It was just here in the Bella Vista, the Colonial, and the Cecil that those that I had come to seek had lived a few hours before, but now there was absolutely no way to trace man or woman in the rout.

On the highest levels of this quarter stood the old show-houses of San Francisco, products of the bonanza wealth of the seventies. Here the Crockers, Fairs, Floods, Stanfords, and Mark Hopkins had erected huge family altars to their wealth, to be this day claimed and pre-empted from them by fire.

By the marked physiognomy of San Francisco, where the streets rise and fall over steep hill-sides—the "hog-backs" of the pioneer—and drop down socially with every drop of physical level, to rise again with each succeeding elevation, you found every hilltop of the city that commanded a view of the bay crowded by the richest of the city's homes. California street was the best illustration of these variations of altitude and fortune. It rose



Drawn in pastel by F. Dormon Robinson, as seen through his field-glass, two blocks away

SAN FRANCISCO IN FLAMES

The buildings being devoured by the flames are the offices of the San Francisco "Chronicle," and the Phelan Bank. The smoking and falling walls in the foreground are the ruins of the offices of the San Francisco "Call."

humbly in a shabby wholesale quarter of the town, on "made ground," to climb gently toward the broking and banking center near Montgomery street and the Merchants' Exchange, and then hastily skirting Chinatown, climbed on to its culmination on Nob Hill, where the houses of the millionaires of the old régime looked off over the whole city and harbor at their feet. All her rising and falling greatness, for miles from the ferry, was that day lapped up and leveled to a gray uniformity in the democracy of ruin.

Edging along the fire-line, it was still possible to enter Van Ness Avenue by way of Sutter street. All the morning I had been hearing the repeated assertion that the fire would be stopped when it came to Van Ness Avenue. It was said that it could not cross the chasm of that widest thoroughfare of the city when its width had been augmented by blowing up the buildings on the east and south sides of the street. As I hurried along Sutter street, in and out of several of the abandoned hospitals of this doctors' quarter, I noticed that the street in front of Dr. McNutt's hospital, near the corner of Van Ness avenue and Sutter street, and just opposite the beautiful white pile of the St. Dunstan, looking radiant against a near back-ground of flame and smoke, was almost clear of people. I ran into the hospital, thinking that some sick person might have been left behind, to find the place absolutely deserted. The rooms were exquisitely clean, but wildly disordered with the surface litter of the flight. Absorbent cotton, bandages, and instruments had been torn from drawers; open bottles of drugs evaporated their odors into the emptiness; and on the floors of some of the silent lower suites, occupied the day before by wealthy private patients, many beautiful oriental rugs, bits of good furniture, brass, and carved teak stood awaiting destruction. In one room a huge bunch of dewy-fresh scarlet carnations—as many as a woman could carry—were tossed upon a table.

It was a strange sight, this rich, silent, flower-perfumed place, the flames less than a block away, and, though I did not know it until a moment later, with gun-cotton already laid under the building. There was no answer to the call I gave once or twice in the corridors. As I left

the building and came out upon the empty street a soldier shouted to me: "You are here at your risk. Dynamite!" Then I saw why the street was empty about the building. I had somehow slipped in between the lines, and my useless errand was the last futile thing that would be done under that hospital's roof. I pressed along Van Ness. On the west side of the avenue miles of luggage and seated people attested a general faith that the fire would not cross that street. Families were doing a little cooking, people were lying, deeply sleeping, on bedding laid upon the sidewalk, weak from their long race for safety. For a moment the fierce game was suspended as the players paused for breath with one foot on the home base.

There was more talk, relaxation, neighborliness than I had seen before. Some comfortably dressed men were telling amusing stories of the earthquake. They were of the sorts who had "known defeat, and mocked it as they ran."

"My brother Sam," one was saying, "had been out on the night shift and turned in at about five o'clock. He'd just about gotten off when the earthquake struck him. He jumped up swearing-mad and poked his head out of his door. 'I say, who is this blankety-blank fool shaking my bed? How do you expect a man to sleep?'"

But most of the refugees were too worn out to talk. A happy few, on "inverted four-posters,"—a table spread with a mattress,—slept profoundly, and others drowsed on the curbstone, leaning against the empty hydrants, that mocked the city's drought.

There was one more hospital that I had known,—Lane's,—about a mile beyond the present fire-line. When I reached the shattered pile of red masonry it was to be told by the doctor in charge that only a few of the patients remained and that there were more doctors and nurses to care for the sick than patients. It was just one more case of the good management of those in charge of the sick. Although private individuals, with nothing to think of but their own needs, escaped from the hotels in the same localities with only a handful of clothes, every hospital in the city removed its loads of sick and surgical cases, and a large quantity of necessary medical stores, to places of

safety. The courage and trained intelligence of doctors and nurses showed in this, and the humanity of a civilized world that served the need of the weakest first. One large Jones street hospital managed to transfer patients, nurses, and a good equipment, to a ship in the harbor hours before the fire reached Jones street.

As I turned from the Lane Hospital, I thought of a possible clue to finding one of those I had come to find. There were army officers in my friend's family, and what more natural than at a time when all were turning to military protection she should seek shelter at the Presidio post? I dropped again to the level of the north side, to avoid the hills of the fashionable quarter, greatly fortified by a gill of cream that I had bought from a vendor of milk on the street, and drunk from a bottle. As I joined the throng pushing and dragging their loads toward the Presidio, or resting in exhaustion in the dust of the road, I once more tried to convince members of the crowd that behind them, toward the ferry, lay the road of greatest safety. Here and there groups of men and women were convinced and turned back, intensely relieved to learn of a way of escape.

"They make you pay two dollars to cross the bay," I heard a score of times.

"I paid ten cents this morning," I protested.

"The ferry tower has fallen in," insisted others.

"I walked under the tower five hours ago, and there has been no earthquake since," I replied.

"They won't let us pass," "They will turn us back," "No one could walk so far, after last night," were some of the answers. The fire seemed to hold them as it holds a moth. It had taken everything; why should they leave it?

On that day there was scarcely an automobile to be seen on the main road to the Presidio. I afterward learned that all private cars had been impressed for public service, some to carry the sick and dying from the burning Mechanics' Pavilion, where the victims of the earthquake had been at first taken for safety, and many others to carry dynamite from Fort Mason to the dynamiters on the fire-line. These gallant little toys of the rich ran almost into the fire, rocking and tottering

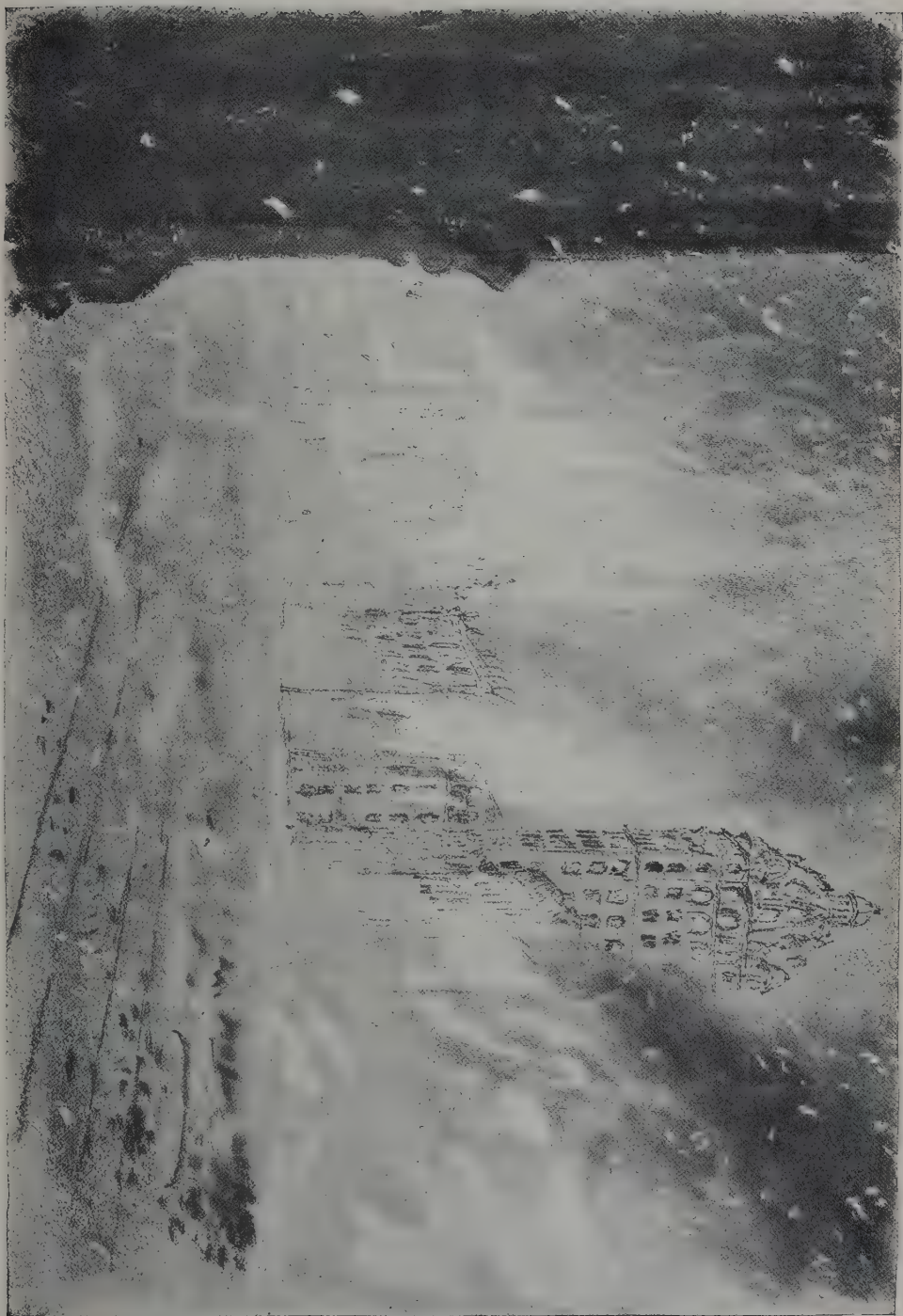
over the wreckage of the street with their perilous loads of dynamite, and back again to safety. They were the only effective means of locomotion left in the city, where every street car was paralyzed. The automobile is the unquestioned hero of the San Francisco fire. The story has not been and probably never can be told of what a few hundred of these machines have done toward saving life and property. Their value was too immense for private use, and the government early in the day seized all cars for imperative needs. Two weeks after the fire one hundred dollars a day was still the hiring price of a two-seated runabout, at a time when the hire of a sound horse and buggy was five dollars a day. This illustrates the ratio between horse and gasoline power.

By two o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th only a few refugees had arrived at the Presidio, and they were being housed in some poor little quarters in Tennessee Hollow, once used for bachelor quarters for junior officers. In front of one of the bare little shanties a carriage with liveried coachman and footman awaited orders. Again, in the Presidio, my search was useless; but I was able to carry back with me some letters and messages from the silenced city from which no word could travel by post or telegram, written by refugees to relatives or friends outside. I posted several notices of inquiry, and turned to walk the seven devious miles back to the ferry.

The fire at this time could be seen mounting the hills toward the south, and there seemed little reason to suppose that it would be stopped so long as a fat eucalyptus-tree remained to be burned or a wooden house stood upon its foundations.

On my return walk I had one "lift" of about twenty blocks in an Italian drayman's wagon. We talked together on the high front seat, he in his seven words of English and I in my five of Italian; but we understood and liked each other, though he refused to let me carry home and take care of the least of his four *bambini* who lived with their mother, it seemed, in a wooden shanty, at that hour still unburned, that we passed on the road.

He parted from me, gently asking only



Drawn in pastel by C. Derron Robinson

BURNING OF THE PALACE HOTEL, NONADNOCK AND EXAMINER BUILDINGS, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1906

"foura bita" for my ride; "no charga for the fire," deprecatingly.

We had spoken of beautiful Venezia, safe from fire on her blue canals, and of unhappy Napoli. We rode in Italy far out of the dust of the Presidio road, with its straining throngs of refugees beating a weary way to safety, and we breathed sweet Italian air, cleared of dust and cinder and smoke, for that short, pleasant while. It was a wonderful lift for me.

I reached the ferry at about four o'clock and found a large but not an overwhelming crowd turned toward Berkeley.

I was scarcely seated in the ferry-boat before a woman was half-carried in by two young Relief-Corps men and deposited with two large bags beside me. At once she began, in a quiet way, to speak of her adventures. Pressed in close on my other side was a family group of an elderly woman, her daughter, and a young man. They were half-submerged beneath their belongings, which were neatly tied up in sheets and quilts. The older woman of this group told me that they had been hurrying for thirty-six hours ahead of the fire. Suddenly she broke into tears; in a muffled voice she said that her young daughter, the girl who sat huddled together in her seat with a look of curious pallor on her face, was about to be delivered of her first child. For a moment the mother's old face worked pitifully, as she spoke of her child's condition; but the eyes of the mother—who-to-be were fixed steadily ahead—her hour had not yet come.

My companion of the bags, a woman of about sixty, leaned across me and said firmly to the weeping woman:

"It is not goot to cry, already."

And who should know the use of tears better than this brave old soul? She had just told me that fifteen days before she had come, as a stranger, to San Francisco from a small interior town, brought to "the" city by her four children to undergo a serious surgical operation in a private hospital. They were "goot childer" and they had stayed with her until a tumor had been removed and she had been pronounced out of danger. As she spoke on, in serene acceptance of events, I looked into the broad, old face, with its habitual weathered ruddiness spread like a film over the pallor of ill-

ness and fatigue beneath, and once more I felt how good it is to be alive in a world where such a woman in such an hour smiles at you with the confidence of an obedient child.

"No, I was n't scairt at de eart'quake. It was the night my girl [I interpreted this as being her private nurse] left me. I jüst laid dere as still as I could for de rollin's round, an' I felt on goot to my wound. Dis mornin' dey say we 'd had to leaf de hospital, de fire was a'most there already. So dey gived us some milk and a piece o' bread, and I comed away."

It was then after four in the afternoon; she had eaten nothing since early morning. She had been all those hours on the blockaded streets with about forty pounds of hand-baggage—and a fresh wound.

"How did you carry your bags?" I demanded.

"No, I did n't carry no bags," she said. "Efery time somebody dey carried my bags. De young men dey helped me goot. And now," she smiled, "you help me goot. Is it not so? I goin' to my childer on de night train." When we reached Berkeley I put her in the hands of a university student who wore the Relief Corps badge.

The old, the sick, the feeble are the people who are rightly supposed to have been the greatest sufferers in this disaster, and yet nowhere have I heard the note of fearless energy struck more surely than by these weak ones.

Outside of one of the Japanese missions, where the matron sat on the curbstone preparing some food on one of the street-ovens in universal use since the chimneys of the town have been condemned, I noticed a little Japanese baby-boy playing gaily. He was a spirited, charming boy of about three or four years.

"When the shock came," said the matron, "I was alone with this boy and ten other Japanese babies. This little fellow was wakened by the violent rocking of his bed and the crash of falling chimneys. He sat up and called out to me: 'Never mind! Never mind! Soon stop.'"

The tunic of the plump philosopher was less than a man's hand.

"It must be the courage of excitement. Wait for the reaction," I said to myself incredulously as the ferry drew out from



Drawn in pastel by C. Dormon Robinson

BURNING OF THE CALL BUILDING, APRIL 18, 1906

the drunken wharves and the smoke of the wasting city hung over the place where San Francisco had been.

THE READJUSTMENT

THE next ten days and nights were filled so full of work that there was no time to think of the destroyed city. Ten thousand refugees reached Berkeley from San Francisco. Over forty of the sick were laid on mattresses on the floor of one of the university gymnasiums that was converted into an emergency hospital between night and day.

In a lull of work, on the morning of April 28, just ten days after the beginning of the fire, a valiant relief-worker took me in her automobile for a three-days' trip through the ruins of San Francisco. As we entered the intensely congested street from the Oakland ferry, most of the fires were mere feebly smoking ash-heaps, and certain streets had been partly cleared of overhanging poles and wires. The eyes, unveiled of smoke, could now range across the wasted city from one notable ruin of house or church or hotel, with a growing sense of the majesty and the dignity of the ruins set in space. Strange and terrible as is the destruction, San Francisco was never so nearly beautiful. There is no blackening of the ruins; the heat seems to have been so intense that it consumed all its own smoke and charcoal, leaving faintly colored surfaces of crumbled iron, marble, and brick. The ruins stretch out in the softest pastel shades of pink and fawn and mauve, making the wasted districts look like a beautiful city a thousand years dead—an elder Troy or Babylon. The streets so recently thronged with violently active refugees seeking for any place of safety were lined with tents and shanties. The ingenuity of the home-building instinct is astonishing. There are hundreds of decent shelters made of fire-warped corrugated iron, of window-shutters, of wooden doors torn from wrecked buildings. One especially complete little nook was built between the ends of two adjacent Pacific-Avenue cars and fitted with stove and seats. Tents were made of coats and bed-comfortables. Down near the old fish-market were some piratical-looking tents made by the fisher-folk, of old sail-cloths and spars, with a

rakish list to leeward, as though ready to ship a crew and set sail in any of the elements.

On this tenth day from the fire the park showed hundreds of acres of lawn covered with well-arranged tents set among the blooming roses and flowering shrubs of the park's conventional flower-beds. The shadow of leaves plays on clean canvas, and rescued canaries hang at the tent-peaks chirping contentment. Here and there a hurrying load of furniture or a laden foot-passenger recalls the exodus of a few days before, but these grow hourly more unusual.

The most foreign element in the park is the great crowd that collects about the Relief Camps, where thousands stand in the bread-line three times each day to be fed. The Los Angeles Relief Camp is especially complete in its equipment. In front of its great cooking tents tables are spread with shining rows of tins. They chose a sheltered cove of green sward, an acre or so in extent, surrounded by trees, and nothing could be more orderly or pleasant to look upon than the arrangement of their work.

New buildings of redwood, depots to receive a part of the 27,000 tons of food supplies sent in by neighboring cities and States, have been run up and completed in a week. Here food is handled and distributed to the homeless refugees by the military. The generosity and good-will of every State in the Union has reached out and touched and given its healing virtue to California. San Francisco has been borne up in safety on the goodness of the world, as a sea-gull, at sea, sleeps safely on the wing.

A young doctor who was hurrying through Utah to offer his services in San Francisco says that he could not buy bread to eat in Ogden. The bakers had cut down the local supply: Ogden had to wait, they were baking bread by the car-load for San Francisco. All the schools in Ogden were closed on that day that the children might collect food supplies to carry to the waiting relief cars.

Go where you will in San Francisco to-day, you find yourself inevitably drawn back to the great battle-field of Van Ness Avenue. Here the last desperate fight was made by the half-dead firemen, the professional and amateur dyna-



Drawn in pastel by C. Dorman Robinson

BURNING OF THE CITY HALL AND SURROUNDING BUILDINGS, APRIL 18, 1906



Dormon Robinson

View of Chinatown from the top of Telegraph Hill, San Francisco, April 19th, 1906

Drawn in pastel by C. Dormon Robinson

THE RUINS OF TELEGRAPH HILL AND CHINATOWN ON FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 20, 1906

miters, the blackened engineers, and military and civil chiefs of the city. It was here that the automobiles loaded with dynamite rushed in their perilous loads. Van Ness Avenue, with the anguished Western Addition behind it, was the last stand of hope. The history of the struggle is written in the ashes and complete ruin of the eastern and southern sides of the avenue and in the partly burned lines of houses, with their shattered windows and the dynamited gaps between houses, of the western side. Here and there the fire leaped the avenue and dynamite snatched from the flames the twice-doomed houses of those rich merchants and financiers who had built to themselves a "house upon the sand." Books, pictures, rare Japanese art collections, and the treasures of two generations of wealthy San Franciscans, were sacrificed that night by dynamite to save what was left of the city.

On the west side of Van Ness stands the Catholic cathedral of St. Mary's. The big brick building was too shaken by the earthquake to be safe for worship, but three times on Sunday, the 29th, mass was celebrated by hundreds of worshipers, who knelt with bared heads on the steps of the cathedral. At their back stretched for miles the wasted city, raising broken shafts of delicately tinted ruin against the even grayness of the morning sky, while in front the people bowed before the unseen altar of their unseen God.

No quarter of the whole town is more strangely altered than what was once the congested picturesqueness of Chinatown. Where the wooden buildings have melted into ash a stout property-line of heavy wire, reinforced by an armed guard, has been stretched across to prevent any further looting of the heathen by the Christian hordes.

To one who has loved this Chinese quarter; which exercised upon some minds a fascination undimmed by familiarity, the destruction of Chinatown is the most poignant loss of the San Francisco fire. The faults of dirty, smelly, delightful old Chinatown will prevent its ever being what it has been.

As I sat on a little embankment, where a bazaar had stood, amid the hot ashes of Chinatown, a tingling in the throat from the acrid smoke that curled up from the

burrowing little fires about me, I could think of no more joyful consolation than that Robert Louis Stevenson had not lived to feel the pang of this desolation. Just below me the shaken house where he had lived and the little golden galleon of his monument outlived the ruin of the quarter that he had loved.

Against the property-line, looking in on the ruins, several Chinese merchants stood and talked in low voices.

I went up to one tall Cantonese with an impulse to say something of the sorrow I felt in the blow to his honest, loyal people in the loss of their homes and trade.

"Bye and bye," he said slowly and without swagger, "we build all new."

Yes, they might build it new,—I thought of the coffin-shaped treasure-chests,—but the old haunt of opium-dreams was gone.

The contrast between old Chinatown, or even what remains of it now, and the new Chinese encampment at Fort Point is absolute. The tent city of the Chinese, after one or two removals, has finally been concentrated in an open, rolling stretch of country near the bay, with the purple Marin hills beyond. Just now the green fields are washed with the yellow, white, violet, and orange of mustard, lupin, and poppy flowers. A sweet, breezy, empty, salubrious place, it must seem most strangely unhomelike to its new dwellers. I heard the meadow-larks calling across the swales above the sound of "tent-peg—that answered to hammer-nose." Under close military inspection, soldiers in khaki and Chinamen in black broadcloth were raising scores of clean, new tents, in ordered rows, over the bruised meadow flowers of yesterday. The whole equipment here was noticeably good; from tents and ropes to stoves and shining refuse-cans, the material was new and sound, the best I had seen issued by the government to refugees. Behind the newly rising city of khaki tents was the big white tent of the medical department, with its red cross insignia winding and unwinding itself on the staff. Cows were browsing in the meadows and the earth lay innocently blooming, as if there had been no harm intended by those few seconds when the hide of our great mastodon-earth twinkled away the fly-like vexation of man and his little works.



Drawn by Clarence H. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DRUSILLA

THE HUMORIST

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

WITH PICTURES BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD



WE were spending our summer holiday at Marybeach, Drusilla and I and our son. We had been there a week. It was a glorious, golden day, almost without shadows. Matthew Arnold was for the moment quiet, and I closed my eyes. The voice of a pierrot, sweetened by distance, fitted in with my mood, but presently soft little steps in the sand aroused me, and I opened my eyes upon Drusilla, standing in a golden haze against the September blue.

"Look at this, Martin! Oh, do look at this!"

I took the telegram and read it:

"Please come to me at once with or without Martin."

"Georgie."

"Well!" said I. "Upon my word!"

"Something awful must have happened to him," she said hurriedly. "He must be ill or have broken his leg, or something worse. Evidently he did n't want to frighten his mother, or he would have wired to *her*. It is nice to feel that he always turns to us when he is in trouble, is n't it?"

"Humph!" said I, turning my son right way up. He happened to be standing on his head in the sand, in a vain attempt to swallow himself whole.

"Martin, you know how he relies upon you."

"I ought to by this time," I said drily.

Drusilla looked sentimentally out to sea.

"I always feel," said she, "that we owe something to Georgie. I always remember that I at least have much to make up to him."

I laughed. I believe Drusilla will hold to her dying day the opinion that Georgie's heart is given wholly to her. All the disgraceful things he has done ever since she gave him up for me, she has, I believe, put down to his blighted hopes at that time—a time, I have every reason to believe, to be firmly forgotten by Georgie.

"Matthew Arnold," said I, "the mere fact of your being my son is no reason why you should lick all the polish from my shoe."

Drusilla picked up the boy indignantly.

"He is *kissing* it!" she cried. "He thought it would please you. It is one of his pretty ways. And what am I to do about Georgie's wire?"

"Wire back and ask if he is ill," I suggested sensibly.

She looked doubtful.

"If it is anything serious, won't it be an awful waste of time?" she asked.

I sat up lazily.

"Do you *want* to go?"

She shook the sand out of Matthew Arnold's thin hair.

"Nurse can be left with Baby quite well for one night. You see—if anything serious happened before we got there, we should never quite forgive ourselves, should we? And fancy having to tell his mother the awful truth afterward!"

"Don't you rather jump to fatal conclusions?" I asked mildly.

She shivered.

"Oh, Martin, we don't want to be haunted to our dying days by the memory of how we left the poor boy alone to his trouble, perhaps to his death, do we?"

I was silent. The pierrot in the distance sang sadly:

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."

Perhaps this, with Drusilla's arguments, softened my heart. Something must have happened to weaken my brain, for I said, "Yes," and she picked up her boy and dragged me in to look for a railway guide.

Georgie had wired from Neath, a little town in South Wales, and I patiently planned out our tedious and disagreeable route. I could n't think what had taken him to such an impossible place, a haunt merely of intoxicated miners and, for the moment, equally intoxicated revivalists.

Georgie met us at Neath very late at night. We were tired and dusty, and Drusilla was anxious. She was surprised, I think, that he came without an ambulance and crutches—surprised that he was able to come at all.

"Well?" said I, shortly. An uncomfortable suspicion lurking in my mind came to light much strengthened.

"Drusilla, you are an angel. Martin, it's jolly decent of you to come with her."

"Well," I said quietly, "I rather think I should n't have let her come alone. What is the matter with you?"

"The matter?" Georgie looked puzzled. "With *me*? Oh, I'm all right. It's not *me*."

I stared.

Drusilla gave a queer little laugh. "*What* have you been doing now, Georgie?" she asked.

She guessed by Georgie's face, I suppose, the sort of help he wanted, just as I guessed it by my previous experience of his habits.

"Don't let's go into details on this beastly station," said he, hastily. "I know you'll be glad I wired when I explain things. At least Drusilla will. *She's* always kind. How's old Muffin-face?"

Drusilla beamed. "Baby's sweeter than ever, and he's always asking for you in his own pretty way. Georgie, why *have* you brought us all these miles to this dreadful place?"

Georgie hurriedly changed the subject once more.

"I've ordered a ripping supper for you

at the hotel," said he, which was comforting. It was some time before I referred to the subject again; but after supper Georgie himself gulped down a last glass of beer and made a plunge.

"Drusilla, *you'll* understand. Martin always was an unsympathetic beast to me. I suppose I'd better begin at the beginning."

"Generally," I murmured, "it is as well. Why did you come to South Wales at all?"

"My mother asked me to come. She wants some new ponies, you know, and she'd heard of a ripping little pair down here."

"Go on," said I. Drusilla leaned her elbows on the table and gazed eagerly into Georgie's open face.

"I came by the night train," he said, "changing all the time, and I had nothing to eat but a stale bun at Craven Arms. I *was* hungry. I got into Neath some time in the horrid gray dawn. They thought I was a beastly bagman at the hotel and gave me a ripping breakfast. I let 'em go on thinking it, on account of the grub. Why *do* commercial travelers want so much more to eat than other men, Martin?"

"I have n't the least idea," said I. "Go on with your story, Georgie. We're interested."

"After breakfast," he went on, "I strolled out into the town, and when I had walked up and down a bit I noticed something—"

"Well?"

"There's a kind of hall here," Georgie said, "calling itself a theater, and on the wall there was a bill—a flaming thing all scarlet and black; caught the eye like anything, don't you know. But it was n't only the bill that caught mine. There was some one reading it."

"Ah!" said I.

"What was she like?" Drusilla asked, gently.

Georgie flushed.

"She was crying. I could see the tears rolling down her poor little face, and her eyes were red, as if she'd been crying all night. It makes me feel furious to see a woman cry. I went across and asked her what the matter was. I could see how jolly pretty she must have been if she had n't cried so much—"

"Well?" I asked sadly. "Go on, Georgie."

"This is the bill."

He pulled a long narrow strip of yellow paper from his pocket and laid it open on the supper table. We studied it with deep interest. When we had finished, it was to turn to Georgie, and back again to the bill with horror. It read something like this:

Look out for the Original King's Own Cambrian Minstrels. The Programme Consists of First-Rate-Up-To-Date-Songs. All New Sayings. All New Doings. No Stale Business Introduced. The Artists Engaged Have Appeared, In All the Leading Places in England, Scotland Ireland and Wales. Dont Forget This Visit! Patrons Can Rely Upon A Programme Free from Vulgarity. First you Smile. Then you laugh. Finally you scream! Proprietor, Mr Wallace Lappin.

Drusilla handed it back to him with perplexed eyes.

"Thank you," she said, "it's very interesting; but why does he want the people to scream? Do people scream in South Wales when they're pleased?"

"Was the weeping lady," I asked slowly, "one of the King's Own Cambrian Minstrels?" Suspicion was strong in my brain.

"She ought to have been," Georgie cried indignantly. "This fellow Lappin engaged her, and she came all the way from Devonshire to join this troupe. Spent all the money she had on the fare, and, now that she's here, all that there is left to meet her is this bill."

"Do you mean to say," I asked, "that there are no King's Own, etc?"

"Not here," said Georgie. "She was to be here last Wednesday for rehearsal, and she's never heard a word from Lappin. She's stranded here without a penny. She can't even pay for her room, poor little girl!"

"Why does n't she write home?"

"That's just it," said Georgie; "she dare n't. She ran away to come on the stage, and her father has disowned her. He's a clergyman down in Devonshire somewhere. It's a sickening shame. There's a pianist chap stranded here, too."

"Has *he* any money?"

"No," said Georgie, slowly.

"Has he quarreled with his people, too?"

"Not exactly; only they don't quite approve of him. He's a helpless sort of beggar, you know; can't do anything but tinkle out accompaniments rather badly. He wired home, and I saw the wire, but there's been no answer to it. He said: 'Lappin missing. Nanty mendzes.'"

"Nanty 'what?" Drusilla asked in astonishment.

"Nanty mendzes," Georgie explained proudly. "'No money,' he meant. It's professional slang. I've learnt a lot of it the last few days."

"Oh!" Drusilla looked at the fire. "Georgie, don't think me very hateful, but is n't it just possible that these people may be taking you in?"

"No," said Georgie, shortly; "it is n't. I know a nice girl when I see one."

"You ought to." I spoke softly, and he disregarded the jeer.

"They're doing their best to get another shop, and they've answered heaps of advertisements in the 'Stage'; but it's no go. And, in any case, they have n't enough money to get out of the town. Of course if they got anything decent to go to, I would finance them with pleasure, but they don't seem to have any luck."

"Would you, indeed?" I murmured. "Are they complete strangers to each other?"

"Quite. The pianist comes from Liverpool, poor chap, and this girl, as I said, from Devonshire. She thought Lappin's advertisement was genuine. The pianist had his doubts from the beginning, he says; but he risked it because he had been out so long, and he's a bit of an ass, anyhow. Long hair, you know, and collars that are—well—I can't think why he wears 'em. The girl's as sweet as a rose, and that's why I asked *you* to come, Drusilla."

She turned and looked at him in surprise.

"*Me*, Georgie? But what can *I* do?"

Georgie's ingenuous face took on that pink shade which becomes it so well.

"I've known a good many girls," said he, "but never one with such fetching ways as you have. And I've never known a woman with a kinder heart. I thought if you came here and saw her for yourself, you might do something for this

girl. She 's too good for this dreadful life; she ought to give it up. I thought perhaps you might be able to persuade her to earn her living in a different way—to teach, or typewrite, or something dull and respectable. It seemed to me—" He hesitated. "I thought, don't you know, that she was the kind of girl who might come an awful smash if she kept it up, and I guessed that you 'd be glad to help her before it was too late. Women can talk to each other, don't you know, and it was impossible for me to tell her what I really thought about her beastly profession. Some of these pierrots and minstrels are jolly decent chaps, but I don't think it 's a nice life for a lady—do you, Martin?"

I was silent; so was Drusilla. Georgie went on very earnestly.

"You see, she 's had such a sickener now that she would be glad to give it up, I believe. I think Mr. Lappin has washed a little of the rosy bloom off the life for her just now. Don't be angry with me, Drusilla."

Drusilla made an effort. "I never can be *really* angry with you, Georgie—at least not for long. But I don't think you ought to let yourself get so deeply interested in all kinds of girls, now that you are more than half engaged to Phillida. And how can I influence a girl I 've never spoken to in my life, even if she is genuine?" She laughed helplessly. "Oh, Georgie, you know they *always* say they 're clergymen's daughters, don't they, even in novels?"

"Upon my word," said I at last, "I think you must be mad. To bring us all this way on a wild goose—"

"Georgie's goose is a swan." Drusilla gave another queer little cough. "It always is. And he generally cooks it; don't you, Georgie?"

Georgie rose.

"I 'm going to bed," he said. "You can heap your insults on my empty chair when I 'm gone. If I stop any longer, I shall say something I 'm sorry for, and I shall be glad of it. You will see her in the morning, and then perhaps you will understand that I 'm not quite such a giddy fool as you think me."

"I devoutly hope not," said I, with some earnestness.

We were very tired, but before she went

to sleep Drusilla found time to say that she really did think it was time Georgie grew up. She saw now, she said, why he had n't sent for his mother.

And in the morning we found him waiting for us, with a girl—the girl, of course. Drusilla and I exchanged quick glances. Perhaps we had both expected powder and meretriciously bronzed hair. Here were neither. Hair as smooth and soft and darkly brown as Drusilla's own, and large, innocent eyes, stupid and brown, rather like the eyes of a cow, and a delicate oval face palely pathetic. Her little mouth drooped at the corners, and she had pretty teeth. She wore a shabby blue serge dress and a little French sailor hat, and, at Georgie's introduction, she came shyly forward. Everything about her attitude—figure, eyes, pretty, sulky mouth—struck me as being appealing, and I was not surprised that to Georgie the single-hearted her appeal had gone home. Her name, it seemed, was Fitzgerald.

Drusilla spoke first, kindly enough.

"You will have some breakfast with us, won't you? Martin, do try to get some dry toast. And I must have tea, not coffee."

It was a curious meal, and an extremely silent one. Miss Fitzgerald was frankly hungry, and with hot tea her cheeks grew rose-color. She was certainly very pretty, and her drawling Devonshire accent was attractive. But her parentage stuck in my throat and kept me sceptical, when I might otherwise have believed.

Then Georgie took me out to see the town.

"Drusilla will be nicer to her if we leave her to it," he said confidently. "She might like to have her for a companion or something; you never know."

"I think I do know." I smiled a little. "Drusilla must make shift with her legal companion, Georgie."

"Does n't she want some one to look after old Muffin-face?"

"She has some one. Matthew Arnold has an excellent nurse."

We went for a long walk in the hot sun and gazed at the monotonous little round hills and dull valleys which surrounded us. Then I looked at the ponies he had bought for his mother, and criticised them with the frankness of inexperience. In two hours we went back.

"Drusilla can do a lot with a person in two hours," said Georgie, hopefully.

"She can, indeed." I spoke with emphasis, as Drusilla's husband.

Opening softly the sitting-room door, I started as I peeped in. Miss Fitzgerald was crouched on the hearth-rug, her head on Drusilla's knee. Drusilla's eyes were full of indignant sympathy, and both had been crying. I closed the door again softly, but Drusilla called me.

"Come in, Martin! Oh, it is a shame, a shame! You must n't mind him, Dolly. She wants me to call her Dolly," quickly reading my thought; "every one does, she says."

Dolly stayed where she was, and sobbed audibly.

"Martin, she says this kind of thing often happens in—in the profession. She says these men get a company together, give one performance, and clear off in the night with the money. She says she thought this would be genuine because the man called it his 'Number 2' Company. She has the advertisement. May I show it to my husband, Dolly?" Miss Fitzgerald murmured a choked assent. I unfolded "The Stage," and in time, marked with a blue-pencil cross, I found this:

"Wanted for No. 2 Company, pianist, soubrette, and 2 comedians. No red-nosed comedians or yak-yaks need apply.—Wallace Lappin, P. O. Neath, S. W."

"What is a yak-yak?" I asked in bewildered tones.

"I don't know," Drusilla said, "and neither does she. I asked her if she thought she might possibly be one, but she says no. She is a soubrette."

"Sparkling comedienne." The soubrette gave another sob before she went on: "He's a fraud! Wanted to get a crowd together, and show one night, then scarper. I've met his sort before."

The ready flow of her professional slang showed how far she had drifted from the parental rectory.

"Poor child!" Drusilla, aged twenty-two, stroked the ruffled brown hair kindly. "She walked three miles across the hills the day before yesterday with the pianist to an inn where she'd heard there were sure to be a lot of people. They thought they might make a little money by play-

ing and singing to the miners, poor things; but they only took—"

"Sixpence," Miss Fitzgerald murmured sadly. "You see, we did n't know the wages were paid fortnightly here, and that this was the second week."

"And, besides," Drusilla cried, "the revivalists had been there. Everybody had been converted, and one man told Dolly—what was it he said to you, Dolly?"

"Said he'd given up the ways of sin, and football as well," Miss Fitzgerald said mournfully. "Said that for years he'd been keeping goal for the devil, but he now hoped to play center forward for his Saviour. As if giving a few coppers to us would have made any difference to *that*! The pianist says he's seen many a crowd bottled in his time, but never such a set of mean brutes as those were."

"Bottling means collecting," my wife explained hastily.

I gazed at Drusilla in amazement. She had apparently taken these disreputable players to her heart as warmly as Georgie had done. In our absence the comedienne had evidently poured out her life's history and had drawn from Drusilla a life's sympathy. A soft heart was all very well, I thought, but there were limits.

And then Georgie burst in.

"Look here!" he cried. "That beggar Lappin's been seen at Cymmer. I'm going over to look for him."

"Georgie!" Drusilla stared at him. "But what can you do if you find him?" Georgie grinned.

"I'll teach him things if I find him," said he. "I don't suppose I shall have much trouble. I expect he's a soft, flabby brute—the kind of man who doubles up when you look at him."

He stretched out a muscular arm and smiled at it.

"Don't lose your head," said I, with necessary warning. "You can't knock people about nowadays, Georgie, without paying for it. Would your mother like it, do you think, if you stayed in South Wales on a summons for assault and battery?"

But Georgie smiled again and disappeared.

Presently the pianist, a melancholy, long-haired wreck, joined us, and we

heard in plaintive Cockney the depressing history of his life.

These two, soubrette and pianist, spoke the jargon of their profession, and we could not always follow them. They spoke of *lataris* and *mendzes*; of *ham-fats* and of waxy *homos*, and of *mijari* and *beyonks*. They spoke of the evening when they went *jogering* to the *bevicarse*, and Mr. Carlton Delamere, the pianist, told Drusilla, in a burst of unprofessional confidence, that he had expected this because he was a Jonah. Then he explained to us what a Jonah was. The comedienne called us all "dear" indiscriminately, and with the faintest encouragement she put her arm round Drusilla's waist.

We tried to cheer them up, gave them the best hot lunch the hotel could manage, also champagne—of a kind, and afterward Miss Fitzgerald sang to us in the long empty coffee-room while Mr. Delamere vamped her accompaniments. She had a strong soprano voice, and her songs were of the musical comedies—plaintive ditties of the love-affairs of butterflies and bees. I think her repertory held other items, but she sang for Drusilla's benefit, and toward tea-time the spirits of our wandering minstrels rose considerably; and then it was that I saw how little hope there was of the Reverend Fitzgerald welcoming home his prodigal Dolly, for the life held her fast enchained. Obviously she thought and talked and lived only for the "show" of the moment. Now that there was no show, there was still hope.

"I should like to run a little show of my own," said she. "It only wants a tiny capital. With twenty pounds behind me, I could cover the first halls and the first fortnight's salaries and railway fares; and a show always pays, if it's decently run."

"Among the revivalists?" I murmured inquiringly.

She shook her head gravely.

"Not in South Wales. I've been here before with the Blue Bohemians. The miners are n't human. They're wild beasts. There was a row once here in Neath at night. Every miner in the town was drunk, and our men had to fight their way home from the show and look after the girls at the same time. When we got to the inn, the landlord thought we were

the mob and would n't let us in for ages. The tenor had his head cut open. It's not a nice place."

And then at last we heard Georgie's voice in the hall. He came in, but not alone. A small, sandy man followed him up behind. With a manner half-swaggering, half-deprecatory, he acknowledged the introduction.

"This," said Georgie, pleasantly, "is Mr. Wallace Lappin. He is a little late for his appointment, but better late than never."

Solemnly he introduced him to us all round. Drusilla was agitated, the pianist apprehensive. I was the only person who noticed Miss Dolly Fitzgerald start at the sight of him, and walk quietly over to the window. I noticed, too, that her appearance was a surprise to the stranger. Had they met before?

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Lappin.

He had sharp, anxious eyes and a very deeply lined face, and his manner became genially intimate at once.

"Did you meet Mr. Lappin in Cymmer?" I asked gravely, turning to Georgie.

He smiled.

"Yes, I found him, and—well, he decided we'd travel back together. Mr. Lappin is going to—well, he thought he'd like to explain."

Drusilla sat down and glanced uneasily around.

The sparkling comedienne was still looking out of the window. Georgie cast a longing look in that direction, but he did not join her.

I think somehow that Mr. Wallace Lappin was used to explaining things. And the pianist shared my views, for he told me afterward that he could tell the tale better than any one he'd ever met.

"I'm sorry I've been so unlucky," he began, with easy fluency. "I booked the hall and billed the town, and the crowd did n't turn up. I could n't show with one soubrette and a pianist, now, could I?"

I was amazed at the man's assurance.

"You ought," said I, sternly, "to have faced the thing honestly instead of running away, and you might at least have paid their fares home again."

"Now, how could I?" asked Mr. Lappin, pathetically, "without money? I

had n't a penny in the world the day before yesterday."

"In any other business," said I, gravely, "it is considered criminal to start without capital. In yours it seems—"

"But don't you understand," Lappin said persuasively, "if I 'd had a bit of luck, and if the crowd had turned up, I should have taken good money here, and paid off at the end of the week right enough. I 've got no luck just now. I thought perhaps it was my name, so I changed it. But this one 's no better. I expect you know me pretty well by my old one," he finished modestly.

"What was it?" Drusilla asked.

"Hall Smilo." He spoke with simple pride. In the window the dark-haired comedienne laughed softly to herself.

"I ran the halls under that name," he said, with a large wave of his hand. "I was touring in the Midlands before that with my wife—'Madame Merillian's Choir,' we called it. It was in Lent, you see, and it 's always as well to run your show as a choir in Lent. Gives a pious tone to your bills."

I gasped.

"If I had thirty pounds," said Mr. Lappin, dreamily; "I 'd run such a little show as you 've never seen. I 'd wake up the Midlands as no one else has ever waked 'em up. I would so."

I thought he was probably right, but made no comment.

"I 'd get out of this first. It 's a bald pitch; but I 'd coin money in some towns I know of, if I was sure of my halls and a few weeks' salaries."

I wondered idly, as I looked at him, if he was really the scoundrel I had thought him, or merely the wandering and improvident minstrel he pretended to be. An old proverb floated into my mind as I gazed into his keen eyes: "Take the washing off the hedges; the actors are coming to town."

But Mr. Lappin construed my silence to his own advantage.

"If you want to put a little money into a dead-sure thing," he said graciously, "here 's your chance. The pianist and soubrette are ready. I am a humorist myself—refined humorist and ventriloquist, and the best mimic in the provinces. You 'll get your money back a hundred-fold. It 's the chance of a lifetime."

I listened to his twanging voice and looked at the vamping pianist who was a Jonah, and wondered at the man's hopefulness. If I had seen more of his profession, I should have expected that glowing and ever-constant hope of success which marks his kind. Eagerly he waited for my reply, but I made none.

Georgie, however, had been listening keenly and, as it afterward turned out, to some purpose. He turned and spoke to Drusilla in a low voice:

"Did you do what I asked, Drusilla?"

"Yes." She spoke gravely.

"Any good?" He glanced compassionately at the drooping head of the girl in the window.

"No good at all, my dear boy. She loves the life. You must give it up, Georgie. *She* would n't for worlds. And perhaps it is n't such a pity as you think." Drusilla glanced quickly at the depressed Dolly. "You see, she *does* sing well, does n't she, and there would n't be anything else so very likely to suit—well, to suit her peculiar style, would there, to look at it in a really sensible and practical light?"

"I suppose not," Georgie said reluctantly.

He turned quickly to Lappin.

"Look here," he said. "If I were to finance you, what guarantee could you give me that you were honest?"

Lappin's face lighted up; he looked less of a scoundrel when he was happy, I found. But perhaps he is not alone in this.

"Guarantee?" he said. "I 'll write out a formal agreement, and have it legally stamped."

The pianist sniffed. "I 've had stamped agreements before," he murmured, with meaning, "and no six and eightpence for a lawyer to enforce 'em."

"How shall I know," Georgie went on firmly, ignoring the dejected Jonah, "that directly we 're gone you won't make yourself scarce with the money? How am I to know that you won't blow it all in beer, and scoot?"

There was a momentary silence, and Miss Dolly Fitzgerald turned from the window with a laugh.

"I think I can guarantee that he won't do that," said she, softly.

With one accord we turned and stared

at her. Lappin studied her face with some anxiety, perhaps appeal.

She came up to Drusilla with her pretty, timid smile.

"I did n't know," she said. "I suppose you'll all think I've been crying and telling the tale to take you in, but, indeed, I have n't. I did n't know. I thought he was doing the halls as Hall Smilo, and I'd never heard of Wallace Lappin. I have n't seen him since the Choir dried up. I really did n't know."

"The Choir?" Drusilla asked feebly.

The comedienne laughed. "Madame Merillian's Choir," said she. "I was Madame Merillian—then. I've changed my name, too—for luck."

She turned to Georgie, who had grown very red.

"You're a good chap," she said. "You'll give us a helping hand, won't you? He's as straight as most of them, and a good deal straighter than some. He's speaking the truth now. If you start us, I'll guarantee that the show will pay. I'm a jolly good business manager."

I gazed helplessly at her animated face. Her stupid eyes had grown keen and practical. Lappin nodded friendly approval, Georgie stared, Drusilla was silent.

The comedienne held out her hand appealingly.

"It's all true, dear—every word of it," she said, "except the clergyman. That's an old wheeze, and I was sorry directly I had used it. My father kept a pub in Exeter, but he burst up. He was dropped on for selling the kind of beer—well, the kind he did sell. You do believe me, don't you? You've been so nice to me. I'd rather you'd believe me."

"Oh!" Drusilla took her offered hand with a bewildered air. "Of course I believe you," she said, her instinct to be kind under any circumstances prompting her words. "But this man?" She pointed to Lappin. "Who is he?"

"He is my husband," said the sparkling comedienne, with a sigh.

ONCE on our way back to Marybeach and Matthew Arnold, Drusilla and I looked at each other and laughed. Then I stooped to revenge.

"It is nice to think," I murmured, "that in times of trouble our Georgie always turns to us."

She flushed.

"Don't be unkind, Martin. Georgie really is—I do hope those people won't lead him into anything rash and disreputable. He always thought he could sing, you know, and they want a tenor. Suppose—"

"Not he," said I, promptly. "Georgie's interest in the King's Own cooled off when he found the girl was married to the other wandering minstrel. He'll lend that little ruffian thirty pounds, and they'll all vanish out of his life forever. Perhaps it'll be a lesson, to him. Young idiot! Well, Drusilla, what's the matter now?" She was frowning anxiously at the sunny landscape.

At my question she turned and sighed.

"I am beginning to think," said she, "that perhaps we were not quite wise in making Georgie Matthew Arnold's god-father. He is so—"

She hesitated.

"Yes," said I, "he is."

And when you come to think of it, he was.





Drawn by Clarence F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MISS FITZGERALD SANG TO US"

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN

JOHN TRUMBULL

BY CHARLES HENRY HART



JOHN TRUMBULL was Stuart's contemporary, being his junior by only six months and his survivor for fifteen years.

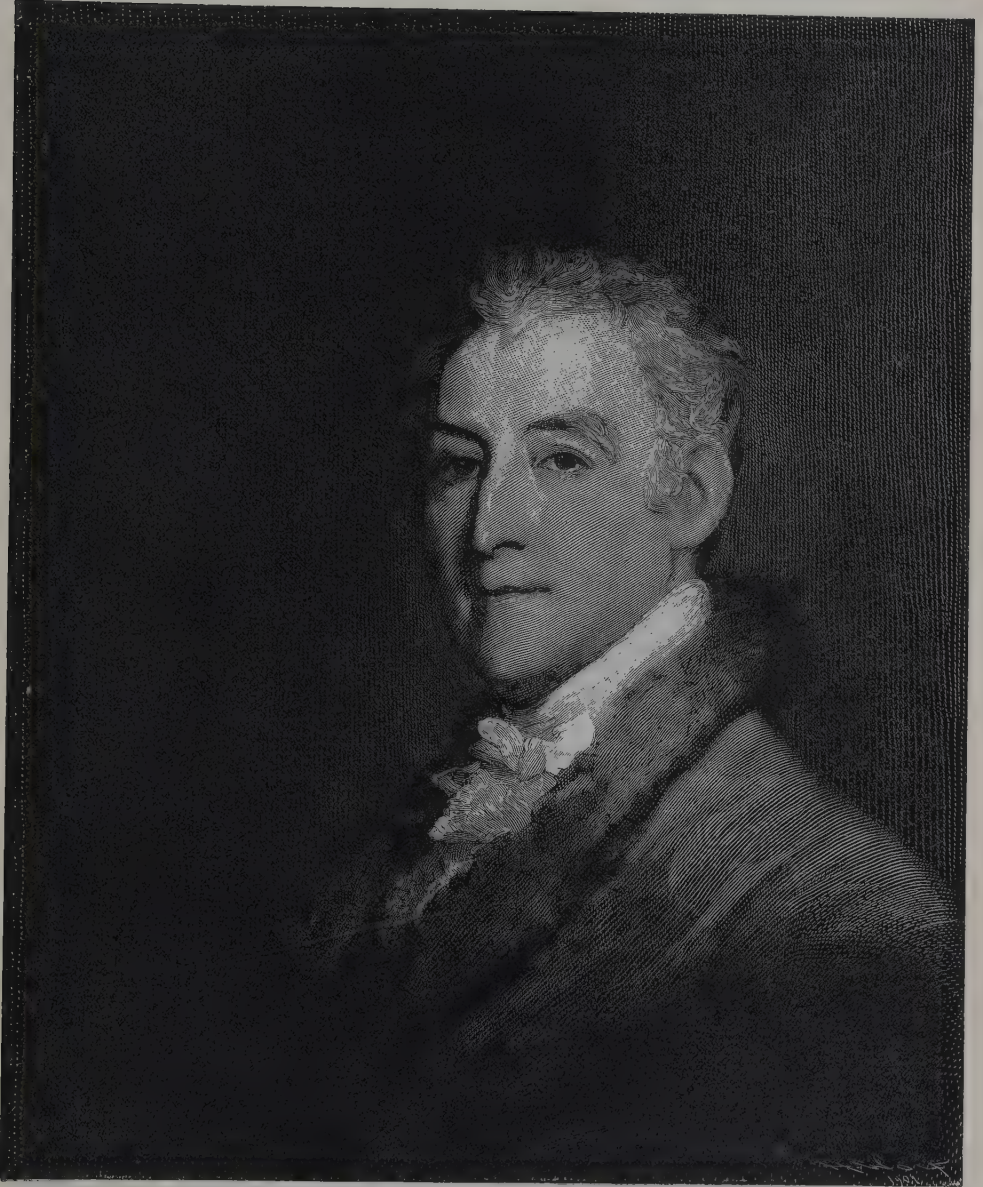
They met in the studio of Benjamin West, which seems to have been the abode of all would-be American artists of the period, and, being much alike in temperament, they became fast friends for life. Politically they were wide asunder, for Trumbull was essentially an American patriot, while Stuart was a runaway Tory. When a mere lad, not yet twenty, Trumbull repaired to the headquarters of the army at Cambridge, and showed such skill in drawing plans and fortifications that he was appointed aide on Washington's staff, with the rank of colonel, a title to which he clung tenaciously in after years.

Trumbull remained in the army about eighteen months, when he resigned, becoming disgruntled at some supposed injustice done him in the dating of his commission, and turned all his attention to art. His tyro work is very funny, and gives no promise whatever of that artistic ability which some of his middle-life work shows he did possess.

In 1780 he went to London, to be with West, but was soon arrested for treason and cast into the Tower, from which he was liberated, in eight months, on the suretyship of West and Copley that he would leave the kingdom. Stuart is said to have painted a portrait of Trumbull at this time; but if he did, its whereabouts is unknown, although Stuart's daughter said that Trumbull had it in his possession shortly before his death. If this last statement is correct, the painting should not be now lost in little over half a century.

The picture reproduced here was painted when Trumbull was sixty-two. He wrote to his wife from Boston, December 9, 1818: "I have passed two hours of this morning with Stuart, in obedience to you. It was the second sitting and if it ends as it has begun, I shall have a right to say as Dr. Bard did of his by Waldo—'it is a beautiful picture.' Joking aside, it promises all that you could wish." Within a week afterward, Washington Allston wrote to a friend: "Stuart has painted an admirable portrait of Trumbull." Ten years later Trumbull presented the portrait to Doctor David Hosack. Subsequently it was owned by Mr. John A. Robinson, a connection of the Trumbull family, and it now belongs to his daughter, Mrs. William Forbes Morgan of New York. It is one of the few good pictures painted by Stuart at this late period, and has been charmingly rendered into black and white by Henry Wolf, to preserve its salient characteristics. Nothing could be simpler than its treatment, and no method could have been used to preserve so aptly the patrician head of Colonel Trumbull. It is hardly a finished picture, but it is a completed portrait, and we may be glad Stuart left it where he did.

Trumbull's art was essentially different from Stuart's. Without being technically a miniature-painter, at his best he was a painter in little. Many of his small cabinet portraits, on panels, in the Yale School of Fine Arts, are exceedingly beautiful, while I know of only two life-size portraits by him—the whole length of George Clinton and the life bust of Alexander Hamilton—that are deserving of high commendation. The nearly miniature



From the painting owned by Mrs. William Forbes Morgan. Engraved on wood by Henry Wolf

JOHN TRUMBULL

GILBERT STUART'S PORTRAITS OF MEN

heads in his small historical paintings are also extremely clever, while the composition of these pictures is almost faultless.

Trumbull suffers under the burden of being best known by his poorest works, the four large historical paintings in the capitol at Washington, which were painted late in life and are of very mediocre quality. Yet he must be remembered gratefully for his unselfish patriotism, as the first American painter to paint American historical subjects without promise of pecuniary reward. Indeed, so poorly was he paid for his work, that he gave

his whole collection of paintings to Yale College for an annuity of one thousand dollars upon which to exist, and by this collection alone can his ability be properly measured. Trumbull had considerable originality of design, but was a very unequal, though oftentimes a very skilful, draughtsman. This inequality in his drawing was doubtless owing to the fact that he saw clearly out of only one eye, owing to an injury his left eye sustained in childhood. However, as a man and as a painter, he deserves a niche in the memory of posterity.



A MASS ON THE MATTERHORN



CELEBRATION of holy mass, with all its accessories, on the summit of the Matterhorn by a priest in full canonicals is an occurrence so out of the ordinary as to merit more than the passing mention it received two years ago in a few of the Swiss and Italian local journals.

Down to the middle of the last century the Matterhorn was thought to be absolutely inaccessible; but a way to its summit has finally been found up each of its four ridges, although its faces on all sides are so frightfully precipitous as to be quite impassable to the foot of man. Its haughty crest was first conquered in 1865 by the untiring perseverance of an English climber; but the giant dearly avenged the affront, shaking from its flanks the venturesome mortals that had curbed its pride, and hurling four out of seven to destruction on the glacier below.

The summit of this mountain is not a point, but a narrow ridge 300 feet in length, along which runs the frontier between Switzerland and Italy. To the south, toward Italy, the drop from the top is virtually upright for hundreds of feet. To the north, toward Zermatt, there is sufficient slope to carry snow all the year

round, though the angle is frightfully steep. No one ventures on this face, the approach to the summit following its eastern edge. On the ridge itself room is so scanty that two parties going in opposite directions have to use the greatest caution in passing each other in the steps cut in the snow.

How then, will be asked, could mass possibly have been celebrated in such a place as this?

WALKING up the Valtornenche one summer day in 1903, my curiosity was excited, as the Matterhorn gradually came within vision, by the sight of something unusual near the west end of its summit ridge. On reaching the hotel I went at once to the telescope, and saw on the Italian summit, 14,780 feet above sea-level, a cross, manifestly of respectable dimensions and a permanent fixture, raising its arms aloft in a posture of eternal benediction.

This was no little surprise to me. As a general thing, a climber has quite enough to get *himself* up the Italian side of the Matterhorn, and even the lightest *rucksack* is an encumbrance. The rocks are very steep and smooth, and can be scaled at all only under favorable con-



ABBÉ CARREL AND HIS SEVEN GUIDES, AND CANON MAQUIGNAZ, THE OLDER PRIEST

ditions and in good weather; there have been entire seasons when they have not been ascended a single time. There are on the climb many very queer points where the footholds are of the most elementary order; and at three places the rocks have to be scaled by means of a rope-ladder and vertical knotted ropes, one of them fully 100 feet long. The whole thing seemed a puzzle; so I went for information, and this is what I learned:

It appears that in 1901, at the dawn of the new century,—the “Anno Santo,” as it is called,—a wave of deep religious feeling passed over the Catholic world, taking tangible and outward form in the founding of charitable institutions, the erection of votive statues and crosses, and even in the building of churches.

The country lying between the two bishoprics of Aosta in Italy and Sion in Switzerland was stirred to partake in this movement, and the valley of Valtornenche, on one side of the frontier, and that of Zermatt, on the other, took the lead in the idea.

Under the guidance of Canon Maquig-

naz, of Aosta, seconded by Abbé Carrel, vicar of Châtillon, it was decided that the way in which believers in this district were to manifest their faith was by the erection of a votive cross to the Redeemer on the very summit of the Matterhorn.

The Bishop of Aosta signified his approval of the idea, and wrote about it to Rome, whence he was informed by Cardinal Rampolla that the plan had been found “most acceptable” by the Pope; who sent his special benediction to every one taking part in it.

The cross, made of open iron-work and three meters high, was constructed in ten different pieces at a foundry in Aosta. After completion, it was blessed by the Bishop in June, 1901, and forwarded to Valtornenche, where it was exposed in the church at the feast of St. Peter. It was then divided into loads of about thirty pounds each.

The Valtornenche priests and guides—for it was virtually they who did the whole thing, the guides in particular undertaking without pay the extraordinarily difficult and dangerous task of getting the cross to the top, and setting it up—

had now no easy problem on their hands. A large party of men was necessary, as not only the cross, but provisions, ropes, tools, etc., had to be taken up as well; furthermore, a settled spell of weather was likewise an indispensable factor. Again, since the guides had their living to earn during the summer, at best a brief one, nothing could be undertaken before autumn.

However, on September 11, 1901, a caravan of twelve men, including Abbé G. Pession, was got together, and the cross was transported as far up the mountain as the hut on the southwest ridge known as the Rifugio Luigi di Savoia; but during the night after their arrival the weather went to pieces for good for that year, so that the party was forced to deposit the sections of the cross in the hut for the winter, and beat a rapid retreat down to the valley again.

Near the end of the season, in Au-



THE MATTERHORN CROSS



From a photograph by Wehrli, Zürich
SWISS SIDE OF THE MATTERHORN

gust and early September, 1902, two more attempts were made to complete the undertaking; but both were again brought to naught by bad weather. Finally, on September 24, a party of seven guides and a priest carried the cross to the top, said mass there, and put it in position.

These various details, the outcome of my investigation, raised my curiosity mightily; for I felt that, in a way, I owned stock in the Matterhorn, of which I had twice made the ascent, and the idea that I had missed that cross by only one year was exasperating. So I decided to go up a third time and have a look at this recent embellishment.

1903 was a heartbreaking year for climbers, but in August of the following year I was back again. A long, hot spring had been followed by a hotter summer, and never in the memory of guide had the mountains presented themselves so fa-

vorably. My guide, old Pollinger of St. Niklaus, whose 104th ascent of the Matterhorn this was to be, said that in all his experience he had never seen the mountain in such good shape. On the mountain-side itself we were amazed at the general absence of ice, certain parts appearing as naked rock which no one had ever before seen except buried under ice. The ascent was therefore accomplished with unprecedented facility, and in due season we reached the summit and looked about us.

There is no denying that this cross cuts an imposing figure up there. It stands about eleven feet high, faces north and south, is placed somewhat down in the notch just east of the Italian summit, where the rock is firmer, and is plainly visible to all Zermatt and Valtornenche. It is set into a supporting tripod the three feet of which are soldered into holes drilled in the rock. Its openwork is free, to save weight and offer less resistance to the wind; for it is doubtful whether a cross of that size could ever stand erect there were it not constructed on such a plan, so incalculably violent is the force of a gale at that height. Even in an ordinary wind a man cannot stand upright on such an exposed peak as this; while competent persons have said that in a storm a man's body would simply be picked up by the blast and swept away.

The edge of the cross is black, all the pieces of openwork are white, and the commemorative medallion in the center is burnished bronze, the whole being covered with a varnish impermeable to the elements. On the eastern arm, with the letters facing north, is the word PRAT-UMBORE (Latin for Zermatt); on the western, facing south, VALLISTORN-ENC. The medallion in the center bears the circular inscription. *Jesus-Christus, Deus, Homo, vivit, regnat, imperat, MCMI. Osculantibus crucem hanc in ecclesiam positam et recitantibus pater indulgentiam 220 dierum semel in die*, which is the mention borne by all of these memorial crosses wherever they were put up. Below the medallion, in the footpiece of the cross, is the date, 1901.

Any one familiar with the Matterhorn summit, which is the natural butt for every thunderbolt within range, and where every rock bears marks of light-

ning, must feel surprise that this cross has survived in such a position without damage. It seems that at the start it had been carefully lightning-rodged, but that by the following year this protection had disappeared. The only possible explanation is that the wires must have been fused by lightning, as was the case with the chains that were first fastened at the dangerous part of the Swiss ascent, which have now been replaced by fixed ropes.

It hardly seems possible, though the idea has been suggested, that these wires were carried off by curio-hunters; the men who climb the Matterhorn belong, I venture to hope, to a different class from the trippers who visit ordinary places of interest, and who first inscribe their names thereon and then chip off a piece to carry home. However this may be, there that cross has stood unprotected and absolutely unharmed on a peak that to the knowledge of every one is raked by every thunderstorm that comes along.

I am told, and I hope the fact is true, that the wires are to be replaced without delay; unfortunately those charming Italians have such a lax interpretation of their "*subito, subito.*" To wake up some day, after all that trouble, and find their cross fused into a little lump of pig-iron, would be discouraging, to say the least.

It had seemed to the young and energetic Abbé Auguste Carrel, nephew of the great Valtornenche guide Carrel who perished in 1890 from exhaustion in a tragic manner at the foot of the Matterhorn, after bringing his party down from the hut through a terrific storm, and whose memorial cross stands out on the first rocks in the ascent from Breuil, that the only possible ceremony appropriate to the placing in position of this jubilee cross would be the celebration of holy mass. He was then twenty-eight years of age, and four years previously had already made the ascent of the mountain.

So when finally, toward the latter part of September, the condition of the weather appeared favorable, he decided that the moment had at last come to make a big effort to carry the undertaking through to a conclusion, and providing provisions for several days, ropes, and tools for rock-drilling, etc., he started a first party of four guides, off for the

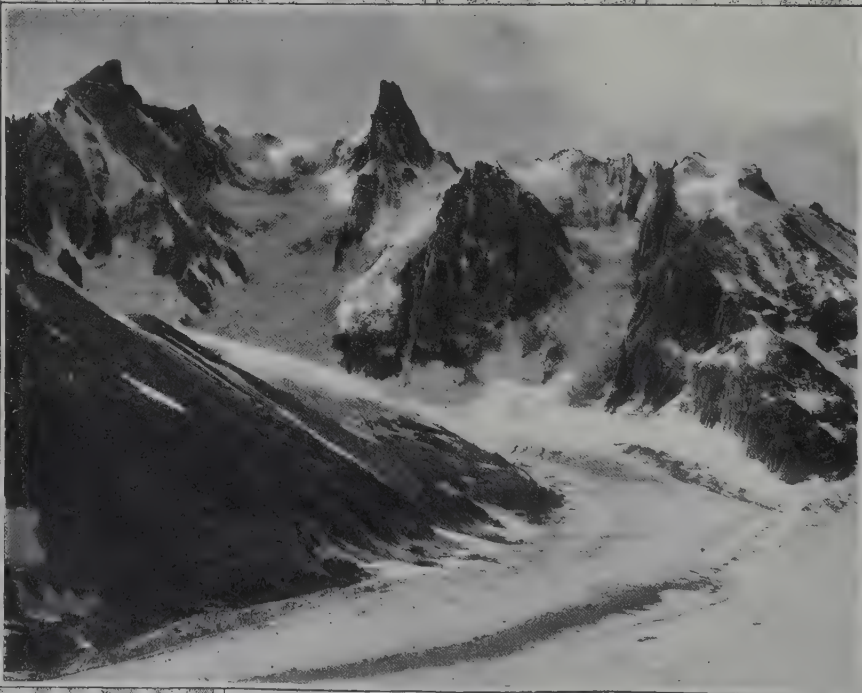
mountain on September 22nd.

Sleeping that night at the hut, these men climbed on up the mountain the following morning, each one taking on his back a piece of the cross, which he carried to the foot of the rope-ladder, a short distance below the summit. Depositing their burdens at this point, they clambered up to the top of the mountain, and, choosing a suitable rock, set to work to drill and prepare the holes in which to fasten the support of the cross. Having accom-



From a photograph by Brocherel, Courmayeur
FASTENING THE STATUE OF THE
VIRGIN IN POSITION

plished their labor, they descended to the hut again, where they were met by a second party, composed of the Abbé himself and three other guides, who had in the meantime come up from Breuil, bringing from the little chapel there the articles required for the celebration of mass. During the afternoon of this same day, two of the Abbé's guides and one of the party which had already been up in the morning, carried three more pieces of the cross up the mountain as far as the



From a photograph by Wehrli, Zürich

THE AIGUILLE DU GÉANT, WHERE THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN WAS PLACED

foot of the rope-ladder, and returned again to the hut for the night.

Not only was the weight of each load, thirty pounds, a severe tax on such a steep climb, but the length of some of the segments was a source of great hindrance and risk at the more difficult portions of the ascent. Furthermore, since the segments had to fit precisely in order to allow of their being bolted together on the top, there could be no question of any one of them being bent by an untoward blow against any projecting rock.

On the 24th the entire party of eight left the hut at 5:30 A. M. on three ropes, and accomplished the ascent without incident, though only after vast labor.

The only possible place for celebrating mass was a small inclined space on the southwest corner of the Italian summit, and there the party set to work to unpack what was necessary for the ceremony and to improvise some semblance of an altar.

The Abbé, although necessarily in a condition of fasting, owing to his intention of partaking of communion, had carried up on his own back everything needed for the mass, and any reader unfamiliar with such matters will be surprised at the number of different articles required. There was first the consecrated altar-stone, weighing nine pounds, almost a full load in itself on such a climb. This particular stone had already been used, in 1893, for the mass celebrated on the top of Mont Blanc¹ by Abbé Bonin, and had been lent to Abbé Carrel for the present event. The regulations of the Church of Rome require that the holy sacrifice of the mass be offered upon an altar which contains a stone consecrated by a bishop, enclosing the relics of some saint or martyr, and covered with three linen cloths that have been blessed for that purpose with an appropriate form of benediction. Consequently, the Abbé had to carry up the mountain a stone fulfilling these conditions. Similar stones are taken by missionaries on their departure for foreign countries.

Then there were the three consecrated altar-cloths; two candles and a small crucifix; the corporal, chalice with its

veil and burse, purificator, pall, paten, holy wafers, and wine,—the latter a most superior vintage sent for the purpose by an enthusiast all the way from Turin,—finally, the missal, and amice, alb, cingle, maniple, stole, and chasuble, for the priest's personal use.

A makeshift for an altar was constructed by setting up a portion of the cross as one end of a bench, a few stones as the other, and laying on these two uprights a longer piece of the cross horizontally. On this was placed the consecrated stone, over which were spread the altar-cloths. The articles for the mass were next placed in their proper positions, the two candles were inserted in guides-lanterns, so that they would burn regardless of the wind. The priest put on his robes, and mass began shortly after ten o'clock.

Mass finished, there still remained the task of putting the pieces of the cross together and setting it up in position. The party roped once more, and fastening the ropes to the rocks as additional security, set to work bolting and soldering, until finally the cross was raised. Then the lightning-rod, and the cross stayed with wire guys.

In September 1904, the curé of Courmayeur, Abbé Clapasson, accomplished a fourth similar exploit by setting up an aluminum statue of the Virgin four feet high, and holding a mass on the occasion, on the top of the Aiguille du Géant, a precipitous rock 13,170 feet high in the range between Courmayeur and Chamonix.

The occasion for the erection of this statue was the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Eleven guides took part in the affair, which was considerably hampered by a snow-storm and bad weather; but, in spite of all difficulties, the statue was fastened in position and mass was hurriedly said by the vicar, Abbé Vesan, held in his steps by two ropes for security.

An interesting side of this subject, is that these four masses on high mountains through the summits of which runs the frontier separating Italy from France and Switzerland, should all have been celebrated by *Italian* priests.

¹ A week after the Mont Blanc mass, a second one was celebrated on the top of Monte Rosa by the curé of Gressonney, Abbé Ballot, and his vicar, in the presence of the Queen of Italy, an intrepid climber, on the occasion of her first ascent to dedicate the hut that bears her name.

WHY SOME BOYS TAKE TO FARMING

L. H. BAILEY

Director of the Agricultural College of Cornell University



IN a previous paper I presented the reasons that 155 college students gave me for leaving the farm to engage in other occupations. These students saw little opportunity in farming, forty per cent. of them alleging that the business offers no financial reward. Twenty per cent. said that the physical labor is too exacting, and approximately an equal number that no social opportunities are offered. These replies present one view of the vexed question as to what the place of the farmer is to be in our coming civilization. There was a strain of hope running through some of the replies that in the future the opportunities on the farm would be improved; but, for the most part, the responses were hopelessly against the business of farming as a means of personal achievement.

When I asked for the opinions of those who had planned to leave the farm, I asked, also, for the reasons that moved those who have planned to remove from city conditions to farm life and those who, reared on farms, intended to return there after leaving college. The responses are most illuminating, and, of course, they are hopeful for those of us who look to the open country to aid in some large way in maintaining and forwarding the best civilization.

CITY TO COUNTRY.

SIXTY-EIGHT town-bred or city-bred students wrote me that they intend to pursue farming as a business, and to this end had

entered themselves in the College of Agriculture. I should explain, however, that I use the word "farming" in its broadest sense as comprising those many occupations that are directly concerned with the products of the soil and are in intimate touch with actual rural-life conditions; for some of these young men expect to be creamerymen in the small rural factories rather than actual tillers of the soil. Many of the respondents give more than one reason for desiring to follow agricultural work, and in the following list the figures represent the number of times that the various reasons were alleged:

THE PERSONAL OR SUBJECTIVE DESIRES.

Desire to be out of doors and love of nature	25
Love of farm life	12
Natural bent for farming	8
Love for growing things	6
Love for farm animals	4
Desire to change from city to country	1

WHAT FARMING PROVIDES.

Farming is an independent occupation	18
It provides healthful life	17
There is money in farming	16
It is an interesting or fascinating occupation,	7
Provides as many advantages as does the city	3
Farming broadens one's mind	3
A most agreeable way of making a living	2
Provides good home life for self and children	4
Farmer is never out of work	1
He is not subject to unions	1
Country people hold many things cheap because they do not have to pay for them	1

Farming requires and develops skill . . .	1
There is time for study	1
Opportunity to understand nature	1
Great economic and social possibilities . .	1
Provides a cheap living	1
It is a noble work	1
It is a useful work	1
A means of uplifting the community . . .	1
It is an active life	1

Following are some of the letters in full, chosen because they strongly present various points of view.

(1) A town-bred boy from the South, desiring to take up "general farming."—I have a natural desire always to work among economic plants and animals, and make my soils and barns the laboratories for such economic work. It is a supreme pleasure to see and to help accomplish the fulfilment of certain laws of the fundamental sciences to as high a degree as possible, under the conditions put in force, and get a result, in course of time, that brings much money and happiness. A farmer of this sort becomes an independent man in every sense of the term, and should prove a valuable citizen in his home community. His increasing love for and study of nature also become valuable assets.

(2) A town boy, expecting to go on a farm.—I like farming because it is independent, healthy, noble, useful, and wide enough to utilize all of one's faculties.

(3) From the city, desiring to follow farming.—Because it is the most independent life and the most healthful one; also, a man is free to do as he pleases, for he has not a boss standing over him all the time. The things around him grow up with him, and each has its own particular place in his life.

(4) Reared in a city of about 100,000, and now desires "to get a position on some large, well-run farm."—My main reasons for living on a farm are because

(a) I much prefer the country to the city;

(b) I think there is a good opportunity to make a success as a scientific, businesslike farmer on a large farm;

(c) The living expenses are less on a farm, and for me the pleasures are more numerous.

(5) Reared in a town in Germany.—I

desire to have a farm after I have saved enough to get what I want, and after I have seen enough to know where my best possibilities are. I want to go on a farm because I love the independent life, because I see business there, because I have a good, strong opponent (Nature) on which to grind my knowledge, and because I want to demonstrate the feasibility of some social and economic problems in which I am interested.

(6) Reared in a city of 100,000 inhabitants, and desiring to be a farmer.—Primarily for pecuniary profit; secondarily, for the independent, healthful life.

(7) Reared in a city.—Perhaps the farm is attractive to me for much the same reasons that the city attracts country-bred lads—a desire for change. One thing is certain, I do not want to be cooped up in a factory or office all my life. I have seen all I want of factories. A farmer works hard, but he is never out of a job, never on a strike, and never subservient to a labor union. Lack of experience, lack of physical power to endure heavy labor, and the necessity for a reasonable income in the near future, will force me to take a town position; but sooner or later I hope to be a farmer, keeping a salaried position until the farm assures me a good living and is entirely paid for.

(8) From a woman born in the city, and wishing to follow "some not too strenuous outdoor occupation."—I desire to go on a farm probably because I never lived on one.

"As a rule a man's a fool;
When it's hot he wants it cool,
And when it's cool he wants it hot—
Always wanting what is not."

My father and my mother's brothers were born on the farm; but they left it as soon as they were old enough to act independently, so that, in my farming notions, I have no encouragement from relatives. They, however, had their way to make. I do not expect to make money on a farm,—that is, not primarily,—though I hope to make the farm support me (who am the proposed overseer) and all the other workers on it.

A farmer who works his own farm is only, after all, an independent day-laborer, and no one can blame a young man

for trying other methods of making a living. The case of some women with a small amount of capital is quite different, however. For instance, if a woman has a strong love for green fields and trees and animals; if every living, growing thing is interesting to her; if she has had a college education; has seen the world, or a good portion of it, knows, besides, what office work in a city is, and is thoroughly acquainted with boarding-house life, she is in a position, I fancy, thoroughly to enjoy a real home on a farm and all the luxuries which that implies. It is only people of experience who can fully appreciate the country and what it can give. The country man holds many things cheap because he never paid directly for them.

To be sure, the farm must have all the so-called "modern conveniences," with telephone and rural free delivery, besides; and, if the woman expects to live on it the greater part of the year, it should have good railroad connection with some large city. The woman whom we are considering expects neither to follow the plow, do the chores, nor the house work, except in cases of emergency; but she should be capable of doing any one of them, and is trying to become so. What a generous life such a woman can lead on a farm on an income which would support her but meagerly in a city! This is my theory. When I have put it into practice, I hope to be able to substantiate it.

COUNTRY TO COUNTRY.

It was to be expected that the most significant responses would come from those students who have had experience of farm life and also of college life. I have replies from 193 students of this class, all enrolled in the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. Aside from the great significance of these replies from the occupational point of view, the responses afford an interesting commentary on the wide-spread notion that the agricultural colleges "educate the boys away from the farm"; and what is true (or not true) in this particular agricultural college is also true in others.

THE PERSONAL DESIRES

Love of out-of-doors and of nature . . .	55
Love of farm life and the kind of work . .	47

Love for living and growing things . . .	28
Love of the free life of the farm . . .	15
Natural bent to the farm	5
Have already a personal interest in a farm	5

WHAT FARMING OFFERS OR PROVIDES

An independent life	77
A healthful life	41
A profitable occupation	39
Not a hurried life	3
A natural life	3
A simple life	2
Wide opportunities offered by farm . . .	23
Ideal place for home and rearing of children	20
Involves interesting social and economic problems	8
It is a pleasant and agreeable occupation and provides a happy life	17
It is instructive	6
State aid is making farming more attractive	5
Farmer's condition is better than the average city man's	6
A good education is essential	4
Opportunities for study	2
Best place for spiritual life and growth .	4
Good social opportunities	4
Opportunity for individual work and initiative	3
Cheaper living than in the city	3
An honorable occupation	4
Has more knowledge of farming than of other occupations	5
One can see the fruits of his own labor .	2
Provides a better life in old age	1
The life is not monotonous	1
Farmers have good food	1
Provides opportunity to acquire property .	1
Farming provides both mental and physical work	4
It offers a variety of work	4
The work is useful; it affords good training; it is easy in winter . . . (each)	1

Along with these reasons for desiring to remain on the farm, some of the respondents also mention disadvantages; but they regard these disadvantages as being over-balanced by other considerations. These disabilities are as follows:

No money in farming	4
Requires better health than the respondent has	4
Farming requires more capital than respondent possesses	3
Farm life is lonely	3
The work is hard	2
Farmer does not control prices	1
Small opportunities for development . .	1
No employment for women	1

It will now be interesting to transcribe

some of the reasons that these farm-boys allege as determining their choice to remain on the farm, for they may be looked on as indigenous and non-theoretical; and these reasons have the advantage, also, of having been formulated after the persons had seen something beyond the farm. It is most interesting to know, also, that nearly all these 193 students are from New York State; for it is often asserted that agriculture offers little inducement in the old East as compared with the West—a statement which usually is made in ignorance of the facts.

(9) I was reared on the farm where my father was born and where my grandfather lived. I like dairying and general farming. I choose farming because I like to care for horses and cattle and to see the crops that I have planted grow; and I like the independent life that the farmer enjoys.

(10) I think the farm offers the best opportunity for the ideal home. I believe that farming is the farthest removed of any business from the blind struggle after money, and that the farmer with a modest capital can be rich in independence, contentment, and happiness. I lived one year in a city (Philadelphia), which was long enough.

(11) The farmer is the most independent of men. He leads a happy, out-door life, and is his own boss. His conditions are much better than those of the average city man.

(12) I wish to live on the farm, for I like the work. One is not doing the same thing every day, but doing a variety of things. There is satisfaction in knowing that the products of one's labors are to be his and not somebody's else. Then, there is the independent life; one's time is his own, and if one does not use it to the best advantage, he has only himself to blame.

If I were unable to farm on my own account, but had to work out, then I should go to the city.

(13) I lived in the city until I was eleven, when my parents moved to the farm. There I attended the country school until I was fifteen, when I was sent to the city high school in Buffalo. The last six years I have been in the high school and at Cornell.

I desire to go on a farm because of the independence and healthfulness of the

life. The farmer has a wider field of business, which requires a vast range of knowledge, far beyond that required by the ordinary business man. I think that a comfortable income can be obtained. Only a few men in the cities are earning more than is required for their subsistence. My chief reason is that I like the life and the out-door work.

(14) (a) Respect for agriculture as an occupation.

(b) To enjoy the freedom of the country life and the beauties of nature.

(c) To partake of the pleasure which comes from conquering natural obstacles.

(d) To give that which is in me the best chance to develop.

(e) To have a congenial means of support.

(15) I intend to stick to farm life, for I see nothing in the turmoil of city life to tempt me to leave the quiet, calm, and nearness to nature with which we, as farmers, are surrounded. I also see the possibilities of just as great financial success on a farm as in any profession which my circumstances permit me to attain.

(16) Have always lived on a farm, with the exception of three years, when I lived in town. I desire to follow farming, with stock-breeding and dairying as main branches. I believe it is the most independent life; that it has the broadest field in which to work; that intelligence, judgment, and business ability are needed here as much as anywhere; that it gives opportunities for the best development of a man; that a farmer may enjoy many blessings which can not be measured by dollars and cents. It gives opportunity for study of the most interesting kind, and it is the best place for spiritual growth and life.

(17) Having always lived on a dairy farm, and having taken care of domestic animals, it is virtually the only business I understand.

Although there are many discouragements and a great deal of hard labor, I think a person of average ability, who enjoys farming and taking care of and studying characteristics of domestic animals, will be a more independent and useful man if he sticks to the farm than if he follows any other business.

Perhaps there would be more money in some other line of work. Money is not all of life; so I will go back to the farm.

(18) (a) I like the work.

(b) The farmer is the most independent man that lives.

(c) It is healthful work.

(d) It is a good place for a happy home.

(e) There is profit in it, and it is gaining headway every day.

(19) I am going back to the farm because it is the most healthful business I have ever known and I like it as a business from start to finish. The cattle alone are enough to call any one back to the farm.

(20) (a) Because agriculture seems to offer one of the greatest opportunities financially.

(b) Because I see in agriculture the most pleasant and agreeable occupation.

(c) Because I love nature, and may be brought into more intimate relations with it by this profession than by any other.

(d) Because a great chance for improvement and advance is offered in agriculture.

(21) I have tried city life, and do not enjoy it. I prefer to work in the open air, and enjoy working with animals. I believe that a man can be as truly successful on the farm as anywhere else, and can lead a much happier life.

(22) I was born in the country, but educated in the city, returning home on vacation. I expect to follow live-stock farming: first, because it is my father's desire to keep the family estate still in the family, and being the only son, it devolves upon me; apart from this, he prefers that I should be a farmer as a means of earning a livelihood.

Coördinate with this is my own wish to lead the life of a farmer, probably because I inherited the love for it and because I have always understood, from earliest childhood, what I was to do. I love nature, and like to be closely connected with its workings. I like farm life for the freedom and opportunity offered for success from individual work.

(23) I am an only son. My parents wish me to return, and, as I study, I see

nothing more inviting. I see this more than ever after studying agriculture at Mount Hermon and here. Then, if a man is immortal, and I believe he is, it is what he is that counts, and not altogether money. We need studious Christians on the farms, and I want to be one. I expect some day to have a plain country home. A good place to live is next to nature.

(24) I should like to take up experiment-station work for a number of years, then go on a farm. (1) There is as good opportunity for one to exercise his business ability and apply his scientific knowledge on a farm as anywhere. (2) The average man is surer of acquiring a competency, and having a good home of his own, in the country than in the city. (3) A good farmer will find life less monotonous, as well as more healthful, in the country than in the city. (4) One man's social and intellectual influence will be stronger and last longer in the country than in the city. (5) The best place to bring up children, and specially boys, is on a farm in a good agricultural community.

(25) I was born and reared on a farm. It has always been my intention to become a farmer. After living in the city for several years, while attending preparatory school, I have come to the conclusion that the farm is the only place to develop well-rounded, sturdy manhood. The farmer need not fear lest his children be led astray by the evil influences of an indolent city life; he is independent and, if temperate, sure of good health and long days.

(26) I shall follow poultry husbandry and fruit-growing:

(a) Because of the independent freedom of farm life.

(b) Because of my desire to raise a family where my influence will be the dominant one.

(c) Because of the false standards set up in the modern city; namely, hurry, worry, and selfishness.

(d) Because of the great opportunity offered to the man of skill.

(27) I like the farm probably because I was brought up on one, and have

learned to like the free and independent country life, to be with stock, to harvest the grain and hay, to try to raise or grow the best and most fruit on a tree.

(28) I expect to make a business of breeding live-stock. I like to work out of doors, where the sun shines and the wind blows, where I can look up from my work and not be obliged to look at a wall. I dislike to use a pen as a business. I want to make new things and create new wealth, not to collect to myself the money earned by others. I can not feel the sympathy which makes me a part of nature, unless I can be nearer to it than office or university life allows. I like to create things. Had I been dexterous with my hands, I might have been an artist; but I have found that I can make use of as high ideals, use as much patience, and be of as much use in the world by modeling in flesh and bone as I can by modeling in marble.

THE point of view of all these various personal replies is most significant, and it is in bold contrast to the general run of the responses of those who plan to leave the farm. The present replies are marked by the prominence given to ideals and by the subordination of mere personal emolument and desire for money. Forty per cent. of those who are leaving the farm allege that they do so because there is not money enough in it; very few of the 261 students who plan to be farmers mention

the expectation of earning money as the leading motive, and a number of them mention the relatively small earning power, and then declare that they will follow the business in spite of that handicap. Nearly every one of them gives higher ideals of living as the propelling motive, and these ideals crystallize about two foci—the love of nature, and the desire of a free, independent life. Moreover, these are responses of strong conviction. They evidence pride of calling, and not one of them is apologetic. They are hopeful; they all have a forward look. They are surprisingly unselfish. Not one of them asks for power. They show that even in this epoch of hurried city-building, the love of the open country and of plain, quiet living still remains as a real and vital force. I was impressed, in the replies of those who are to leave the farm, with the emphasis placed on lack of money, hard work, and small social opportunity; I am impressed in these replies with the recurrence of such ideals as love for the work that one is doing, education, study, personal influence, happiness, service, home. With these young men, their business is to be an affair of the heart. We hear much about the greed of money and power and the great dangers that threaten our runaway society; but I wonder whether, in the end, the countryman will not still have hold of at least one of the reins.



THE SMOKY CITY IS MY NEST

BY ANITA FITCH

THE smoky city is my nest:
The street is my country lane,
The buildings are my blue hills,
The little lights are my stars.

In the morning I look out upon the street which is a part of me,
And sometimes, in the cold whiteness of the dawn, the lamps are
still lighted;
And once when all the household had long waited a new life, and
once when it had looked upon Death,
They were like familiar eyes faded by many tears.



SKETCH PLANS FOR OUTING COTTAGES

I—A SUMMER COTTAGE

BY MICHAEL STILLMAN.



HE above illustration shows a type of summer cottage which can be built at a very small cost, and which lends itself to artistic treatment.

It consists of a simple frame of fairly heavy timbers left exposed on the inside, and stained.

Instead of using 2" x 4" studs 18" on centers, use 3" x 4", and space them 30" or 36" on centers. A wainscot four or five feet high of matched boarding running up and down, with the space along the top between the studs filled in, forming a shelf, is a suggestion that can be thoroughly recommended.

As in the autumn, and even in the summer, very extreme weather is met with, the cottage should be built as tight as possible. Building paper should not be spared, and even better, and not very expensive, is sea-grass quilting. When the outside of the frame has been sheathed, cover it with a layer of paper or quilting, bringing the latter well up to all window- and door-frames. Then nail on strips 2" x $\frac{7}{8}$ ", properly spaced to receive shingles, clapboards, or slabwood. The last is the cheapest, and gives a pleasant log effect.

Thus between the outside covering and the sheathing there is an air-space which will keep the cottage just as cool in hot

weather and as warm in cold as would an inside covering to the frame, and at only a fraction of the cost of the latter. The roof should be treated in the same way, but must be shingled.

The best preservative for the wood, both inside and out, is creosote stain, which can be obtained in a great variety of colors.

Of course it is important that the sills of the cottage should be kept off the damp earth, these should be laid on a foundation of rough stone, carried well below the frost-line.

For the main floor and balcony there should be a double floor, the over one being preferably birch or maple. This is not expensive, and is easy to keep clean, while being everlasting. When laid, it should receive several coats of raw linseed oil, and, if desired, a little bee's-wax.

It is usually advisable to build the chimney of rough stone, taking care to make the flue large enough, in proportion to the fireplace, to prevent it from smoking. Flue should be about $\frac{1}{8}$ th area of fireplace opening. It is also a good plan to have the hearth 12 or 16 inches lower than the floor; this forms a step which can be utilized as a seat.

The furniture of the place should be as simple as possible, plank tables and chairs, several fixed seats, either with drawers underneath them or with covers

that will lift up to form chests. These can be turned into extra bunks at night, if made wide enough.

For the piazza posts, use some small tamarisk trunks, as the bark on them will remain firm for many years; spruce and pine are also very good: but birch, if used as a post, with its bark on, will rot away very quickly.

The piazza floor can be made of the

same material as the main floor or of spruce, which is cheaper but inferior. It should be properly graded, so as not to retain any water.

Lastly, but very necessary, are good board or plank shutters, which can be locked up in winter.

I have just erected a cottage similar to the above, the cost of which was about one thousand dollars.



Drawn by the architect, Michael Stilman

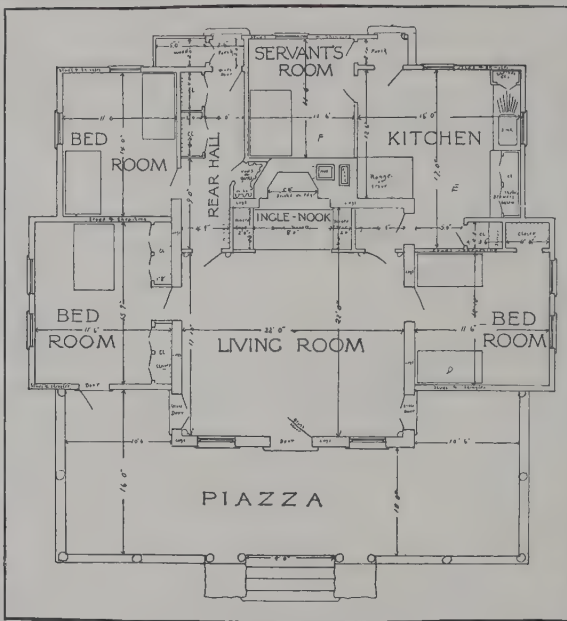
A SUMMER COTTAGE, TO COST ABOUT \$1000.00



REAR-ELEVATION, SOUTH SIDE



FRONT-ELEVATION, NORTH SIDE



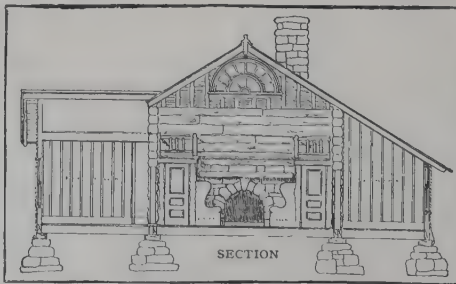
(FIRST FLOOR PLAN)



SIDE-ELEVATION, WEST SIDE



SIDE-ELEVATION, EAST SIDE



From the plans of the architect, Thomas Tryon



III—A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

BY JOSEPH HENRY FREEDLANDER



IN the evolution of the house, the primitive shelter, or forest lodge, forms one of the most important steps, for the successive types have all embodied its essential qualities, drawn from the conditions prevailing at the time.

In later ages, the development of so very humble an abode has resulted in refinements and luxuries undreamed of by its inventors, and not the least has this been the case when it has been the owner's desire to return for pastime and enjoyment to something like primitive conditions.

The sumptuous hunts planned by the "Roi Soleil" for his court in the forests of Rambouillet and Fontainebleau have bequeathed to posterity some excellent examples of architecture of the purest type; but in our Western republic we wish to come somewhat nearer to the true hunter's life. We do not care to carry all the refinements of art into the preparations for the chase. Enameled hunting-horns, damascened weapons, and liveried huntsmen are out of date.

The very perfection of modern hunting and fishing equipment has displaced many of the picturesque, but, to our minds, unsportsmanlike appliances described and figured in old books of venery. The stakes, nets, and elaborate traps known to the *grand veneur* of old would

cause a modern gamekeeper to hold up his hands in surprise. Social requirements have also changed. The coquettish retreat of Rambouillet would be little to our taste. We look, rather, across our vast Western plains for the embodiment of our wants. The cattle-ranch furnishes the type for our hunting pavilions, which, however, are at many points a creation of conditions that have arisen within a decade or so. It is only within the last few years that shooting over large tracts of land and the establishment of forest preserves have become a feature of out-of-door life and have led to the evolution of a new style of small pavilion, or hunting-lodge, of which the accompanying illustrations will give an idea.

The site is supposed to be in a mountainous country where game of all kinds is to be found in abundance, and the materials employed will be such as abound in the vicinity.

The façade is half-timbered, with the first story of cement, roughly troweled. The roofs are of slate of double thickness, quarried with an uneven texture. Throughout the construction, logs, as being more easily obtained, are used in preference to mill-sawed lumber. The successful solution of the problem presented by the façade will largely depend on the picturesque effects to be gained by the use of these rough-and-ready materials.

The uneven character of the ground

gives opportunity for an extensive use of retaining walls, which are treated as an integral part of the composition. Virtually they constitute the foundation of the building; esthetically they are designed to harmonize with the general composition.

Interesting effects are obtained by the use of creeping vines, which carry over the wall notes of color similar to those of the surrounding foliage. The lodge is partly surrounded by trellis-covered

larder is tiled from floor to ceiling, a somewhat luxurious manner of surfacing a wall in a forest lodge, it may be thought, but absolutely essential to secure cleanliness in the treatment of venison and birds. The kitchen, communicating with the pantry on the main floor by means of a dumb-waiter, is provided with a large open fireplace, with a revolving spit on which whole quarters of meat can be roasted over a wood fire.

A linen chute connects the laundry



From the sketch by the architect, Joseph Henry Freedlander. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

ELEVATION OF A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

porches, built of squared timber, chamfered on the edges. Flights of steps leading to the terraces and porches are cut in the rock and, where necessary, are built up of native stone.

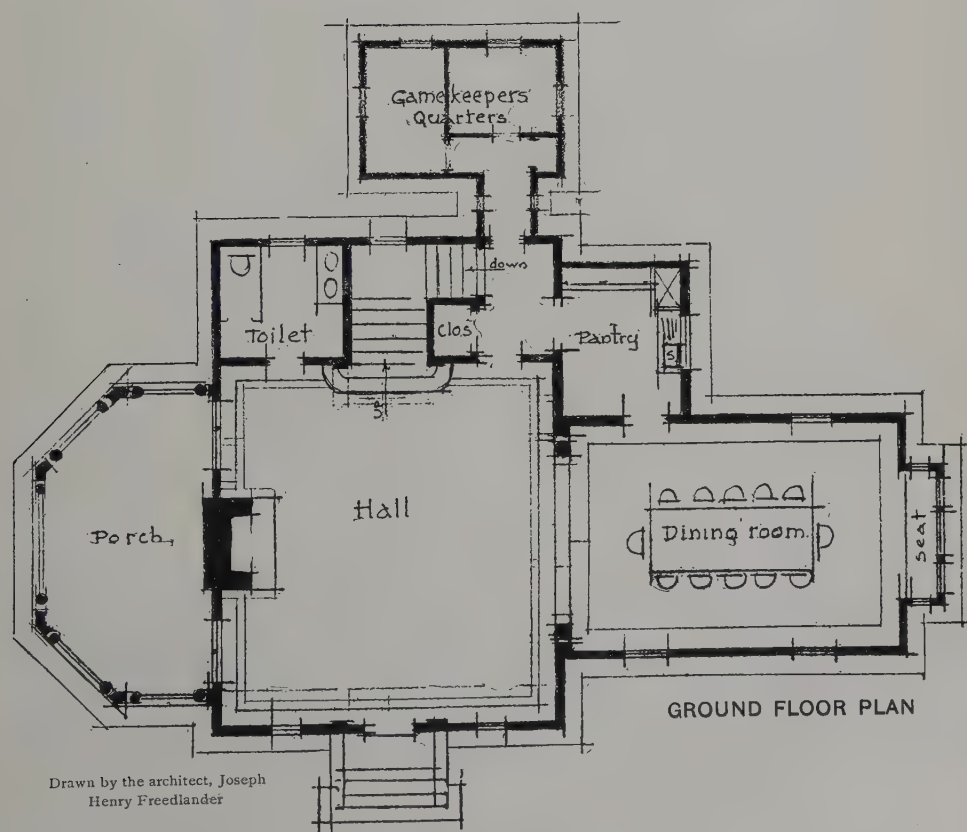
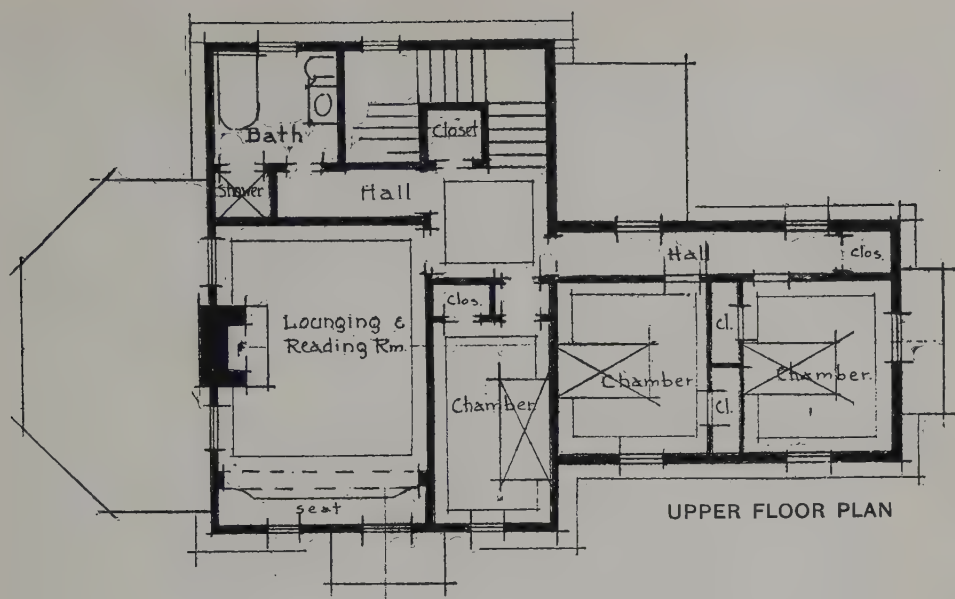
In one important respect, ancient precedent has to a certain extent been followed. The great feature of the regal *rendezvous-de-chasse* was its big and hospitable banqueting-hall, open to the roof. In the present design this has been replaced by arranging the hall and dining-room so that they can readily be thrown into one.

As the lodge is supposed to be built on sloping ground, there will be ample room in the basement for kitchen and laundry and a well ventilated storage-room for the preservation of all kinds of game. This

with the pantry and with the bedrooms on the upper floor. All soiled linen is collected here and received in a trough in the laundry.

Besides these rooms, the basement contains a perfectly dry and fireproof ammunition vault.

These necessary elements of forest housekeeping thus provided for, we may now attend to the pleasures of the owner and his guests. On the second floor a lounging-room is a welcome adjunct in bad weather. On its walls the heads and antlers of deer and other trophies of the chase may be suspended, while smaller or more perishable spoils, illustrating the natural history of the neighborhood, and books for a rainy day, may be kept in glass cases disposed along the walls. At



Drawn by the architect, Joseph
Henry Freedlander

PLANS FOR A FOREST HUNTING-LODGE

the end of the hall, on the first floor, a large fireplace, built of rough stone and tile, offers its hospitable warmth to the weary hunter, glad after a day in the forest, to stretch his bramble-torn leggins before a log fire while he recounts to his friends the bad or good luck that has befallen him.

The dining-room is dark in tone. The seven-foot wainscoting is stained a deep-olive color. In the ceiling, the structural beams are apparent. The underside of the floor boards are planed and stained or varnished to harmonize with the walls.

A central staircase in the hall proper forms an important feature of the general arrangement, and leads directly to the lounging-room above.

Across one end of the latter room a series of gun-racks is arranged. Lockers are placed at the disposal of the guests, in order that each may keep his accoutrements, gun, cartridges, and equipment in a condition requisite for good shooting.

A bath-room and toilets adjoin the bedrooms, all of which are simply furnished, with the walls sheathed with yellow pine boards, stained and varnished.

We return now to the exterior for a general *coup-d'œil*. The gray tone, varied, as before noted, by creeping vines, may be further enlivened by olive-colored striped awnings over the windows. Any attempt at landscape-gardening must necessarily be confined by the limitations of a mountainous forest-country. A very formal arrangement of masses would be out of place, but beds of vines and shrubs architecturally laid out may be used as borders with excellent results, and certain species of fir that grow naturally in a regular pyramidal shape make a passable substitute for the clipped bay-tree of more formal gardens. It is hardly necessary to say that work of this kind should be strictly confined to the close vicinity of the building, where it will accentuate the architectural lines and weave them in

gradual transition into the natural landscape beyond.

Finally, a small one-story gamekeeper's cottage may be added as an outbuilding, connected with the lodge by a wooden portico, roofed with lattice-work. This very diminutive building consists of a bedroom and a living-room, and will be occupied exclusively by the gamekeeper. The necessity of keeping the lodge open in the absence of the owner is thus obviated.

From both a theoretical and a practical standpoint the composition and subsequent erection of an architectural problem of this nature is full of fascinating possibilities. As in all logical architecture, the design must be developed from the condition imposed, such as the mode of life of the occupants, the site, and the climatic conditions.

If, in the course of the conception of the work in hand, we may leave the somewhat trite conditions of city life and go forth to nature for an inspiration, the problem takes on a more interesting complexion. Who has not at times been tempted to lay aside pen and pencil, and surrender himself to the sway of the gentle reminiscence of a summer afternoon in the forest, listening to the buzz of the insects, the occasional pecking of a partridge, the trickle of a woodland stream, the distant baying of a hound? Here is a wealth of suggestion for the creative faculties.

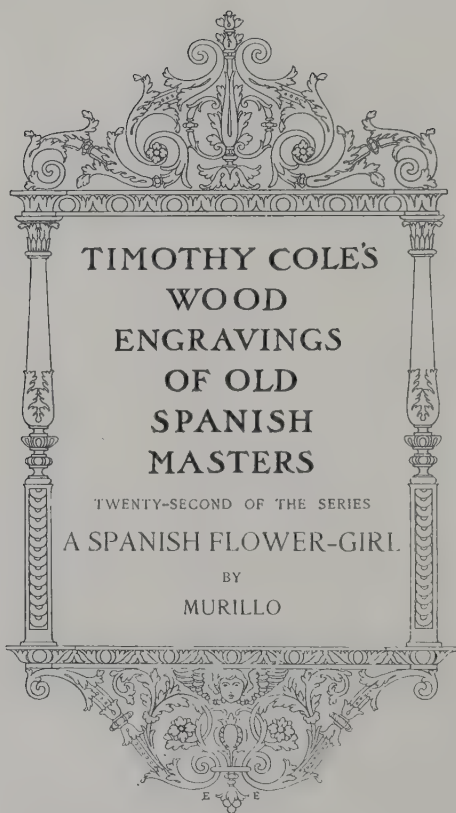
In the hunting-lodge described above, I may be permitted to believe it possible for the busy worker to indulge his idle fancies, to revel in a long day-dream, to divest himself of the incessant responsibilities and cares of an ambitious life, and to allow, in short, heart and mind to be filled with the beauties and the inspirations of nature, which, when all is said and done, is the true cure for the nerve weariness and fever and fret of our artificial and exacting modern life.



From the painting in Alleyn's College of God's Gift, Dulwich, England. See "Open Letters"

A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL. BY MURILLO

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF
OLD SPANISH MASTERS: TWENTY-SECOND OF THE SERIES)



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A SPANISH FLOWER-GIRL.

BY
MURILLO

MRS. DUNKIN'S MORNING CALL

BY EDITH M. WILLETT

"NO, we did n't do much visiting while I was in the country, and the little that there was I found rather tiring.

"We had one morning call while I was staying with the Gibsons last spring, and the excitement and mental and physical wear and tear it entailed made us all ill. If we had had many more visitors 'dropping in,' I don't think we would have survived them.

"You see, 'Harmony,' Uncle Ralph's plantation, is about twenty miles from 'Crab-Hall,' the Dunkin place. So when Mrs. Dunkin wrote that she was coming to see Cousin Fanny and me, and would try to 'drop in' some morning that week, Aunt Mary looked very much gratified.

"It will take Eliza Dunkin half the day to reach here,' she said, 'and the other half to get back, for I know she won't spend the night.'

"This is nice of her!"

"Let me see,—' referring to her note, —'she says, "I hope to get to see your New York guests next Thursday; but if that should be rainy, will try to drive to Harmony the first fine day after that is n't a mail day."'

"On Wanco River, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays are sacred to the mail, and no self-respecting householder would dream of making any plan that involved being absent on those all-important occasions.

"Eliza Dunkin says that we must n't expect her till we see her,' went on Aunt Mary, 'but of course that is nonsense. She will be as hungry as a hunter when she gets here, and we must be prepared, at any rate, to give her a little bite. I think I must make a black cake.'

"I had tasted Aunt Mary's black cakes before, and began faintly to realize what a great personage Mrs. Dunkin must be

to merit one. I had yet to learn that, on Wanco River, in these hard times, a woman whose husband plants a thousand acres of rice, and whose own name is a byword for hospitality and good house-keeping in three counties, ought to be treated with ceremony befitting royalty itself. For the next two days we were preparing for the 'little bite.'

"In a fit of reckless hospitality, Aunt Mary sacrificed her pet peacock to the honored guest. Jellies were made, cream was beaten up, and the cake concocted. This last was a tremendous process. Six mysterious hours Aunt Mary spent shut up with it in the store-room behind closed doors; and all night long, Uncle Summer, as he explained to us afterward, 'wrestled wid it in prayer.'

"But when it was finally baked, how shall I describe its silvery, frosted sides, its towering crown, and its wonderful aroma, which pursued one from attic to cellar, even though it was securely locked in the sideboard closet?

"On Wednesday night the moon had a golden ring, and Thursday was hopelessly wet and stormy. There was no chance of Mrs. Dunkin's coming, of course; but, as Cousin Fanny said, 'We were spared all uncertainty about expecting her, and the cake would taste all the better a day or two later, while we could keep the peacock over in this cold weather.'

"We agreed that it was all for the best, and felt so when Saturday dawned fair and cool. Such a rush as there was to get everything in condition for our expected guest! The parlors had to be given an extra dusting, the silver an extra polish, the vases filled with fresh flowers, and Aunt Mary insisted on our putting on our swellest silk waists not only as a compliment to Mrs. Dunkin, but as an object-

lesson, as it takes two years for the fashions to get down to Wanco River.

"She herself could n't be induced to dress up, being only intent on beautifying the table, which by one o'clock was a dream of loveliness, all the old Lowestoft china out for the occasion, while Cousin Fanny and I established ourselves on the drawing-room sofa, fancy-work in hand, all ready to greet the newcomer.

"At two o'clock there was no sign of the Dunkins, and we went in and feasted our eyes on the table, which only increased our bodily appetite. At three we had soda-biscuits and tea to keep up our strength, and at five we began to dismantle the table and put things away.

"It was a great disappointment, but, as Aunt Mary said, 'Saturday was a bad day to make such a trip, and we ought not to have expected Mrs. Dunkin till next week.'

"Well, Sunday we had a good rest, and the next day set to work with redoubled energy on fresh preparations. This time a turkey was killed, Aunt Mary made some of her famous pies, and when Tuesday turned out beautiful, we all felt in the mood for the long-expected one.

"The luncheon looked even prettier than the day before, and Cousin Fanny and I donned white dimities for the occasion. It was about one o'clock, while we were sitting in the parlor, waiting impatiently, that suddenly, over the avenue bridge came the unmistakable rumble of wheels and a carriage stopped in front of the house. We knew it was Mrs. Dunkin, and Cousin Fanny was trying in vain to make Aunt Mary hide behind the sofa cushion the stockings that she was darning, when there came a rap at the door, and a moment later Uncle Ralph ushered in—Jim Ramsay and his brother!

"They are both nice boys, but Cousin Fanny and I would n't have put on our best dimities for them, and we felt that our swell luncheon would be wasted on such hungry customers. We had given them some wine and sandwiches, and were making up for all deficiencies by small talk, when Uncle Ralph—he must have been possessed—suggested that we should all have some black cake!

"There was no use making faces at him. Poor, dear Aunt Mary, with the expression of a Christian martyr, had to bring it in and pass it around.

"Of course we all declined it in the most pointed way, and the boys must have seen that something was up, for they could not be prevailed upon to take any. But, oh! how we all longed for a slice!

"The Ramsays wisely stayed until night-fall, when we gave up Mrs. Dunkin for the nonce, and consoled ourselves with her luncheon, only the black cake being reserved for higher purposes.

"The next day I heard chickens being slaughtered, and knew that Aunt Mary was carrying on her preparations. But when Thursday dawned one of those rare mornings that seem positively cut out and fitted for out-of-door-doings, I confess I did rebel secretly at the thought of that terrible call hanging over us. Cousin Fanny, however, said she felt in her bones that Mrs. Dunkin was coming, and Aunt Mary looked so horrified at the idea of a fox-hunt being even weighed in the balance with a possible visitor,—I think a season in New York would make her open her eyes,—that I stayed at home again, and again we dressed up ourselves and the luncheon table, and again waited three mortal hours for Mrs. Dunkin, who, it is needless to say, did n't appear.

"The next day, by common consent, we decided that no preparations should be made. Mrs. Dunkin was to be expected no longer. And although Saturday was full of promise, as far as weather was concerned, we went our several ways after breakfast, though not without inward misgivings.

"I think it must have been about twelve o'clock, for Aunt Mary was deep in preserves in the still-room, while I had taken a violet-bed literally in hand, when I saw one of the lodge pickaninnies come running down the avenue at full speed toward the house, and realized with a sickening presentiment that he was coming to give us the long-looked-for news. Mrs. Dunkin was coming at last.

"Cousin Fanny has been thrown out of an automobile, chased by a mad bull, and presented to Queen Victoria; but she says she has never been as much frightened in her life as she was when she saw that boy running.

"We all flew into the dining-room and were feverishly helping Aunt Mary to get out the old Lowestoft china when the boy made his appearance. He said he had n't

seen any ladies or met any buggies; he was running—*just so!*

"We were all too irritated for words, and I heard Uncle Ralph tell Aunt Mary, with a twinkle in his eye, that he was going to give orders that any one on the plantation who should dare to run or even walk fast on days that Mrs. Dunkin was expected would be fined fifty cents.

"It was the last straw when we discovered a plantation cur demolishing half of our precious black cake in a corner of the yard, for poor Aunt Mary, in her excitement, must have left the sideboard door open. At this crushing discovery, the children all set up a howl, and could be comforted only by two slices apiece of the remainder, for which they paid the penalty later.

"We all felt in honor bound to do justice to what was left of that ill-fated cake, and for the next two days Cousin Fanny did not appear. She said it was a threat of prostration; but there are so many ways of describing things!

"She left the early part of the week, but I stayed on a day or two longer to nurse Aunt Mary through one of her bad nervous headaches, for which Mrs. Dun-

kin is directly responsible. It was one morning when poor Auntie was lying on her *chaise-longue*, her face hidden by brown paper and vinegar, that I caught sight of two strange horses going to the stable, and ran to the front door in time to admit a plain little woman in a frumpy bonnet and dowdy dress, who introduced herself affably as—Mrs. Dunkin!

"We sat in the drawing-room,—it had not been swept that day, for the servants were having a grand holiday in Aunt Mary's absence, and I had been too busy looking after her to keep them in order,—and she told me about her chickens and her household worries, which had prevented her coming before.

"There was not an instant to get out the old Lowestoft china, and I have not yet had the courage to tell Aunt Mary that we lunched together on sweet potatoes and cold ham, all I could find at a moment's notice.

"Well, I had a nice little commonplace talk with a commonplace old woman, and it was not until the gate closed behind her and her two chestnut horses that it came over me with a shock that the long-looked-for event had happened. Mrs. Dunkin had actually paid her morning call!"

ARBUTUS

BY LORRAINE ROOSEVELT.

"GOD is not just!" I dreamed in my despair.
I saw a flame-swept town, its beauties fair
Hurled earthward, standing desolate and bare.

With tearless, saddened eyes grown dim from yearning,
I saw old men and stricken women turning
To watch their homes, their hopes, their futures burning.

I woke and wandered forth. A jewel day
Of gladness soothed my soul and turned dismay
At far calamities to love of May.

I sat within a hollow tree while showers
Of scented rain dimmed o'er the passing hours
And left me conscious of near fragrant flowers.

I saw dead leaves,—brown, spotted, ugly things,—
And rising from their death the flower that brings
Eternal promise of eternal springs.

Arbutus lives perennial, and the crust
Of measured years forms round its roots a dust
Prophetic of new life-times. God is just.

THE FUTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO

BY BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER

President of the University of California

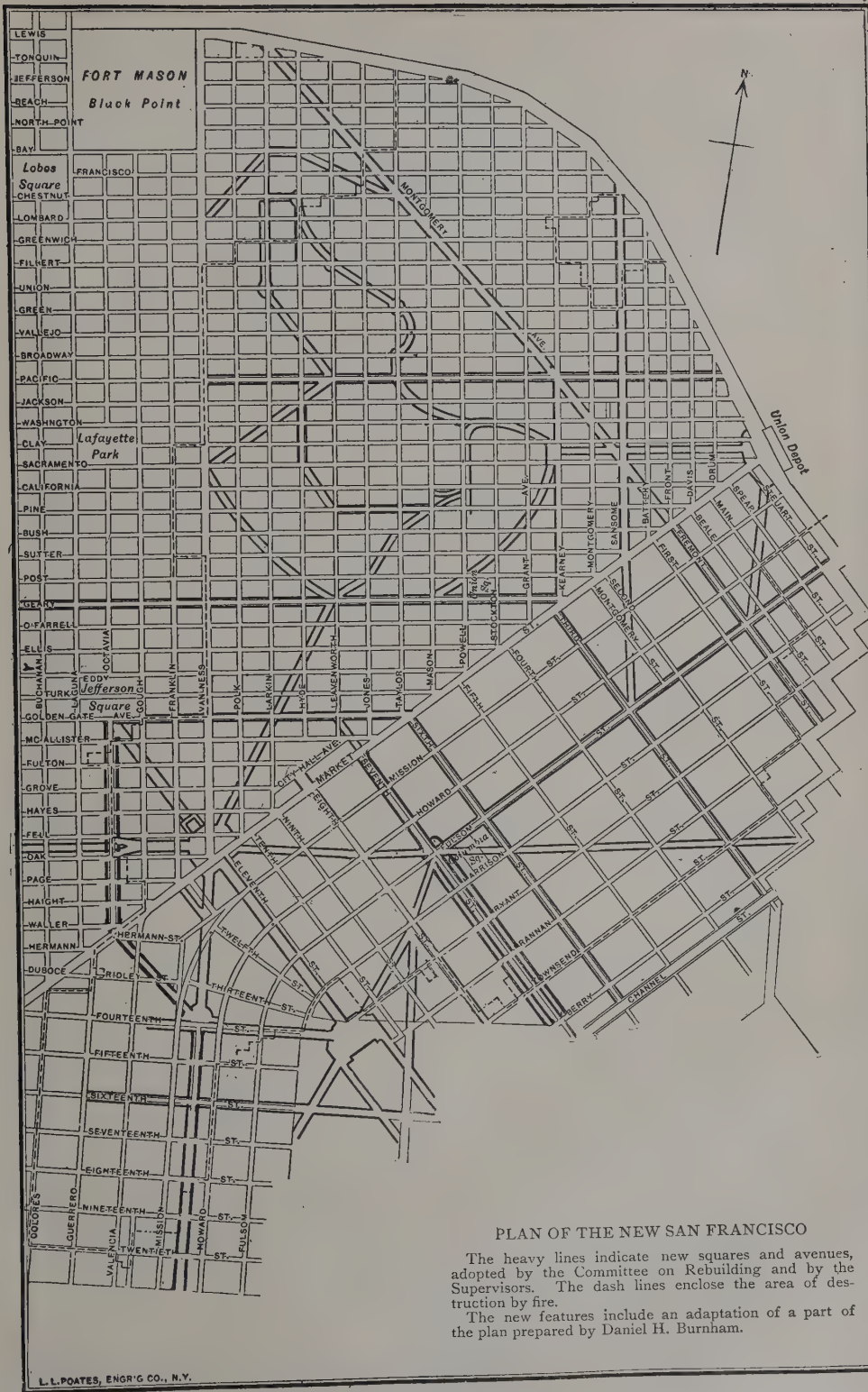


THE disaster was even more thoroughgoing than we believed at first. The fire seems to have had no doubt of its ability from the start to devour the city entire. It walked in a steady and dignified manner down the streets, and if it found it had neglected anything, turned composedly back and got it. Little in the way of household goods was rescued. The turning wheel of transportation became reduced to the simplicities,—the rollers on the bottom of a trunk which its owner was dragging down the street with the family clothes-line, roller skates at the four corners of a spring-bed utilized as low-gear, a lawn-mower with an improvised seat on the handle for an invalid wife—these are all facts, and plainly symptomatic of the situation. There was, in substance, nothing left except the people and their grit and the practical sympathy of a brotherly world. Any one who within two weeks after the fire walked the length of Sutter street from Market to Van Ness, straight through the center of the ruin, meeting only two or three lorn stragglers all the way, and seeing nothing about him that looked like an article of human use but lonesome and forsaken mail-boxes hanging to bent lamp-posts, and nothing for a mile or two in either direction but piles of disordered bricks, twisted pipes, or dismantled walls—such a one was fairly excusable if he wondered how this volcanic waste could ever be a city again. After getting over to Fillmore street, however, and seeing the people, he would have no doubt. He found them busy feeding the hungry, starting newspapers, stringing trolley-wires, and planning a new city. The

population of the city has never of old been distinguished for coöperative inclinations. Climate, situation, and plenty have allowed it heretofore to indulge a high degree of personal independence, much envy of prominence, and some graceful languor. Therein lie the chief reasons why Seattle and Los Angeles have outpaced it in rate of growth. To-day the people are acting as a corporate unit, are advancing prominence to recognized leadership, and are working in their shirt-sleeves. Six months more of this, and San Francisco will gain from its fire what Chicago did,—an efficient unity of civic spirit worth more than all build-ings or bank clearings.

No one seems ever to have entertained a doubt about rebuilding the city. The earthquake sounds bad,—and, for that matter, felt bad, but it brought the consoling assurance beyond a peradventure that there are forms of construction in common and available use that smile at earthquake shocks. No one has any doubt about this; the demonstration is too clear before the eyes of all. Unfortunately for the city's repute without, the frightful tales first set in circulation concerning the earthquake horror seemed afterward to receive their confirmation under the cloak of the disaster of fire.

For the first three weeks after the fire there was much reason to fear that the dual catastrophe might be crowned by a third disaster—the rebuilding of the city on the old plan. In spite of the providentially fortunate existence of the Burnham studies toward a new plan, the impatience to begin building and the feeling of poverty in face of enormous loss were on the point of foiling the one opportunity of material blessing which destruction had brought in its hand. Just at a time



when the city had to face millions of expenditure for public buildings and rehabilitation of its streets, it seemed impossible to think of boulevards and widened streets, or anything that might bear upon it the suspicion of esthetic taint. It meant taxation unto death. It has been done, however, by taking future generations into alliance. Bonds, the interest of which for the first ten years shall in whole or in part be added to the amount of the sinking-fund instead of to the taxes, constitute the proposed way of escape. The work that is to be done will be of untold advantage to innumerable generations, and now is the accepted time to do it. The tide turned on May 17th; since then the sub-committee of architects, the city government and the larger financial interests, have settled into complete accord for undertaking the great essentials of the remodeled plan. Discommoded individuals will protest and hamper, and stumbling-blocks of detail will of course arise, but it seems at this moment assured that there is power enough behind the movement for betterment to push it through to fulfilment. The adaptation of the Burnham plan to present needs and possibilities is mainly the work of John Galen Howard, professor of architecture at Berkeley, in collaboration with Architect Burnham's assistant, Mr. Bennett.

The first great difficulty of the terrain is created by the hill-city north of Sutter street. For this, Pacific Avenue will be widened from the water-front to Van Ness Avenue and carried over the lowered saddle between Nob Hill and Russian Hill. A broad street will be created out of the narrow alley between Sacramento and Clay from the ferry to Kearney street, and thence curving to the north, it will climb the hill to Washington and Powell, where it will divide, one part rising to Nob Hill essentially by Powell and California, the other swinging northward to Taylor and Pacific Avenue. From this point a driveway of almost constant level encircles Russian Hill, and returning, winds around Nob Hill, coming in finally by Hyde and Pine to Powell again. At Mason and Pine it is joined

by a roadway swinging up the hill from the corner of Leavenworth and Geary. A curving diagonal connects the square Leavenworth and Geary to that at Van Ness and Sacramento, and another connects the square at Leavenworth and Geary to the one at Kearney and Sacramento. Montgomery Avenue is extended as another great diagonal on across Montgomery street and Market street, to be continued by the widened Fremont street on to the water-front. So the hill city is conquered. The cable-cars will twitch and rattle no more.

A widened Geary street makes the Fifth Avenue of San Francisco, and reaches straight and fairly level from Market street to the ocean. A broad avenue, continuing the line of the Park panhandle, is cut straight through the city, crossing Market at its junction with Van Ness and continuing eastward to the Mail Dock. The junction of this splendid avenue with Market and Van Ness indicates the natural civic center of the city, and from this center a widened Eleventh street leads to the inevitable site of the future Union Station at Bryant street. The connection between the ferry building and this station will be effected by a great highway formed of a diagonal from the ferry to Folsom street at Fremont, a widened Folsom street to Seventh, and another diagonal to Eleventh and Bryant. This same highway, continued, opens up the southwestern suburb of the city. Van Ness Avenue is continued on across Market to Fourteenth street. These, with the widening and extension of Sansome street, and the widening of Third, Sixth and Eighth streets, are the principal changes now proposed, but they will deliver the city from the heavy shackles of an ugly, idiotic, cumbersome plan that slashed its hillsides with the lines of unusable streets, and on the level land sent honest and earnest men forever zigzagging around two sides of many triangles. The great central harbor of the Pacific coast importunately demands a San Francisco, and the contours of the hills that overlook it demand a city of beauty.



TO SAN FRANCISCO

BY S. J. ALEXANDER

IF we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, 't was the ghost of a dream; for I vow
By the splendor of God in the highest, we never have loved Her till now.
When Love bears the trumpet of Honor, oh, highest and clearest he calls,
With the light of the flaming of towers, and the sound of the rending of walls.
When Love wears the purple of Sorrow, and kneels at the altar of Grief,
Of the flowers that spring in his footsteps, the white flower of Service is chief.
And as snow on the snow of Her bosom, as a star in the night of Her hair,
We bring to our Mother such token as the time and the elements spare.

If we dreamed that we loved Her aforetime, adoring we kneel to Her now,
When the golden fruit of the ages falls, swept by the wind from the bough.
The beautiful dwelling is shattered, wherein, as a queen at the feast,
In gems of the barbaric tropics and silks of the ultimate East,
Our Mother sat throned and triumphant, with the wise and the great in their day.
They were captains, and princes, and rulers; but She, She was greater than they.

We are sprung from the builders of nations; by the souls of our fathers we swear,
By the depths of the deeps that surround Her, by the height of the heights She may
dare,
Though the Twelve league in compact against Her, though the sea gods cry out in
their wrath,
Though the earth gods, grown drunk of their fury, fling the hilltops abroad in Her
path,
Our Mother of masterful children shall sit on Her throne as of yore,
With Her old robes of purple about Her, and crowned with the crowns that She wore.

She shall sit at the gates of the world, where the nations shall gather and meet,
And the East and the West at Her bidding shall lie in a leash at Her feet.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE ARTIST WHO PREACHES

SOME of the men of genius among the fictionists and dramatists of our day, having taken to philosophizing and even preaching through their works of art, have placed their productions in a category where the writers must be willing to receive criticism which includes the obvious content of their works. The content can, of course, never be unconsidered in judging of any work of art, but it is peculiarly invited by those works of literary art where the "moral" is extremely apparent. The authors referred to see certain wrongs in life, and they bend their art to purposes of reform, at least to violent criticism, which evidently implies the reforming of manners and institutions. We refer to those artists who, being originally such, become promulgators of ideas—of ideas which amount to social recipes, meant to cure acutely felt social evils. These artists (who are also preachers, or special pleaders and advocates) being men or women of intense feeling, strong convictions, moral bravery, and great powers of description, of denunciation, of expression in general, do not content themselves with presentations of the pathos and tragedy of life, but deliberately suggest, or imply, the necessity of changes in civilized customs. They do this with fury; they feel they have a message; they will not be controlled by considerations of public opinion, nor by any consideration whatever, in attacking destructively that which they see as foul, and detest as unjust, unnecessary, and against human liberty and right development. They live in a public opinion not that of the general public,—which general opinion they despise,—but an opinion perhaps largely of their own making—the opinion of the few "untrammelled souls." They are possessed by the idea of a mission, of living, almost lonely, in a free atmosphere, of being the sole consistently

and remorselessly honest minds—they and their immediate inspirers and followers.

Possessed by theories of reconstruction, or, if they do not go so far as to lay down definite or to hint at indefinite reforms, at least possessed by their own ideas of wrong and right,—in this state of mind, they are led from the path of balanced and disinterested art, and take their places among philosophical critics and promoters of causes.

In this case, however, they must not object to being criticized by those who observe social phenomena—the relation of the sexes, for instance—not only from the point of view of art, or sentiment, or philanthropy, but also from the scientific point of view. These preaching artists' view and theory of life must be taken into account, no less than their view of beauty and of art. Such an artist, such a dramatist, we repeat, must not object, no matter how great a genius, either to the criticism of his art creations from the point of view of art, or by standards of philosophy, of science, and of social well-being.

Take the question of individualism, the full development of the ego, be that ego male or female. The critic of the work of art in which is favored the freedom of the ego from all restraint except that of the laws of its own growth, career, happiness, expansion, success,—such a critic may be negligible when he opposes from the merely conventional point of view the work of art in which self-centered egoism is glorified; but he is not negligible when his criticism is based upon a calm and not unfeeling contemplation of human experience, of physical, psychological, and sanely human considerations. The power of a man of genius to pour his emotions, fancies, and imaginations into permanent forms of art by no means implies that his sociological and political observations and conclusions are correct. They may or may not be so. The poetic

imagination amounts in many cases and occasions to seership; but when an artist deliberately takes the rôle of the sociologist, politician, economist, or statesman, he enters a realm where the ideas intentionally embodied in his art may be, and should be, frankly and fully discussed, and, if necessary, opposed, by those who have studied and deeply thought on the very questions suggested; or by those whose natures are such that their instincts are as worthy of consideration as those of the imaginative artist himself.

The latter is subject, indeed, to peculiar temptations; for the necessities of his art,—the need of picturesqueness, of seizing his audience, of the appeal of his characters for sympathy,—make complications in his treatment of sociological ideas, suggestions, and remedies, and may obfuscate even his own intentions—may create an emphasis to the destruction of scientific exactness. He is in danger of being entrained by the urge of his imagination into misleading statement, or morally confusing dramatic effect,—into unconscious, impulsive appeals to some amiable, but possibly unsound sentiment.

He is likely to be betrayed from the path of scientific exactness, and render himself liable to the charge of falsifying life, and of inculcating incorrect and destructive conduct on the part of those who are carried away by the passion of his expression, or who, taking eagerly his apparent view of right and wrong, give themselves to a course of action in which wholesome restraint, useful and educative self-control, and the ennobling discipline of self-sacrifice, are set aside. The artist may paint a generous complexion upon fundamentally unsocial, ignoble, and self-harmful acts—acts as injurious to others as to one's self; therefore unsocial, therefore obviously wrong—or, at least, open fairly to criticism—open possibly to condemnation, as the result of calm contemplation and disinterested, unprejudiced inspection.

It would be an interesting task to apply the above general remarks to individual examples in our own day and generation, but we prefer to leave our readers to make the application, here and there, wherever in their judgment it may fit.

OPEN LETTERS

A Note Concerning "Constance Trescot"

I HAVE found it impossible to answer the many interesting questions put to me in letters by correspondents. I therefore beg of THE CENTURY a little space to make reply.

Several of my reviewers, and some who have written to me, have doubted the possibility of a vengeance like that which I described in Constance Trescot. I am at liberty to say that a somewhat similar story was told me long before the civil war, and, as I like to add, was not drawn, as certain of my critics have ventured to suggest, from my experience of my own professional life.

The wish of the injured woman to place on her husband's grave a record of his murder appeared to some of my readers altogether inconceivable. The kindness of an officer of the army enables me to supply an example of the fulfilment of just such a desire. The following epitaph is to be found on a tombstone in Colonial Park, Savannah, a disused

cemetery. One would like to hear the whole story so briefly summed up in this tragic record.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23, 1906.

This
Humble Stone
records the filial piety, fraternal affection
and manly virtue of
JAMES WILDE ESQUIRE
late District Paymaster in the army of the U. S.
He fell in a Duel
on the 16th of January, 1815, by the hand of a
man who a short time before
would have been friendless but for him:
and expired instantly in his 22nd year:
dying as he had lived
with unshaken courage & unblemished reputation.
By his untimely death the prop of a mother's age
is broken:
The hope and consolation of a sister is destroyed:
The pride of a brother humbled in the dust:
And a whole family happy until then
overwhelmed with affliction.

A Spanish Flower-Girl

BY MURILLO.

THIS picture is in the gallery of Alleyn's College of God's Gift at Dulwich, and is one of the artist's most charming examples of subjects taken from low life. When Murillo was a student, twenty-four years old, poor, dissatisfied, and painting fanciful, gaudy, and unsubstantial pictures of saints and the like for the churches and monasteries of his native town, Seville, he heard of the fame and work of Velasquez, his fellow-townsmen at Madrid, and formed a resolution to obtain the advice of the great man as to the best course to pursue in his art studies. To raise sufficient money for his expenses, he procured a large canvas and filled it with numerous small devotional subjects, which he disposed of to the shippers for the Indies, thus killing two birds with one stone—contributing to the edification of the faithful in Peru and Mexico and putting sufficient money in his purse for his new venture. Velasquez was very kind to him in every possible way, influenced him to a serious study of nature as well as of the best art, commending to him the work of Ribera, procuring him admission to the palaces in the frequent absences of the king, and doubtless giving him many valuable criticisms of his work. His subjects at this time were beggar boys, street urchins, peasant and shepherd boys, old women spinning, and the like—models that would not cost him very dear. Among them is the present subject, "The Flower-Girl." As many as fifty such have been catalogued, all finished and attractive pictures; for he evidently made his studies subserve two ends: instruction and money. It is only the student with a rich father who can afford to multiply studies and unfinished compositions that are of no interest to any one but himself. The knowledge that Murillo thus gained formed the groundwork of his later devotional and religious works. After two years thus spent in Madrid, he returned to Seville and astonished his friends and former neighbors, who wondered where he had acquired this new, masterly, and unknown manner; for Murillo had kept his sojourn in Madrid a secret, so that they never suspected the valuable experience he had undergone. They fancied that he had shut himself up for two years, studying from the life, and had thus acquired skill.

"The Flower-Girl" shows the sweetness and grace of his later works. We are accustomed to see in pictures of Spanish girls something of the flashing Goya type, that of the dark-haired Moorish extraction, or the black-eyed gipsy kind; but this of Murillo is also a type which may be seen repeatedly in Madrid. Here we have a maid seated, probably, at the entrance of the gates of the

town, offering roses for sale to passers-by. She is clad in a yellowish bodice and dress, while her undersleeves and chemise, with the turban about her head, are white. Her petticoat is a yellow-brown; over her shoulder is a brown embroidered scarf, in the end of which are four roses—white and pink. To the left lies a landscape with bushes and cloudy sky. It is a masterpiece in invention and in characteristic harmony of rich colors. It is on canvas, three feet, ten and three-fourth inches by three feet, one and three-fourth inches.

*T. Cole.***An Incident of Lincoln's First White House Reception**

DURING the bitter slavery debate in Congress, just before the war between the States, it was feared by many that the Southern members would be attacked in the halls of Congress or in the streets of Washington. The fear spread to such an extent that there was located in that city an organization of one hundred Southern men, known as "Minute Men," for the sole purpose of protecting the Southern members. In this organization were two young men, close friends, both tall and commanding in appearance,—John Hatcher of Virginia, six feet and six inches in height, weighing two hundred and twenty pounds, and another from North Carolina, also above the usual height and weight.

It so happened that on the day of the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln as President, March 4, 1861, these two friends and several other members of the "Minute Men" were near the White House while the great throng of people formed in line to shake hands with the President. The one from North Carolina suggested that they fall in line and pay their respects to the new Magistrate, to which all agreed except John Hatcher, who declared that he would never shake hands with Mr. Lincoln, as he was unfriendly to the South. Mr. Hatcher was urged to go with them. He finally consented to join the line, but declared that he "would not shake the hand of old Abe Lincoln."

The other one replied: "We are going to shake hands with Mr. Lincoln; and I will wager you the finest suit of clothes to be purchased in this city that you cannot pass by Mr. Lincoln and carry out your purpose."

"Agreed," said the tall and handsome John Hatcher.

With this compact, they fell in line, John Hatcher in the lead, his head erect, and determination shown in every line of his face. As he approached Mr. Lincoln, the retiring President, Mr. Buchanan, took him by the hand, shook it cordially, and, after receiving his name, turned to introduce him to Mr. Lincoln; but, to

the surprise of Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln, John Hatcher suddenly withdrew his hand, and letting it drop to his side, began to move on without greeting Mr. Lincoln or even looking upon his face. Mr. Lincoln grasped the situation instantly, and, moving a little to the right, extended his arm in front of John Hatcher, and, with a smile, said: "No man who is taller and handsomer than I am can pass by me to-day without shaking hands with me."

It had been reported, and was thought by many to be true, that an attempt would be made to do the President bodily harm, and possibly this caused Mr. Lincoln to think that Hatcher's act was only the beginning of some trouble that was to follow.

After the young friends had left the White House, the North Carolinian said, "John, I have won the suit of clothes."

"Yes," replied John; "but who could refuse to shake hands with a man who would leave his position and put his hand in front of you and use such complimentary language as Mr. Lincoln did?"

"I have won the suit of clothes fairly," replied his friend; "but I will not take the wager, because you surrendered like a courteous Southern gentleman and shook the hand of our new President, as all Americans should do."

The inauguration over and Congress having adjourned, these two friends returned to their homes, Hatcher to the State of Virginia and the other one to North Carolina. It was not long before the war between the States began. The latter enlisted as a private in a North Carolina Regiment, and was elected a second lieutenant. John Hatcher enlisted as a private in a Virginia regiment. Two braver men never shouldered a musket or drew a sword.

Nearly two years of war passed before the friends met again. While the lines were being formed at Malvern Hill they recognized each other, our North Carolina friend as a lieutenant-colonel of infantry, the Virginian as a lieutenant in an artillery company. The latter, saluting the former, said: "We are shaking hands with Mr. Lincoln to-day very differently

from the manner in which we shook hands with him as President on the day of his inauguration in 1861." While waiting for the command to advance into one of the most sanguinary battles of the war, they talked of their hardships and narrow escapes from death. They mutually agreed that after each battle in which both were engaged, the first one that could do so would visit the other's command and ascertain the fate of his friend; and, if either should be killed or wounded, that the survivor would render the necessary assistance and inform relatives. When the battle was over, the lieutenant-colonel repaired to the camp of the artillery company and inquired after Lieutenant Hatcher. The captain of the company reported that he had been killed in the engagement and buried by his comrades.

The lieutenant-colonel fought in many a bloody battle during the war, and when he surrendered at its end he held a general's commission. He still lives, passing a quiet life among his neighbors, and is one of the most courteous and dignified of Southern gentlemen.

A young Northern man who happened to be in line at the White House near those young Southern men on that day, overheard the conversation between Mr. Lincoln and John Hatcher. He soon after entered the Federal army as a lieutenant, and fought through the war, being promoted for gallantry on several occasions, and is now a brigadier-general on the retired list, living in North Carolina, having married into one of the most prominent families of that State ten years after the war closed.

Forty years after the close of this, the bloodiest of civil wars, these two distinguished generals, who served on opposite sides, both of whom participated in the events of this sketch, live in friendship, quietly passing the evening of their days at their own firesides, having forgiven and forgotten old heart-burnings over the greatest issue that ever divided the American people.

RALEIGH, N. C.

C. B. Edwards.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Lassies o' Linton

THE lassies o' Linton ha' flocked to the fair,
Wi' gowd on their bosoms an' silk in their
hair,
Wi' ribbons an' laces sae winsomely drest,
An' each in the color that fits her the best.

There 's Meg, the fause jilt! wi' her eyes on
the groun'—
Ye 'll ne'er fin' a heart 'neath the corn-yellow
gown.
While Maisie, whose Robin proves faithless,
puir lass!
Comes clad in a kirtle as green as the grass.

But Jeanie, my Jeanie, belovèd an' true,
S'all never wear aught save the heavens' ain
blue;
"For green is forsaken, an' yellow 's forsworn,
But blue is the bonniest color that 's worn."

Arthur Guiterman.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

WEATHER-WISE

SHE: Seen the weather-bulletin to-day?
HE: Yep.
SHE: What are the probabilities?
HE: Kind o' improbable.

Epigrams

EGOTISM.—Belief that we are necessary while living, and shall be remembered when dead.

RELIGION.—With some a hope, with others a belief, and with many a fear that the injustices of this life will be remedied in the next.

WEALTH.—The modern standard of success. Fools worship it; ascetics despise it; wise men use it.

J. F. Finley.

A Sketch in Gastronomy

SOME years ago, in a corner of the land belonging to the Society of Sailors' Snug Harbor, there stood a stone cottage, built long before the land was acquired by the society. It was taken down when their new buildings were put up, but was then lived in by friends of ours, and I made frequent visits there. Its gable-end faced the water, and it stretched over considerable ground. One of the pleasant things was to sit in the shaded porch on the long, bright summer forenoons, reading a little, but dreaming more, and watching the ever-changing water and sail. The house overlooked the Snug Harbor premises, and I gradually came to notice two old men who spent much time on a bench which was perhaps twenty-five feet from the dividing-line of fence. I carelessly wondered why they chose it, as there was only a side view of the water from it; and, hardly knowing why, I came to feel a sort of interest in them, though at the distance I could not well distinguish them. But it was perhaps as "remains" that they attracted me: they were the dregs of the cup, the lees of life; and I wondered what they thought of themselves as they sat there waiting for the inevitable end. It is a sadder sight than is commonly thought—those assemblages of old soldiers and sailors, severed from close familiar ties, whose stories are told and who are simply not yet under ground. Still, the pathos may often be for the observer alone.

One morning I crossed the boundary and went near the two men. One was seamed and worn, and wind and sun had made his eyes almost useless; but the other was a hale, compact little russet apple of a man—a good specimen of wintergreen, to use some



Drawn by Florence Scovel Shinn

"TWO OLD MEN WHO SPENT MUCH TIME ON A BENCH"

one's simile. His shoulders were bent, and he was in the attitude of a country farmer driving to town—elbows on knees and look of extreme relaxation. I ventured a remark as to the pleasant day, which the sightless one ignored; but old Lecky, as I came afterward to know him, answered, without looking up, "Yes, sir," and then, maybe thinking that almost too barren a reply, added, "Thursdays are mostly pleasant."

"Why," said I (with good reason for remembering), "we have had two pouring Thursdays—"

"That wa'n't quite what I meant, sir," said he. "It's corn-beef day."

"Do you like corn-beef?" I asked. "It is n't usually a favorite dish. What makes you like it?"

"Well, sir," said he, "do ye like, now, a nice, tender, broiled bird, not too fat, with just a trifle of parsley chopped up and throwed over it?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, what makes ye?" said he, with a note of triumphant knock-down in his voice.

"What is the difference between corn-beef and salt junk?" I said, to pursue my conversational advantage.

"Now, sir," said he, bracing up with a decks-cleared-for-action manner, "you see, corn-beef is kind o' homy and rich, specially

when it is left in the pot overnight and has a good strong flavor of cabbage and turnip through it; but junk—well, it's beef, o' course, but ye can't help wishing it had n't been quite so neighbor-like with Lot's wife, and they ain't none too partic'lar in the galley about cooking it. Then, they *do* keep it too long; there's no doubt about that."

I acquired much alimentary knowledge from this unexpected source both that day and succeeding ones, and eventually found that unwittingly I had struck the key-note of the man's life. Old Lecky was a gastronomic idyl in flesh. He had the same inexpressible delight in his meals and the preparations for them that flavors the books of Erckmann-Chatrian; but there was a difference. Always, as Edmond Scherer says, there mingles a religious unction, a *grâce au Seigneur*, in the beaming content of those heroes after a full meal. In Lecky the moral and spiritual development was so small that his perception of an obligation of gratitude was as minute as in the beef he so loved in its pasture stage. His temper was imperturbable, and his cheerfulness made him always a favorite. Hawthorne tells somewhere of a man whom to hear "speak of roast beef was as appetizing as a pickle or an oyster"; and to hear old Lecky dilate on dinners long gone by brought the same feeling of comfort that the tale of a

tired traveler on a rainy night in an inn, before a blazing fire and a meal ordered, has for the general reader. According to his advantages, Lecky was as much of a gourmet as a French provincial gentleman. He could tell to a nicety how condiments should be sorted so as not to spoil the substantials, and he loved vegetables for their own sake. I made no doubt, on knowing him better, that when he was silent, his memory was occupied with a progression of as vivid and photographic impressions of all the dinners he had ever tasted, and as recurring an enjoyment of them, as Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson and Mary had of their peculiar pleasures. He delighted in telling gastronomic anecdotes, and it was the only sort to which he would listen. He really came to care something for me, I think, as I took pains to bring him such humors in the edible line as I could lay hold of.

I told him once that Cardinal Wolsey was credited with bringing strawberries and cream together.

"Then," said he, "he did a bad thing. I won't say that peaches ain't sometimes the better for a little cream when they ain't what ye might call just ripe, but it spoils strawberries. Give me the run of a well-sunned strawberry-patch, and ye may have all the cream that was ever skimmed." And the delight of satisfaction that twinkled in his dreaming eyes was enough to make me believe in that abstruse philosophy that the unseen things are the real ones. One anecdote pleased him especially. It was of a man brought to the verge of starvation by fortuitous circumstances. Most of us are affected by such stories, but with Lecky hunger was the real evil, and he gloated with reactive joy when a sudden turn brought plenty to the starved one and he ordered such a meal as would have taxed the resources of any restaurant—juicy steaks, together with fat capons, ducks, mince-pies, etc. When I saw how it affected him, I never dared to finish the bill of fare, which finally included peacock and whale; for it was a Barmecide feast which the poor man had.

Lecky's food never disagreed with him, so naturally he could agree with all the world, except perhaps in a matter of pure taste. He knew too much ever to overeat, and would rise from a meal always lightsome, with plenty of fire and never heavy or broken in spirit. His appetite returned after each meal with contrapuntal regularity and harmony. He believed the only persons worthy of a future life were cooks who understood their business. Translation was none too good for them—an opinion not altogether untenable, perhaps, from the rarity of examples.

He had been, as a sailor, about the world,

yet, historically and geographically, his mind was a blank, nor had he the faintest notion of the conditions of life except where material joys were concerned. Yet this man, this old Lecky, had once been a hero, the doer of a heroic action which could brave comparison with many noted deeds. It was in this wise:

It was years before that he had shipped as second mate on a small merchantman bound for Fayal. When a week out, in heavy seas and the slow vessel laboring, a sudden sound one afternoon brought, as all strange sounds do at sea, anxiety and action to the sailors. They looked for the cause, and found it in a part of the hold where were stored two cannon which were intended to grace a fortification in Fayal. The cargo was miscellaneous and not large, and these cannon had been lashed to a beam, leaving at least twice their length in unoccupied space above. The lashing had parted, and the short, quick roll of the ship sent them bounding against each other and the wooden side with such swiftness and power as to make a hole through the side and below the water-line only a matter of minutes. They tried to lasso the pieces, but failed. Death and destruction are, of course, the primal purpose of cannon, but seldom has it been allowed them to accomplish the end of their existence in just such a way. The captain sent a man with a chain into the abyss. He was loath to go, and with reason; for, as he bent to throw his chain, one of the rampant engines struck him a fierce blow in the side. He fell, and in a moment was crushed out of the world. The captain looked about doubtfully in the dim light for another sacrifice, when old Lecky, who was younger then, drew out and slung himself down, and with a quick leap reached the side of the vessel. The cannon looked like wild animals rearing and plunging, but they learned their master. Lecky had only just braced himself when one struck him squarely. His leg was broken on the instant, but his hands gripped the neck of the monster, making it a defense against the other, and he held on grimly for full five minutes before he was released by his mates and the thing was secured. His crushed leg was never of use after, and he dragged it painfully about; but he was reported most honorably to the ship's owners, and it was through them that he had this place for life at Snug Harbor.

What do heroes generally do the rest of their lives? They cannot go on repeating the deed. We must concede that it is difficult for the greatest of them to keep up to the pitch, and old Lecky simply never tried. On the contrary, he would never mention it, and seemed uneasy when I carefully led up to it. Once, however, when I had been

more pressing than usual, he burst out: "Now, sir, I don't care to talk about that, nor think about it, either. For eight and forty hours,—I am telling ye the truth, sir,—they never gave me bite nor sup, for fear, they said, I might get the fever after my leg was mashed. It was weeks before I had what I call a meal. It was a fearsome time, sir, and well forgot."

Old Lecky was still living when last I heard, and still in that attitude toward existence that Sydney Smith has made famous:

"Fate cannot harm me! I have dined to-day."

Frances C. Pierce.

They were the stars, the *haute noblesse*;

But, ah! what a change to now from then!
Rhymes are plenty enough, bad cess!

Any one now can wag a pen.

Now, to fatten his flabby purse,

Jeems makes jingles, a sorry mess.

Ann, with a wounded heart to nurse,

In numbers must to the world confess.

Maud and Algernon, Tom and Bess,

Sigh and scribble, and try again

"Lines on a Broomstick," "Lydia's Tress."

Any one now can wag a pen.

If this goes on like a spreading curse,
Where is the listener left to bless?



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

RATIOCINATION

MOTHER: John, you'll have to go for the doctor. I'm afraid Willie has been eating green apples again.

FATHER: My dear, Willie is a genius. He has an infinite capacity for taking pains.

Relationship

YAAS, ma'am, he calls me mammy,
But he ain' my chile—at leas'
He wuz n't till I 'dopted him.
'Fo' dat, he des my niece.

Eloise Lee Sherman.

A Ballade of Redundant Rhymesters

TIME was, long since, when writers of verse
Were few and famous, a little less
Than the gods themselves. Oh, fine and terse
Their lyrics rang through the thronging
press!

Singers hankering to rehearse—

Audience all on the boards, full dress—
What a chorus, what eager stress!

Thrush and nightingale, sparrow, hen,
Peacock, guinea-fowl, mocker, yes!

Any one now can wag a pen.

ENVOY

Prince, you have got a job, I guess,
To play Mæcenas to all these men.
'T is one dead level of cleverness;
Any one now can wag a pen.

Julia Boynton Green.

Just for a Change

I 'M sort of tired of things that is;
 They 're lackin' somewhat as to fizz.
 There ain't no ginger in life's jar
 With things a-goin' as they are.
 The fault may be with me, and, then,
 It may be otherwise again.
 I ain't a-tryin' to fix no blame
 Because all tastes about the same.

Howe'er it is, I wish it might
 Have things turned round a bit some
 night,

So that instead of as they be,
 They 'd work towards the contrary.
 I 'd like to see some mountain rill
 Have spunk enough to flow up hill,
 So that old Nature might be shown
 It had opinions of its own.

I 'd like to see the settin' sun
 Out in the east when day is done,
 Just as a hint, when goin' to bed,
 To prove it was n't bigoted.

I 'd like to hear a bull-frog sing
 Like nightingales upon the wing,
 Instead of that eternal "clunk"
 With which he seeks his swampy bunk.

A cat that barks; a dog that meows,
 And when it comes to milkin' cows,
 'T would cheer me up to get a pail
 Of lemonade or ginger ale;
 And if the bucket in the well
 Would give up water for a spell,
 And bring me up some fresh root beer,
 There 'd be no kick a-comin' here.

'T ain't discontent that 's vexin' me
 With life so everlastin'ly,
 But just a sort of parchin' thirst
 To get a peek at things reversed.
 They 've been the same so very long
 A change would strike me pretty strong,
 And, though I 'm makin' no complaint,
 For once I 'd like 'em as they ain't.

John Kendrick Bangs.



Drawn by Charles Nuttall

GIVING HIM A TIP

THE MARINER: Oh, yes, Miss, huntin' whales do be a pretty dangersome job; but then, ye see, we 've got to have whalebone.

THE MAID: But why run all that risk? Don't you know you can get whalebone in any of the department stores?



Color drawing by Charles D. Hubbard. 'See "Open Letters"'

A "VENDUE," OR COUNTRY AUCTION, IN THE FORTIES

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GETTING INTO KHIVA

BY LANGDON WARNER

IN the spring of 1904 one of the younger members of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly's archæological expedition set off on a private adventure in emulation of the few other successful attempts at reaching Khiva. So far as is known, Mr. Warner was among the first Christians (Russians excepted) to accomplish this journey. Burnaby came and went from Orenburg in the north, and Vámbéry came in from the west; none of the other Western visitors went over the Kara Kum (Black Sands). His account naturally divides into three parts: (I) That of his successful effort to reach the city of Khiva; (II) A description of this ancient and isolated city; and (III) his return ride across the desert of Kara Kum, amid the "Black Sands" of which he and his servant nearly perished of thirst.—THE EDITOR.

PART ONE

BOKHARA is fallen, Samarkand is the seat of a Russian provincial governor, and Merv is a manufacturing town with a cast-iron drinking-fountain. Khiva, too, was swallowed in its turn, but disgorged again; though the kingdom fell, it was handed back to its owners, and no Russian may now enter except by invitation.

The Khivan nobles still ride a-hawking, and caravans in the Kara Kum sands still fear the armed horsemen who dash down from the north.

Though compassed about on every side by Russian territory, and in sight of the breaches made by the Russian guns in 1873, the Khivan Khan still screws his

revenue from a trembling people, joyously cuts throats in the open market, and dispenses the high, the middle, and the low justice from a raised dais in his courtyard.

Burnaby rode to the city from the north, and underwent dreadful privations to spend three days there. Arminius Vámbéry, nearly the most courageous traveler of modern times, reached there disguised as a holy man. The American McGahan entered with General Kauffmann in 1873, Dr. Landsell and Captain Abbott made the journey, and, lastly, Mr. Robert L. Jefferson, as recorded in his book called "A Second Ride to Khiva," made a long bicycle-ride across the Rus-

sian steppes, and a camel-ride down to Khiva from Orenburg, in the north. But other than these, I know only of Russian officers who have been within the gates.

Since the Russians themselves have agreed to keep out, they have done all in their power to prevent others from going into the city or even crossing the boundaries of the little kingdom. What they fear from visitors it is not easy to imagine. Four antiquated, muzzle-loading smooth-bore cannon, and a corrupt and unintelligent court circle revolving about a stupid ruler, would not repay a second thought even from the spies of the Viceroy of India. But the fact is that foreigners are not allowed access to the state, and the eighteenth regiment of chasseurs is quartered at Petro Alexandrovsk in such a way as to control the Khivan water-supply along the canal from the Oxus.

In the old days, caravans from Merv and Bokhara were frequent. Carpets and stuffs were sent both west and east from the city in exchange for drugs and tea. To-day some cotton is sent up the river to the railroad, and occasionally a small party of merchants comes from the south; but more and more Khiva is becoming forgotten and isolated. Modern improvements, instead of carrying her into the current with the world, have left her in slack water; the deserts are a more effective barrier to-day than they were two centuries ago, and a great city is left to feed upon itself, till it shall waste away and become part of the sands that compass it.

One day in the spring of 1904 I rode from our excavation camp at Anau, in Transcaspia, to the near-by town of Askhabad. In the rooms of a young Russian officer on whom I called there sat, erect and moody, a splendid hunting falcon. Two days after my visit to the hawk and his master, a sedate Turcoman rode into our camp on a high camel, bearing the falcon on his wrist, and in his belt a note from Vasili Gregorovitch, begging me to accept the bird which I had admired. He had been called to the wars, and must leave it behind.

We placed a perch in the shade of my tent, with an earthen bowl of water beneath it, and there my visitor sat and

gravely accepted daily offerings of plucked sparrows, with an occasional choice bit of lamb or a sheep's eye for a delicacy. My friend the officer had visited Khiva and had been entertained by the crown prince, whose parting present had been this gift from his father's perches. I remembered my Burnaby, and wished that I, too, might visit those royal hawks and their royal master; that I might go down the great Oxus and pass the shores where Sohrab lay slain by the mighty Rostum, and through "lone Khiva in the waste" pass on to the sea of Aral.

After my work was finished near Merv and I had been to Samarkand and Bokhara, I set out to make at least a start for Khiva. The beginning seemed the simplest thing in the world, for though at Samarkand the officials knew very little about it, yet they put no barriers in my way, and confined themselves to a polite surprise that any one should care to visit such a place. They told me that twice every month a boat went down the Oxus from Chardjui, the point where the railway crosses the river, as far as Fort Petro Alexandrovsk, on the right bank. From this point, they said, it was only sixty versts (about forty miles) across the river to the city of Khiva.

A second-class ticket entitled me to a linen sofa and a quarter of the space in one of the compartments of the pleasantly arranged Russian cars. Opposite me in the compartment sat a merry-faced little Sart of about twenty, and above him, on the upper shelf, as it were, two handsome boys lay fanning themselves. Those who think it must be a hardship to travel with "natives" in the hot weather have never seen the Sarts. My little man had on a tight-fitting dust-coat of pongee-like Samarkand silk that reached his knees, a pair of baggy purple-silk breeches, and high, soft, black-leather boots without heels. Near him on the floor was a neat little pair of stiff-heeled slippers, into which he stepped whenever it was necessary to put foot to the ground. He had a mere suspicion of a mustache, a black pencil-mark that fitted well with his clear, olive skin and the snowy turban which was wound about a little gold-embroidered skull-cap. The boys above had on scarlet-and-brown khalatts, with baggy

sleeves, and purple drawers tucked into soft boots, while their slippers hung neatly on hooks above their heads. Around their waists were wide leathern belts clasped with huge chased-silver disks. The whole party was as jolly and clean a trio as one would care to meet. I felt out-classed in my riding-boots and

"I do not speak Russian, but you speak Turcoman."

"No," I said; "I can speak neither Russian nor Turcoman, but I understand a little Turcoman. I am an American."

This sounded so like a German reader that I was tempted to add, "Though the aunt of the Frenchman wears a red



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

TURCOMAN WITH A HAWK

heavy, felt sombrero. As we pulled out of Samarkand, the three greeted me smilingly with "Salaam," which I returned, and we all fell to fanning ourselves again. Soon noticing that I used my hat for a fan, the little man reached up to the berth above and drew from a linen bag with a silk lining a fiber fan, which he handed to me. I thanked him in Turcoman, saying:

"That is much better."

At this he eagerly said in Turcoman,

dress, the gardener of the German is an early-riser," but my vocabulary would not admit.

After this we got along famously, and I added to my knowledge of the language every minute. I found that my friends were Bokharans, as I had guessed by their costume, and that they were going back after a week's stay in Samarkand. The little man did not like Samarkand very much,—it was too dusty, he said,—but on the subject of his-own city he grew

eloquent, and the two little round-eyed boys above him leaned down from their perch on the upper berth to smile ap-
plause.

After a while the train pulled up at a small station with a row of polished samovars in front, presided over by white-shawled Russian women. I got out my teapot from my saddle-bags and was about to go out to get it filled, when the little Bokharan politely took it from my hand and gave it, together with his own, to a Sart who stood at the open window. When the man came back with the full teapots I gave him two kopeks, but he gravely returned me one, taking only the exact price of the boiling water.

As the train pulled out of the station and began rolling over the desert, we had a pleasant little tea-party. I offered my friends some of the Russian black tea that I had in my saddle-bags, but he smilingly produced his green tea in a little silk bag, saying in Turcoman:

"The Russian thinks Russian tea is very good, and the Mussulman thinks Mussulman tea is very good."

Then I, with a supreme effort, added: "Yes; and the American thinks both kinds very good."

The casual reader may think this a platitude, but let him utter some such statement in a language with which he is as unfamiliar as I was with Turcoman, and he will regard it as a masterpiece of complicated syntax, pithy wit, and graceful tact. At any rate, that is how I regarded this essay, and on the strength of it I sipped many bowls of tea in silence, regarding further conversation as impatient.

After tea came hours of alternately dozing and watching the sand-dunes slip by. Sometimes a group of black Turcoman tents with their felted domes, showed in sharp relief against the soft gray of the desert. Then the stations came closer together, and the desert seemed no longer absolute and hopeless. At one place I purchased five kopeks' worth of Muscat grapes that tasted delicious, though we four in the compartment were not enough to finish the armful that my reckless expenditure of two and a half cents procured.

Soon after this my companion showed me in the distance a grove of poplars and

black elm-trees, from the middle of which stuck up towers and domes and minarets of brick. These, he said, with a rather bitter smile, showed the palace of the Emir of Bokhara, who spent his winters there and his summers in a great place granted to him by the Russians in the Caucasus Mountains. In five years, said my friend, the Emir had been seen in the city only twice, and then for a day or two. I gathered from what I later heard that the ruler was not popular with his people, and lived in dread of a knife in the back or of poison.

From seeing the palace, it was not long before we reached the station of "new" Bokhara, where a little side line branches off a dozen miles or so to the old city. Here my three friends bade me an elaborate farewell, and mingled with the crowd. There were richly dressed Bokharan merchants, who wore clothes like my friends, and seemed clean and well-groomed down to their delicate finger-nails; there were loutish Russian peasants in smocks and clumsy boots; there were Turcomans in mulberry-colored khalatts and towering sheepskin busbies; there were greasy, dark, little Persians, with embroidered caps and stained dressing-gowns, who clumped about with their toes thrust into high-heeled slippers; there were a few white-jacketed, be-sabered Russian officials, with their white caps and clinking spurs; and there was I, in a worn khaki suit and riding-breeches, with a Western sombrero, and hailing from a country of which the greater part of this crowd had never even heard,—mistrusted by the Russians and ignored by the Orientals.

As I stood by the great hogshhead of water to which two iron cups were chained, these varied people came and drank the lukewarm stuff, and I reflected, as I watched, what disease must be transmitted by the contact of so many lips, and could not wonder that when the cholera or the fever did come it mowed men down and left a broad swath behind it.

When I got back into the compartment, I found the other half again occupied. This time, where the pleasant, merry little Bokharan had been seated, a huge Russian soldier sprawled. His epaulets and sword-knot showed him to be a ser-

geant; his tunic, which had once been white, was grimy and spotted down the front with food-stains; and the poor man gasped and sweated as he surveyed me over a huge stomach.

I saluted him in Russian, at which he started a long sentence in that tongue, of which I understood no part except the

starting out to the buffet car when my friend waked and asked me where I was going. I said to the buffet, at which he said he would come, too, and started feverishly to tug at the strap around his *boorka*, a shaggy Cossack cape, which was rolled into a bundle, his sole baggage. From the roll he extracted a white tunic,



CARNELIAN RINGS SET IN SILVER AND CONNECTED BY
A SILVER CHAIN, WORN BY TURCOMAN
WOMEN OF THE DESERT

question at the end—"Are you English?" I answered in French, saying that I was an American; but he growled: "Non, monsieur; ich spreche nicht Franzoesisch, nur ein wenig Deutsch." Then with all the German at my command, a vocabulary of a dozen or so words, we conversed. In the middle of the talk he went abruptly to sleep, and snored like a pig, waking up occasionally with a start to look suspiciously at me.

Soon I began to feel hungry, and was

—this one really white,—and with much puffing and blowing put it on. Then he took down his sword from the hook, buttoned his belt, settled his white cap, and came with me to the buffet. Here were five white-coated army men, each of whom the fat sergeant saluted as he entered, clicking his spurs, and drawing himself up stiffly.

While we were eating our little chickens, nicely browned and tender, I tried to bring my German up to the point of



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

DOMESTIC LIFE ON THE ROAD TO KHIVA. PEASANTS MAKING BREAD

answering or staving off the questions of my companion. I found that his errand was carrying orders and making reports from towns along the river, and that he was now bound, as I was, to Chardjui, the station on the Oxus, whence he was to take the steamer up the river to some Turcoman towns and Russian posts. After all, his company was not so bad, for he told me about the famous battle of Geok-Tepe, and drew plans on the tablecloth with his fork, lining up ranks of Russian bread-crumbs with his knife, to make them fall bloodthirstily on a round Turcoman soup-stain in the middle of the fortifications—most of them women and children, he said, for the greater part

of the fighting men were killed at the walls.

After an hour or so over lunch and cigarettes, we went back to our compartment, I to doze, study the map, and smoke my pipe, and he to lie ponderously on his back and mix his snores with the incessant train-rattle. We passed in and out of the desert, through little villages with brick stations, their white-coated natchalniks (military commandants) standing in front of each, and generally a Russian woman or two taking care of the youngest child and calling shrilly to its elder brothers and sisters to keep them from running under the train.

At last, in the gathering gloom, the

train stopped, backed, went on, and stopped again, and I saw ahead the steel spans of the great Oxus bridge. Soon we were creeping over it to Chardjui with the noise of a thousand smiths working trip-hammers on anvils, and a hundred thousand tinkers mending pans. Below my window, as I leaned out, ran the boiling, yellow Oxus, curling and churning by the piles that fretted and choked it, and at last hurrying on to the north.

The fat sergeant woke up with a start, and regarding me solemnly in the light of our compartment lamp, asked me in German where I was going after leaving Chardjui. I told him seriously, as the train drew up in the station and I tugged at my saddle-bags, "Nach Orgunjè. Auf wiedersehen." Now, a sergeant in the Russian army of Turkestan is not likely to know either Matthew Arnold or the ancient Persian name for Khiva, so to this day that particular sergeant is probably ignorant of my intended destination.

By this time the train had pulled out, westward bound. I had chosen the best-looking horses of the many phaëtons that charged up to me, and had thrown in my kit-bag and my saddle-bags and climbed on top of them, telling my Usbeg driver to go to the best Russian "numero." It was a ten-minutes' gallop through streets lined with poplars and lindens and then up a long street, with bright little shops on each side, before we stopped at my hotel. Here I was shown to a room, but found some difficulty in getting any information about the departure of the boat, which I knew was to start next day. At last I remembered a slip of paper given me by a Georgian doctor in Samarkand containing the magic sentence, "V katoro schusu otkadit parachod?" the Russian for "What time does the boat go?" This charm I tried, and very soon got my information, and made it plain that I must be waked at five o'clock to get on board. As I did not trust the greasy, sleepy little Russian at the hotel, I told my phaëton-driver to come back for me in the morning and wake me up. Then, while my supper of cabbage soup was being cooked, I went out for a stroll about town.

Chardjui owes its importance to its place at the junction of the Amu Daria and the Transcaspiian road. Here the

cotton from the river towns is loaded upon cars from the long, high-prowed viking ships that come up from Khiva, with twenty-five men on the tow-line on the cliffs above the stream, all leaning against the wooden crossbars of the line and singing a dull chant. The song tells that cotton and melons must come up, and that men must haul; but it is ill breasting the Amu when he flings out from the Pamirs, and it is ill breasting him when he winds the Aral Sea and rushes snorting for the salt. Men tell me that the song is different on the boats coming empty down to Chardjui from above. Then one hears a jubilant croon from the sunny decks, which changes to a shout when the big boat runs on a sand-bar and the lazy crew bend the long elm poles as they shove her off.

After the purchase of two bottles of claret to use in my tea, I went back to the rooms and found a samovar steaming and hot soup ready.

The first thing I knew in the morning it was daylight and the phaëton-driver and the greasy Russian were standing in the room conversing in whispers. Looking at my watch, I found it was five o'clock, and as the boat was to start at five-thirty and must be reached by carriage and by tug, too, I made haste. Of course there was no samovar ready, and it would take half an hour to heat one, so I did without breakfast, and making arrangements to leave my kit-bag at the hotel, and taking merely my saddle-bags with a change of underclothing, a toothbrush, and a revolver, I slung my camera over my shoulder, paid my bill, and drove rapidly off. The cabby took me to the river, and then along the bank through the rushes at full gallop, till we came alongside a little tug moored to the shore. Here he dumped me and my bags and drove off indignantly when I stuck to the fee of one ruble (seventy-seven cents), an unheard-of over-payment, which encouraged him to look for more.

I boarded the tug and demanded of the young Russian in white-duck trousers and a moderately clean sailor blouse when we were to start. He of course said, "Sichass" ("At once"), and left me sure that my haste had been unnecessary. This was borne in upon me more and more strongly as I sat on the rail of the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge.

HAULING COTTON.



Half-tone plates engraved by C. W. Chadwick

SHIPS FROM KHIVA

tug and saw the larger paddle-wheel steamer anchored in the lee of a tiny island in mid-stream about a thousand yards below us, her steam not even up. From my arrival at twenty minutes past five I drummed my heels till half-past nine, when some one leisurely threw a mail-bag aboard, and we cast off and allowed ourselves to swing into the current and be whisked down under the lee of the island astern of the larger boat. Here, after ten minutes of hard work against the stream, we came up to the island, and I and my bags and two claret bottles and camera were bundled on to the beach and then up a gang-plank to the steamer's deck. The boat must have been about a hundred feet long, with side-paddles, and with a pleasant little glassed-in cabin perched on the forward deck. Below were six state-rooms, one of which was allotted to me.

The traveling companions I had greeted in the cabin were two stout officers, one a colonel with a long gray beard, and the other a fat captain with an evil-looking eye. Also there was a non-military man in a pongee coat and a stiff shirt. He wore no collar, the folds of his neck lapping comfortably over his bone collar-button and seeming to do away with the necessity of further decoration.

As I was finishing my tumbler of tea, which had been refilled for the sixth time, we cast off, and were carried into the main stream, paddling, and riding the rollers and eddies like a lame duck. I looked at my watch and mentally swore never again to hurry in Russia, for the five-thirty boat was starting at ten twenty-five. In five minutes we were well out of sight of Chardjui, and the level shores and continuous beaches had given place on the east bank to colorless terraces, sometimes overhanging the river, sometimes swinging back a mile or so, but always in sight. The water was yellow and lustrous, not with the ordinary yellow of the mud-bearing Oriental river, but bright and gleaming with a golden glint. Though the paddles worked hard, they seemed to add little to our speed and often could not even keep us straight. All about us were rips and curling eddies and places where the swift surface water seemed to dive smoothly under and reappear beyond.

After about half an hour we were brought up all standing on a sand-bank, from which it took us twenty minutes to slip off, in spite of the feverish paddles and six men with poles at the bow. In five-hours' steaming that day we ran on seven sandbars, one of which delayed us two hours and a half, and forced us to mend a paddle. After this I gave up keeping count.

At night I found that the deck-cabin was also the saloon, for it was there we had our dinner, cabbage soup and fish, prefaced by the invariable "sakoufsky" of vodka and such appetizers as raw ham and sardines. While we were dining, the sun went down in a long crimson band that stretched half-way round the heavens, and soon after our little craft neared the bank, landed four men with an anchor, and made fast for the night.

My meal was not a comfortable one, for I could see that my three companions regarded me with suspicion. At the introduction of cigarettes, the non-military member started to question me in German. When I admitted a slight understanding of that tongue, he winked at the others and asked me if I were not English. I replied that I was an American. Then he asked me if I spoke English, and when I said "Yes," wished to know why, since I was not an Englishman.

Then came a steady stream of questions, suggested by the officers and put with great show of cunning by the merchant.

"You say you are not an Englishman?"

(For the third time) "No; an American."

"Do all Englishmen wear boots like that?"

"No."

"Where did you buy them?"

"In Boston."

"Is Boston near London?"

"No."

(With a sly wink at his friends)

"About how far?"

"About three thousand miles."

"How much in English currency did you pay for those clothes?"

"I never made the calculation."

"Which do you like best, the British or Russian armies?"



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FERRY ON THE OXUS

"I have seen very few Russian soldiers."

"Well, which do you prefer?"

"The English."

(Scenting treason) "Why?"

"Because they are my cousins."

"Do you like the English or American soldiers best?"

"The American, of course."

"Why?"

"They are my countrymen."

The man stared stupidly and said, "Only one."

"Is that all?" I said without surprise. "How many has the fat man got, and the man with the gray beard? Ask them, will you?" There was a minute of spluttering, indignant Russian, and I was informed that all Russians had only one wife each.

I showed no surprise at the answer, but treated it as if it were one more fact



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"IN A MOMENT WE WERE SURROUNDED"

These were their clumsy questions, and many more like them, which, even if I had been an Englishman and a spy, I should have had no difficulty in avoiding. At last, tiring of the impertinence of the conversation, I strolled out on deck and sat for some time watching the heavens and the moonlit river. When I went in again they were ready for me with a new stock about my family affairs. In spite of previous resolutions, I felt myself getting indignant, and after a few particularly maddening questions, I yawned and said:

"Are you married?"

"Yes," he answered.

"How many wives have you got?"

I had learned, and then lapsed into silence. Soon, however, I saw symptoms of more questions, and I interrupted my quizzier's first words with the serious inquiry. "How much did that collar cost, and that necktie?" pointing to his fat neck, innocent of either decoration.

He stared again stupidly, put up his hand to his flopping neck, and stammered, "I—I don't know." Then I went to bed.

Next morning I woke up to find that we were under way, a fact that was shown by our being immovable on a sand-bar, with the six Turcomans shoving at their poles in the bow and one paddle-wheel

violently churning in the reverse direction. When I came into the little saloon, none of the others had appeared, so I ordered my tea and bread, thankful to be alone. Soon, however, the colonel with the gray beard came in, and in excellent French (a language of which he had yesterday protested he knew no word) bade me good-morning, and complained of the dullness of the voyage. He said he did not care for his companions; there were no books, and nothing but this eternal river. When, however, the others came up, he stopped conversation, and would not speak French while they were about. I was happy to find that there were no more questions for me then. My companions addressed themselves to their tea, contenting themselves with the ordinary Russian greeting.

That morning I spent on deck, sitting in the shade and out of the hard northeast wind. The banks were bare of vegetation, and on each side as far as I could see lay the desert. This morning the gray cliffs and table-lands that showed yesterday only on the right bank appeared on the left as well, often fifty or sixty feet high and curiously terraced in such a way as to make them look like forts prepared for ordnance.

No towns were in sight, and the only life we saw was on the river itself, where once in a while we met a long, open boat, with a high, red-painted prow, taking advantage of the northeast wind to set a little patch of brown sail, which helped it to struggle up along the eddies and slack water near shore.

At lunch there were more questions, all clumsily framed to prove me a spy. I did not lose my temper this time, but, after answering a few, remarked in French, which I knew one at least of the officers understood, that I saw no reason why I should let such ill-breeding trouble me, and after that merely smiled blandly at the merchant when he addressed me. After two or three tries, to which he got no answer, he took himself off, muttering, with his sinister jaw shot forward and his little pig's eyes glittering with anger.

A few Turcoman Kibitka domes now showed in the distance on the desert, and near the river large flocks of sheep among the reeds, which had begun to appear as we came north.

" for many a league
The shorn and parcell'd Oxus strains
along
Through beds of sand and matted
rushy isles. "

That evening when we were made fast to the bank and were dining in the brilliantly lighted deck-saloon, the mosquitoes came in through the open doors and windows, and I recognized with alarm the evil little night-flier that carries fever. He has spotted wings, and can be distinguished as far as he can be seen by the peculiar way in which he rests; for his front legs are so short that his body is tilted, as if he were perpetually sucking and giving his poison. Once they were in the room, shutting windows would do no good, so I finished my meal as quickly as possible, and went to my cabin, where I stuffed my mosquito net in the open port, lighted the lamp, and proceeded on a still hunt with a slipper. Half an hour's chase yielded a bag of one; so I slept comfortably without a stuffy net, taking the precaution, however, to leave it in the port and to shut my door.

The next day passed like the others, without intercourse with my fellow-passengers. The morning of the fourth day I was waked by a shouting outside my port-hole, which I found to come from a crowd of Turcomans and Usbegs arguing with and berating one another and driving their huge *arabas* about on the banks. These *arabas* are two-wheeled carts, with a smallish body slung between immense wheels eight or nine feet in diameter, towering over the little horse which trots along between them.

Coming on deck, I was hailed with shouts by the cabbies on shore, each man putting in his bid for my fare. Not to be fooled a second time into unnecessary haste, I ate my breakfast while my companions were bidding for carts and getting their baggage off. Then tossing my saddle-bags to a Turcoman driver, I jumped ashore with my camera, and we rattled and jolted off.

My driver sat on a little shelf between the shafts over the horse's back, and kept up a constant drubbing on the poor beast's ribs with his bare heels and a short stick. It was not long before I learned the use of my cart's immense wheels, for we forded a side-water of the Oxus, and

though the horse was almost swimming, the hubs were only just under and the cart went quite dry.

When I put my bags on the araba and climbed aboard, I did so with a blind trust in Providence. This was as far as the steamer went, and I had booked for Petro Alexandrovsk; more I did not know. There was no Petro Alexandrovsk in sight, unless that were a fanciful name given by the Russians to a rather unpromising-looking swamp of reeds at which the boat stopped. The araba, however, jolted on, and before long we came to some Sart houses, high, windowless walls of unbaked bricks, and then to a camel-compound, then to more waste places, till after half an hour or more we drew up in the middle of a square of two-story stucco houses, one side of which was made by a white-spired Russian church. The driver had stopped and seemed to expect orders, so I said, "To a numero." He evidently did not recognize the Russian word for lodgings, so I said, "Somewhere to eat and sleep." At this he beat his horse again, and we joggled on, I perched on the thin edge of the board side of the araba, and finding much difficulty in restraining my ill-timed amusement.

Soon we had made a tour of the square without seeing a soul. It was then twenty minutes of seven, far too early for Russians to be awake. The cabby pulled up at the spot where he had stopped before, but this time seemed to have lost all interest in the outcome of the affair, and sat stupidly awaiting developments.

"Come," I said roughly, "I must sleep and eat."

"Oh, yes, Bayair," he said; "that is true."

"But where?" said I.

"I do not know," said he, dispassionately.

Again he beat his horse, and again we jolted around the empty square. Then came relief in the shape of an officer rapidly crossing the parade-ground on foot. I excitedly steered the araba to interrupt him, and standing up in it, at the imminent risk of toppling over, courteously removed my hat, and asked in French if he would have the kindness to direct me to a hotel. He informed me in Russian that he spoke no French, so I at-

tempted German. When this failed, I asked in Turcoman if there were a "numero" in town, whereat he smiled and said no, but addressing himself to my driver, gave him a short order, saluted me, and walked off.

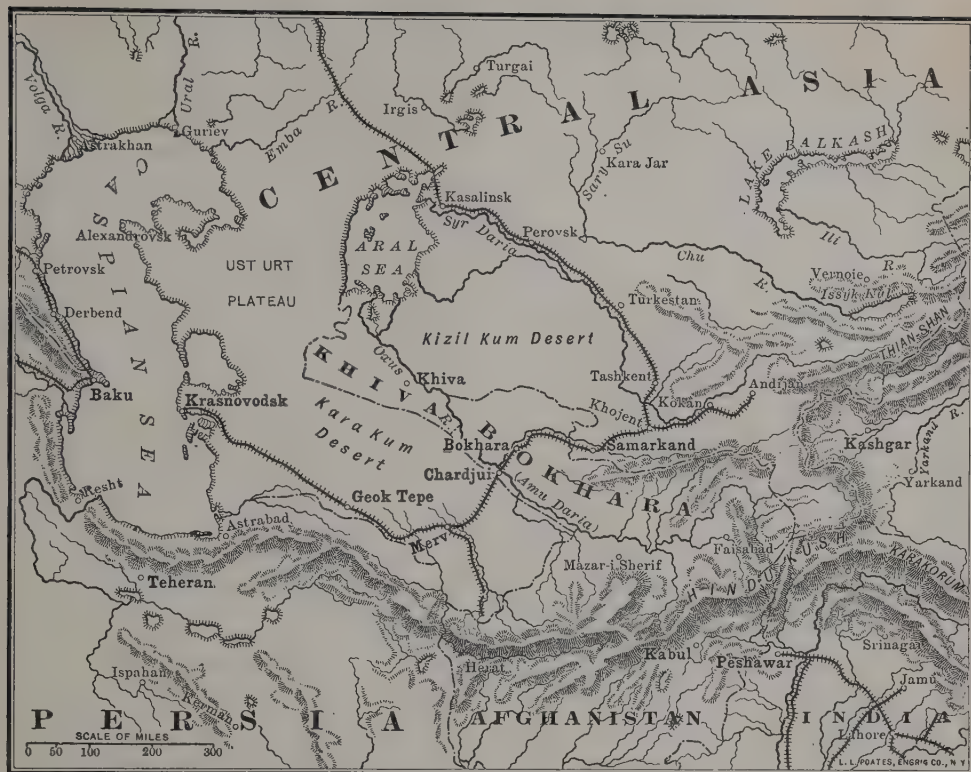
For the third time the driver gathered up his reins and kicked the long-suffering horse into a trot that jolted every bone in my body. This time, however, he had a definite object in view, for he stopped in front of the best house in sight, and motioned me down. As I obeyed and got stiffly to the ground, the door of the house burst open, and two soldiers ran out, seized my saddle-bags between them, and hustled them indoors. While I stood paying the driver they waited, respectfully holding the door open for me, and I walked wonderingly in.

Passing through the hall to a bare room beyond, I found the two officers, my companions of the voyage, in conversation with a white-uniformed comrade. They made me welcome with a courtesy for which I had looked in vain on the voyage, and introduced me to the friend, who, to my delight, spoke in French, telling me that this was the officers' club, and that I must make myself at home here, as there was no such thing as a hotel.

I thanked him, and protested that I had not intended to burst in in this way, but that my araba had been directed here by an officer when I had asked for a hotel. They gave me a room at once and detailed an orderly for my personal service as long as I should stay. I gave my card and announced my intention of calling on the officer in command as soon as he could receive me. As it was then ten minutes past seven, I considered it a little too early for a formal call.

My room was a square, plastered box, with two windows, two iron beds, and an ikon, for furniture; but my man soon added a chair and a table. Here I had a second breakfast, consisting of many glasses of tea, and half a loaf of rye bread, with jam for butter.

At eleven o'clock I crossed the little square to the house of the Natchalnik, or resident military commandant, of the town. I gave my card, and was ushered into a dark room furnished in heavily carved oak and mahogany, where a pleas-



THE ROAD INTO KHIVA

ant-faced, brown-bearded man sat at a big writing-table. He received me courteously, but spoke no French or German, and of course no English, and after struggling for a little while, summoned his wife, a rather pretty, nervous little woman. Her French was really worse than mine, and she could utter and understand only the most obvious common-places. This proving of little use, they sent for an officer, who presently came, was introduced, and protested that he could understand no French. At last the Natchalnik rang a bell, gave a curt order, and ushered me out to a carriage which dashed up to the door. For two miles or more we drove in silence over a sandy road leading out of the town, and at last, with the rattle of grounded muskets, drew up outside a long barracks. Getting out of the carriage, and passing through the guard, which had hastily drawn up to salute us, we came upon a broad-roofed veranda stretching the length of the building. Here at table in the open air, dressed in white tunics,

sat about thirty officers of the Eighteenth Chasseurs de Turkestan. They were for the most part young men, each with a jeweled button on his breast denoting the military academy from which he had been graduated, the group of half-dozen older men at the head being resplendent with service medals.

As we came up, they rose as one man, and saluted my companion with much ceremony. I was introduced to each in turn, and was finally seated on the right of the regimental colonel at the head of the table, opposite the Natchalnik.

On my right hand I found a pleasant young lieutenant named Kolchov, who spoke a little French and took it upon himself to do the honors. Vodka and sweet champagne flowed freely, and the band played thunderingly about six feet from my ear.

Kolchov was specially anxious that I should talk with a young captain whom he introduced as "one of our heroes," and who wore a medal for gallantry won in China. His French was fragmentary

and inebriate, but I gathered that he had met our men at the relief of the Pekin legations, and was willing to talk about his medal and how he won it. He took me into his room to show me some picture post-cards of China. There, on a mattress on the floor, lay a man gasping, with his eyes half-closed, pale, and thin beyond belief. My friend took no notice of him except to say that he had the fever, and that they supposed nearly half their brother-officers would soon be in the same straits. Later I was told that all Russian forces in Turkestan are deliberately over-officered because for seven months of the year a great proportion are on the sick-list.

Toward the end of the meal two thirds of my hosts began to show their liquor unmistakably, and though it was a mid-day luncheon, many soon dropped slouchingly asleep in or off their chairs. Disappointed in their insistent hospitable attacks on my sobriety, the clamorous officers at last let me alone, and I was able to talk with their colonel, who translated to the Natchalnik. When they found that I wanted to go to Khiva, both promptly declared it impossible. This surprised me, as, at Samarkand, Governor Mèdinsky had given no hint of this, and had taken my plan quite as a matter of course. But my two friends now assured me that no one had ever wanted to do such a thing before, and that it was obviously impossible, as even Russians could not go there without special permission from Tashkent. Then came a tedious two hours' argument, which taxed my French and my patience almost to the breaking-point.

Why did I want to go? they asked. If I were an archaeologist, as I said, Khiva was no place for me. If I wanted to study the natives or to take views with my camera, I was welcome to explore the native quarters of Petro Alexandrovsk to my heart's content. Khiva would be no different. Khiva was dirty, Khiva was dangerous, Khiva was inhospitable, Khiva was autonomous, Khiva was apparently everything else unattractive. And, after all, why not stay here as the guest of the officers till the next boat went up river again? Then, when I got home, no one would know that I had not entered the city.

However alluring they may have thought this plan, it had few charms for me; and the colloquy ended in my sending off a telegram to Governor Mèdinsky at Samarkand, who I knew would at least be friendly. They told me the answer would come early next morning, so there was nothing left but to cool my heels. That evening I spent laboriously conversing with young Kolchov, who called on me at "le club."

Next morning, after a breakfast of several glasses of tea and claret, with two slices of bread and jam, my orderly announced the Natchalnik, treading breathlessly on his heels, followed by Kolchov. In his hand he waved a telegram, which the two translated to me with some difficulty. It was from Governor Mèdinsky of Samarkand, expressing regret that he could do nothing for me. Khiva was out of his province.

This was a set-back, indeed, and gave the Natchalnik a chance to renew his arguments of the day before. Why should I go to Khiva, anyway? It was dangerous and difficult; it was no different from any other Eastern town. I might go out to the native quarter of Petro Alexandrovsk and see as much.

At last, when I was able to wedge in a word between the fluent Russian and the laboring French, I announced that I should telegraph to headquarters at Tashkent for permission.

"Did I know the governor-general?"

"No, I did not."

"Then it was manifestly impossible."

In spite of discouragement, however, I framed a telegram in French to that august personage, describing myself as an "American traveler," and sent it off, settling down for another night's delay.

This day I spent in skilfully avoiding invitations to dine with the officers at mess and in engaging a *jiggit*, or servant and horses, for the journey on which I had set my heart. The man I finally hit upon was a Turcoman of about fifty, named Samán, who seemed a simple soul and knew his horses well. As it turned out, I could not have made a better choice, for, barring one lapse from virtue, he was as good a man as I could have desired, and slaved for me without complaint during the vicissitudes that come with serving an American master.

Next morning the Natchalnik was again announced by my orderly, and appeared with his faithful aide-de-camp and interpreter, Kolchov. This time, however, their manner was very different from that of the previous morning, and the telegram the chief waved at me evidently contained important and surprising news. With many bows and much formal felicitation I was told that the governor-general had granted the permission I asked. This telegram, like the first, had been addressed to me, but the Natchalnik had seen fit to open both and bring me the news in person.

I confess to being not a little surprised at the contents of the despatch, and I can attribute my success only to the fact that the governor-general found my name on the list of members of Professor Pumpelly's archæological expedition, and was obeying orders from St. Petersburg when he gave assistance to one of the party.

When the felicitations were over, the Natchalnik, through Kolchov, told me that though he was much pleased by the permission from the governor-general, he himself could never think of letting me go to Khiva; and, besides, why did I care to go? I had his word for it that the city was in no respect different from the native quarter of Petro Alexandrovsk, and pictures might be made there with all the ease in the world; he would even send down a sergeant and five men to see that I got whatever I wished to photograph. Explanation and reason were, of course, useless, so I gravely remarked that as I had the permission of his superior to visit Khiva, I should give myself the pleasure of calling on the Natchalnik and madame that very evening, for I purposed an early start next day.

Then the two bowed themselves out and left me to make arrangements, which consisted of buying some green tea and ordering Samán to be in readiness at four o'clock in the morning.

That evening an orderly was announced, who gave me a note from the Natchalnik, elaborately composed in French, to the effect that he deeply regretted it, but he could find me no horses among the Turcomans, so that my trip to Khiva must be put off indefinitely. Indignant at this obvious trick, I wrote a short, polite note, thanking him for his

pains in my behalf, and saying that I had already secured a good horse and a mounted servant. The man went, but was not gone ten minutes before he returned from the Natchalnik, who lived next door, with another note, requesting me to call on him in the morning. The loss of another day made me furious, but there was nothing for it but to write a polite reply.

Next morning I went to the bazaar, found Samán, and told him that the horses would not be wanted yet, and then sent in my card to the Natchalnik. That officer received me courteously, and we waited ten minutes in an amicable silence till our Kolchov could be fetched. When he came, the two started to belabor me with the old arguments against going to Khiva,—my slight knowledge of Turcoman, the impossibility of finding a place to put up in the town, the lack of interest to the traveler, etc.,—finally ending with the remark that he regretted that he was unable to grant me leave of departure, but must withhold it for my own good, as he had just received news that the wells were all dry and the journey was now impossible.

To this I bravely replied that I would provide a pack-animal with enough water for myself and servant and our two horses, as the distance was only sixty versts, and could be covered in one day. After more talk, he said suddenly that he would be glad to give me the necessary permission, and I might start in five days' time. I remarked that my plan was to start the following morning, and I had the honor to bid him good-by, trusting that madame enjoyed the good health that I observed in him. The rest of the day I spent in the bazaar, hobnobbing with a Sart tea-merchant who had lived in Khiva, and who told me much about the city, though the only distinct fact that I gleaned from him was that he had once been a rope-walker there.

As I finished my evening pipe in my room, the orderly appeared and gave me a note from the Natchalnik, which stated in curious French that he had just had intelligence that the road to Khiva had become impossible, because the Turcomans were up, and the traveler would have to pass through a country infested by marauding bands of insurgents.

Quite out of patience, I wrote a reply in French that to-day I blush to think of, but couched in terms of which the meaning was unmistakable. I took upon myself the whole risk of savage natives, and thanked the Natchalnik for his tender care of me. This courage rested on a certainty that his story was false, or I am afraid it would not have come out with so whole-hearted a spontaneity.

As I dropped off to sleep that night it really seemed at last as if I could make a start. Natives and difficulties of the road I was prepared to cope with, but of Russian diplomacy I was sick.

In the morning my man brought in a note on the tray with the boiling samovar; I looked at it in despair. Why need I open it? What was their excuse now? The orderly said the note had come late the night before, but he had not waked me up, and I thought I could guess why. It was evident that they wanted to wait till morning and not give me a chance to avoid them again.

The letter was a formal one, begging me to give the Natchalnik the pleasure of seeing me before I started in the morning, and saying that press of duties alone prevented his calling upon me. Now they knew perfectly well that I had planned an early start to avoid the heat of the day, and if I were to wait until a suitable calling-time I must lose one more period of twenty-four hours. There was nothing for it but to obey the command, for it amounted to that, and I knew that if I started in spite of them, I should have a party of Cossacks on my track in no time.

Till half-past nine I waited, and when I stepped into the Natchalnik's reception-room I was in no fit temper for diplomatic courtesies. Kolchov was there, and the two started their old arguments hammer and tongs, till the humor of the situation struck me and it was with difficulty that I kept a decent show of gravity. The argument that they seemed to put most trust in, and which amused me most, was the reiterated assurance that Khiva would not interest me; and when I begged to be allowed to judge of that myself, they nearly fell over each other in their eagerness to tell me how I should thank them for their advice when I actually saw the place. But after a while, see-

ing that I was merely stubborn, and clung without argument to the idea that nothing else would satisfy me—not even exposing films in the Natchalnik's backyard, with a guard of Cossacks to maintain order, they came to the point.

Kolchov blushing translated that his chief had long been wanting to give him a vacation from his arduous duties as aide-de-camp, and proposed that I should ask him, Kolchov, to accompany me to Khiva, pointing out at the same time the great advantage the presence of a Russian officer in uniform would be in gaining the respect of the natives.

Now, if there was one thing I did not wish, it was to be in any way associated with the Russians in the minds of the natives. I knew how that uniform was hated and feared, and that such a state of mind toward me would be fatal to my plan of seeing their manner of living, and of getting on to pleasant tea-drinking terms with the bazaar-folk. As tactfully as I could, I said that it would be impossible for me to think of asking another to undertake with me the dangers and discomforts of such a trip. The Natchalnik must remember the scarcity of horses, the dryness of the wells, and the great peril of the marauding Turcomans on the way. I thanked them both for their kind offer, but could not see my way to accepting so great a favor.

This seemed for a moment to nonplus them, and the two looked doubtfully at each other. Then Kolchov braced up, and said that where I could go, he could go, and he really enjoyed hardship. Besides, he added, perhaps the accounts of the hostile natives were exaggerated; in fact, he personally thought they were, and did not put much faith in them.

After much more talk, I began to see that they would never let me go without a spy, and rather than have a man sent after me to watch secretly, I put as good a face on the matter as I could, and formally asked Kolchov if he would accompany me. He agreed without a moment's hesitation, and said that he and his man would be ready to start in five days. Turning to the Natchalnik, I requested Kolchov to translate to him that he, Kolchov, came as my guest and must incur no expense on the expedition; also, that with me should rest all decisions, such as

stopping-places, routes to be traveled, etc. This was heartily agreed upon by both, whereupon I at once said that I was to start the next morning at four-thirty, and that my servant would do for both of us, for I had no intention of being burdened with Kolchov and his Cossack as well. After elaborate farewells, I departed to the bazaar, and for the third time ordered Samán to have the horses ready for the next morning.

Occurrences that evening made me all the more ready to start soon. Several times in the club I had passed a little lieutenant lounging near the pantry window from which the drinks were produced. He was always perceptibly drunk, and several times I had some difficulty in avoiding his invitations. If I utterly refused, he would follow me and hold on to my coat, so that to avoid a clash I had to come back and drink half a glass of Samarkand wine to satisfy him. He was a handsome young man, with fine, clean-cut features and beautifully built, though only two or three inches over five feet tall. He had a forearm like a steel rod, and showed it by twisting my wrist whenever he shook hands, till I learned to be ready for him with a braced elbow.

This evening I had to pass by him, and he hailed me jovially, ordering more wine as he did so. Of course I had to stop and take his proffered hand, and though my wrist was braced, my fingers almost dropped off in his grasp. He had been drinking heavily, and the saber-cut across his cheek and eyebrows showed white on his flushed face. I did not fancy his rather sneering laughter and rough way, so after the hand-shake I turned off. He was after me in a moment, however, and jumping at me from behind pulled at my coat-collar. Turning I shook his hands from my clothes, but could not free myself from him entirely without more show of violence than I cared to exhibit. Coming back to the table, we sat down, and my glass was filled. When he noticed that after each of his many toasts my glass was not perceptibly emptied, he flew into a rage and ran at me, calling me what I took to be vile things in Russian. I met his drunken rush with a stiff arm and prevented his falling back at the shock by holding on to his coat-collar. Then the

steward came and blocked him till I got away to my room. Half an hour afterward my door, which had no bolt, was thrown open and the little officer in hilarious good spirits burst in. He rushed for me and tried again to crush my hand in his grip, but I was ready for him, and made him yell for mercy. As soon as I let go the squeeze I had given in self-defense, he got very angry, and started again a tirade in inebriate Russian. Weary of it all and not daring or caring to have a rough-and-tumble fight with an officer and member of the club of which I was a guest, I stepped back for his next rush and, leaning over, assisted him by his very slack riding-breeches under my arm and out of the window behind me, where he dived into soft dust three feet below. Then shutting and fastening the windows, I braced a chair-back under the panel of the door, and, blowing out my candle, went to bed, and gave no sign to the furious pounding upon my window which followed.

When I awoke it was still dark, and ordering my servant to heat the samovar, I started down to the bazaar to prod Samán into starting with the horses, knowing that, if left to himself, he would bring them somewhere about noon. Finding him asleep with his cousin the copersmith, I gently waked him with the toe of my boot, and started him off for the horses, returning myself to find the samovar steaming and my bread and jam laid out. Before long Samán came, and, slinging my saddle-bags, I mounted and made off just as the sun was showing its upper rim. To my delight, Kolchov had not appeared, though it was after my hour for starting, and I had warned him that I should not wait.

My horse was a smallish, well-built black stallion with good paces and an ingratiating habit of turning to bite, and bringing up his near hind hoof just as one mounted. We rode out of the village to the river and then north along its east bank for about six miles. Here, at a place where the trail led into the yellow rush of the Amu, we dismounted and yelled at a boat loaded with men and donkeys which was poling its way slantingly across. The men took no notice, so Samán said we must get the boat from the other side, and motioned me to fire a

gun. Getting the six-shooter from my saddle-bags, I fired three shots, and through my glasses was soon able to see my signal answered. A boat was launched on the other bank about half a mile up-stream. For a full hour we watched it sag down toward us, sticking now and then on sand-bars, occasionally swimming into the current, and quite overpowering the four polers who tried vainly to keep heading across. At last they landed somewhat below where we stood, and hauled the boat back a mile or so to get well above their goal on the other side.

Just as Samán and I were coaxing our horses aboard the big canoe-like craft, Kolchov rode hurriedly up, followed by an orderly. After an elaborate greeting, Kolchov allowed his horse to be led into the boat, but when the Cossack started after him, I remarked that he was not needed, and ordered him back. The fellow grinned insolently and looked at Kolchov, who said nothing. At this I rode at the man and cut at his horse with my whip, unbuttoning my holster-flap as I did so. The beast reared and finally galloped off down the road, leaving us to embark alone without further delay. This sounds an over-hasty and ill-tempered thing to do, but I saw that I must act at once, and also that I must not look to Kolchov for orders even to his own servant, or I should lose ground.

All the morning we rode through sandy stretches dotted with fertile, irrigated farms on which the Sarts were cutting their second crop of alfalfa and their first of barley. The look of the country made me smile when I remembered the Natchalnik's warning that the wells were dry and the natives dangerous. Once, however, some workmen saw us and came running, ten or a dozen strong, in our direction. They had reaping-hooks and sickles in their hands and long knives stuck in their belts. Kolchov drew up, nervously looking over his shoulder for Samán, who rode at a respectful distance in our rear. As the men charged nearer, he hitched his saber-sling forward and fumbled with his holster-flap.

"Wait," cried I, "and see what they

will do; but, for Heaven's sake! don't pull a gun! Watch them!"

My calmness was due not so much to heroism as to the fact that I had seen much the same sort of thing happen before, and had learned to trust in general to the good will of the natives. Kolchov, with the usual Russian view of the Turcomans, laid his hand on his saber, muttered something about the Cossack we had left behind, and prepared for the worst. In a moment we were surrounded, and bread and water-gourds were being handed to us, as is the pleasant custom of the country, where every traveler is a thirsty one.

At noon we came to a little group of houses called Ak-Khalat, and riding up through a gate of mud and timbers, came into the compound of a typical Sart house. In the middle of the court was a greenish pool surrounded by great mulberry-trees, and all about, in the shade of a sort of portico, lay silk-clad servants. Our horses were taken, and we were escorted to a little room leading off the court, where we found two low-corded bedsteads, and a table spread with sweetmeats and long Russian cigarettes.

Soon a man came in with a boiling samovar, and we made glass after glass of hot tea. After this a stout and very gorgeously dressed man bore in a dish of pilau (rice and raisins), which he passed to us with ceremony. Something in his manner made me think he was not a servant, so I asked if he owned the house. On his saying that he did, I rose, and shaking hands with him, asked him to eat with us. The pilau finished, servants poured water over our hands from brass ewers, and our host bowed himself out. Then we had more tea and some sweetmeats, and, after washing our hands again, lay down for an hour on the corded bedsteads to escape the hottest part of the day.

When the men brought our horses, I asked Kolchov if there was any chance to pay for the meal; but he said that any offer would be insulting, so we merely thanked the pleasant Sart and rode off, preceded for five miles or so by two jigs with guns, whom he insisted on sending with us as a guard of honor.

(Part II, in October, will contain the author's account of his stay in Khiva)

THE GATES OF THE HUDSON

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER

WITH PICTURES MADE FROM PAINTINGS BY VAN DEARING PERRINE

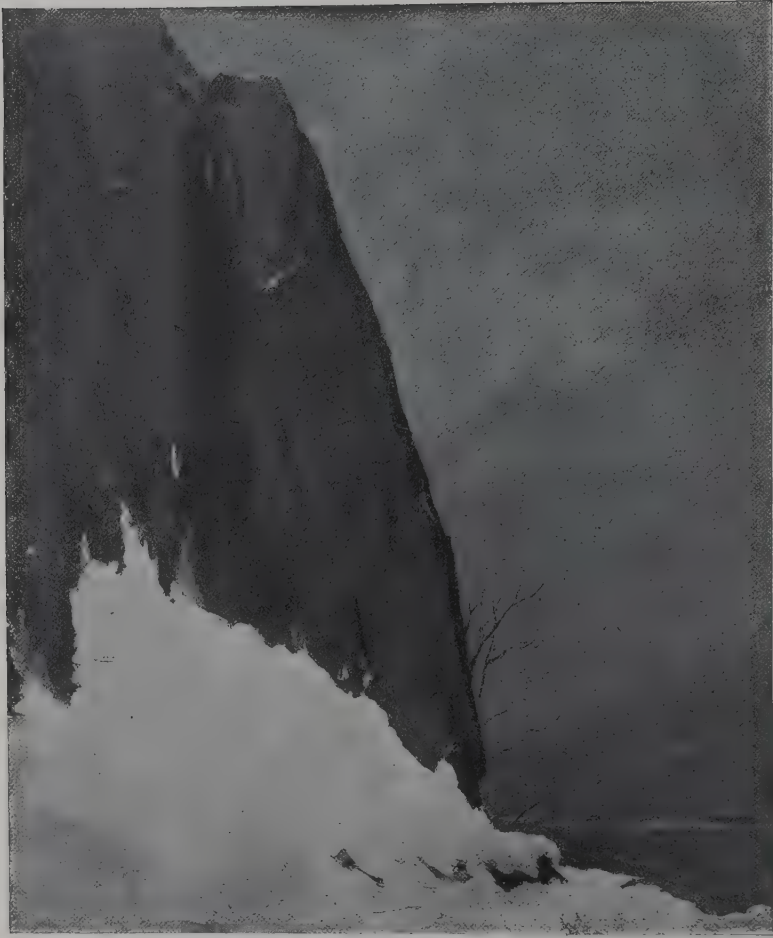


SHADOW falls into the streets of New York, and not one in a thousand of its people, idle or eager, asks what has shortened their day. It is the Palisades that gray and purple the town at evening, imposing on it a sense of rest, soon dissipated by the million electric lamps that publish the nightly eruption of the metropolis. Along the east bank of the Hudson the city riots in the light, gay, sleepless, burdened, terrible; along the western shore the Palisades are in moveless march, their ranks now curving inward, now veering toward the water, now seen in echelon, cape beyond cape, and melting into the sky where new mysteries awaken. On the morning side of the river is humanity: on the sunset side is majesty that outlives it. Lying within rifle shot of the tenements are fluted cliffs and battle-mented summits, closing the vista from a hundred streets, yet as little known to the dweller of the inns and flats as are the Delectable Mountains; for he never ventures over to them, except for a picnic, and then he is uneasy, for the silence threatens him; yet in the days when they could be seen more readily they were as famous as—the Astor House.

This uplift of volcanic matter, resting on baked sandstone and inclining westward at a gentle slope, presents in its riverward aspect the columnar or palisaded appearance that so impressed the early voyagers: a gray wall beetling from 300 to 500 feet above the tide, shagged with trees at the summit, half buried behind a scrap of talus, that is also verdurous. At Nyack it bends into the amphitheater where that pretty town has nestled,

surges riverward again to form Point-no-Point, and still ascending behind Haverstraw reaches in High Tor a lift of 820 feet. As the dyke extends southward, also, to Bayonne, its total length is forty miles, but the Palisades proper front the river for half that distance.

How desolate, how dark, this reach! how few the camps and habitations! Here we are as far from town as in the Adirondacks. The range is mostly unpathed, and there is but one road to the top: a road that became useless when the hotel at the end of it was burned, thereby deepening forgetfulness of this wonder. When the New Yorker learned that quarrymen had secured "rights" in the scenery, and were converting it to pavements, he betrayed a languid interest; it was a matter that vaguely concerned somebody. However, the people who look ahead, the people with extra-social interests, the people of the press, bestirred themselves, as they have to do every year to save Niagara, and the Palisades are become a public park. Let us pray that they be left in their savage beauty; that they be not pranked with stairs and fences, revetted, foregrounded with lawns, flower beds, statuary and rustic benches imitated in cast iron. A few selfish souls will regret it when they become accessible by ferry, and when the old privacy, if not the wildness disappears, for the like of these cliffs exists near no other city—and that is said with the memory still fresh of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat (basaltic extrusions also) in the land environment of Edinburgh. True, on certain days, when the river flows through dream country, I see against the clouds an opal Parthenon at the highest point, a focus in the land-



Owned by the White House. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE PALISADES

scape, a symbol of the steadfast and aspiring in the national spirit, and it has the august approaches of the Acropolis; but the mists lift, the dream swims into a sky deeper and more glowing than that of Athens, and high above the highest rock an eagle wheels.

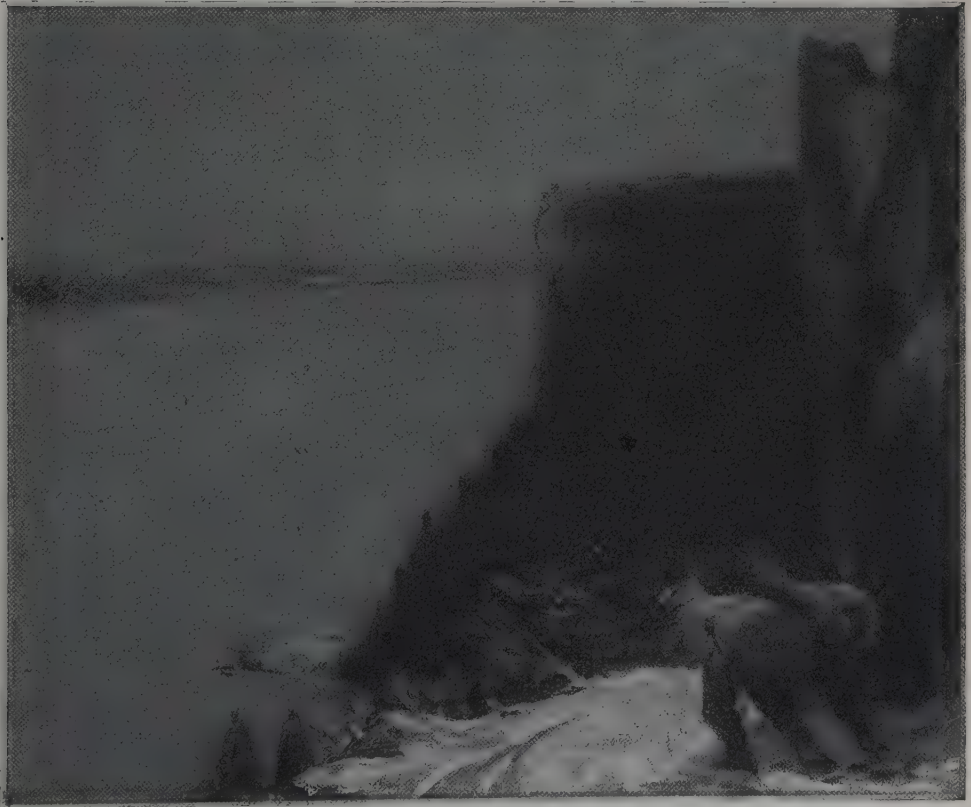
In this soft age men walk where they have ease, and there is none of it in exploring the Palisades. You must jump, slide, wade and scramble; there is even a chance that you may tread on a venomous serpent, for hereabout I have met copperheads, and it is not long ago that a stroller was stung by a rattlesnake, but the only stirring experience which has befallen me there was in being followed for a mile and pelted with stones from

the top of the cliffs by little vulgar boys who were out for a day's hunting and were desperate at the lack of small game. Yet holiday merriment of this kind is apart from the sentiment of the Palisades. Cruel they may be, yet not irritating. Something still pertains to them of the largeness and terror of that cataclysm which hurled them, smoking, from the furnaces of the earth; hence, although they have their days of smiling, and although no lovelier scene unfolds before the eyes of men than when, on mellow afternoons, the violet shadows cascade down the landslides, the tufted summits burn green-gold, and the farther capes of velvet gray are footed in silver; yet gaiety no more comports with them than it does

with Mont Pelée or the Sphinx. They reveal themselves in darkness, and this is no paradox; for it is under the moon, the stars, the polar aurora, in mist, snow, wind and storm, when least seen, that they suggest most, and are steadfast and sublime.

I love my Hudson and am much in its company; it solaces many whose unkind fate holds them to town; but in my walks the Palisades are of this use: that while they shut off the West and make the prairies of the Hackensack a conjecture, they lead my fancy toward the ampler wonders of the north. This is an effect of both memory and landscape composition: the long wall, seeking its vanishing point in the taller Highlands—which in turn yield views of the loftier Catskills, whence, again, one may glimpse the statelier Adirondacks—carries, not my eye alone, but my mind, to regions more virgin, more ample, yet typed in the land this fortress of the Hudson incloses.

Of late the Palisades have been in process of discovery by a few gypsies from the metropolis who tent at their feet for weeks, alternating the grind of shops and offices across the river with nights of silence and refreshment. Here they ramble, swim, row and play at housekeeping. They drink from springs, they breathe an air tainted only by upcastings of the river, they have wholesome green in their eyes, and their sleep is long. On broiling days when the city fries in its own adipose, the shadows of these rocks in an unwearied land fall on the camps by three in the afternoon, so that they escape the direct blaze of the sun, and the woods give new shadow in the morning. This darkness and coolness heighten the majesty of the ramparts and unify them into larger masses; yet the rock sculptures that adorn the Hudson gates are also impressive, since they share in the vertical cleavage of the basalt and weather into fantasies that wake old



Owned by the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE RIDE

world recollections of watch towers, castles, and cathedrals. At one or two points a brook foams over the brink, at least, after a rain—for it is the dryness of the plateau that has saved it from settlement—and laces it with white. Offsetting these natural beauties are the shelves built in the buttressing slope by the quarrymen, and as they cannot put back what they have destroyed, the denuded front might be cleared to the water's edge, so as to reveal the complete height of the cliff in at least one instance.

It was much higher, originally, for the glacier that buried North America down to this latitude eroded millions of tons which went to the upbuilding of Long Island, trap boulders being common in the soil of Brooklyn, and I have found on the top of the Palisades, opposite Spuyten Duyvil, glacial groovings and polishings that have survived the presumptive 15,000 years since the glacier

melted. The outpour of this mass from a volcano whose crater we cannot so much as guess in this day, was tremendous, and it cut the Hudson and Hackensack valleys asunder and pushed the harbor several miles to the southward, while related activities thrust above the surface, either as down-pours or up-pours, the thousand miles of basaltic hills that chain the Carolinas to the Bay of Fundy, so that our Palisades are allied in form and time to Mount Holyoke and Cape Blomidon, while they relate in cause to the steamstorms that swept thousands into eternity at Krakatoa and Martinique, and were felt around the world.

To the mineralogist our Palisades do not yield as much of interest as we find in the rotting trap of Paterson, a few miles away, from which have been taken the largest prehnites in the world, sea green and wonderful; royal amethysts; balls of silky pectolite, and quartz pseudomorphs that copy them; but we find

in these cliffs occasional duplicates of the columns that make the Giant's Causeway and Fingal's Cave—geometric shapes of three, four, five, six and more sides, not a result of crystalization, as was once imagined, for trap is a rock, not a mineral, but of lateral shrinking when it has cooled.

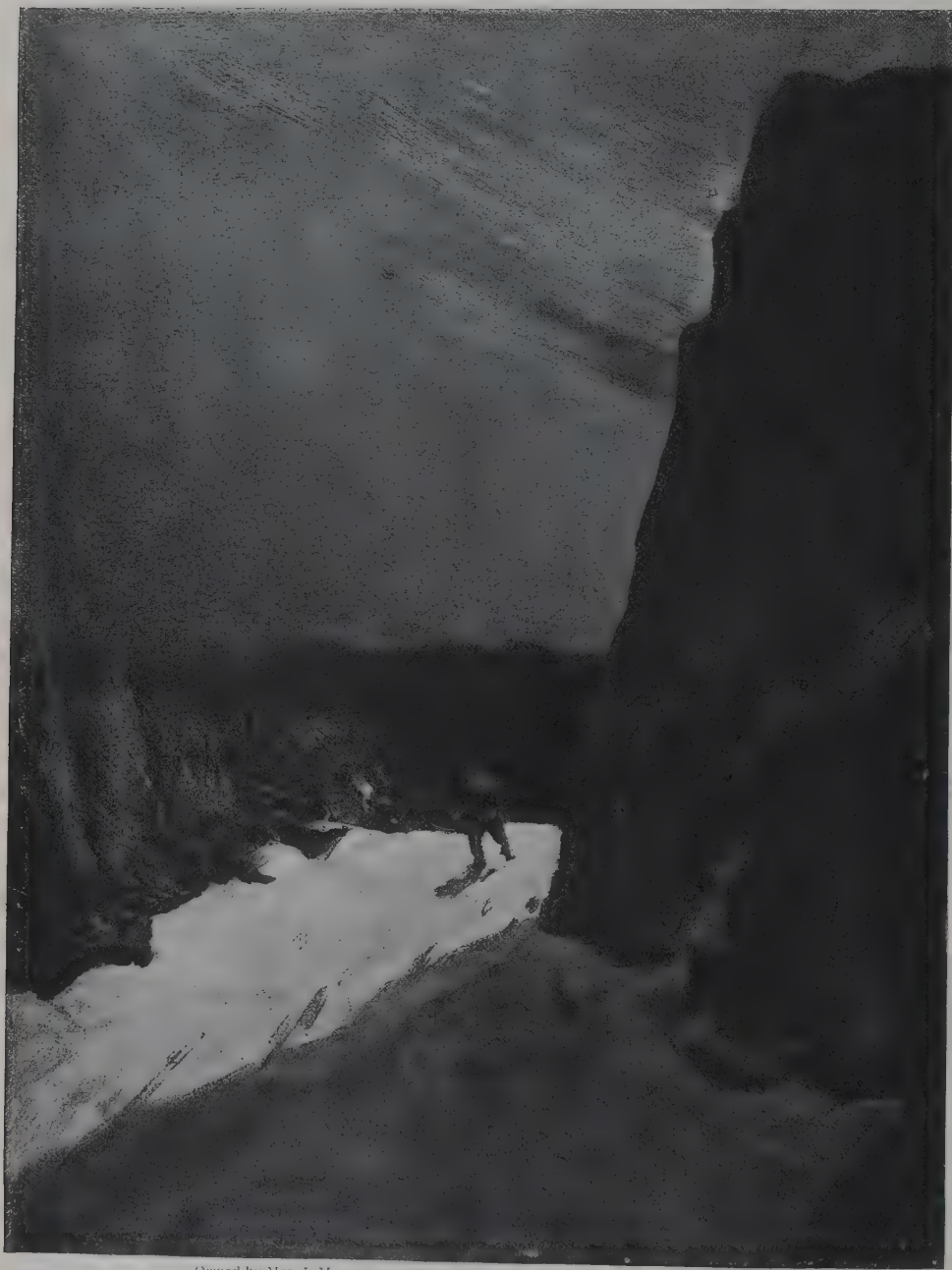
Poetry has evaded this region, and art has almost ignored it, save in the instance presently to be noted, but our predecessors in the land, the Indians, invested them with a glamor of myth. In their belief the Palisades were a part of the wall built by Manitou—whence, Manhattoes, or Manhattan—to keep the evil beings that haunted the great lakes from vexing the race of men; but the fresh seas burst through, cutting the splendid pass of the Highlands, and the rogues descended on the flood, to our besetment even at this day. It is significant that in the red man's belief the devils haunted the marshes, and had never been lifted to and by the hills. On misty evenings you

shall see them signaling from the lightless windows of this vast citadel, or gesturing among the dead trees at its top. Legends of a later time relate the struggle of two Indians on the brink, and their death on the rocks below; we hear also of a witch who lived in a shanty in the wilderness and would sit by the hour together weaving spells and storms against the pleasant distances; there are buried treasures, too, that Kidd and other scandalous persons buried hereaway, and planted inexcusably deep; then, a spooky tale is told of sweethearts wandering hand in hand along the cliffs, who came to a resolve to thwart their parents, not by marrying, as young people of spirit would do to-day, but by making a "lovers' leap," and thus consigning their relatives to remorse incurable and objurgations infinite. They jumped, but never reached the ground; so, like Paolo and Francesca, they wander through the air and plague the night with sighs and make strangers timid of moonlight exploration.



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

THE PASS AT MOONRISE



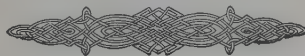
Owned by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE BELATED RETURN

The days of legend have passed, but the Palisades have their familiar spirit and loving exponent. Whoso in his finer and deeper sentiments keeps that chord in tune which vibrates to "Hamlet," "Faust" or to Tschaikowsky's last symphony will find it to ring responsive to the great, sad music figured in the work of a young painter from the West: Van Dearing Perrine. Self-taught, uninfluenced by academies, he has chosen—for the expression of his nature?—to picture the Palisades: a cheery, youthful, earnest soul; hence the tragedy of his work. Why does this melancholy pertain to us, free, prospering Americans? Is progress too swift for us? Are our political burdens too heavy? Cannot those who reach civilization live through it? Can we not cut loose from social austerities and be ourselves?—The Greeks had none of this. The world had little of it a century and a half ago. Yet, if it is sad, Perrine's art is not morbid: it is of Beethoven, not Chopin. His color chills his canvas now and again, but he can light it with a blaze of sun, when he chooses. He lives with his subject, close to the ground, in an abandoned school-house, and paints in a cabin, with a vertical wall at the door and a vertical drop under the window. So he knows his Palisades as Thoreau knew his Walden. Indeed, with direction, Thoreau would have been an artist, and Perrine is Thoreau directed and plus sentiment. Technically his style is large, nervous, his color sober, his composition simple, but forcible, and there is nothing of the spectacular in him; rather, he is reserved and mystic. He takes us to the top of an obelisk at midnight and there leaves us, poised under the cold stars and above the river with its flocs shining eerily, its shore line an emblem of repose, the staggering uprush of rock forms proclaiming creative force; and in the snowy silence we stand at the confine of eternity and cry into the night the old human questions of Whence and Why. It is the vast intimation of these pictures, passing the range of the com-

moner sympathies and engaging with the epic, in which their value is discovered. Their strange, commanding individuality is in part a tokening of a recluse spirit, yet one that remains aloof from humanity not because of attenuate sympathies, but rather because it is under daily command of nature in forms and phases to excite wonder and aspiration. These pictures are dark and solemn, yet creation stirs in them; that never ceases, for the dead feed life and matter aspires.

The sudden building of these Palisades expressed the demand for and exaction of liberty, and they stand as monuments to the force that makes it, for the rock, like the tree and the man, gains its attitude through striving; and it is this drama that Perrine sees in and above the castle front, no less than the sculpturesque and the deific-drama that he sometimes expresses also through human attributes, as in "The Robbers," with its figures peering into the gulf, and as in the glow of the city hovering phosphorescent above the water. It is also told in the frost, circling as light above the moon, in explosions of storm, in autumn wreckage blown afar, in white heavens rising beyond vistas of rain. Here he suggests Poe, Dante, Goya, while Angelo's architectural qualities are betokened in canvases that express the stabilities. Perrine elects to live and work among these rocks in winter. In the summer he scratches the soil a little on Long Island, that he may go back to the cliffs with a fresher eye, a keener zest and the sharper consciousness of a continuing love. In a day when painters avoid great things, when they compose idyls, when they paint atmospheres, when they follow the pleasant conventions of schools and studios, it is reassuring to come upon a man who thinks largely and seriously on themes that deserve the thought, and whose prosperity in the unfolding of his sentiment, in that form we know as art, is due to a frank, unurged affection for nature, which such as he must always regard as the mask or symbol of spirit.





“DOWN ON THE LABRADOR”

BY GUSTAV KOBBE.

WITH PICTURES BY M. J. BURNS



HOPEDALE, so charmingly named, is a dale of rocks in summer and of snow and ice in winter. It is on the coast of Labrador—"the land of Cain," as an old French voyager fittingly described it. From the desolate heights which half encircle the mission station one can see, far northward, beyond surge-worn islands of bare rock, the dark outlines of Cape Harrigan, with the white glare of the ice "loom" on the horizon even in midsummer. On this inhospitable coast—"down on the Labrador," as the Newfoundland fishermen say—the Moravian brotherhood has maintained mission stations for the Eskimo and the few scattered white settlers for nearly a hundred and thirty years.

THE WOLF-LIKE DOGS

Dogs are in the majority at Hopedale. There are over two hundred of them, to only a hundred and fifty "Huskies" (a term for Eskimos) and the three missionaries and their families. A few chickens, wild geese which the missionaries are attempting to tame, and two sheep, may be classed as transients. There were once goats, but they contracted rheumatism and pneumonia. It is even necessary to heat the chicken-coops in winter.

The dogs are often in a far greater majority than that indicated above. In summer the Huskies fish from the outlying rocks, taking their wives and children into camp with them, but usually leaving their dogs behind to shift for themselves. A dog's living among the Eskimos is miser-

able enough—small fish in winter, seal meat in spring, and whatever he can pick up in summer. At times the Hopedale dogs have become so ravenous that they have gnawed through the palings of the gate leading to the little garden, laboriously brought under cultivation by the missionaries, and have devoured an entire bed of cauliflowers. They also wander off to the rocky heights in search of blueberries. The hunger of dogs that will prey upon vegetables and berries may well be imagined.

The Husky dogs are at all times savage brutes. They will kill and devour a sick dog, and at times half a dozen of them will, as if by preconcerted action, fall upon a dog, tear it to pieces, and eat it. It is unsafe for children to go among them unprotected. So long as the child keeps its feet they will not attack it, for they are as cowardly as they are vicious; but let it fall, and they are at its throat. The missionaries have a strong, high inclosure in front of their dwelling, outside of which their children are never allowed to venture alone.

The dogs appear to be half-tamed wolves, and are so much like them in appearance that when, as sometimes happens, wolves stray into Hopedale, they would not be recognized as intruders did not the Eskimo know by sight both his own dogs and those belonging to the other members of the community. The worst feature of it is that nothing can be done to improve the condition of the dogs. The missionaries say that kind treatment makes lazy paupers of them, and that they fail when

they are harnessed to the *komitick*, or dog-sled, which in winter is the only mode of travel over the frozen waters and snow-buried rocks of Labrador. The puppies which the Husky children play with by harnessing them to miniature dog-sleds, and driving and abusing them, after the manner of their elders, develop into the best draft dogs. The dogs, being indispensable in winter, are necessary nuisances, not to say menaces. It is simply impossible, for instance, to keep cows at the stations. They would have to roam the rocky heights in search of the few patches of grass, and would fall easy prey to the savage brutes. Except for a small herd at one of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company where there happens to be some fertile soil, there is not believed to be a cow in Newfoundland Labrador.¹

THE MORAVIAN BROTHERHOOD

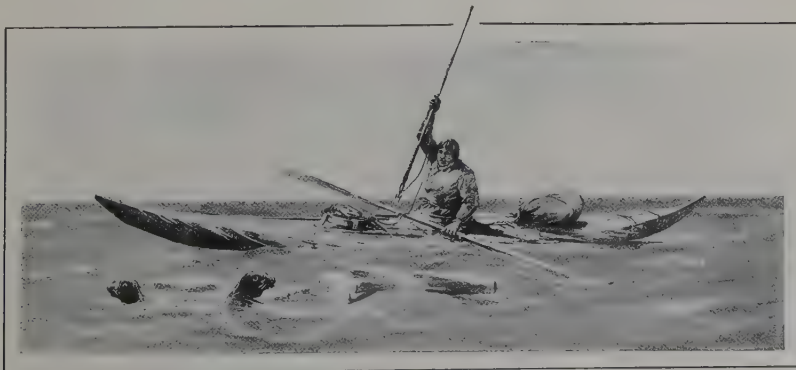
THE first effort to found a mission on Labrador was made by a Dutch sea captain, Christian Erhardt, a member of the Moravian brotherhood, who, in July, 1752, landed at Cape Aillik in the ship *Hope* and named the spot Hoffenthal (Hopedale). The attempt cost him his life, for he was murdered by the Eskimos. Nothing daunted by his fate, other Moravians visited the coast, and amicable relations with the Eskimos having been gradually established, a mission station was built at Nain in 1771. This was followed, in 1777, by Hopedale, seventy miles south of Nain and about thirty-five miles north of the first Hopedale at Cape Aillik. There are

now six Moravian mission stations on Labrador—Hopedale, the most southerly, Zoar, Nain, Okak, Hebron, and Rama. The last-named is not far from Cape Chudleigh, Hudson Bay. Snow falls there early in September, and the ice off the coast rarely begins to break up before the middle of July. Except for one dog-sled mail in winter and the brief visit from the mission ships in summer, the stations north of Nain are completely cut off from civilization. At Hebron the gales are so fierce that no buildings more than a story high can withstand them.

The Moravian brotherhood is emphatically a mission church, its work being directed from Herrenhut, Saxony. The mission on Labrador is supported by the “Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel” in London, but the missionaries are appointed by the authorities at Herrenhut. A trade with the Eskimos is carried on at the mission stations, provisions, clothing, guns, and ammunition being exchanged for furs, seal oil, and salt fish; and the profits go to reimburse as far as they will the S. F. G. This seems a queer mixture of business and religion, and has called forth considerable criticism. No one, however, dislikes it more than the missionaries themselves.

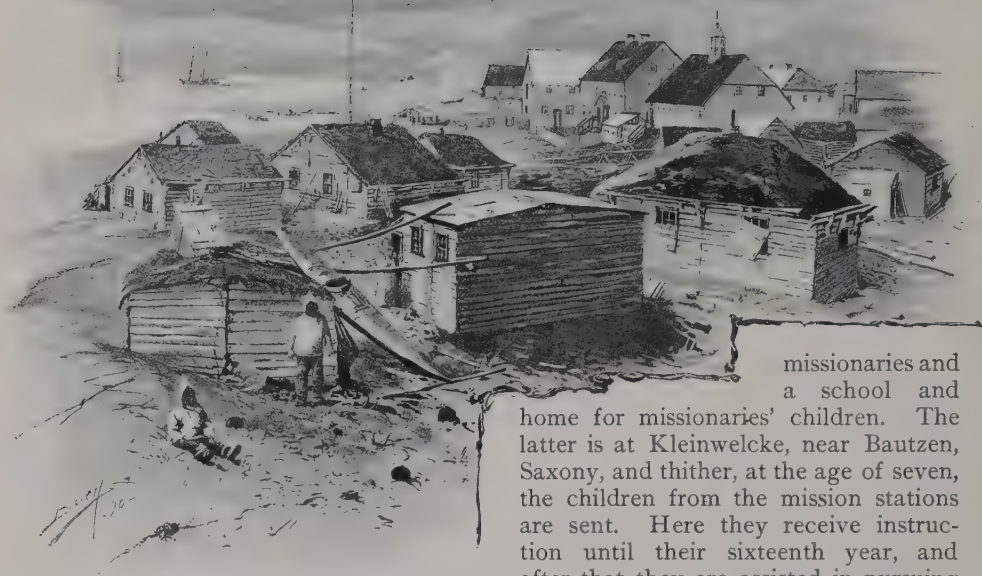
But, even with the trade, the mission is not self-supporting. It has been charged that, as the Eskimos are dependent upon the mission stores for their supplies, they are virtually held in slavery by the missionaries, and that the latter are as keen traders as they are preachers. But these charges originate with persons who are themselves anxious to establish trade with the Eskimo.

¹ That portion of Labrador north of Blanc Sablon, on the Straits of Belle Isle, belongs to Newfoundland. The southerly portion, part of the province of Quebec, is popularly spoken of simply as “Canada.”



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by T. Schussler

AN ESKIMO IN HIS KAYAK



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

HOPEDALE

mos. As a matter of fact, the poor Huskies would starve were it not for the mission stations; for they are proverbially improvident. I was in one little Eskimo hut, perhaps ten by fifteen, the proprietor of which boasted six large kerosene lamps, and had hung cards of brass buttons on the walls as we would hang pictures. Lamps and buttons had been purchased of a trading schooner at very high rates, in exchange for the fur and fish the hunter had captured with great labor and no little danger, and this when he had no supply of provisions laid in for the winter. Had he applied to the mission store for such useless articles, he would have been dissuaded from buying them.

That branch of the United Elders' Conference of the Moravian Church which has special charge of mission work has under its supervision a school for the training of

missionaries and a school and home for missionaries' children. The latter is at Kleinwelcke, near Bautzen, Saxony, and thither, at the age of seven, the children from the mission stations are sent. Here they receive instruction until their sixteenth year, and after that they are assisted in pursuing any special study for which they have shown aptitude.

Missionaries remain in harness until they conscientiously feel that they have become too infirm to be of further service; they are then retired on a pension. Each set of stations has its superintendent, the head of the Labrador mission at Nain being also German consul. Most of the missionaries are Germans, though England is now contributing a few. The oldest missionary at each station is usually the *Hausvater*, and under him conferences are held in which the work is divided up among the "brothers." Much secular work falls to their share, for the stations are but lonely outposts. At Hopedale, for instance, one of the missionaries is in charge of the store, and also brews the light beer which is the only alcoholic beverage drunk at the station; and the missionary who officiates as principal of the Eskimo school is also the baker, and feeds the sheep and fowl. The wives take turn in cooking dinner and supper, which are "found" by the S. F. G.,

and are served at a common table. Breakfast, which the missionaries provide at their own expense, is partaken of in their own apartments.

"HAVE THEY PEACE OR WAR
IN EUROPE?"

THE *Harmony*, one of the mission ships, had left Hopedale with its cargo of fur, oil, and fish only a few days before I reached there. In firing a salute as it entered the harbor, the gun had gone off prematurely, and the arms of the Eskimo who was ramming had been blown off, several of his ribs had been broken, and he had been otherwise severely injured. Fortunately, the Newfoundland mail steamer, on which there is a physician, happened to be in port. Otherwise the unhappy Eskimo could not have received the slightest surgical aid until her arrival. Had the accident happened at any other time of the year—for the mail boat runs only in July, August, and September—it would have been impossible to secure surgical aid. Nothing could give a more impressive idea of the isolation of these mission stations and the utter helplessness, in grave emergencies, of those who dwell there. The first question put by the missionaries when the mail boat arrives on her

first trip is, "Have they peace or war in Europe?"

THE PARTING WITH CHILDREN

THE *Harmony* had not brought bad news to Hopedale, yet a certain sadness prevailed at the station. The good ship had sailed away, and with it had faded, as it were, the glimpse of home so rarely vouchsafed to these workers on this desolate coast. Not only this, but with its departure the time had arrived for one of the missionaries to send a little girl across the sea to the mission school, to part with her perhaps forever. A son, four years old, a bright little fellow, the life of the mission,—"Little Sunshine" every one in the mission house called him,—would, they knew, leave them in three years, and they spoke of that sad time with heavy hearts, but never, however, within his hearing. Before the separation, the parents make the parting easy for the *children* by telling them of the lovely spot to which they are going, and this while their own hearts are wrung with grief.

When the children, accustomed to the uncivilized surroundings of Labrador, reach England, they are of course strangely affected. Horses strike terror to their souls. When they see the show windows of the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by Wm. Miller

THE SHIP "HOPE" OFF LABRADOR, IN 1752



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. Schwarzburger

RAMA

London shops, they think Christmas is being celebrated within. One child, on seeing the pigs in the Zoo for the first time, exclaimed, "What huge mice!"

One of my Hopedale friends told me of an incident which well illustrates the length of time which often elapses before parents and children meet. A Labrador missionary, retired for age and infirmity, reached Herrenhut on a Sunday just at the church hour. Anxious to attend service, he made a hasty toilet and reached church in time for the sermon. It was preached by a young man whose eloquence so moved the old missionary that he lingered after service to thank the preacher. On stepping up to him and asking his name, he was surprised to hear his own given in reply. He had been listening to his own son.

"We have just buried our second baby," one of the Hopedale missionaries said to me sadly during my stay there. But it seemed to me that even had the children lived it would have been only a postponement of the inevitable parting. To watch a child develop through the sweet helplessness of babyhood; to see its lips pursed for its first lip; to note its pretty ways; to

feel its soft, round little hand upon your cheek; to guard its growth in strength and grace, and then, when this precious life has entwined itself around your whole being, to be yourself the one who tears the tendrils from your heart—what greater sacrifice can be demanded of a parent? But why, it may be asked, should this sacrifice be made? Cannot children be properly brought up at the mission? It is a difficult question to answer, a problem one can solve only by never becoming a Moravian missionary. "Sie würden verkommen" ("They would go to seed"), one of the missionaries said to me. They would grow up among surroundings more Eskimo than European. Stunted in intellectual growth, the children of the Moravian missions would not be able, as they are now, to follow in the footsteps of their parents, and preach the gospel at those lonely outposts of civilization.

MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE

THE missionary, when he is sent out to Labrador, is unmarried. He serves three years on probation. If he is then willing to remain, and desires to marry, he sends

word to Herrenhut, and next year the *Harmony* brings out a bride selected for him by the home authorities as a suitable companion in exile. Does this arrangement prove satisfactory? Well, I saw at Hopedale the grave of a missionary, and alongside of it the graves of his three wives. I also saw hastily jotted down by the wife of the missionary in charge of the school a schedule of the lessons and of the division of time between her husband and Titus, his Eskimo assistant. It began:

Titus . . .	Katechismus . . .	10 Minuten
Schatz . . .	" . . .	15 "

Schatz is German for sweetheart, and this loving wife had in her haste used *Schatz* instead of her husband's name. This scrap of paper seems convincing, and to me, as the bleak surroundings of Hopedale rise up in my memory, very touching evidence of domestic happiness.

The home authorities usually select as wives for the missionaries daughters of missionaries who have been reared under the eyes of the church. One of my Hopedale friends is married to the daughter of a missionary who was twenty-two years at Nain. He himself was at Nain before his transfer to Hopedale, and at Nain his affianced disembarked to pass her honeymoon in the very apartments in which she had been born and in which she had lived until, at seven years of age, she was sent abroad. One Labrador missionary was born in Greenland, his wife at one of the India mission stations. Another couple is equally cosmopolitan. The wife's grandfather was born a missionary on Labrador; she, the daughter as well as the granddaughter of a missionary, was born in Africa, and her husband, the son of a missionary, on the Mosquito Coast.

HOPEDALE

THE mission buildings at Hopedale are unpretentious frame structures—a dwelling, a church with a small cupola, the store, a few sheds, and, on the rocky elevation, a powder-house. In the front inclosure are small flower-beds and a small hot-house; in the rear are several vegetable gardens. Soil was gathered from spaces among the rocks until enough was collected for garden purposes. The plants must be treated with extreme care—brought to a certain point of development in the hot-house, and set out at the beginning of the

brief warm season, which lasts from the middle of July until September. This truly German patience is usually rewarded with a varied supply of fresh vegetables, an almost unheard of luxury at other points on Labrador; and it is doubtful if flower-beds are to be found anywhere in this whole great territory but at the



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

HEBRON IN SUMMER

mission stations. The rooms in the mission house are comfortably furnished. In one sitting-room is a piano, the wife of the missionary who occupies the apartment being a capital pianist. "But," she said, "I grow weary hearing only myself play." She asked eagerly about Rubinstein, Joachim, and other famous musicians.

Pictures of the Hohenzollern emperors, Bismarck, and Moltke are conspicuous on the walls of the mission house, and one of the rugged heights about Hopedale has been named Wilhelm's Berg, in honor of William I.

I was lucky enough to arrive at Hopedale on a Sunday which was also a festival day of the church, so that all the Huskies had come in from their fishing camps to attend services. The Eskimos have a remarkably accurate ear for music, and



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE FIRST QUESTION

music forms an important feature of the worship at the Labrador missions. The Huskies sing absolutely in tune, but, it must be admitted, without much expression and with an almost uniformly maintained volume of tone. Characteristic music of their own they have none. The church at Hopedale is plainly furnished.

The men and boys and the women and girls occupy separate seats. The choir is Eskimo, an Eskimo plays the organ, and, at the service I attended, three violins, a violoncello, and a clarinet were played by Eskimos, the entire service being conducted in the Eskimo language. There was much singing during the service both with and without accompaniment, the choir alternating with the congregation, and at times the male with the female voices. The singing was noticeably true and noticeably loud. The Bible, a prayer-book, and a hymn-book, all in the Eskimo language, were used during the service, and I was interested in following the Eskimo translation of several of our familiar hymns.

"From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,"

struck me as being most appropriate; for

the Moravian missions actually extend from the frozen regions of the north to the coral strands of the tropics. The translation read:

"Karalit Kakkaniginit
India tikilugo."

"Safe in the arms of Jesus" became

"Terlingnar tomedlune
Jesub sagvingane; "

and "Ho! my comrades, see the signal!"

"Songotitse, kaidlaruma
Jesus niplerpok,
Nalegak, angerpaptigit
Songotittigut!"

The missionaries tell me that the Eskimos are a most conceited race, and that their own opinion of their musical gifts is very high. The first time the missionary's wife of whom I have spoken played on the piano for them, they exclaimed, "She plays almost as well as we." This conceit of the Eskimos makes the missionaries' task very difficult. What can a teacher accomplish when his pupils think they

know more than he? The Eskimos do not even attempt to argue, but simply shrug their shoulders and say with a supercilious smile, "That may be so in your opinion, but—" And so, in spite of nearly a hundred and thirty years of religious training, many of them are still only quasi-Christians, and the traveler may still pick up curious bits of heathen folk-lore among them.

The missionaries have, however, undoubtedly wrought wonders; for to them is due every advance toward civilization made in this howling wilderness. The Huskies have been taught cleanliness to a certain degree. The soap trade at the mission store may not be very brisk, but the interiors of the Eskimo huts are, as a rule, neat, though the exteriors of the Eskimos themselves are not. There is a growing tendency toward European cut of clothing, disappointing to a visitor, yet indicating a closer approach to civilization. I saw, however, plenty of Eskimos in their characteristic summer costume, cut in the same way as their sealskin garments, but made of cloth, the women, as in winter, wearing trousers and sporting a coat-tail—the longer the tail, the higher the wearer's social standing. A widow whose coat-tail almost swept the ground, it was plain to be seen, was a leader in the Eskimo society at Hopedale.

It may be imagined that the missionary in charge of the Eskimo school has no easy task. The children, like their elders, are easily satisfied. They learn to read and write, but are very slow in mathematics and geography. An incident shows how easily they will catch a phrase without, however, at all grasping its meaning. The teacher had occasion to rebuke a child for misbehaving.

"Why do you act this way?" he asked. "Why do you disturb the whole school by your misbehavior?"

"For Jesus' sake," was the reply.

In winter the missionaries have talks for both old and young. Stanley's discoveries in Africa formed the subject of one series. In another the life of a European sovereign was described. When they had been told of the palace and the gay life at court, they were asked, "What do you suppose these people have to eat?"

"Erngautajak!" ("Molasses!") was the general shout, molasses being the great-

est luxury known to the Eskimos. Poor Husky! Many a time, when storm-bound on winter hunting expedition, he is reduced to eating his skin boots.

I cannot help thinking that if the missionaries were as adept in sportsmanship as they are in theology, their influence over their strange charges would be greater. The Moravians are neither hunters nor fishermen, and the Eskimos, feeling themselves superior to their teachers in sportsmanship, are perhaps the more loath to concede the latter's superiority in other respects. Hopedale is the kind of community where a little muscular Christianity would go a great way. The missionaries are charmingly simple, kind-hearted, and hospitable, and, when it comes to journeying in midwinter over miles of frozen, wind-swept bays to carry the gospel to the widely scattered white settlers, positively heroic; and yet I am sure that if they could bring down their curlew, harpoon their seal, or hook their cod, the Eskimos would more readily follow their spiritual advice.

WINTER TRIPS

ALONG the coast from Hopedale south to Cape Harrison, seventy miles in a straight line, but several hundred miles if the indentations of the shore are followed, are a few scattered huts of white settlers, some hundred and fifty souls in all. The missionaries make a point of ministering to these lonely exiles, and in winter one of the Moravians makes a trip by komitick, visiting the settlers, holding a service at each house, and devoting a few hours to instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Perhaps one of the older members of the settler's family will grasp a few rudiments even in this brief time, and will continue the instruction, until, with the missionary's visit from year to year, the family will become a little nucleus of knowledge—a light flickering through the darkness of this dreary land. Often settlers living several days' journey inland will travel all the way to some hut on the coast, in order not to miss the Moravian's visit. It is the only link which binds them to civilization.

These winter trips involve many hardships. The wind sweeps down upon the travelers over this icy desert, the air is thick with snow. On the dogs hurry. The



Drawn by M. J. Burns. Half-tone plate engraved by Peter Aitken

A MISSIONARY'S WINTER TRIP

Burns
1880

driver now leaves all to them. He can barely see the leader through the storm. Suddenly she throws her head high in the air, and with a sweep changes the course in a bold curve shoreward, and in a few minutes lands the komitick at a settler's hut. The smoke, which she had sniffed several miles to leeward, is her guide. Sometimes, however, the sudden scramble for shore will mean a race with death. Then the Eskimo and the missionary will feel the ice moving beneath them, will hear loud reports like the rattling of musketry, and, looking back, will see the ice heaving in great billows, and will reach shore only just in time to escape the break-up, which means certain death to all caught in it.

Often the komitick becomes snowbound far from any settlement. It is then necessary to carve out blocks of snow with the huge knife the Eskimo carries for that purpose, and build a snow-house in which to weather the storm. Provisions are unpacked from the komitick, and, when the simple meal has been prepared, the Moravian, raising his voice above the elements, chants the grace before meat:

"Herr Gott Jesu, sei unser Gast;
Segne was Du uns bescheeret hast!"

("Lord Jesus Christ, our guest now be;
Bless what we have received of Thee!")

and so, through the raging storm, that peace which "passeth all understanding" enters the little snow-hut.

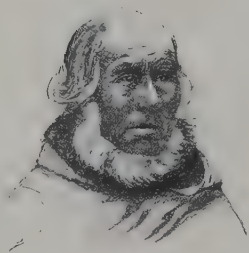
Almost every trip the Labrador mail-boat brings shipwrecked crews to Battle Harbor. She had two when we boarded her, and we picked up another at Turnavik; but for a century and a quarter the mission ships have reached the Labrador stations in safety. Whoever knows the dangerous character of this wreck-strewn coast will be almost persuaded that there has been a Higher Hand than the master's at the wheel. Every summer they weigh anchor in the Thames, to bring news of home and friends to the lonely mission stations. "And so," in the words of the old-time bills of lading, "God send the good ships in safety to their destined port"—down on the Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL'S WORK

Of late years another noble mission has done incalculable good along the coast

of Labrador—in fact, from the "French shore" of Newfoundland to Cape Chidleigh. When I was cruising along this coast, I met a young English physician who, having learned that the Labrador fishermen had no one to depend upon for intelligent help when ill or injured save the physician on the mail-boat during its few trips, had secured a schooner and fitted it up as a hospital ship, sailing in it from place to place, and relieving much suffering both among the floating fishermen and the settlers. I went aboard the schooner, and was much struck with both the enthusiasm and the practical common sense of the originator of this admirable plan of relief in these desolate waters, and with the extreme neatness and system which prevailed on his vessel. The physician was Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose name has been made familiar through Mr Norman Duncan's book, "Dr. Grenfell's Parish," and when I saw him he was laying the foundation of a work which deserves to rank among the most important practical philanthropies of our time.

The establishment now embraces a hospital steamer, the *Strathcona*, two launches, three hospitals on shore, a lumber mill, a series of coöperative stores, an industrial school, and a home for derelict children. The hospitals are at White Bay (on the French shore) and at Battle Harbor and Indian Harbor on the coast of Labrador. Two of these hospitals remain open during the long winter, and afford relief over a long stretch of sparsely settled, ice-bound territory, where previously there was no expert medical or surgical attendance possible in case of sickness or accident. At Dr. Grenfell's suggestion, trails have been blazed for hundreds of miles between settlements, and in winter he and his two assistants travel over these to spots which before his advent were completely isolated and cut off from all aid for months, while along the coasts relief trips are undertaken over the frozen sea on dog-sleds. This active, enthusiastic humanitarian has also been vested with magisterial functions. He settles disputes, smooths over enmities of long standing, officiates at marriages and funerals. No one who is not aware of the desolation which prevails on these lonely shores can form an idea of what his ministrations mean to the fishermen and to the settlers.



PHILIPPUS



LEA



BENIGMA



A SOCIAL LEADER
AT HOPEDALE



JONAS, THE ORGANIST
AT HOPEDALE



KATHARINE AND TITUS



ESKIMO BOY



“THE GLADIATORS”

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN



HEY 'VE come up from the Midlands, taking every thing before them, and they 've got such jolly swelled heads by this time that they think themselves invincible.”

“Who?” said I, dreamily. I was not a footballer, and I happened at the moment—inconsiderately, no doubt—to be thinking of other things.

“Why, these puffed-up Gladiators,” Georgie explained indignantly. “Conceited brutes!”

“Can't you beat them?” I asked.

Georgie stood up, with his back to the fire, and his candid brow wrinkled to a frown.

“That 's the devil of it,” said he, sadly; “we 've no team just now. Craig 's in Germany, at his beastly chemistry, and Cockram 's had his head bashed in. The town 's never had a weaker set of backs, and the forwards—well! Two of 'em funk'd last week against that Yorkshire club. They 're not reliable, Martin, and I can't spread myself all over the field at once. They 'll just wipe the ground with us.”

“You had such a strong team at Christmas,” said I, trying to show a friendly interest I was far from feeling.

Georgie flung himself moodily into a chair and stroked his close-cropped hair.

“We had the Linnet then, you see,” said he, quietly.

“And what 's become of him now?”

His blue eyes clouded.

“Did n't you know? Poor devil went off his chump. His father 's a Manchester

shipper, and he sent the Linnet out to South America to sell rags for his beastly firm. He had fever twice in Ecuador, and then got a touch of sun in Chile. He seemed all right at first, but after a bit he got a nasty kick on the head and began to get dangerous. He laid out a Wesleyan minister at Chester station. The parson had a brown box, and poor Jimmy thought he was the muleteer he had had in the Andes, and accused him of stealing his sample trunks. They locked him up after that.”

“Poor chap!” said I.

“Yes,” said Georgie, sadly. “He was a good sort. We had no end of a time together before he took that cursed trip. There was a football tour in the Midlands—” He stopped to smile to himself, at some utterly disgraceful memory, no doubt. “The last time I saw him,” he said slowly, “he was standing in the High street without his coat,—December, you know, and beastly cold,—asking a policeman to put him on a car for Valparaiso.”

“Is he shut up?” I asked.

Georgie flushed.

“Yes; a beastly shame, too. He 's in a kind of private asylum,—Gaythorpes Hall they call it,—and he got no exercise at all till his father made a fuss. They 've got a covered asphalt tennis-court now, but he was always too much of a sportsman to tootle about at tennis with a lot of girls. Might as well have given him a battledore or a hoop. Martin, that chap was the finest tackler I 've ever seen, and as for his fielding! If he 'd been all right, we could have made a jolly good

stand against these beggars, even if they licked us. As it is—"

He groaned, and words failed him.

"I'd rather cancel the match," said he, earnestly. "After our record! We shall lose by at least thirty points. But the other chaps are as keen as they can be. They've too much blooming self-confidence. 'Fight a good fight for the honor of the town' sort of idea, don't you know. There's too much bally *esprit de corps* about our club, and I can't make 'em realize what a thundering good licking we're going to get."

"That kind of spirit goes a long way toward victory, does n't it?" I asked mildly. "I thought you yourself—"

Georgie moved impatiently.

"My kind's different," said he, quickly. "It's a higher sort. Mine makes me sick to think of the way they're going to wipe the ground with us. There's *esprit de corps* and *esprit de corps*! And I've got the sense to know when we're out-classed. The score will play old Harry with our season's record."

"I see."

"And it'll discourage the new members. There are some very promising chaps coming on for next season, and it damps off beginners like anything to be badly beaten—discourages 'em like old boots. I'd give a good deal to see Jimmy's old mug among us on Saturday."

"Is he too bad to play?" I asked incautiously.

Georgie brought his tilting chair down with a crash, and stared at me.

"By Jove!" said he.

"Of course he is," I cried hastily. "I was n't thinking of what I was saying. Poor boy—it is a pity!"

Georgie's thoughtful look made me uneasy.

"Can't you get any one down to play for you?" I asked, hastily changing the subject. "Why not write to—"

"Do you suppose they guard 'em very carefully in those places," he asked slowly.

"Naturally," said I. "He will be under constant supervision."

"I suppose one could n't get him out by bashing a warder, or chucking a rope-ladder up to his window?" he asked eagerly.

I grew seriously alarmed.

"Georgie, don't think of such an in-

sane thing. If the poor lad is violent, it would be most wrong to attempt to get him out, and grossly unfair to the authorities. Besides, I don't for a minute suppose you could do it. You don't even know that he would come." This again was very unwise of me. I ought to have known better than to dare Georgie to anything.

"Ah," said Georgie, "that's where you slip up. It would be a giddy lark to try, if it was nothing else; and if you think the Linnet would n't jump at the chance of playing in a ripping good match again, you're jolly well mistaken."

"Look here, Georgie—" I began anxiously. But he interrupted me.

"It would be rather a good plan to go and visit him,—just you and me,—and perhaps you could even manage it by exchanging clothes with him. Make up to look sandy, don't you know. You need only stay there till the match was over, and it would n't matter what they said about it afterward. What do you think?"

I was horror-struck.

"I think," said I, firmly, "that your own brain is going, and that you had better join him in his padded cell. That's what I think."

"But just look at it in a reasonable light," murmured he. "People have done much more unpleasant things than that for their countries and relatives and things. Surely you can do a little unselfish thing like this for the credit of the town. A real sportsman would jump at the chance. I'd do it myself if I was n't wanted so badly on the field."

"I dare say," said I, calmly; "and I never pretended to be a sportsman. To begin with, such a disguise would n't deceive an infant. Linwood is a good four inches taller than I am and broad in proportion. His eyes are light, and mine dark. You must be mad."

"You would n't have called it mad if you'd suggested it yourself," said he, shortly. "You don't like any one else to have brilliant ideas. I've noticed that before."

I gasped. When I am away from Georgie, I often wonder why it is that we tolerate his rudeness at all. His personal charm must be pretty strong to make us pass over these candid speeches of his. No one can excuse him on the

ground of not meaning them, for he is essentially single-minded. At the moment Georgie means literally everything he says.

“When you came in,” I said coldly, “I was up to the eyes in a most important chapter of ‘The Lost Columbine.’ If you have nothing more to say, suppose you leave me to it.”

Indeed, all through his discontented talk, I was thinking of that crowning piece of delicate, poetical word-painting. Even as he broke in, the dryad was finding my Columbine crying in the wood over the fallen statue of the little stone Cupid. Half-hidden in the long, dank grass, it had that moment caught her eye. She had taken it to her heart, and the dryad, hearing her sobs, was coming toward her through the beech-trees.

My heart, too, was in the beech-woods, and for Georgie to come blithering about his football woes at such a moment was—oh, infernal. And all my polite attention was to be repaid with insult.

“Get out, Georgie,” said I; “and, for Heaven’s sake, let me do my work!”

“Any one would think you’d be glad to be cheered up, and have your mind taken away from your beastly old book,” he said, as he took himself off.

The next day but one, however, he came again, and this time wildly exultant.

“A determined, strong-willed chap can do anything in the world, if he makes up his mind and goes straight for what he wants.”

“Very often,” said I, mildly. “What have you done?”

“What I meant to do,” said Georgie. “Your discouragement was all I wanted to buck up to the point. There’s nothing like a little cold water to pull one together, if one feels slack, and for the real genuine article, straight from the crystal spring, I’ve only got to come to you. There’s never any reflection for the want of it here.”

“Did you throw a rope-ladder up through the asylum window?” I asked with some interest. “Did you send a note in to him hidden in a loaf of bread? Or a file in the golden heart of a pat of butter? Is he going to tear up the bedclothes and let himself down from the window, or shall you burn the house to the ground

and trust to his escaping in the agitation of the moment and the smoke from the smoldering rafters?”

“Go it,” Georgie tilted back my oak chair (a habit I loathe), and lighted a pipe. He had taken a dislike to cigarettes lately, and pipes had come in for him as his elaborate waistcoats went out. “When you’ve finished scintillating, I’ll tell you all about it. You’re too funny to live this morning.”

“What have you done?” I asked meekly. I could see Drusilla through the window, putting Matthew Arnold, all scarlet cloth and brown fur, into the mail-cart, and I wanted to go out with them and see if the frost was likely to hold. I did not share Georgie’s anxiety as to the fitness of the ground. “What have you done?” I asked.

“Yesterday,” Georgie said, “I went to Gaythorpes to see the Linnet. I got a pass from his father and went boldly in to see him. He’s as sane as I am.”

“Impossible,” said I, gravely.

“You need n’t hint things.” He flushed. “He’s as sane as you, if you like it better, and he’s simply dying for a game. His piffing asphalt tennis and badminton have kept him in form lately, and he thinks he’s in a convalescent home for his liver. He says most of the other chaps are inebriates—see things, don’t you know; and his fancying that was the only queer thing about him. The doctor’s a jolly, hearty old beggar, and the assistant is quite a decent chap. He’s the man who keeps up the athletics in the place, and he played for Guy’s when he was walking the hospitals. He’s no end of a sportsman. It’s a fine old place, kept up just like an ordinary country house, and they’ve a ripping little stage in the recreation-room. I don’t believe the poor devils have half a bad time. I did n’t care for the matron—thought she had shifty eyes, don’t you know; but I don’t suppose that’s her fault. It must be awfully difficult to look straightforward when you’re always on the watch and expecting the patients to give you the slip.

“Linwood looked splendidly well. He seemed as jolly as anything. The first thing he did was to ask me about the club. Wanted to know who was playing center now, and I told him we’d never

had a man who was worth his salt since *he* went away. He *was* pleased. I was jolly glad I 'd gone when I saw how it cheered him up to know what a lot of rotters we 'd had for backs lately."

"Too much blooming esprit de corps," I repeated dreamily.

Georgie flushed.

"Poor chap, you can't expect him to be sorry he 's missed," said he; "he 's only human, after all. And we shall never have a center three-quarter in the town to touch him. I told him about the Gladiators, and you should have seen his eyes blaze. He said he 'd give everything he 'd got to come over for the afternoon and help us to give them beans."

"Poor lad!" said I, compassionately. "I wonder if he will ever be quite well again."

"He 's well now," Georgie said doggedly. "And even if he is n't, I 've a theory about him."

"Well?" said I, doubtfully, for I had little faith in Georgie's theories.

"You know they said that it was a kick on the head which turned him silly in the first place, and it seems to me that if he had the luck to play in a match and get kicked again in the same place, it might make him quite well again. What do you think?"

"I think it 's a wild improbability," said I, slowly.

"Well," Georgie went on, "it was the junior doctor who was with us when we were talking, and he got quite keen about the match. He said he would persuade the head doctor to let him bring the Linnet over on Saturday, and that if everything—his health and so on—seemed favorable, he would let him play. He said he felt quite strongly how much the honor of the town was at stake; said that he knew one of the Gladiators personally—a blithering ass who was at Guy's with him, and he thought nothing would ever give him such pure, unadulterated pleasure as to see the starch thoroughly taken out of *him*. He 's no end of a sportsman."

"He must be," I said meekly. "Of course he knows his business, but it seems to me a bit risky. "Suppose Linwood gets one of his violent fits on the ground? Suppose—"

"Oh, you 're an old woman," Georgie went home in disgust.

I could n't help feeling that under the circumstances Linwood was more likely to lose the game for them than to win it, but I went wisely back to my "Lost Columbine" and forgot him.

ON Sunday morning, when Drusilla was in church and I was left alone with Matthew Arnold rampant and much starched on my Vicuna rug, Georgie plunged in, and at the sight of his face I remembered the match and guessed the result.

"Come here, old Muffin-face." He picked the boy up, and collapsed with him into the most comfortable chair in the room.

"You 've come to tell me all about it," I said patiently. Indeed, I was really pleased to see him then, and to feel that the responsibility of Matthew Arnold would now be divided. "Did the Gladiators turn up?" I asked in a tone of friendly interest.

Georgie carefully took his pocket-knife away from his young friend and laughed.

"I should think they jolly well did," said he. "My hat! Martin, you should have seen 'em stripped. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh on one of 'em. They *were* a hefty lot. Directly I saw 'em, I guessed we should have a sultry time. And we did."

"Linwood did n't turn up, of course?" said I.

Georgie laughed.

"That 's where you slip up," said he, quietly.

"What! was he there?" I really was surprised.

"He was very much there. The doctor was there, too. He *is* a decent chap. Said he 'd brought his bag with him in case any of our fellows cried off. Said he wanted to meet Gummery on the field of battle once more, for the sake of old times. Gummery was the Guy's man, and he was playing full-back for the visitors. He was the leanest beggar I ever saw, and directly the Linnet came into the pavilion he edged up to him and began to talk. The poor devil seemed to fascinate him, and I 'm sure I don't know why, for he looked just like any one else. Kept on asking him rotten questions. You 'd have thought he was madder than Linwood. I tried to keep him off, but it

was no go. And then the Linnet began to get angry and lie to him. I'd have done the same myself. Beastly cheek! Fancy asking a chap when he was dressing for an important match if he was fond of music!"

Georgie ruffled Matthew Arnold's hair indignantly. I laughed.

"I should think it was unusual," said I. "How did Linwood take it?"

Georgie smiled.

"Played up like a good un. Said he was—passionately, and told him the triangle was his favorite instrument. You'd have thought that would shut him up; but the fool went on, and asked him next what he did to keep so fit. The Linnet eyed him over, and his eyes began to glitter. Then he told him a whole lot of utter rot. Said he lived the simple life, and went out at three every morning for a dew-bath. Said he made a point of eating nothing but grape nuts and bananas, and that he always wore sandals and celluloid shirts in warm weather. Gummery was quiet then for a bit, but I could see he kept on watching. I never was in such a state of horrible suspense in my life. I can tell you I was jolly glad when we got out of the pavilion on to the field."

"About the match," said I, gently urging him to the point.

"It was a curious game." Georgie chuckled at the memory. "But the anxiety was so awful that I could n't enjoy it. We won the toss, and played with a slight wind. The Gladiators had a big Cambridge forward, and he led off with a fine kick right over to Linwood. It was like my luck. He mulled the catch, and let the beastly ball bounce from his chest bang on to the toes of their pack. It was awful. I dived for it, but I knew at once that I'd misjudged the distance. Their forwards got there before me—kicked it past me, and were arguing about who'd scored the try before I knew where I was.

"Our captain—Rogers, you know—looked at that wretched Linnet; but I'm glad to think he did n't say what he was going to when he saw the agony in the poor chap's face. They had scored right under the post! And as if that was n't bad enough, Linwood charged at the ball before it touched the ground for the place

kick. I suppose he was trying to make up for his first mistake, but I wish he'd left it alone, because they appealed for 'no charge' then, got it, and Ernhill, the big forward, kicked a goal. We were five points down after one minute's play. Looked healthy for us, did n't it?"

"It did, rather," said I, pulling myself together. I had followed his account with some difficulty.

"Well, we kicked off, and things were pretty even till half-time. There was no more scoring. Linwood did n't make any serious blunders, but he was as nervous as a hen, and his one idea was to get rid of the ball as soon as he got it. Our chaps were in the secret, of course, and most of 'em pretty anxious about him, though they had n't the responsibility I had. I was watching him when I ought to have been thinking of the game, and all at once I noticed that his eyes were getting wilder. The Gladiators began to suspect that there was something queer about him. One of their halves was a giddy humorist. I saw him touch his head and say, 'Give me a ha'penny; I'm soft.' I was wild. I told him if he'd come round afterward and remind me, I'd punch his silly head for him."

"And did he?" I asked, with interest.

"Yes," said Georgie, earnestly. "And I did it, too. He was too funny to live. There won't be so much sparkling wit sticking out all over him in his next match."

"I can well believe it," said I. "Go on with your story. What happened in the second half?"

"A good deal," said Georgie, thoughtfully. "It started much the same as the first, though only this time it was the return from our kick off that Linwood mulled. I can tell you, I did wish then that I'd never thought of putting him on. I was in a blue funk the whole time. But I need n't have worried. He recovered himself finely—made a ripping save by chucking himself on the ball at their feet, just as it was on our line."

"That was first rate," said I, encouragingly, though I knew no more than Adam what had happened. "I am glad the poor lad did something decent."

"It was n't so jolly decent for him," Georgie said gloomily. "He got a beastly kick on the head for his trouble. Sort of

thing you might expect from those rotten Gladiators."

"Was it very serious?" I asked.

His face fell still lower.

"I should think it jolly well was. It was so serious that it sent him stark, starting off his chump. I saw that at once, and tried to coax him off the field quietly. The other chaps would n't have known anything more than that he 'd had a bad cut."

"He would n't go, then?"

"Go? Not he. He looked me up and down and smiled. Sort of smile that makes you feel cold water down your back, and then he said something absurd about 'the cold gray dawn of the morning after.' I knew he could n't make more of a fool of himself than he had done, so I said no more and let it rip. There was a scrum the next minute on our line, and our forwards got possession and heeled it out—against instructions, of course. Our half, Powell, was picking up the ball when the Linnet rushed up, bashed him in the jaw with the flat of his hand, seized the ball, handed off the visitors' half in his old festive way, feinted to pass to his wing, doubled in, beating the center, was threatened by their fullback, and then passed to Wood, his wing man. My hat!" He stopped for breath.

"Well?" said I, concealing gracefully how very Greek this all was to me.

"Well, you know what Wood is. He can do his hundred yards in a fifth of a second outside even time, and none of the Gladiators could touch him. He had a clear run in of three quarters the length of the field and scored under the posts. I simply could n't help kicking the goal after that; but those beggars scored far out from a forward rush and made the score eight points to our five."

I felt that I could n't bear much more of this.

"Georgie," said I, "suppose you cut the technicalities and tell me what happened."

Georgie glanced at me contemptuously. "You're not much of a sportsman," said he. "I hope you 'll bring this poor little chap up to be more manly in his tastes. Why did you pretend that you were so interested if you were n't?"

"Go on about the Linnet," said I, wearily.

Georgie laughed.

"You should have seen him," said he. "He played like a man possessed after that. Ran regularly Berserk, don't you know. He could n't do wrong. His tackling and kicking were a dream, but somehow we could n't score. Time after time our men were held up on the line. I was in a fever because time was nearly up, when from a scrum just in their half Powell got possession and passed to Linwood. I thought he 'd try to break through again, but he did n't. He had a wild drop at goal, and the ball just dropped over the bar. It was an awful moment for us, but it did the trick."

"Why?" said I, innocently.

"Put us a point ahead." Georgie eyed me compassionately. "Linwood gave a howl when he saw what he 'd done, and rushed off to the pavilion. He 'd won the match for us, that's all. There was no more scoring after that. By Jove, I am glad to think we got the better of those Gladiators! It's taken 'em down a peg, I can tell you. They 'll sing a jolly sight smaller for their next few matches, I 'll bet my boots. I only wish I dared tell 'em they 'd been beaten by a lunatic. But I should n't be surprised, now I come to think of it, if they guessed. There was that ass Gummery."

"How did you find the Linnet when you went to dress?" I asked with some curiosity.

Georgie's face fell.

"We did n't find him. When we reached the pavilion we could n't get in. Chap held the door with benches and tables and things. We heard a rustling and clinking and scuffling and some one breathing hard inside, but we could n't get in. We were afraid of smashing the door at first, but after a bit we got mad and went for it. It gave quite suddenly, and Gummery went in head first and nearly broke his silly neck over my bag. You 'd have laughed if you 'd seen that dressing-room, Martin." He chuckled at the memory.

"What was he doing?" said I.

Georgie laughed.

"He was n't doing anything. He was n't there. But he 'd left us something to remember him by before he went."



Drawn by C. F. Underwood. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"HE 'D TURNED OUT OUR POCKETS"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, he 'd had a giddy little game of Tom Tiddler's Ground," Georgie said. "You never saw such a mess. He 'd turned out our pockets, piled all our watches in a heap in the middle of the floor, strewed the money in a tasty circle round 'em, stuck the scarf-pins in a chunk of soap, and chucked the match-boxes and cigarette-cases into Gummery's bag. He 'd left his own clothes as a legacy, but he 'd not gone without. He 'd borrowed a vest from one chap, trousers from another, and socks from me. He 'd taken a new tweed suit from some one else, and the two teams spent a couple of happy hours sorting their jewelry with sulphurous language, and shivering with cold. The worst of it is, that those cursed Gladiators can't find all their precious heir-looms, and I shall have to make it good. In common decency I must do that. But I don't believe the Linnet 's a kleptomaniac, anyhow."

"What had become of the Linnet?" I asked again.

Georgie looked uneasy.

"The window at the back was open," he said. "I hope to goodness he is n't any worse for the game. I went out while they were grabbing at their paltry property and looked about for him. The groundsman came up to me at last. Silly fool! 'It 's not my fault, sir.' " Georgie was an admirable mimic. "'He bounced out o' that there little winder as hagile and hactive as a leapin' roe. I could n't 'a' stopped 'im. You could n't 'a' stopped 'im. No one livin' could n't 'a' stopped 'im. Not Sandow could n't, nor Hackenschmidt, neither. I could n't 'elp—' "

"I told him to stop jawing," Georgie finished, "and asked him where he was now. Chap sniggered and said: 'Is friends 'as been an' took 'im home, sir.' "

"And had they?" I asked.

Georgie sighed.

"Yes. The doctor and a warder chap were waiting and caught him on the rebound, as it were. I think, on the whole, it was time."

"It does rather seem to have been," said I, thoughtfully.



LEAVE-TAKING OF A HAPPY DAY

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

FRAIL as are the wings that grace
Thistledown or butterfly,
Frail as mist of artful lace
Beauty wore in time gone by,
(Hardly to be fingered) lo,
Joy-in-Life is even so.
Stay it never: bid it go,
Ere it wholly die.

Over the far stile of death,
Past the ferry gleaming nigh,
Every sweet that wandereth
Would be sped without a sigh,
Sped in peace from me and you.
To things lovely love is due:
Well shall we, if we be true,
Aid them all to die.

Wild brook 'neath the parting sun,
Trellis-roses of the sky,
Pure accord of hearts in one,
Take a blessing; take Good-by.
Glories to Thy glory pass,
Lord of spirits and of grass!
Triune Life which ever was,
Drink them as they die!

A RELIGION NEARLY THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD

THE SO-CALLED PERSIAN FIRE-WORSHIPERS OF YEZD


BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

PROFESSOR OF INDO-IRANIAN LANGUAGES, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Author of "Zoroaster" and of "Persia, Past and Present"

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

[In a recent number of the *THE CENTURY* (September, 1904,) was described the present condition of an ancient and little known church, the Coptic. In the following article, a religion nearly a thousand years older than Christianity and a religious communion some fifteen hundred years more ancient than the Coptic monasteries are described by Prof. Jackson of Columbia, whose enthusiastic Oriental studies have carried him among strange peoples in distant and out-of-the-way places of the earth.—EDITOR.]

HE Persian city of Yezd, situated amid a sea of sand that threatens ever to engulf it, is a symbolic home for the small band of Zoroastrians who survived the tidal wave of Moslem invasion and conversion that swept over Iran twelve hundred years ago. Menaced by Mohammedan persecution, often in danger from the storms of fanaticism surging about them, buoyed up by the hope characteristic of their faith, this isolated religious community has managed to keep alive the sacred flame of Ormazd and preserve their worship according to the ancient creed of Persia, the faith that prevailed prior to the rise of Islam.

When the Arab hosts unfurled the green banner and swept over Persia with cry of Allah, shout of Mohammed, proclamation of the Koran, fire, sword, slaughter, banishment, or enforced conversion, a mighty change came over the land. The battlegrounds of Kadisiya and Nihavand decided not Iran's fate alone, but Iran's faith. The great god Ahura Mazda, his priest Zarathushtra, or Zoro-

aster, and the sacred book of the Avesta, almost ceased to be. The temple consecrated to fire became a sacrifice to its own flames, and the faint echo of the dying Magian's voice was drowned by the call of the Mullah to pray in the new minaretted mosque.

The Moslem creed, in a way, was easy for Persia to accept. Mohammed himself had adopted articles from the old Zoroastrian faith to unite with Jewish and Christian tenets in making up his religion. Under the influence of force or show of reason the Persian could be led to exchange Ormazd for Allah, to acknowledge Mohammed as the true prophet of latter days instead of Zoroaster, and to pray from the Koran as the inspired word of God that supplanted the Avesta. The conqueror's sword inscribed with holy texts in arabesques contributed its share, no doubt, to making all this possible. But many a stubborn Gabar refused to give up his belief and sealed his faith with his blood. A few sought safety through exile in India and became the ancestors of the modern Parsis of Bombay. The scanty

remnant that escaped the perils of the times, saved by the shelter of mountain retreat or desert wild, lived on to tell the tale and join with their Parsi brethren in bearing witness in after ages to this once powerful faith.

Zoroaster, the prophet of ancient Iran arose about the middle of the seventh century before Christ as a reformer of the older creed of Persia, a primitive form of nature worship which had become debased through corruption and crass superstition. His birthplace is believed to have been in the province of Azarbaijan, to the west of the Caspian Sea, a region abounding in volcanic mountains, hot springs, naphtha wells, and other igneous phenomena. By inheritance he was a member of the sacerdotal tribe of the Magi and by calling, a forerunner of the Wise Men from the East who worshiped centuries later at the cradle in Bethlehem. Inspired by ecstatic visions of heaven and warned by prophetic signs of the terrors of hell, he came to teach his people the ethical meaning of the conflict between good and evil under the form of Ormazd and Ahriman as god and

and industry together with those of bodily cleanliness and the observance of certain rites and ceremonies in their daily life. His death is thought to have occurred at Balkh in eastern Iran about 583 B. C. during the religious war between Iran and Turan which was called forth by his teaching.



A YOUNG ZOROASTRIAN, SON OF THE
HEAD OF THE ZOROASTRIAN
COMMUNITY AT YEZD

Zoroaster's creed became the religion of an Eastern world-empire. The law of the Medes and Persians, which knew no change, molded the history of the early kingdom of Iran and the same decrees prevailed in Bactria. It was by Ormazd's will that the sovereign rulers of these lands held sway, kings by divine right. Cyrus the Great is called the Lord's "anointed" and his "shepherd" even in the Bible, and "King by the grace of Auramazda" was Darius's own proud claim. The inscriptions and the Avesta alike exalt the sacred majesty of the king. But many of those who once were kings of Zoroaster's line are now known only by name. Persia is Mohammedan, the Persians are Mussulmans by faith, and Islam has blotted out much of the ancient history and creed. The Zoroastrians of Persia,

stigmatized as Gabars, number not more than ten thousand souls. Yezd is the home of about eight thousand of these. Kirman, a smaller city to the southeast, claims about two thousand more. Teheran, the capital, near where Zoroaster's mother is said to have been born, has less than three hundred. Shiraz numbers not fifty of the ancient belief, Isfahan a half dozen, and some of the minor towns

can each add three or four more to make up the talesman's count. Frowned upon as "Fire-worshippers," which they really are not, despised or persecuted as infidels, surrounded by business restrictions and social disabilities, these "Jews of the East," as they are sometimes called, maintain their lives at high cost. And yet they possess admirable qualities and it is these characteristics that have preserved their religion from being utterly effaced. Through ages of misfortune and distress they have remained true to it and by their sterling traits of truth, uprightness, generosity, and devotion, they still exemplify what was best in it.

In 1901 I had visited the Indian Zoroastrians, the Parsis, chiefly of Bombay, a prosperous community under English rule. They have almost forgotten the years of oppression that drove them from Persia nearly twelve centuries ago. They have, it is true, passed through vicissitudes and trials at different times in their Indian adopted home. But these times also are now gone by. Peaceful conditions have made them flourish, and they number to-day nearly ninety thousand. With the charity that belongs to their faith they are doing a great deal to alleviate the condition of their less fortunate coreligionists in Persia. During my stay among them three years ago I had excellent facilities accorded me for studying their religion, life, manners, customs, and ceremonial observances, and for comparing these with their conditions in ancient times as may be gathered from their sacred books or preserved by tradition and history. In 1903 I made a second journey to the East, going this time to Iran to observe the scanty residue of the Zoroastrians in their native home. In the cities of Persia above mentioned I spent considerable time among the followers of Zardusht, as they call Zoroaster, and I present here some of my observations made at Yezd regarding these "Fire-worshippers," who, like their Parsi brethren, repudiate that title as a misnomer and claim that Christians might as well be called Cross-worshippers because they venerate the cross as the symbol of their faith.

From Shiraz, the home of the Persian poets, where I had been among the Zoroastrians, I set out for Yezd. Ordinarily

the journey takes ten days, but by use of whip and spur and reducing the time of sleep at night to three or four hours, with cat-naps at stolen moments on the road by day, I was able to accomplish the distance in half the time. Five days and a quarter was the actual interval occupied. The Persian governor of Shiraz had given orders that I should be furnished with guards for my protection, when it seemed advisable, and the Director General of the Persian Post, a Belgian gentleman, had written a letter authorizing me to secure horses or other means of transport wherever they could be found. I had previously, moreover, taken the precaution on the journey southward from Isfahan to pave the way with silver, as I knew that three days of my return trip would be over the same route. The investment was costly but was worth making, for it quickened the speed of the post-horses and hastened the movements of the men at the halting-places, and haste is a rare thing in Persia, where everything goes slowly except money. The arrangements having been duly made, I set out from Shiraz shortly before noon on the sixth of May.

Casting a long farewell look back at the fair city which Hafiz and Sadi have immortalized in song, I started northward. I retraced my route first to the magnificent ruins of the imperial platform at Persepolis with its fallen palaces, its crumbled halls, and its burned library that once housed priceless literary treasures, among them an archetype copy of Zoroaster's Avesta. The sight of the desolate terrace by moonlight was picturesque in the extreme. I stopped on the morrow to examine once more the ancient altar of the Magian priests, carved in the living stone, and to study the rock-hewn sculptures of the early Persian kings at Naksh-i Rostam. Part of the afternoon was spent at the tomb of Cyrus the Great, near Murghab, some forty miles beyond. Twelve hours in the saddle on the following day brought me to Khan-i Khorah, where the trail at last struck eastward toward Yezd.

The hamlet itself was a lonesome place, but the evening passed quickly with company. The chief man of the village paid me a visit and requested me to give him some remedy for the toothache, from



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

MINISTERING PRIESTS IN THE FIRE TEMPLE AT YEZD

The one with the white cloth placed over the mouth has just come from the presence of the sacred fire, before which a veil must always be worn over the mouth and nose

which his wife was suffering. I prescribed as best I could, but soon discovered that he himself was the pseudo-patient and that his aim was to secure, if possible, some arrack and tobacco. I had a cigarette or two left in my case and I duly added these to the medicinal remedy, but the spirituous part of the prescription I left out, probably to my visitor's regret. But I hope that he or his presumably suffering wife benefited by the treatment prescribed.

Persian nights are short when one is trying to make time. It was necessary to rise long before three o'clock if the start should be made from the caravan-sarai by daylight. In fact I saw more sunrises in Persia and India than I ever expect to see again in all my life. Dark-

ness was melting into dawn when I found myself again in the saddle, with a cavalcade of five horses and three footguards to accompany me over the barrier of hills that shut off the sandy desert. For part of the day the mountain scenery was superb. Steep ascents, deep ravines, narrow gorges, and wild passes, succeeded each other in great variety. A fine spring, whose cool waters pulsed up with crystal clearness from the foot of a rocky height gave one welcome excuse for halting to refresh the tired horses and men before reaching the plain. The hilly barrier was at last left behind, and we entered upon the arid tract marked on the maps as the Sandy Desert. Part of the guards were now dismissed as no longer needed, for Persian highwaymen work chiefly in the

mountain passes. The sandy waste now stretched almost as far as the eye could reach, broken only by the oasis of Abarguh, the halting place for the night.

Abarguh is evidently a town of great antiquity, and archæological researches in the vicinity would no doubt repay the Zoroastrian student. On the right of the road approaching from the southwest there rises a large fortress-like structure called Dakhmah-i Darab, after the name of the last Archæmenian king, Darius Codomanus, whom Alexander overthrew. Upon an elevation on the left is the Dakhmah-i Gabrah, or Gabar structure, built of mud and sun-dried bricks and closely resembling the fire shrine of the Atash Kadah near Isfahan. Adjoining it stands another building, evidently an old temple, but this, like the shrine, is only a crumbling ruin. The word dakhmah applied to this pile and to the Darius ruin is not to be confused with a Tower of Silence, as Dakhmah is employed here as in Turkish to denote a structure in general.

The Raïs, or head-man of the town, was extremely obliging—thanks also to the Persian letter from the Director of the Post. Horses, it is true, could not be obtained, but four mules were provided to make up my caravan for crossing the desert, and arrangements were made for a start soon after midnight. The quiet town was still wrapt in slumber when we finally got under way. The morn flooded the Oriental sky with a soft light. The nightingale sang out from the tamarisk bush and slowly we moved into the desert as the sun brushed aside the silvery veil of night. From this point for fifty miles, fourteen *farsakhs*, or nearly as many hours, the track led straight across the desert, marked only by footprints of caravans in the snow-white sand and by skeletons of beasts of burden that had fallen by the way.

Each breeze swept a whirlwind of sand off into the distance to perish in the desert that gave it birth, and mirage after mirage arose to surprise the eye or relieve the tedium of the march by giving play to the fancy. Sometimes the trail forked for a mile or two, but the paths always united again, forging onward toward the oasis town of Deh-Shir.

The guides and mules all knew the direction well, and the beasts, though unruly, were not so uncomfortable to ride as I had presumed before the test. The pack-mule every now and then became fractious and insisted on bolting from the track; and once my own mule, who was always a leader in any revolt movement, came near fracturing my skull. We had halted in ankle-deep sand and, as I started to remount, the badly girt saddle slipped and I was thrown beneath the animal's heels, with my foot caught in the stirrup. A shower of kicks, such as are only seen in comic pictures of mules on the Mississippi, filled the air. Though dragged, torn, and bruised, I managed to shield my head till the vicious beast could be subdued and order restored.

The sun was well on its way in the western sky as the long march of thirteen hours without a drop of water was ended at Deh-Shir. The lord of the town extended a kindly welcome and provided a hearty meal served by Persian attendants and a black eunuch. I felt quite like a Persian among Persians, for my face was so tanned that my host said it looked almost as dark as his own. As to intelligence, the head-man of this district seemed to be fairly well informed on local matters, but knew little beyond his own narrow horizon. Several times in conversation he expressed a doubt whether any land could be half as beautiful as Iran, and as for America the best explanation I could give



BRANCH OF THE SACRED HŌM PLANT
USED BY THE ZOROASTRIANS IN
THEIR RITUAL SINCE TIME IM-
MEMORIAL. IT MAY BE THE
BRANCH ALLUDED TO IN
THE VISION OF EZEK-
IEL. viii : 17



Drawn by Jay Hamblidge. See note on the opposite page. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE KING OFFERS SACRIFICE TO ORMAZD

for his comprehension was that I came from a fair country many thousand *farsakhs* away by a journey including more than a week's sail over the dark water. He seemed at last to grasp the idea. The land was Yankee Doonya (Pers. *yank d ny*) which means literally "New World" and has nothing to do with Yankee Doodle, despite the strange similarity of the sound. I was sorry not to have any American cigars to offer him as a sample of our tobacco and as an act of courtesy, but I tried to return his hospitality in other ways.

When I took my leave and asked him about the road beyond his town he said that it was safe; there had been bandits there recently but he had had the last attended to about a fortnight before. This closing statement was accompanied by a significant gesture with his hand like a knife across the throat, indicating the fate of the wretched thieves. But to make assurance of my safety doubly sure, he decided to give me a guide and guard and in Persian style he himself accompanied me some distance beyond the village. Meanwhile my caravan leader had stopped to make a long-winded bargain about some sheep which he wanted to purchase on the homeward way, and I had to give him a sharp reprimand for the delay his procedure caused me. He learned better as time went on.

That night we had some four hours' sleep in Deh-Zeresh, a pretty hamlet amid wild jagged mountain rocks, and long before daylight we pushed forward over the Shir Kuh hills to Aliabad, where rest and a half hour's breakfast of raw eggs were taken. We had not proceeded far on the road before one of the little donkeys, which had taken the place of a pack-mule, had a cruel fall and cut its chest in a most painful manner. I did my best to have the muleteer send the creature back or provide another, but the thought of the poor beast's suffering, or the idea of a

society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, never entered the man's mind. He seemed amused at my tender-heartedness, and I had simply to pocket my sympathy and pay him well to have the beast treated when we reached Yezd.

Signs of civilization and prosperity now began to grow more frequent, and an hour after noon we were in the comfortable town of Taft, a suburb of Yezd and the abode of a number of Zoroastrians. There was time only to wait to have one of the mules shod. This gave my muleteer and guides a moment's rest. They had walked forty miles a day without apparent fatigue, for when called upon for speed they could set off at a sharp pace that would have delighted a prize sprinter. These men seem to keep up the tradition of the ancient Persian couriers. European friends residing in Persia told me remarkable stories of the swiftness and endurance of these desert runners. The remainder of the day was occupied in reaching Yezd, our final destination.

As so often happens in Persia, the clearness of the air allows the city to be seen for hours before it is reached, and Yezd gave a welcome relief to the eye after the wearisome waste of sands. Though historic, the city itself can lay no claim to beauty. One rides for hours through narrow winding streets without a glimpse of anything save the backs of the houses, walls of clay, some high wind-towers used for purposes of ventilation, and the streak of sky above, which blazes with the approach of summer.

I inquired at once, as I entered the town, for Dinyar Bahram, the Kalantar or head of the Zoroastrian community, which numbers about 8500 in Yezd and the vicinity. It took some time to find the quarter in which he lived, and for two hours the tired mules and leader of my caravan threaded the dusty, crooked lanes, through closing bazaars and across

THE illustration on the opposite page, for which I have to thank Mr. Jay Hambidge, has been made with especial regard to archaeological accuracy. The details are taken largely from the Old Persian sculptures at Persepolis, Susa and Behistun, supplemented by material from the Avesta and other ancient writings. The figure floating in the sky represents the god Auramazda, girt with the wings of divinity and circle of eternity and holding in his hand the ring of sovereignty. The priest serving at the Fire Altar, which is still to be seen on the rocks at Nakshi Rostam, wears the veil *paitidāna* before his lips as he chants the invocation. The king with his army has ridden across from the palace at Persepolis, six miles distant. The groom Ebareh holds his favorite horse. The soldiers stand in an attitude of devotion while the king proclaims his faith and offers worship to the god to whom he ascribes all good.

camel-filled squares, till we reached the Kalantar's house just as the sun was going down. The dwelling was unpretentious on the outside, as all Persian houses are. Several servants answered the summons of my man, and when they had announced the arrival of a *Firangi* I was ushered into a large oblong room carpeted with fine Persian rugs. The walls were left almost plain, and the furnishing, as in many Oriental dwellings, was confined chiefly to divans and cushions; but on one side there were chairs and a table made after European models and arranged in Occidental style. The front of the room seemed almost open to the air because of the broad doorways and deep windows running from floor to ceiling and looking out on a covered veranda and a court which enclosed a pretty Persian garden with rows of potted plants. A few minutes later my Gabar host entered the room.

He was a man somewhat over fifty years of age with a roundish face and grizzled beard, and was dressed in a robe of grayish cloth with a large white cotton sash about his waist. Upon his head he wore the low rolled turban characteristic of the Persian Zoroastrians. I had seen the same style of headgear worn by an Iranian priest from Kirman when I was in Bombay. With genuine courtesy and manifest cordiality my host extended a welcome, and turned aside with a light touch my apologies for my dusty appearance and for entering his room wearing riding-leggins,—as one often has to do in Persia. In the best *Frs* phrases that I could command I explained the purpose of my visit. In Eastern fashion he immediately placed his house and his all at my disposal, and this was not an empty phrase of courtesy, as I found; but I could not accept the generous invitation to lodge under his roof because I had already promised to be the guest of some English missionaries.

As soon as the Kalantar learned my reason for coming to Yezd, he sent for a member of the community named Khodabakhsh Bahram Raïs, known as "Master," who had studied in Bombay and spoke English fluently. The style of dress of this scholar was similar to the Kalantar's, even to the waistband and turban, and his features were of the same general

cast, although somewhat sharper. The nose, as in the case of all the Persian Zoroastrians that I met, was rather prominent, but well-shaped. In manner he was modest and courtly. When I had finished by brief statement as to the purpose of my visit, he turned with an Eastern grace and elegance and courteously inquired who the stranger might be that felt so deep an interest in the history and religion of his people. His face lighted up as he recognized the name he had heard from mutual friends in Bombay, where my Zoroastrian interests were known. He had a few moments' hurried consultation with the Kalantar, and arrangements were at once made for a conference on the morrow with the High Priest and the spiritual and secular leaders of the Zoroastrian community. The time for the meeting was set in Persian fashion at so many hours "after sunrise." Gifts of flowers were now presented to me as a sign of welcome, and the hospitality of supper in Zoroastrian style was extended.

At this meal the host himself declined to take a seat at the table, but moved about, now standing at the door, again withdrawing to give an order, or re-entering to see if anything was needed. He explained that this was regarded among his people as the true manner of hospitality in olden times, for the master of the house was supposed to be ever ready to serve his guests in person, and he thought that I would best like to have the time-honored custom observed. There were courses of broth, lamb, vegetables, three or four dishes characteristic of Yezd, sweetmeats, tea, and some mild wine, such as was produced in the "house of the Magian" in the days of Hafiz. The variety of the viands was perhaps ancient Median rather than Persian, if we may believe the description in Xenophon's Greek romance of the many dishes which Astyages set before his grandson Cyrus. To converse while eating, I knew, was contrary to the Avestan code, but I preferred not to observe this prescription, even in the house of a Zoroastrian, as I wished to use every possible moment in gaining information about the interesting people among whom I was. We talked about matters of home life, the number of the community at Yezd and Kirman,

their condition and environment, their relations with one another and with India, until the time arrived for me to take my leave for the night, which I did with a promise to return betimes on the morrow. An Anglo-Saxon greeting from friends in the English Mission succeeded this Oriental hospitality.

The following morning I arrived at an early hour at the house of my Zoroastrian host. A rare experience awaited me. The Anjuman, or synod of leading men in the Gabar community, was assembled. There were about eighteen present. The Dasturan-i Dastur, or Chief Priest, happened to be absent in India at the time, but his father-in-law Tir Andaz, the Acting High Priest, was in Yezd and came in a moment late. He was tall and handsome, and was dressed in robes of pure white. On his head was a brownish turban, and his flowing beard of snow lent the dignity of age to his kindly face. His eyes, full of intelligence, had the gleam of youth and were in keeping with his manly frame, erect bearing, and clear voice. The formal reception in Oriental manner now began.

Settees and chairs in a hall opening on the garden were arranged in the form of a widespread V. The whole manner of procedure seemed like the description we have in the Zartusht Namah of the occasion when Zoroaster first appeared before King Vishtaspa, who afterwards became his powerful patron. It reminded me also of the arrangement of places in the sacred council of Ormazd as described in the old Iranian Bundahishn. I have been told also that the Talmud somewhere speaks of this as the Parsi manner of sitting at meals, as opposed to the Jewish. I was formally conducted to a seat at the apex of the V. My host took the place on the right, the High Priest sat on the left; the rest were arranged in order of priority. When all were seated there was a moment's pause. Then those sitting on the right turned toward me and made a solemn bow, to which I responded; the same salutation was formally repeated on the left. A servant next entered with a tray of confectionery, a ewer of rose-water, and a hand mirror. I was familiar with the first two from the hospitality of the Parsis in India, but the latter I had not seen used before, al-

though I was told it was an old Zardustian custom in receiving a guest. My momentary embarrassment was relieved when the mirror was handed to the High Priest. He looked gravely into it, slowly stroked his white beard, on which he poured a few drops of rose-water, and then with perfect dignity passed the glass on to the next, who did likewise, and so did the others. With the sugar candy I was familiar from my Bombay experiences, and the Zoroastrians of Yezd are renowned for their bonbons. This confectionery proved very refreshing and served to satisfy that craving for sweets which is felt by travelers in hot and dry climates. Meanwhile a number of the company regaled themselves with snuff, for there seemed to be no objection to using tobacco as a stimulant, provided it was not smoked, as that would defile the sacred element of fire.

The formalities finished, the real conference began, and for three or more hours I asked and answered questions relating to Zoroaster and his faith and concerning the condition of his followers in Persia. In the first place two manuscripts and some fragments were shown to me. One of these codices was a fine large copy of the Vendidad Sadah or Zoroastrian Pentateuch, the other was the Yasna or book of ceremonial worship. The Vendidad Sadah copy was much the older of the two and was stated by my Zoroastrian friend and interpreter to be about three hundred years old. The Yasna manuscript belonged to the middle of the last century. The fragments were a good transcript of the Vishtasp Yasht, devoted to praises of Zoroaster's patron. These were all the texts that could be produced at the moment, and the most intelligent members of the assembly stated that the best manuscripts had been sent to India for safety or for use, and they feared that the chances of obtaining hitherto unknown codices were growing yearly less. I urged the more influential representatives, however, to keep the matter in mind and to make a careful search, especially among the older families, who might perchance have texts that had not found their way to India. I afterwards communicated to the Parsi Panchayat in Bombay the facts about the manuscripts I had seen at Yezd, in case they should

wish to secure them for safe-keeping, as these rare copies run great danger of being lost in Persia, where neglect is common and persecution by fanatics not unknown.¹

Inquiry for traditions regarding their prophet Zoroaster did not yield anything beyond what was already known, except that it was interesting to obtain their views on certain debated questions. As to Zoroaster's birthplace they believe that he came from Rai, the ancient ruined city near Teheran—where we have long believed his mother was born—and they know nothing of the tradition that connects him with Urumia in north-western Persia. They cited the authority of a modern Persian work translated from the English to prove that the small village Kalak near the river Karaj on the road from Teheran to Kasvin was his father's home. The name of Zoroaster, occurring in the Avesta as *Zarath-ushttra*, appears in Modern Persian as *Zardusht*. Nearly a dozen fanciful interpretations or attempted etymologies of the name were given, varying in meaning from "pure gold" to "light of god." The Prophet's name actually denotes some sort of camel (*ushtra*), but what *zarath* means is uncertain.

The conversation led gradually to questions of religion. The Zoroastrian faith acknowledges Ormazd, Ahura Mazda, "Lord Wisdom" as the supreme god, with six archangels, Amesha Spenta, and a company of angels, Yazata, about him to rule and guide the world. The infernal host of fiends and archfiends who war against heaven and strive to destroy the future life of man, is led by Anra Mainyu, the Evil Spirit. In discussing with these Zoroastrians the subject of the origin of evil, I found that they look upon the supreme being, Ahura Mazda, as comprising within himself the two powers of good and evil, namely Spenta Mainyu, the Holy Spirit, and Anra Mainyu, the Evil Spirit. This is similar to the monotheistic view held by the Parsis of India in opposition to the statement frequently made that Zoroastrianism is pure dualism.

¹ In listening to the High Priest recite and one of the laymen read from the texts I made one particular observation which will be new to scholars. The Zoroastrians of Yezd in pronouncing the Avesta do not make use of the spirant sounds of

They believe also in the resurrection of the dead, which their faith has taught them since early times, and this doctrine is connected with the belief that there will come a Saviour or Messiah, called the Saoshyant.

A rare privilege was accorded me. Tir Andaz invited me to visit his Fire Temple. I accepted at once for the same afternoon. The temple of Atash Bahram I found to be a simple and unpretentious building. In fact one would hardly have known from the entrance that it was a temple. Mohammedanism with its beautiful mosques, turquoise domes, arabesque arches, and tall slender tessellated minarets evidently allows no rival in beautifying places of worship. The superb Fire Shrine at Shiz near Lake Urumia under the Sassanian kings and the gorgeous splendor of the temple of Anaitis at ancient Ecbatana, from which Alexander took untold wealth in gold and silver plate, belong to days long since departed.

As I entered the large chamber adjoining the sanctum in which the holy fire was kept the white-robed priests were chanting from the Avesta the hymn in praise of Verethraghna, the Angel of Victory, whom Zoroaster glorified of old—*Verethraghnam ahuradh tem yazamaide*, "we worship the Angel of Victory," The pitch of the voice of the officiating priest was high and the intonation was so rapid that sometimes he had to stop to catch his breath. And all the while, as of yore, the attendant chanted an accompaniment at given points in a somewhat lower key.

They both wore a small white veil or mouthpiece over the lower part of the face. This is the *paitid na* which the Avesta commands the priest to wear in the presence of the sacred fire, lest his breath in intoning might defile the hallowed flame. Here I was, standing within a fire temple in Zoroaster's own land and listening to verses that had been chanted for nearly three thousand years, and that by priests in whose veins flowed the purest blood of ancient Iran.

th, dh, gh, and the like, as in English *pith, breadth*, but they regularly employ explosives or aspirates *t'h, g'h,* etc., as in the English words *boat-hook, log-hut,* etc. In some points of pronunciation, however, they seemed quite inconsistent.

The spirit of the past blending with the present made me sink for a moment into a state of revery or forgetfulness, from which I was recalled by the High Priest's opening a door into a small chamber on the right. This was a room arranged for performing religious ceremonies and acts of worship. The true Zoroastrian sacrifice is a bloodless sacrifice, an offering largely of "good thoughts, good words, and good deeds," and when there is any allusion to flesh or meat in the ancient ceremonial text the Zoroastrians of Yezd employ an egg, just as the Parsis of Bombay use butter as a substitute.

In this side-chamber a number of sacrificial utensils were visible. Among them were the cups for holding consecrated water, milk, and the juice of a plant called *h m*; Avestan *haoma*, from which a sacred drink was prepared in ancient times as nowadays and partaken of by the priests as part of the ceremony. I was fortunate to receive as a present a fine branch of it and three sprays of another plant, the Avestan *baresma* or "barsom," which was used in the Magian ritual from time immemorial and is still employed at the present day, although brass rods are substituted when the branch itself cannot be procured. It was perhaps the use of these very branches that the prophet Ezekiel denounced as an abomination committed by those whom he saw in a vision "with their backs toward the temple of the Lord and their faces toward the east, and they worshipped the sun toward the east...and, lo, they put the branch to their nose."

In the main room of the temple there was a picture of Zoroaster, but it was a comparatively modern print, brought probably from Bombay, and of no historic value. In one of the corridors adjoining was wood for feeding the sacred fire in exact accordance with the injunctions of the Avesta, for the Atash Bahram fire is the holiest of earthly fires and must be kept up in the most particular way. The rest of the temple precinct was occupied by a charming little garden filled with pomegranates, rose-bushes, sweet-scented shrubs and plants, and a fine specimen of the tamarisk which supplies the twigs or sprays of "barsom" used in the ritual.

Zoroaster enjoined purity of body as

well as of soul, and the Avesta prescribes very elaborate ablutions and lustrations to remove any defilement. The greatest pollution is that which arises from contact with anything dead, as death is the creation of Ahriman and his greatest triumph over the power of Ormazd. The code of the Vendidad assigns the "Nine Nights Ablution" for the purification of persons so polluted. It consists in a series of sprinklings with holy water and other liquid, accompanied by a wearisome amount of ceremonial detail to exorcise the spirit of defilement. The Greek writer Lucian in one of his humorous dialogues seems to ridicule this purificatory rite when he says that the Magi in nine nights cleansed Pythagoras of all his sins in life.

The place set apart for performing the ceremony is called Barashnum Gah, and at Yezd it is not far from the Fire Temple, but is located in another street. On entering I found a primitive mud-walled enclosure, circular in form, and differing greatly from the somewhat elaborate rectangular enclosure I had seen at Udva in India. There were a few heaps of stones placed at intervals for the person to stand upon while going through the purificatory rite, moving from place to place while the priest stood outside certain consecrated circles drawn in the sand and sprinkled the holy water from a spoon attached to a long stick. The Avesta prescribes that the stick shall have nine knots, that is, shall be long enough to enable the priest to stand at a distance and besprinkle the person defiled, reciting at the same time verses from the sacred texts to exorcise the fiend of corruption that has polluted the individual. The Avestan code is as exacting in its laws for purification as Leviticus. But I found that the Zoroastrians of Yezd were less strict in keeping up this ancient ceremony of the nine nights' ablution than I had presumed would be the case in the center of orthodox Zoroastrianism in Iran.

With regard to the mode of disposing of the dead the Mazda-worshippers at Yezd keep up the old Zoroastrian custom of exposing the dead body upon the Dakhmah or Tower of Silence for the vultures to devour. There are two such towers some miles from the city. The older one,

the Dakhmah Jamshidji, if I remember the name aright, built on the hills westward from the city, has long been disused and has fallen into decay. The other is of recent date and I saw its white walls rising from a mound in the desert as I rode northward to Maibud and Nain.

As to the observance of certain prescriptions in the Vendidad an incident of rather amusing character was told me by my English hostess, and it well illustrates how far the ordinary Zoroastrian is influenced in daily life by Avestan injunctions. She had a cook who was a Gabar, and a right good cook he was, if I may judge from the viands he served during my stay in Yezd. On one occasion, I was told, he had bought an earthen jar to hold some wine he had made. He first filled the vessel with water, allowing it to stand over night before placing the wine in it. By accident a mouse fell into the jar and was drowned. The receptacle was henceforth unclean in his eyes because it had been polluted by contact with dead matter and was therefore unfit for a Zoroastrian to use. Though in this way minus the value of his jar, the man's business sense was too keen to allow him to suffer such a loss—the Avesta, in fact, teaches the Zoroastrian never to waste anything—so he sold the receptacle to an Armenian who had no religious scruples to deter him from using the vessel!

I was interested in finding out more about the home life and the occupations of the Zoroastrians, so as to compare these with the ancient times. According to the Avesta one of the noblest occupations is agriculture and gardening. "He who sows grain sows righteousness" says the Vendidad, and among the happiest spots on earth is "the place where one of the faithful sows most corn, grass, and fruit, where he waters ground that is too dry and dries ground that is too wet." True to their faith or guided by circumstances, a large proportion of the male population of the Zoroastrians outside the city of Yezd, especially in the neighborhood of the flourishing town of Taft, is engaged in cultivating the soil and in gardening. Within the city itself they are generally occupied in trading, though they are not allowed to sell food in the bazaars, as that would be against the tenets of the Mohammedans. The Moslems do not

permit them to use the public baths, but this is no longer a hardship, as they have established their own bath, or *ham n*. Nor are they permitted to ride through the streets, and they are often subject to petty annoyances, extra taxation, or exactions.

In general they avoid trouble or persecution by yielding to Moslem prejudice, and their prosperous Parsi brethren in India have done much to advance their condition by the funds of an association known as the "Persian Zoroastrian Amelioration Society," so that their numbers have increased considerably in the last fifty years. Yet in times of a fanatical outbreak by the Mohammedans their lives are in danger, as was the case a month after I left Yezd. A Mussulman rising then took place against the Babis, an eclectic sect that separated themselves from Mohammedanism within the last century. The outbreak came at the end of June, and the cruel massacres and the atrocities that were committed upon the Babis led the Zoroastrians to expect the same dreadful fate. Writing under date of September 12, 1903 and describing the horrors of the situation, one of my Yezd Zoroastrian friends ended his letter as follows: "If this crisis had not been arrested in its course by the early telegraphic communications of the Europeans here, the Parsis of Yezd would have been treated like the Babis. Thanks to their energetic steps I am now able to write this letter."

With regard to their family life the Zoroastrians at Yezd are monogamists, except in a few isolated cases where Mohammedan influence has led to polygamy, especially if the first wife has borne no children. The sentiment of the community as a rule is strongly against dual marriages. In the home the wife occupies a freer position than among the Mohammedans. There was no evidence of seclusion, and the impression the women gave was one of modesty and dignity without any special shyness. Like the men they have to adopt a particular style of dress to distinguish them from Moslem women. They do not wear veils except on the street or in the bazaar to avoid insult or unpleasant remarks.

One of the special friends I made was the young son of the Kalantar and he acted as my guide through the mazes of

the bazaar. He was a bright, intelligent fellow, honest and manly, and he brought me nearer to the youth of Zoroaster himself than I had been before. Here was a youth of the true old Iranian stock and through his veins flowed the blood of the old Beh-Dinan, or men of the Good Religion, as the Zoroastrian faith is sometimes called. His Persian characteristics came out, moreover, in one peculiarly charming and naïve way. When he stood for me to take his photograph, instinctively and with perfect naturalness he plucked and held gracefully in one hand a rose, without which a Persian portrait would be artistically incomplete, and in the other hand he held up to view his European watch of which he was very proud. I could understand his pride in this respect, since a Zoroastrian would not have been allowed some years ago to carry a watch or even wear a ring.

In acts of generosity and benevolence the Zoroastrians have lived up to their ancient faith without regard to creed. The work of the English Christian Mission, especially in the medical line, has won the sympathy of this people, many of

whom are well-to-do. When it came to the point of procuring a place for the Mission to establish a hospital, Gudarz Mihrban, a leading Parsi of Yezd, at once made a gift of a large caravan-sarai and a house adjoining, which have been transformed into an admirable place for this Good Samaritan work.

Taken as a whole, the impression which I gained of these people was very favorable, as it had been of their coreligionists in Bombay and elsewhere. They have small advantages of education, it is true, and they may not have much to impart to their Indian brethren in the way of manuscripts; but a number of points in the matter of their religious observances deserve further study, so far as my opportunities allowed me to judge. The Parsis in India are justified in taking the interest they do in their elder kinsmen in Iran. Good thoughts, good words, good deeds, is the motto of their common faith and that standard they all alike must maintain if they wish to follow the teachings of Zoroaster, their great teacher, and preserve their ancient faith from falling into decadence.



ON THE PRAIRIES

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

HERE have I walked, companioned with the great;
 Here wandered from the mammonizing town
 Into the vast serene, have sat me down
 Amid the fumes which boundeth place nor date.
 Here him of Avon in the sunset gate
 I saw, and bowed the head; and him with mind
 Apocalyptic, blindness could not blind;
 And him, the Tuscan, sheer from depths of fate.
 Regathered from innumerable death,
 Impetuous souls I meditated here,
 Whose tameless quest fulfilment came not nigh:
 Keats; and who yielded Spezia his breath;
 And Marlowe, like the wild-eyed charioteer,
 Phaethon, headlong ruining down the sky.

A ROMANCE OF THE CHESHIRE CHEESE

BY ALICE B. MORRISON,

Author of "The Alchemy of Illusion"



MISS Martha Trafton's shabby umbrella bobbed along Fleet street with a purposeful intentness which reflected its owner's spirit, while her radiant face, as she successfully steered her way through the famous thoroughfare, defied the gloom of a rain which might well have kept the most habituated Londoner within doors. A falling barometer, however, cannot take away from the exaltation of the man or woman who treads at last the long-sought land of hearts' desire, and little Miss Martha's heart danced as merrily as the sparkling raindrops on the dingy brick pavement, though now and then, as she hurried on, she cast a furtive glance behind her, to make sure that her party of young women from Miss Blythe's fashionable New York boarding-school were not playing their accustomed rôle of tail to her comet.

For ten consecutive summers had Martha Trafton, teacher of literature, conducted parties of more or less appreciative girls, of an age more attractive to the poet than to the chaperon, through a systematic course of European travel; yet it happened that this particular September morning was the first opportunity she had ever found to steal quietly away by herself on a long-planned pilgrimage to the inn of the Cheshire Cheese.

At the breakfast table that morning her proposed Johnsonian expedition was received with no enthusiasm. Mamie Louise apparently voiced the popular sentiment when she remarked that it was "too fierce a day" to go anywhere, unless they were going shopping, and, for her part, she intended to stay in the house and write letters. Elizabeth Gladys had a half-finished Tauchnitz and a box of candy in

a similar condition, which gave her pause, while Miriam and Katherine and Margeorie had equally cogent reasons; and Eleanor frankly admitted that she could n't see the fun in getting oneself damp for the sake of seeing the place where that "old, rare Ben" once sat.

"But, my dear," expostulated Miss Trafton, "Ben Jonson did go to the Cheese, to be sure, but it is the great Doctor Samuel Johnson whose name is always suggested by the place; for it is the last remaining haunt of the literati who once—"

"Oh, well," interrupted the girl, with a finality which brooked no contradiction, "they both wrote stupid comedies; so I can't see what difference it makes."

At which the long-suffering mentor began again: "But, my dear—" and then stopped hesitatingly, for her gentle nature found it a trying thing to be constantly fulfilling her mentally signed contracts with parents and guardians.

Ethel, the oldest girl in her charge, slipped a beguiling arm around her. "Look here, *liebes fräulein*," she said good-naturedly, "don't bother about us, but go off by yourself and have a good time, and we'll promise to behave like so many American angels,"—a promise ratified by the others with so many girlish extravagances that Miss Trafton finally yielded. She had arrived at the age when, according to those strange laws laid down by the young for the old, she should have outgrown her enthusiasms; but as she buttoned her raincoat around her plump figure, and thrust her hatpin through her curly gray hair, her cheeks were flushed with excitement, and her eyes shone like those of a girl at her first play.

She smiled to herself as she clambered into a Tottenham Court Road 'bus, and fairly beamed with infectious delight when she found herself in the Strand; for she loved the London of her own creating, and to those who love it the wonderful old city shows a side of its complex being of which the unimaginative never dream. When Miss Trafton stopped meditatively in front of St. Paul's, who could have guessed that she was gleefully saying to herself what honest John Browdie said to his coquettish bride, as they stood in front of the same church: "Ecod, Tilly, ee 's a big un!" And on the day she took her party through the Temple and the inns of court, past a certain shabby fountain where draggled sparrows sat, no one would have imagined that the little woman was living over again Ruth Pinch's tender romance. On the classic green spaces that slope gently toward the river she saw many a Templar knight and ancient bencher, and here on Fleet street it was no difficult matter to see Doctor Johnson rolling his huge bulk along, absorbed in some vexed question which he would thresh out later with his cronies at the Cheese.

Wine Office Court,—the very name suggested times of revelry, when bottles, silvered with the dust of ages, were brought forth from mysterious recesses and the wassail-cup went round,—here it was at last, a dark little passageway between overhanging buildings, barely wide enough to have admitted the link-boys with their smoky torches, and the sedan-chairs which once made it vibrant with light and gaiety, ending in a tiny cobblestoned court where the peace of ages dwelt and the roar of the city came to one's ears like the sound of the surf beating upon some far-off shore.

Miss Trafton closed her umbrella with the triumphant flourish of an explorer who for the first time sets foot on long-sought land, and stood within the sacred precincts of the Cheshire Cheese, a dark, time-worn, lopsided little building, as odd a sight in the heart of London as a be-wigged old gentleman in the snuff-colored garments of an earlier period would have been, had he suddenly appeared in the Row.

To the lover of his kind there is nothing which is more suggestive of good-

fellowship and conviviality than the genial aroma which emanates from some old inn.

Such an aroma was wafted from every mysterious turning and cubby-hole of the Cheese, and Miss Trafton paused a moment to inhale it before she walked on past the miniature bar, with its shining, long-stemmed glasses, and up a few crooked steps, when she stood within the room she had so often seen in fancy—small and low-raftered, its oaken wainscoting stained by that greatest of old masters, Time, to the rich browns that artists love. There were the odd, narrow tables at one side, each one between two high-backed seats; and there was the small compartment, secluded from prying eyes by a green baize curtain from behind which it would have seemed a perfectly natural thing to see emerge the drab gaiters and rubicund visage of Mr. Pickwick; while, best of all, there was Dr. Johnson's nook, where hung his portrait, with a eulogistic mouth-filling sentence, setting forth the fact that the bench below was indeed the favorite seat of that high priest of literature; and underneath this uncontroverted statement ran his own merrier words: "No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness has been produced as by a good tavern."

Miss Trafton gave a sigh of satisfaction as she drew off her gloves, and congratulating herself that she had no one to dispute her claim, sat down upon the hard bench which had once served the doctor as a vantage-point from which to throw the harmless lance in many a conversational tourney.

"What can I get you, ma'am?" said the obsequious waiter.

"Let me see," said Miss Trafton, reflectively, "Cheshire cheese, of course, and—" she paused doubtfully.

"Chops and potatoes, ma'am?" suggested the waiter.

"Why, yes; and something to drink—coffee, perhaps."

The waiter looked pathetic.

"Americans generally wants coffee, ma'am. We tells them by that mostly; but some as is very keen on doing the right thing asks for stout; or 'alf and 'alf in a pewter mug, or maybe tea."

"Oh, tea, by all means," said Miss Trafton, brightly, ignoring his various implications; for what more fitting beverage could she ask for under the appraising eye of that greatest of tea-drinkers?

"It 's a bad day you 've 'it, ma'am," said the waiter, as he disappeared to call his order in some strangely unintelligible language up the stairway.

It was indeed a bad day as far as weather was concerned. Miss Trafton realized it as she looked through the small window-panes at her left; for though the rain had stopped, a thick, yellow fog was creeping over the city, softening the outlines of the tall printing houses into mellow suggestiveness: but it was a good day for bringing to life spirits of the past, and the solitary guest of the inn settled herself as comfortably as possible for a reminiscent hour.

Her sympathetic mood conjured forth from the shadows many shapes of those long-passed away, who seemed to press around her with gracious words and smiling faces—kindly ghosts of kindred spirits whom the centuries and the accident of birth had separated. Poets and dramatists, wits and politicians, their silent laughter filled the place. There was Shakspeare, the Master, who had dropped in for a moment on his way from Blackfriars' Theatre, his brain teeming with immortal thoughts, his eyes missing no suggestive phase of the life about him which could be coined into jeweled phrases. In one corner the powdered periwigs of Addison, Burke, and Steele bobbed like a bunch of old-fashioned snowballs in a summer breeze, while the glow from the fire gave fleeting color to Chatterton's pale face, and deepened the luster of Goldsmith's peach-colored velvet.

There was Herrick, back from his long exile as country parson, drinking to the forgetfulness of rural joys, and at the threshold Miss Trafton heard the click of high heels and almost persuaded herself that she saw the flash of silken petticoats and heard the light laughter of Nell Gwynne as she wandered in with her royal lover.

Never had an empty room been more populous, and the one twentieth-century occupant came back to the realities of life with something of a shock as a middle-

aged gentleman entered hastily, deposited a dripping umbrella in the quaint iron rack, divested himself of his hat and overcoat, and giving a hasty, near-sighted glance at the occupied corner, said something in a low, reproachful voice to the waiter, who replied in the distinctly audible tone of a man to whom a whisper is a physical impossibility: "But it 's not a gentleman, sir; it 's a lydy, and she came as early as you generally do, sir, so I could n't say anything when she took the plyce."

"Ah, well, in that case—" said the gentleman in a somewhat mollified tone, looking more carefully at Miss Trafton's corner, to verify the waiter's statement.

As he stood, hesitating for a moment, a tall, distinguished figure, with the stoop which betrayed the scholar, he seemed, in spite of his modern attire, more in touch with the past than with the present. The sensitive, clean-shaven face, with its absent gaze, was the face of a man to whom the inner life was more interesting than the actual. The delicate, nervous hands seemed more in keeping with the lace ruffles of a century ago, and the carelessly tied bow at his neck would have been more fittingly replaced by the stock which softened the features of our daguerreotypéd ancestors.

As his glance encountered that of Miss Trafton, she rose impulsively to her feet, with an astonished and pleased recognition.

"Professor Whipple!" she exclaimed, as she held out her hand; then more hesitatingly, as she saw his puzzled look: "I am afraid you don't remember me."

Brought up under the influences of the old régime, the code of which was that all women were beautiful and good and gracious and all men their faithful knights, the professor's actual knowledge of womankind was so limited that his attitude toward the sex, while chivalrous in the extreme, was that of a broad-minded agnostic, who reverently bares his head before a shrine the worship of which he does not comprehend. To be directly accosted by one of these mysterious beings was almost terrifying to so diffident a man, but as he concentrated the vague benevolence of his gaze into one direct meridian beam upon the pleasant face upturned to his, he brightened perceptibly.

Fortune was with him, for he actually did remember the cheery little woman at Miss Blythe's who had helped him select from his lecture topics a course on the early English dramatists. His acquaintance with Miss Trafton had been of the most formal nature, and she would in all probability have vanished entirely from his memory if he had not had a shy smile from her now and then as they met for a moment in some public gathering or passed each other in solitary strolls in the park. The professor had half-unconsciously cherished the recollection of these chance meetings as bright spots in the uneventful life of a rather lonely man, and he now said with a note of real pleasure in his voice: "Ah, Miss Trafton, I do remember you, madam,"—all women, from his washerwoman to the greatest lady in the land, were "madam" to the professor,—"and may I ask what brings a lady out on such a day as this, when I had expected [he came perilously near saying hoped] to be the only guest?"

"Pray, sir," said Miss Trafton, with demure humor, "do you not think my sex capable of like enthusiasms with your own? Remembering Mrs. Thrall and Fanny Burney, must I tell you that I braved rain and fog for the same reason that the great doctor's other friends often braved them, to spend an hour with him at the Cheese?"

"In the words of our hero on that memorable first night that he spent with Boswell at the Mitre, 'Give me your hand,' madam," exclaimed the professor with delighted approval; and he was about to add something to the effect that he was proud to make the acquaintance of any true Johnsonian, when both of them, knowing their Boswell, suddenly recalled the real end of the quotation, and, the rather foolish humor of the situation seizing them, they laughed as spontaneously as two children, which act of freemasonry made it possible for the professor not only to insist upon Miss Trafton resuming her seat in his confiscated corner, but to remark, as he sat down upon the bench at her left, "Poor Noll himself was proud to take this place, madam."

The room was growing so dark by this time, although the great bells of the city had just chimed out the noon-hour, that the waiter lighted some tall candles,

stirred the fire vigorously in the capacious grate, drew the faded red curtains closer together, as if to shut out the increasing gloom of the outer world, and disappeared with a deferential: "The usual order, sir? Yes, sir."

"A strange-enough situation," said the professor, reflectively—"the city of dreadful night encroaching upon the sunlight and as completely isolating us as if we were on a desert island. It is the first time I ever missed seeing some of the regular habitués in their places."

"You come here often, then?" queried Miss Trafton.

"Every summer for the last twenty years I have spent a few weeks in London for the sake of the Cheese," said the professor, gravely; "I have allowed nothing to keep me away. And you, madam," as his companion sighed a little enviously, "is this your first visit?"

"For ten years," said Miss Trafton, a little wearily, "I have taken parties over what our ancestors used to call the 'grand tour,' but this is my first visit to the Cheese, though there is n't much else we have missed seeing. We have sentimentalized over tombs and walked through miles of galleries. I can see that mystic purple smile of Mona Lisa's in my dreams, and I have pointed out the riotous color of Rubens and the technic of Velasquez until I have almost had a reaction in favor of the chromos of my childhood. Seriously, though, there is to me a peaceful pleasure about such a place as this that nothing else can give."

"Ah, yes," agreed the professor; "this is a place where one could end his days in serene retrospection. It is the spell of the gentle ghosts which holds us. I have heard people contend that the wit, the actor, left no trace behind him, that his work had not been worth while; but it is not true, madam—believe me, it is not true. A clever bon mot never dies, but furnishes a needed Attic salt through all the ages, while as for humor such as reigned supreme in this old chop-house, it has vitalized our too thin blood for all time."

The professor was riding his pet hobby now, and went on enthusiastically: "For several years I have had letters of introduction to some of the distinguished people here, but I have been too busy consorting with old friends in the Abbey and

at the Cheese to make new ones. An artist friend asked me not long ago if I had seen the Wallace collection, and I had to confess that I supposed I had; but, unfortunately, it happened to be in the same rooms where Thackeray's little Circe aired her arts and graces before my Lord Steyne's guests, and I remembered nothing of the pictures and bronzes."

Just at this juncture the sturdy James appeared with a tray which would have wrung an encomium out of Savarin himself. There were the mealy potatoes for which the inn is famous fairly bursting from their brown jackets, the chops done to a turn, and the cheese still bubbling on its thin slices of toast.

As the professor quaffed his nut-brown ale and Miss Trafton sipped her tea, I doubt if the Cheese ever sheltered a more contented pair than these two, so oddly stranded on its hospitable oasis.

The humor of the situation struck Miss Trafton.

Of all incredible things, the most incredible was that she should be dining tête-à-tête with Thaddeus Whipple, one of the few older men who, by the force of a singularly sweet and spiritual personality, had kept his place in a social system where youth seemed dominant, and the Cids of both life and literature played a more popular part than the Don Quixotes. She knew, too, that the younger professors, though they liked and respected him, dubbed him indiscriminating in his enthusiasms, and were apt to smile at his inoffensive pedanticism. While Miss Trafton was congratulating herself that she found so many tastes in common with the man she delighted to honor, the professor was secretly complacent over the fact that it was not so difficult a matter as he had supposed to talk to a woman; for among all the virtues he had attributed to the elusive beings born of bookish fancy who sometimes lingered on the edge of his horizon, he had not thought of intelligent good comradeship.

Perhaps the depressing weather which scientists claim leads to melancholy and suicide those unfortunate enough to be exposed to its malignant influences has a directly opposite effect upon those who, safely and cozily ensconced by a glowing fire, are able to defy it. For the time being the most ordinary room becomes a

fortress socially impregnable, free from the ordinary interruptions and conventions which tie men's tongues, and its inmates blossom into a sudden intimate friendliness.

So it happened that the professor and Miss Trafton finished their meal on the pleasantest terms imaginable, and finding that the ever-increasing fog had brought all traffic to a standstill and made their departure for the present impossible, they not unwillingly seated themselves in two of the capacious arm-chairs before the fireplace, where a copper kettle hummed melodiously and a sleek cat purred in unison.

"A cat, madam," observed the professor, thoughtfully, "very like Dr. Johnson's favorite Hodge, as I should imagine him."

"Why, it 's the Cheshire cat," laughed Miss Trafton, as the animal in question rubbed against her skirt. Then she looked a little deprecatingly at the learned man at her side, for it occurred to her that he might have dwelt in an altitude where there was no room for the charming story; but the professor responded seriously: "A wonderful book, madam. Have you ever noticed how frequently it is quoted by English statesmen?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Trafton, gaily; "they are brought up on it." She laughed reminiscently. "I remember a few years ago, in Brussels, I sat for two long weeks next to a crusty old Englishman who never recognized my existence until one day he took out his watch, which appeared to have stopped, put it to his ear, shook it, and remarked absently: 'I have done everything for that watch—taken it to the best jewelers.' It made me think so instantly of the Mad Hatter at the tea party that before I could be appalled at my rashness I said, 'And it was the very best butter.' The old man's face thawed delightfully, and he remarked: 'I did n't fancy Americans read that.' Rude of course, but he did n't mean it; and we became the best of friends."

The professor smiled appreciatively as he said: "I have known friendships to be broken on account of different literary tastes, and old differences mended by like enthusiasms. Take my father, for instance. There was one of those curious feuds brought about by the Civil War, and

for years he had not spoken to the man who had been his boyhood chum, when one day as each strolled along, deep in his copy of Horace, they met upon a narrow and unfrequented path. There was an ominous pause, and then the chance to hold forth upon a favorite theme to a congenial listener overcame them, and in ten minutes they were seated on a bench together, deep in a fiery discussion as to a mooted translation. What are your favorite books, madam?" he ended irrelevantly.

Miss Trafton hesitated. "I hardly know. I like most of the time-tested books that have appealed to every one, and it always seems to me a strange thing that so many of our critics set up the appreciation of some obscure book or poem as a test of true culture."

"Yes," said the professor, gently; "I sometimes think that really great books are like the heavens at night. They should mean something to the humblest mind, even though it takes the trained eye of the astronomer to detect their most glorious stars."

"Perhaps the books I take most often from my shelves," went on Miss Trafton, "will seem a peculiar combination, but I believe they are Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' 'Cranford,' and 'Alice in Wonderland.' The last rests me with its delightful nonsense, and when I spend an hour in the genteel society of Cranford, I come back to actualities as reluctantly as one comes into the glare of mid-day after a morning in an old attic. Do you remember Miss Jenkyns thinking poor Captain Brown would not have been run over by the train if he had only been reading 'Rasselas' instead of the 'Pickwick Papers'?"

"Indeed, I do remember," said the professor, warmly; "but the 'Life,' madam, the 'Life!' Has there ever been anything like it? The only quarrel I have with Boswell's book is that it is so fascinating that too many are content to read of Johnson rather than to know him through his writings."

"I am afraid I come under that category," confessed Miss Trafton; "for his prose is rather awful, and the man himself has always seemed so much more interesting than his books."

"And, after all," said the professor,

meditatively, "you may be right. I'm afraid I have always cared more for books than for people; but I must say that as I grow older and feel that I, too, am an 'old struggler,' I read my 'Rasselas' with a keener appreciation."

There was a gentle sadness in his tone which made Miss Trafton answer with quick sympathy: "I suppose we are growing old, yet if some magic power were to offer me youth once more, I believe I'd shrink back with horror. Indian summer has its compensations."

"Yes," said the professor; "there is a certain charm in calmly facing the fact that our brilliant romance has an average ending. Once it was 'Aut Cæsar aut nullus,' but perhaps it's a finer thing to go on working, knowing that we can only expect decent mediocrity."

"If one could only feel that he was doing something no one else could do quite so well, it would make it easier," said Miss Trafton, a little wistfully.

"None of us of the older generation is sure of doing his work so that no one else could do it better, madam," said the professor. "This day of specialists is leaving us behind; and yet, in some things, for all our narrower opportunities, I think we had the advantage. We did n't have so much predigested knowledge. We had to work for what we got, and I believe we cared more for it when we got it. I can remember when a new book was an event to be planned for and talked over for many a winter evening, and if we sometimes erred in our taste, we had the courage of our convictions. Actually, madam, I met a young fellow a few days ago who was afraid he would appear crude if he said he liked Dickens. Think of it!"

"My father used to say," responded Miss Trafton, "that a man who could do without Dickens was as abnormal as a man who could live without sunshine. He always said that more Dickens and roast beef would make a better people of us."

"That sounds like the Professor Trafton who once reigned supreme at the old college of Oakley," said the professor, delightedly. "Can it be possible he was your father?"

Miss Trafton beamed with honest pride. "Then you remember him?"

"Remember him!" cried the professor,

with a glow of evanescent youth on his fine face, "why, my dear Miss Trafton, I was graduated under your father. A grand old man. I owe more to him than to any other man I ever knew. And you, madam, you must be the little lass that used to follow your father to the class-room. I declare, it makes me feel like a boy again."

In a moment the years fell away, and the two were launched upon a pleasant sea of reminiscence.

They found much to talk of, for they were both simple folk at heart, who took pleasure in the little things of life, and living had never become such an everyday affair with them that they forgot the miracle of it. Miss Trafton forgot her usual rôle of sympathetic listener and gave of her hoarded stores right royally, while, as for the professor, it was a delight to the unostentatious scholar to find that many of his favorite ideas, which had often been received with the chilly indifference which cools the most ardent, flowered into new graces as they were transplanted into his companion's mind.

When in a moment's silence the neighboring bells chimed out four o'clock, the professor and Miss Trafton, who had been living in a world where the hands of time's clock pointed backward, both started guiltily, becoming aware at the same time that a pale ray of sunshine was trying to force its way through the fog-begrimed window-panes.

"What will those girls think has become of me!" said Miss Trafton, rising hastily, and blushing in what seemed to the professor a most pleasing way. Indeed, he became so absorbed in watching this strange phenomenon that the blushes grew more apparent, and he bethought himself to speak.

"Madam," he said, with a sincerity which bespoke deep-rooted conviction, "this has been the shortest and the pleasantest afternoon that I ever spent, and I thank you for it. When I go back to my quiet study, I shall often think of it."

Then he stopped abruptly, amazed and somewhat dismayed to find that the return to his accustomed corner, where the bust of Plato stood an unchallenged deity, and each book was a friend, did not seem just then the usually welcome end of his summer's journeying, and a thought flashed into his mind, so unexpected, so unprecedented in its nature, that he felt very much as some gnarled tree might feel that, after years of unfruitfulness, awakes some May morning to find a delicate pink blossom upon one of its withered branches. For once the obsession of the moment overruled the philosophic habit of the professor's mind.

"My dear Miss Trafton," he said, "why should we not meet often when we go back, to talk over the past, and perhaps"—The professor paused irresolutely: then remembering with an inward smile that Dr. Johnson had been an older man than he when he started upon his first sentimental journey, ended firmly—"perhaps, to plan for a happier future? What do you say, madam? May I come?"

Ancient precedent might have made Miss Trafton's answer one of those baffling commonplaces which stifle new-born emotion had she not suddenly encountered the sternly accusing eye of the painted prototype of the learned doctor.

"What, ma'am—what," he seemed to say, "will you debase the truth and allow false standards to come between you and a possible happiness?"

She turned to the professor with the wonderment of one who, burning his bridges behind him, sees fairer structures rise. "Come!" she said softly.

"The fog is lifting, sir," said James from the doorway.

Even at this supreme moment the professor loved an allegory as Boswell loved his London, and as he bent reverently over Miss Trafton's hand he said, with a whimsical tenderness: "James is right. The fog is lifting."



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE HIT

THE DESCENT OF BLANCHE

(A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY)

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



BRACTON, from the point of view of the theatrical agent, was a "minstrel town." The only form of amusement, however, that actually succeeded there was the circus. An optimistic professor from Collamore College had attempted a series of popular, elevating lectures, "New Lights on Napoleon," but Sexton Maginnis, who received a dollar for "ushering," was the only male person present except the lecturer. The professor waited twenty minutes, encouraged by Maginnis, with the hope that "another lady" was coming, but the moving figure down the road proved to be a cow.

Colonel Grayson's daughter Blanche believed that if the people of Bracton could be met on their ground, they might be elevated. She was still at the convent in Bracton, the prioress of which was Mother Juliet and the portress that Sister Margaret who had saved the soul of Sexton Maginnis. She was engaged in graduate courses in the philosophy of poetry (Professor MacNiall of Collamore College, three hours a week), and music (Sister Viola, sixteen hours a week, with a metronome and soundless clavier).

Colonel Grayson, a Maryland gentleman of the old school, who had served in the Confederate Army and the Papal Zouaves, was the only summer boarder at the Curtice Place, where Mary Ann Maginnis was chatelaine. He was waiting until Blanche finished her education, to take up his residence in the Bishop's town.

Blanche Grayson held that if you approached the Italians of Bracton from the luminous Italian past, and also appealed to the pride of the Irish inhabi-

tants, you could attract them to high-class lectures. Mrs. Magee, whom Blanche occasionally consulted on the subject of the washing of lace shirt-waists, agreed with her, and that she was the person to do this.

"My heart's with any girl that shows that she don't have to marry," said Mrs. Magee, with tears in her eyes. "Look at my own Mary Ann married to that tyrant Maginnis!"

And then Blanche explained her plan to Mrs. Magee, over the counter of the Olympia Laundry, while the little lay Sister went off for a few minutes to the photographer's.

The news of Blanche's plan reached Maginnis that day, and in the evening he spoke of it to his wife.

"'T is so," said Mary Ann; "I did n't know whether it was the truth or the mint julep when the Colonel told me this morning. It's a career she wants, and not Benny Gore, who has been waiting on her for two years. When she was boarding here last summer, I knew he was coming every time I heard somebody singing the old song, 'Said the Rose,' and she seemed to like him well enough then. But," said Mary Ann, with a sigh, "when a woman marries, it's her career she must give up. Not that I'm complaining. It's a blow to the old Colonel that she won't marry the son of a man that saved his life four times,—'t was once when I first heard the story,—while he was showing the Virginians how to fight and laughing at the Yankees for knowing no better than to let him beat them. 'T was he and the Maryland troops did everything. Miss Grayson gave my mother a lot of the tickets for her lecture," said Mary Ann, "they're to be

sold at the Olympia Laundry. And the mother says she 's right, for if *she* had another daughter, she'd not let her marry; and, if she did marry, 't would be only to a man that would take the pledge," continued Mary Ann, innocently.

"And so Herself is against young Gore?" said Maginnis, letting his pipe go out. "He 's a likely boy, frank and hearty. He 's been promoted to be first chemist at O'Keefe's. He 's been after her ever since she played through a whole dictionary of music at one sittin' at the Sisters' commencement two years ago. So Herself 's against him! My heart goes out to a boy that 's in love with a pretty girl—as I am, Mary Ann. I hear that the ould Colonel says he 'd as lieve have his daughter disgrace herself by takin' to the *theatre* as to a career," said Maginnis, with sentiment. "'T is no wonder a little young mint is too much for him."

"I don't deny it 's hard on him," agreed Mary Ann. "She 's to sing and play for the Sisters at the May concert for the last time."

"As an amachewer," said Maginnis, nodding his head; "and I hear the holy Sisters won't believe she 's capable of professionalism; but they 're not sure."

"The Colonel went on his knees to her, he told me," said Mary Ann. "'You 're descended from the third Lord Baltimore,' says he. 'No female of our family has ever brought us to shame by earning money in public,' says he. 'It 's a blot on the name of Grayson,' says he, 'for the like of you to go into the temptations of the public theater when you 've a father to support you and a good husband, the last of the Gores, a-waitin' for you. A woman,' says the old omadhaun, 'ought never to talk except in her own house, and mighty little then. There is n't,' says he, 'another family of our standing in Maryland that won't look down on us, and there are some folks on the Eastern Shore,' says he, 'that are kin to your mother's family, who 'll crow to see the name dragged in the mud,' says he." Mary Ann hesitated, and added: "Herself says that Blanche was going to ask you to help her, though."

"Herself advised her not to, I suppose," said Maginnis, sadly. "We 'll

see. I 'm for sentiment against a career every time," he added with unction.

Blanche's education, however, was, to the Colonel, extremely unsatisfactory. "Philosophy of Poetry!" he said bitterly. "How is Blanche ever goin' to marry a gentleman that respects himself, if she knows more than he does? My Lord," he solemnly added to the Bishop,—he was most careful to observe all forms, and it was a lesson in deportment to see him backing out of a room before a church dignitary,—“If I had sent her to a poor white-trash school, where they believe in female clubs, she could n't be more of a New Woman. She wants to lecture for a livin', and I reckon no power on earth will stop her. And Benny Gore, by gad! the finest gentleman in Maryland, just waitin' to kiss the tracks that little girl of mine makes in the grass! And the worst of it is," concluded the Colonel, "that the nuns don't take the view of education they used to. A female needs the gentler arts, not economics and fol-de-rols of that sort."

Occasionally the Colonel paid a formal visit to the convent. He was grizzled, red, thin, and aquiline, and one day when, chivalrous, though fierce-looking, he was affrighting the circle of Sisters gathered in the parlor with stories of the prowess of the Marylanders in the war and of his own prowess at the Porta Pia, the Bishop, coming to make his call, named him "Cyrano de Bergerac." It was on this day that the Colonel, clinging to the Bishop, begged him to interfere to save Blanche from a career. And the Bishop had laughed, and recommended Sexton Maginnis as "the Mercury of these parts." The Colonel sighed, and broke forth in denunciations of the New Woman and the New South that were almost as lyrical as anything Cyrano could have done.

On the day of the May concert at the convent, the great function of the year, the Colonel called early, to offer his services. There was a load on his mind. Blanche was obdurate, the Bishop indifferent, the Sisters sympathetic, and Sexton Maginnis uncertain. The Colonel had resolved to leave the city for a week, that he might not be forced to hear of the descent of Blanche. Sister Margaret, the portress, admitted him to the trim parlor,



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'WELL, IT 'S NO USE,' HE SAID. 'THERE 'S NO USE OF MY WAITING TO SEE MOTHER JULIET NOW'"

and he was very courteous. Although not of this world, Sister Margaret had a keen eye for the "grand manner."

"He 's a fine figure of a man," she said to herself as she placed Milner's "End of Controversy" on the marble-topped table, that he might edify himself for a while, "and he 'd make a great bishop, only, sure, he could n't afford to have such good

manners then; that would be spoiling the people entirely. The reverend mother," she said aloud, "will be here in a moment, Colonel, and your daughter, too; but you can't see her long; for she 's on the program early and late in the concert-room beyond."

As the Colonel sighed, there was perfume of young mint—to put it delicately

—in the air. Going out, Sister Margaret met the delicate, black-eyed Sister Viola in the vestibule.

"Oh, Sister Margaret," she said anxiously, "has the boy brought the piano parts of the 'Pilgrims' Chorus' yet?"

She caught sight of the roll, and darted at it with the rapidity of a swallow. A square piece of card-board on the little stand fell to the ground, and before she could pick it up, the Colonel, who had observed her from the parlor, stepped forward, with a low bow, and lifted it. The printed side was upward, and he read almost unconsciously,

"Bracton Town Hall, May 28, 1902,
at eight o'clock.

Lecture: 'The Domination of the Celt in
Literature.'

by

An Ex-Pupil of the Convent of the Seraphim,
Tickets, fifty cents, admitting two."

He dropped the odious thing upon the table.

"Well, it's no use," he said; "there's no use of my waiting to see Mother Juliet now; that frantic daughter of mine has determined to ruin the family name. Present my regards to the reverend mother, and please say that I have left the city more in sorrow than in anger."

And he bowed himself out.

"Dear me!" said Sister Viola, sniffing. "I'm afraid the Colonel—I hope none of the visitors will notice—the odor."

Sister Margaret looked sadly at Sister Viola, whom she respected only as an academic person.

"If you were a married woman, faith," she said, "you'd know better than to find fault with a real gentleman for taking a drop in moderation. It's well that you're not in the world, Sister. Sure," she added to herself, "it's little humanity these learned Sisters have in their hearts at all; but perhaps it's the country. In Kerry it's small respect we have for the man so weak in the head that he can't take his drop at the right time."

Sister Viola looked horrified, and hastened away from the obnoxious scent, with her precious roll in her hand, to hear Blanche conquer the last five bars in the "Shower of Pearls," which was to follow her *chef d'œuvre*, the "Ballade in A Flat Major." After this Sister Viola, distracted and more swallow-like than ever,

tried to induce the quartette to let Blanche finish her solo, "Said the Rose," and not begin "Maryland, my Maryland" six bars ahead of time. As the quartette, composed of small girls, always strayed from the key as soon as Sister Viola ceased to look at them, she had little time to give to the second violin, whose left slipper was a bad fit, or to discover whether the smallest Capillo child, who was to perform in an arrangement of "Listen to the Mocking-Bird" (for six hands, which were nearly all thumbs), had really swallowed a fly or not. Then Marie McGucken, who was to scatter brilliant arpeggios from the harp, broke two strings of that capricious instrument.

At last, during a respite of half an hour before even the earliest guest should arrive, Sister Viola, pale, exhausted, anxious about more things than the industrious Martha ever dreamed of, propped herself against the Gibson pillows—the gifts of beloved and absent pupils—on the sofa in her music-room. Blanche Grayson adjusted herself on the piano stool. She was a slender girl, not very tall, with a varying rose tint in her face, a dimple in her left cheek, and the air of a fawn that had just settled a vexed question. As a "post-graduate," she was permitted to wear a train, which was of soft white stuff that did not rustle; a few spangles scattered on the berth were likewise allowed her because of her eminence. Her wide-open dark-grey eyes, which were violet when they were not so wide open, were fixed on Sister Viola's ivory-toned face.

"Perhaps," Blanche said reflectively, "if I were a Virginia girl, and had been engaged a great many times, I should find it easier to give up Benny Gore. Oh, Sister, do not imagine—you, who know me so well—that I have not suffered in choosing between him and my career—I may say, my vocation."

Sister Viola was thinking of the harp-strings, and she made a mechanical sign of assent.

"I have settled it my own way; forgive me, Sister, for not accepting the path of the sheltered life."

"Bessie Hinkson is always flat in the 'Melody in F,'" murmured Sister Viola, permitting Blanche to clasp her right hand, "I must look after her E string."

"Listen," said Blanche, emphatically, "I have found my *métier* under the influence of Professor MacNiall's lectures. I have traced the influence of the Celt on our literature, and I am going to expose—with the assistance of Professor MacNiall's notes—the fallacies of the Anglo-Saxon. I shall speak at the Bracton Town Hall on the twenty-eighth. I shall do some good. It 's a popular view; it 's ideal."

"Not in public, Blanche, surely!" exclaimed Sister Viola, awakening.

"Why not? And, you know, Bracton is not *so* public; it 's a little place. And of course it 's not a center of culture, like Richmond or Baltimore; but I 've friends there, and I shall make it all very simple, at the same time philosophical. It will be what Professor MacNiall calls '*haute vulgarization*.' If I get good notices in the local papers, it will help me. Mrs. Magee—dear, motherly woman—is to assist with the tickets. And—" Blanche reddened—"that hateful Benny Gore *dared* me to do it."

"Oh, Blanche, what will Mother Juliet say?"

"She knows," said Blanche; "and she was awfully medieval about it, and then she said she hoped I would n't catch cold, and was glad that I am going to stay with such kind-hearted people as the Maginnises. As to father," exclaimed Blanche, "he 'll come around all right when the press rings with my fame, and I earn some money. I 'm *sick* of being only part of a dead family; I 'm tired of being descended from the *third* Lord Baltimore, —I wonder how my ancestors managed to skip the fourth. Perhaps, if I had n't heard so much of father's family, I might want to have one of my own."

"Blanche!"

Blanche tightened her lips.

"If you went in for music, it might be different," said Sister Viola; "but I think you 're very foolish to give up a good young man, like Mr. Gore, for the lecture-field, as I 've heard you call it. If a girl has n't a vocation, she ought to marry—there 's that Bessie Hinkson flat again!" Sister Viola murmured, as a wail rent the air. "A great consolation in convent-school life," added Sister Viola, with a moment's gentle bitterness, "is that the stupid girls you have to teach are no kin

to you. Don't be silly, Blanche. Marry, as you can't be a nun. I hear that Mr. Gore does n't drink, and Sister Margaret says—oh, there 's that E string again! I must go!"

Left alone, Blanche drew herself to her full height, and kicked out her train.

"I wonder if Benny Gore will come to the concert," she thought. The first time he saw me I sang, 'Said the Rose.'" She hummed:

" 'I am weary of the Garden,'

Said the Rose;

'For the winter winds are sighing.'"

She stopped, feeling very unphilosophical for a moment. "Loin du Bal" sounded finally from one of the piano closets, interrupted by a bell which called all the performers to the ante-room adjoining the place of the concert. There clouds of white muslin and blue ribbons awaited the beginning of the overture to "Semiramide" (for four pianos). The rustle of programs and the swishing of petticoats told that unseen auditors were arriving in large numbers. Sister Viola, loved by the school, and not at all feared, was welcomed with subdued applause. Every girl drew on her gloves at once, the pianists allowing theirs to dangle elegantly from their wrists. Judith Silberstein, who was to "do" Chopin, *sola*, hastily hid a pair of jingling bracelets under her sleeves, visible jewelry being forbidden.

"Sister," whispered Blanche, tremulously, "I 'm afraid I can't go on. It 's my last appearance in a May concert, and if *he* should be here"—

Blanche knew very well that she was the "star" of the occasion. Sister Viola suppressed an impatient speech. Judith Silberstein had heard the whisper. She was not to be outdone; to be sure, she could have no train or spangles, but she had talent. and her mother's bracelets in her bosom.

"Oh, Sister Viola," she pleaded, "I must be likewise excused. I have flutterings in my heart I never before have had. It is impossible that I should play that rhapsodie."

Sister Viola's own heart fluttered. Must the concert, the great event each year in the annals of the convent, fail this time?



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

AN ASPIRATION

"What it is, Nanita?" she asked in a dull voice.

Nanita Valdez, who, as the smallest girl in the school and a Brazilian, was to dance a cachuca,—even in the presence of the Bishop,—tripped up to the unhappy Sister.

"My castanets do not click well," said Nanita, who looked like a yellow tulle butterfly; "besides, my heart goes just like Judith's. We little girls have just as much right to heart-beats as the big ones, Sister."

A tall girl, with a golden pompadour, disengaged herself from the quartette.

"If Bessie Hinkson is going to stand before me when I sing my phrase, I'm afraid—"

Sister Viola clasped the beads of her rosary; there was a clapping of hands in the hall; the Bishop had arrived; life became a blank to her.

"Young ladies," said the gentle voice of Mother Juliet from the doorway, "you are all, I know,—everyone of you,—desirous to do well; so please kneel down and make an aspiration."

Slowly, like falling snowflakes on a windless day, the clouds of fluffy white touched the polished floor, even the lustrous-eyed Judith Silberstein bowing her head most devoutly. The bell rang, and out upon the stage filed the pianists of the first number, with Blanche at their head. She surveyed the auditors, wondering how she would face her listeners on the twenty-eighth. Yes, there was Sexton Maginnis, ushering late-comers into their seats. She *must* see him after the concert; but that hateful Benny Gore was nowhere visible!

The crash of the overture rang out; Sister Viola's color came back; she looked gratefully at Mother Juliet.

"Sister Viola," said the Prioress, gently, "when you feel like boxing a woman's ears, and you can't, *always* appeal to her religion."

Maginnis did many "chores," as he phrased it, for the convent, and Blanche Grayson knew that he would probably await orders in the parlor, after the concert was over. She found him there, as she expected, hat in hand, the picture of guilelessness and good humor. She took the proof of the announcement of her lecture from the vestibule table and showed it to him.

"I'm of age, you know," she began, fearing that he would hesitate to help her.

"Sure, you don't look it!" said Maginnis, gallantly.

Blanche drew herself up indignantly.

"Mr. Maginnis," she said, "you see that I am going to enter the lecture-field."

"I do," said Maginnis.

"And I've hired the hall in Bracton, because it is near, and I can go right home to your house after the lecture. And I want you to assist me *every way*."

"I will," said Maginnis; and then he looked down at the wild azalea in his buttonhole, and seemed to think.

"Please take this proof to the printer's, and tell him that it's all right."

Maginnis took the placard,—the one her father had seen in the vestibule,—and looked at the legend boldly printed upon it.

"Sure," he said, after a pause, "I thought you had a beau—and let me say, Miss Grayson, that there's nothing in the *theatricals* for the likes of you. 'T was his reverence Father Blodgett himself that I heard sayin' that the strongest of us would be timpted by the *sheductions* of the *theayter*, if we got mixed up with thim. If I were the holy Sisters,—beggin' their pardon,—I'd counsel you to take Mr. Gore, the likely boy he is, if he'll have you."

"Have me!" Blanche exclaimed, reddening to the roots of her carefully parted hair. She remembered that she must preserve her dignity. "Mr. Gore is nothing to me. When he heard of my lecture, he asked Mrs. Magee, a kind, motherly soul who washes my laces, if I was going to do 'the escaped-nun racket.' It's vulgar."

"So Herself's in it!" said Maginnis. He grinned; then, as he repeated Benny Gore's obnoxious phrase, a light broke upon him, and he chuckled hoarsely. Blanche Grayson was certainly a very pretty and simple girl. Finola, the "twin" might be like her some day; the twin should not waste herself on a career, if he could prevent it.

"You will do what you can to fill the hall, Mr. Maginnis?"

"I'll fill the hall," said Maginnis. "Every Kerry man in town will be there."

"You 'll put up the posters, and sell the tickets—you have great influence—"

"I 'll fill the hall; there 'll not be standin' room, and Mary Ann will go with you, and look after you."

Twilight had fallen when Maginnis reached the printing office to which all Bracton sent its job work. It was closed, but he went over to Benny Gore's boarding-house and borrowed his lead pencil.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"SO HERSELF 'S IN IT!" SAID MAGINNIS"

"Oh, thank you so much! As to the money—"

"Never mind that," said Maginnis, with a magnificent wave of his hand; "I 'll come out square."

At this moment Sister Viola entered the parlor in search of Blanche, and Maginnis said a respectful good-by.

Then he made certain changes in Miss Grayson's announcement of her lecture.

"I 'll not tell the boy till after it 's done," he said; "'t is better to leave him the little peace of mind he has."

He thrust the placard under the printer's door, with the corrections carefully marked. On his way, he had to lean

against several fences, and his roars of laughter, as he entered the lane that led to his home at the Curtice Place, almost awakened Finn and Finola.

Benny Gore began to cheer up on the day before the lecture. This was the day on which the posters were carefully nailed on vacant fences, and on the big tree in front of Father Blodgett's rectory.

"Poor, misguided creature, whoever she is," said Father Blodgett, taking the placard down, "if she only dreamed of the passions she may arouse in this peaceful community, she might pause in her career for gain. Maginnis, see that our people keep away; I'm sorry it is too late to tell them so from the altar. Let there be no disturbance; the poor thing is, after all, a woman."

Maginnis promised gently and sweetly to see that there should be no disturbance. "But," he said, "I wish, Father, you'd keep an eye on Herself. It's mighty queer of her to be sellin' tickets and tryin' to get everybody to go to the lecture. And it against her own people! There are women, as well as men," he added, "that would be the better for the pledge."

Father Blodgett sighed. "She was such a worthy woman," he said. "Drink is a curse."

"Right you are, your Reverence," said Maginnis, virtuously. "It's not me, though, that would say a word against Herself."

On the night of the twenty-eighth of May, Colonel Grayson came back to Bracton just in time to see crowds of men entering the town hall. He could not keep away, though he felt that his name was to be disgraced, and, in his heart, he was proud of the little girl's pluck. He observed that there was a carriage in the side street, and that Benny Gore, in a long, light rain-coat, with his inseparable brier-wood pipe between his lips, was loitering there. The Colonel joined him, and shook hands. They walked up and down the narrow pavement, accompanied only by tobacco smoke and the scent of young mint when the Colonel breathed hard in his sorrow. In a clear tenor voice, Benny tried once or twice the old tune, "Said the Rose":

"And she fixed me in her bosom,
Like a star,
And I flashed there all the morning,

Jasmine, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning,
That they are!"

"You seem mighty cheerful," said the Colonel.

"I reckon I am," said Benny.

Blanche heard the carol, and her heart began to thump. She stood under the hoop of gaslights that illuminated the bleak Bracton hall, the only ornament of which was a big, rusty, cylinder-stove. This was all very different from listening to Professor MacNiall's beautiful lectures, and dreaming of a pure, high, starry career. She noticed, looking at the "sea of faces," that there was hardly a woman in the hall. Mrs. Magee, whose bonnet had been turned awry in her effort to get a good seat, was just behind her son-in-law.

Mary Ann stood in the room near the stage, opening into the side street. She had been instructed to have Miss Grayson's wraps in readiness, and her heart was in her mouth, for she felt that Maginnis was up to something. From her place she could see Maginnis and the purple roses on her mother's spring hat.

Maginnis clapped his hands, and applause followed that seemed somehow to have an ironical echo. The lecturer forgot to kick the train of her black chiffon gown, as set down in several rehearsals; but she opened her manuscript very gracefully, cleared her throat, and read, gaining strength as she went on. Her auditors were silent, and they appeared to be expectant. She was just beginning to think that her black gloves made her hands seem very small when she reached one of those philosophical "intermezzos" which she had sprinkled through her lecture:

"Philosophy is the key of life, and, I may say, the key of poetry. A poet's ethics,—by ethics I mean the philosophical conduct of life,—comes from his essential consciousness. If Pope had been less self-seeking, less malicious, less mischievous, less treacherous"—

A roar from the suspicious front benches followed these assertions.

"Glory be to God, Maginnis!" whispered Mrs. Magee, leaning over in her excitement and tapping her son-in-law's elbow, "what is she sayin' against the Pope?"

"Pope's treachery," continued Blanche,



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

"MAGINNIS JUMPED FROM HIS SEAT AND CAUGHT
HER ARM"

trembling a little, "was the result of a"—

Catcalls and groans interrupted her. An egg, brought into the hall, in spite of all vigilance, struck the edge of the stage. Blanche stepped back, open-eyed and startled. Maginnis jumped from his seat and caught her arm, and hurried her out to Mary Ann.

"Oh, Mr. Maginnis," she asked, now

trembling very much, "why will they not listen? Am I a failure?"

"They 're the ignorant kind that hate education," said Maginnis, consolingly. "They 'll tear the hall down next," he added, with complacency.

The world seemed to be falling around Blanche; but there, just outside the door, was Benny Gore, who lifted her into the carriage.

"He 's betther nor a career, miss," Maginnis whispered. "Take him, and, if you 'll accept my advice, Mr. Gore, *you 'll* drive the bride's father with you to Father Blodgett's, for his emotions have n't left him a leg to stand on." And, indeed, the Colonel seemed dazed.

Blanche leaned her head on Benny's shoulder and wept.

"Was it so very bad?" she asked.

"I 'm afraid so," he said, "for they 're having a fight in the hall over it yet."

"I shall never try again," she answered, with a sob.

"You and your wife will meet us at the rectory," said Benny Gore to Maginnis. "And I 'll never forget you."

"'T was Herself's work, Mary Ann," whispered Maginnis, "encouragin' a homeless orphan to her own destruction. And I 'm glad the twins are not

old enough to hear of it. Mary Ann, lead your mother to the rectory. I 'll follow."

He stood alone under the lamp-post; he chuckled, as he read his masterpiece, which some rude hand had recently plucked from a blank wall:

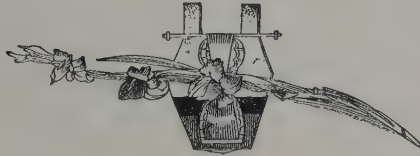
"Bracton Town Hall, May 28, 1902,
at eight o'clock.

Lecture: 'The Damnation of the Celt in
Literature.'

by An Escaped Nun.

Tickets, fifty cents, admitting two."

"No Kerry boy could stand *that*," he said, "and well I knew it; but I 'd like to have the spalpeen by the neck that threw an egg at the lady. 'T is a good piece of work," he added, folding up the poster; "but, glory be! 'T is the last thing I 'll do of the kind, if I can help it."



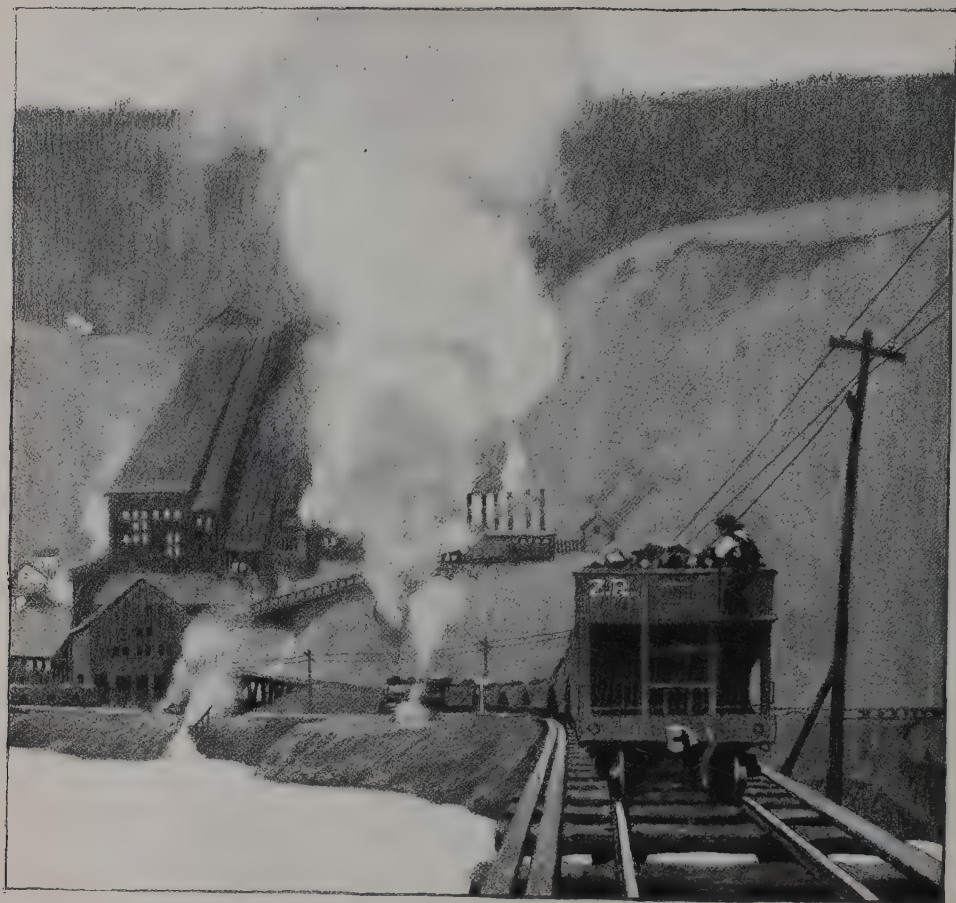
THE POET

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

OF fairy-land his foot is free,
And with a seraph sword
He keeps for sons of mystery
That garden of the Lord;

Dim realm where all this earth's misrule
Is glamoured into grace,
Where pilgrims of the Beautiful
Behold her solemn face;

That garden, walled with ancient awe,
Where the dreamer walks apart;
That fire to which the world is straw,
Land of the Living Heart.



IN THE ANTHRACITE REGION • •

**PICTURES
BY
THORNTON OAKLEY**



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

THE COLLIERY HUNS RETURNING HOME FROM WORK



Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

PUSHING CAR-LOADS OF COAL INTO THE BREAKER



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"THE PATCH"—HUN WOMEN DRYING CLOTHES

TWILIGHT

BY ADA FOSTER MURRAY

A LITTLE longer let the dream beguile
That we abide in youth's entrancing smile.
These lingering buds a vernal promise show,
Though pale rose-petals drift like flakes of snow;
The air is thin and keen with frost—but still,
Spring's freshest morn has oft the selfsame chill.

The sky is dark and shines with many a star—
Has dawn not stars? The night must yet be far.
Which is this twilight—that of age or youth?
Since each resembles each so much, forsooth,
One scarce can tell if youth's bright day be gone
Or just awakening to its April dawn.

THE "HAYSTACK PRAYER-MEETING," AND WHAT FOLLOWED

BY HENRY R. ELLIOT



THE nineteenth century saw the foundation, first, of the Bible societies; second, of the Sunday-school; third, of the Society of Christian Endeavor; fourth, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and fifth, of Protestant foreign missions. The first centennial of the pioneer Bible Society has just been celebrated in London. Only a few months ago, the founder of the Y. M. C. A., Sir George Williams, died in that same city. The central figure in the creation of the organized Sunday-school movement, B. F. Jacobs, died only a few years ago, and several of his associates, like Bishop Vincent, are still in service. Robert Raikes started his first crude class for Bible study a little over one hundred years ago. "Father Endeavor" Clark organized the first Young People's Society for Christian Endeavor in his church in Portland, Maine, in 1881.

Just one hundred years ago this summer, probably in August, a group of Williams College students took the step which, by common consent, marks the creation of the foreign missionary move-

ment in this country. This is the centennial summer of "The Haystack Meeting," which the whole Christian world is about to celebrate as one of the most memorable dates in history.

What has invested this prayer-meeting with such vast importance? Not the circumstances, certainly, which were these:

Five country boys, students at Williams College, got in the way of meeting frequently for religious conversation and prayer. They were studying geography, among other branches of learning, and one tradition has it that out of their interest in this study was born a profound compassion for the great unknown heathen world, the very territory of which was only a blank area on the map. Geography, as studied at Williams in 1806, was a very different thing from geography as the school-boy of to-day knows it.

The leading spirit in this group was a youth just entering college from Torrington, Connecticut, named Samuel J. Mills. Even as a lad he had been touched by the heroic quality in the missionary work of Eliot and Brainerd among the wild tribes



THE "HAYSTACK" MONUMENT, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

that still swarmed in the American forests, and it was with a well-defined purpose in his own mind to devote his life to world-wide missions that he went up to college for fuller preparation.

The five boys held their prayer-meetings in their rooms at college or in the adjacent woods, and the call to service in heathen lands was the prevailing topic of thought. While thus engaged, in a maple grove near the college, on a mid-summer's afternoon in 1806, a thunder storm suddenly burst upon them, and they hurried for shelter to a haystack in a near-by clearing. Burrowing under its protecting slopes, the five students continued their service in this extemporized cave, while the tempest raged about them.

During the shower, Mills urged his associates to a decision that the time was ripe for an attack on the heathen peoples of Asia, and called upon them for personal enlistment in the cause. One of the group contended that such a movement, in advance of the military conquest of Asia by Christian armies, would be premature. But the eloquence of Mills prevailed. "We can do it if we will," he exclaimed, uttering the now-famous watchword of the missionary world, and in a rapt prayer of consecration, amid the peals of thunder and flashes of lightning, he committed himself and the company to the mission cause.

Presently the skies cleared, the rain ceased, and the group of youths dispersed.

But the impressions of the haystack prayer-meeting remained. Events did not move so quickly a century ago, but in 1808 a secret society was organized in one of the college rooms as a result of the meetings steadily continued during the two years, the members of which pledged themselves to the mission cause.

In 1810, Mills was graduated from Williams, and went to Andover Theological Seminary to prepare himself for missionary labors. Here he met the three pioneer missionaries to Asia, Newell, Nott, and Judson. He offered himself to the churches at the same time, but in the judgment of friends it was thought best for him to remain at home and enlist the churches in the support of those who went. And thus it may be said that the first missionary society in America began, since it was largely on account of Mills's efforts that the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized.

Singularly enough, Mills himself was not permitted to labor personally in heathen lands. For several years he was engaged in important service at home not only in the foreign missionary work proper, but in city missions in New York City and in the formation of the American Bible Society. He also became deeply interested in the American Colonization Society, and in 1818 was sent to Africa by that society to select a site for a colony. While thus engaged, he contracted a fatal fever, and was buried at sea on the return voyage.

No authentic portrait of Mills or of any of the "haystack group" exists, but we have an interesting description of Mills by a friend and neighbor, who writes, in the formal diction of the time, as follows:

"While his figure was manly, his apparel studiously neat, and his manner rather graceful, his voice was not clear, nor his eye brilliant, nor his language fluent. Unlike his father, he had no wit. The prominent traits of his character, which gave him prominence as a philanthropist, were such as these: He was sagacious to see what could be done and what could not be done. He embarked in no mere theoretic or impracticable enterprises. He had more than ordinary knowledge of human nature. He did

not consult his own wealth, ease, or honor. His compassion to man was tender and large. His love to the Kingdom of Christ was a flame of fire. He wasted no time in despondence or complaints. He was prudent in the use of his tongue. He did not rail about the popular error or vices, whether of nations or individuals. He was no bigot. He silently communed with the Baptist, prayed with the Methodist, loved the Moravian, and praised the Friend. His prayers were short, often saying, "We praise thee that we belong to a race of beings who were made by Jesus Christ and for him, and who are redeemed by his blood."

We cannot refer even in barest outline to the century's growth in foreign missions since the haystack prayer-meeting. We have noticed the origin of the "A. B. C. F. M." in 1810. Other societies soon followed, such as the Wesleyan Methodist in 1813, the Baptist Missionary Union in 1814, the Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal church in 1821, the Reformed Church Missionary Society in 1837, and the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church (North) also in 1837.

At present, taking the statistics from "The Blue Book of Missions" for 1905, there are in the United States forty-three foreign missionary societies, supporting 4627 missionaries and 21,933 native helpers, working at 9429 stations. Connected with these stations are 6756 schools, 209 hospitals, and fifteen publication houses. The number of professing Christians is put down as 926,449, and the total yearly income at \$6,560,574.

How far the haystack prayer-meeting was an initiating impulse, setting in motion the amazing development of the missionary enterprise which the century has witnessed, how far it was simply a ripple on the surface of a great world current, each student of history must decide for himself. That discussion can be left to the debating societies that decide whether the age makes the man or the man makes the age. What is certain is that by the common consent of the Christian public, to Samuel J. Mills and his four associates at the haystack prayer-meeting is attributed, so far as human agency goes, the definite beginning of the foreign missionary enterprise in this country.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE FAILURE



THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND THE FARM-YOUTH

BY L. H. BAILEY

Director of the College of Agriculture, Cornell University



IN two previous papers, discussing some of the phases of the agricultural status as it is reflected in college students, I presented the reasons that certain students alleged for leaving the farm and that other students alleged for taking up farm-life. Since I dealt with students in those papers, it is a natural sequence that I now ask the further question as to what is to be the prospect for the person who is educated for country life in an agricultural college. It is sometimes charged that the college educates "away from" or "beyond" the farm. If this is true, it must be because it either alienates the student's sympathies or gives him an unpractical or not useful training. A main question, so far as the student is concerned, is whether his sympathies really are in danger of being alienated.

What, then, do these agricultural students purpose to do with their education? The only way to answer this question is to secure statements from the students themselves. This I have done, and the summary results are given below. It will no doubt be objected that this method is unreliable as indicating the influence of the college, since a student may not follow his intentions; yet it is probable that the influence of a course of study may be better expressed in the intentions of

students than in statistics of the occupations of persons who have been some years out of college, for the occupation is in very many cases a matter of accident or of circumstances rather than of choice. The student's ideals are developed or confirmed in the college course; if later these ideals are shattered, it may be no fault of the course.

The students of whom I asked the questions were members of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University. My only reason for choosing this particular college is because I am connected with it. Probably the other agricultural colleges would give similar results. I have every reason to think that the replies express honest conviction. These persons represented three classes of students; four-year students, having entered with full university requirements and who were working for a baccalaureate degree; two-year students, pursuing general agricultural studies, earnest men and women, well grounded in common-school subjects, and many of them persons of maturity and strong native ability, and all of them taking regular university work; and two-year specials in the teacher's course for nature-study and agriculture, all of whom were women. Up to the time of this writing I had 179 replies to my inquiries. These replies may be roughly classified as follows:

STATEMENT OF THE DESIRES OF 179
STUDENTS IN A COLLEGE OF
AGRICULTURE

	Desire to go into farming	Desire to teach or experiment in agriculture	Landscape- gardening	Undecided or unexpressed
<i>78 students reared on the farm</i>				
35 regular students	28	6		1
43 special students	40	2		1
<i>69 students reared in town or city</i>				
45 regular students	25	11	7	2
24 special students	19	3	1	1
<i>14 American women students</i>				
5 regular students	2	3		
9 special students		9 (teach nature-study and agriculture)		
<i>18 foreign students</i>				
10 regular students	8	2		
8 special students	7	1		
179	129	37	8	5

The figures in the last column are most significant, showing that only five of the entire lot fail to express their wishes as to choice of life-work. Moreover, two or three of these persons declare that they desire to pursue some kind of agricultural work.

The desire to engage in farming, as expressed in the first column, is most various in kind and of different degrees of intensity. I made a note of such desires as are specifically mentioned by the respondents, with the following results:

FARM STUDENTS

Desire to return to home farm	13
Stock and dairy farming	14
Horticulture	11
General Farming	6
Poultry	6
Superintendent or manager	5

TOWN STUDENTS

Horticulture (mostly fruit and green-house business)	15
Stock and dairy farming	14
General farming	8
Poultry	4

While these specific replies are too few to furnish any basis of percentages, they nevertheless suggest the range of activities that appeals to a student body. They also indicate that the desire for an

agricultural life appeals to many men of many minds, and that it is apparently not a passing whim or fashion.

Many of these persons who desire to take up direct farming occupations, however, have no capital with which to start. They will follow teaching or some other salaried work for a time, as they tell me in their replies, in order that they may accumulate the means to buy land and equipment. Of course some of them will never get back to the land after they are once engaged in another enterprise, but this will be their misfortune rather than their choice.

The figures are most suggestive as to the intentions of the town students. There are, of course, no sharp lines of classification as between farm and town. Some of the students have spent their time in both city and country, and are essentially townsmen, and I have so classified them. Some farm-youths have moved to town, but these are essentially farmers, because they were reared in the farm atmosphere. Yet I think that there is sufficient line of separation to make the categories worth while. It is rather surprising that more than sixty per cent. of these town- and farm-youths desire to engage in practical farming. It is equally significant that all of those who wish to be landscape-gardeners are from the town. This is a reflection of the fact that the art sense is not yet developed in the agricultural country.

On the whole, this particular student body, so far as replies have been received, has set itself concretely toward the development of agriculture, and seventy per cent. of the respondents would engage in practical farming if they were free and able to do so. One wonders what fortune the years will bring these young persons, and how many of them will find the opportunities to which they are looking.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE EDUCATED
FARM-BOY?

Having made this brief examination of the sentiment of a certain agricultural student body, it will now be worth while to ask what an agricultural education may be expected to accomplish for the farm-boy in general, and whether there is to be a place in the world for a person

thus trained. This is the main question, so far as society is concerned.

There is special reason for asking these questions, since there is no phase of educational work that is now receiving more attention than agricultural education. Many of the agricultural colleges that have been in an undeveloped state are now springing into great activity. States are giving large sums for buildings and equipment, to supplement the proceeds from the funds of the Land Grant Act of 1862, on which every State and Territory has founded a college that teaches agriculture. What will this new educational activity accomplish for the farmer?

It is first pertinent to consider what education does for a man. It inspires him, sets him new ideals, makes him a more vigorous and accurate thinker, gives him a new fund of information, and furnishes him with power. Then the question arises whether the farm will continue to satisfy the educated man.

The two factors, then, are the college on one hand and the farm on the other. Can they work together harmoniously for one common object? It is undoubtedly true that there has often been a lack of articulation or adjustment between the two, in spite of all their efforts to come together. This lack is not to be regarded as a shortcoming, but rather as a stage in the progress of evolution of a new type of education. It requires time to work out a pedagogical system that will adequately meet its ends, and probably in no other direction is this so true as in agricultural education: for agriculture is exceedingly complex; it rests on a multitude of sciences and arts, and it is handicapped by centuries of burdensome tradition. Agricultural education in this country, as an organized enterprise, is not yet half a century old; and half a century is none too long for the fitting of the ground and the planting of the seed.

Agricultural education has passed through a period of development, as all other education has; it has appealed to the few rather than to the many. The man of special parts has gone to college. For such men there are always special opportunities. In the last fifty years the commercial world has been upset and reorganized, calling everywhere for men of ability. The farm has furnished a re-

markable share of these men, for the farm-boy is industrious, frugal, and able to turn his attention to many enterprises. We think it strange that the college student has not gone back to the farm; it would be stranger if the men of unusual ability had gone back to the farm. To capable men the door of opportunity always opens: they enter.

Another type of youth who has gone to college is the one who cares for books more than for affairs. The college satisfies him. He is willing to remain in an inferior position if only he can have access to libraries and to the company of bookish men. This is not anomalous or even strange. Some men like cattle, some like steam-engines, some like books. Of course the book-man is not cut out for a farmer. If he goes back to the farm, he becomes the "book-farmer." He has missed his calling, and he has had his day. There is a place in the world for this man, and this place he is now finding.

Much of the teaching also has been bookish and conventional. It has been the avowed purpose of teaching to teach by books. The old colleges and academies rested largely on this idea. The common schools copied the colleges. The introduction into colleges of subjects that have relation to affairs has changed all this. The mechanical engineer is not educated primarily in books and mere lectures, but in machines and engineering problems. The teaching of agriculture also is similarly changing. More and more, the students are studying cows and corn, not studying more or less relevant subjects about cows and corn. The professors are men of affairs; they are "practical." The consequence is that students are put in touch with the active, vital problems of the farm and the open country. The college and the farm are now beginning to articulate closely. The agricultural subjects are gradually being systematized into pedagogic form, so that they become a means of developing real power.

Again, the student usually receives no training farmward until he enters college. At that age his sympathies are likely to be set toward other enterprises. The common schools have not trained countryward. So far as they train for college, it is mostly in the direction of "arts and sciences" or "letters." If the youth is

to be trained countryward, the training should begin before he is sent to college. These remarks are well illustrated even in the arithmetic, which presents chiefly store-keeping, middleman, partnership, and theoretical problems; yet there are hundreds of indigenous arithmetical farm problems the figuring of which in the public schools would revolutionize agriculture.

The gist of it all is that the agricultural college is now teaching from the farm point of view rather than from the traditional academic point of view. It is near the load. It will reach many persons rather than few. It is asking the common schools for help. It is fostering an indigenous agricultural sentiment.

We may now inquire what the farm does to help the farm-boy. A farmer complained to me that his son had not come back to the farm from college. He had worked hard to retain the farm in order that the son might have it. It was apparent why the son had not gone back: the farm was not worthy of him. There was nothing on that particular farm that could hold the attention of a young man whose sensitiveness had been quickened and whose ideals had been elevated. I should have thought the boy's education a failure if he had been content on that farm. The father, remaining on the farm, had not realized all this. He had never thought that the son's point of view on most questions would be greatly changed. Often the college man is no longer content on the farm because of lack of congenial associates. There is no one in sympathy with his new attitude of mind. He is aware that he is a subject of silent curiosity and sometimes even of ridicule. Often there is no opportunity allowed him on the farm to work out the new methods and to express his new ambitions. We have assumed that the whole burden of responsibility rests on the agricultural college, but it really rests in part on the farm. The following statement in one of my replies is pathetic: "My expectation is to go home eventually, provided I can secure some few improvements that are essential for successful farming—for example, a silo."

The character of farming is changing rapidly. It is coming more and more to be an efficient, profitable, and attractive

business. With here and there an exception, in the past we have not given much consecutive thought to the business—nothing like as much as the merchant gives to his business or the doctor to his. It has been so "easy" a business that untrained men could succeed in it. The change in economic and social conditions is breaking up the tradition. Farming is becoming more difficult, and the old methods must go. In the future only the well-informed and efficient-thinking man can succeed; that is, only the educated man.

The country is to offer other advantages to the educated man than merely to be a good farmer. There are good opportunities for leadership on public questions—probably better opportunity and with less competition than in the great cities. The very fact that city representation is increasing in the legislatures should make the able country representative more of a marked man. The growth of the institute movement, of the grange and other rural organizations, gives fresh opportunity to develop leadership of a high order.

It seems to me that, by the very nature of the progress we are making, the college man must go to the farm. In fact, college men have been going back from the beginning of the agricultural education movement. Statistics show that a very large percentage actually have returned to farming, and this in spite of the fact that cities have been growing with marvelous rapidity, and that the whole system of agricultural colleges and experiment stations has been developing and calling for men. Considering the limitations under which the agricultural colleges have developed, without sympathy, with the indifference and sometimes the opposition of educators,—the very men who should have known better,—with wholly inadequate funds, it is little less than marvelous what they have accomplished within a generation. It is probable that the proportion of students of the leading agricultural colleges who now engage in agricultural pursuits is greater than students of that of colleges of law or of other professional colleges who follow their chosen profession. No one now questions the value of education to a lawyer or physician; why question its

value to a farmer? The educated man will go back to the farm if he is fitted to be a farmer.

We may now consider a third phase of the subject, whether it is really desirable that all the students from an agricultural college shall engage in agricultural pursuits. The first great contest of the agricultural college was to convince the public, particularly the agricultural public, that higher education is needed for agriculture. That contest is now merely a memory. The second epoch is now on — whether agricultural- and country-life subjects can be made the means of educating a man broadly, independent of the particular vocation that he is to follow. In other words, shall agricultural education be severely technical and professional or shall it be broadly educational? It is evident that these subjects are considered to have excellent training and disciplinary value from the fact that fully thirty States, Territories, and provinces in North America have now taken some kind of official action looking toward the introduction of agricultural subjects into the common schools. The common public schools do not teach the professions and trades. The result of good industrial education is to put the pupil into contact with his own problem, to place him near the load, to develop his creative and constructive instincts, to give his schooling purpose and meaning, to awaken a living sympathy with the moving questions of the time, to fit him to live. The whole trend of education is to put the scholar into the actual work of the world; therefore nothing can prevent the introduction of agricultural topics into the schools except a fundamental change in our point of view on the needs and progress of civilization.

The colleges and universities are leading in industrial training; but presently the methods of the primary and secondary schools will reshape themselves (without sacrificing the literary and so-called cultural phases of education); so that there will be harmony throughout the entire system. Then we shall find that the industrial courses will be pursued for their true educational and cultural value, as well as for their technical value. There is now a marked tendency, I am told, for young men of means, who are not pressed

by the necessity of a trade or profession, to pursue the courses in colleges of mechanic arts, because they feel that such courses provide a liberal and inspiring education. Whatever one's convictions as to the desirableness or undesirableness of this tendency, its significance is nevertheless apparent: it means that these subjects are now fully established in popular regard, and are considered to be worthy partners of traditional academic courses. When departmental or semi-professional education reaches this stage, it is able to make public sentiment rapidly, and to aid in creating a new leadership and meaning for the subjects for which it stands. Some persons still contend that only the pursuit of the group of subjects known as "the humanities" leads to the highest educational results. All education will lead to what we ought to know as culture.

I well remember the efforts, in my college days, to try to account for every student that has passed through an agricultural college as engaged in agriculture. We shall soon be equally proud of every graduate of such a college who turns out to be a useful citizen in any walk in life, in country or city. The agricultural colleges are rapidly developing a system of education for country life, meaning, by that phrase, the utilizing of agricultural and outdoor subjects to develop the student into a man of sensitiveness and power. The home, the school, the church, the road, the rural community, the relation of all this to citizenship and politics, the love of nature, the development of the art sense and the love of literature—all these, as well as the specific agricultural subjects, are comprised in the curriculum of the modern agricultural college. These new subjects are expressed in such courses as "rural economy," "rural engineering," "the farm home," "home economics," "rural sociology," and the like.

Along with this broadening of the course, there has also been an astonishing intensifying and deepening of it in technical agricultural subjects, so that in every way the agricultural colleges are becoming most effective institutions. They are rapidly developing leadership. It will therefore be seen that the student in these colleges has no narrow outlook.

These institutions are becoming the special guardians of education for country life as distinguished from education for town and city life. They are sure to exert a great influence in the reorganizing of education in general.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the rise of the agricultural industries into commanding position and the awakening of a general interest in rural subjects. Every one seems to be aware that agriculture is making great progress. Now, all progress in the arts and industries rests on knowledge and the imparting of knowledge; in this case, it rests very largely on the activities of experiment stations and colleges. The work of these institutions, accumulating slowly and methodically, has leavened the lump. If there is an agricultural problem, these institutions are to make the heaviest contributions toward solving it. Now and then pieces of this great body of work are

hit upon by a magazine writer as "discoveries," and he runs wild about them; but the real advance is the result of small accretions.

With all the awakened interest and the exploiting of individual instances, the townsman is not yet aware of the tremendous rise in the tone and efficiency of the entire agricultural industry, which may well be likened to the gradual elevation of a geological stratum of continental extent. At the same time, the agricultural population is retaining its old-time vigor, independence, and native philosophy. The student who enters this field will most assuredly not succeed unless he has good talents and efficient training and properly estimates the problem; but it is nevertheless perfectly evident not only that an educated man can succeed in agricultural arts, but that in time this type of man will be the only one who can hope for the best results.



THE WORKERS

BY LILY A. LONG

FORGING a soul in the dark,
They strive, and sob, and die;
And, wrung from the pain of the age-long strain,
Goes up a bitter cry.

Cruel the daily need,
And salt with tears their bread,
And long the road and weary the load
Before they are happily dead.

Blinded, they cannot see
That bread may be but a lure
To lash their will into striving still
For things that shall endure.

Once they are happily dead,
They'll turn again and mark
How in the strain of the age-long pain
They were forging a soul in the dark.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: STAGE FRIGHT

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Caen.



DEAREST MAMA:

We are still here, and I'm so happy. Uncle is in bed, and at first he thought he was paralyzed, but now he says he's only refusing to take chances. It's so nice having him in bed, because Lee is here, and uncle makes it all right without knowing anything about it. It was yesterday that he thought he was paralyzed; he sent for me before I was awake to tell me. I was so dreadfully stiff and lame that I thought at first that I could not get up; but of course I did, and went to him as soon as I could. He told me that he was paralyzed, really paralyzed; but I was n't frightened, because, when he explained his feelings, I knew every one of them, and of course I knew that I was n't paralyzed. Only when he rolled around upon his pillows and said he certainly would end his days right here in Caen, I could n't help wishing that he had left me to enjoy my pillows, also.

But he wanted to talk, so I listened for ever so long; and then he wanted to sleep, so I came away to write you, and there was a note from Lee in my room. He was down-stairs waiting, and I went right down, and, my but it was good to see him! I did n't kiss him, because it was a hotel parlor, even if we don't know any one in Caen; but I told him about uncle, and he said it was fine and that he

hoped he would be in bed a week, but no such luck. The yacht has broken a thumb-screw, or whatever it is on a yacht, and they have all come here to meet some automobile people. Lee looks real well; he says he's had no end of fun lately, and that it is a shame I can't go, too.

While we were talking, Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley came in. I did n't know that she was in Europe, and Lee was dreadfully put out for she sat right down and asked all about us. Lee explained that he was here with a yacht and that I was here with uncle; but she did n't seem to believe us, and shook her head, and asked about Mrs. Clary. She said Mr. Chigley was here, too, and they have seen a monument in the cemetery here that is just what they want for Mr. Catherwood. She says Mr. Catherwood was so clear-cut and Doric in his ideas that it has been very hard to find the right thing. She said Mr. Chigley was out making a sketch of the monument then. She says Mr. Chigley is devotion itself to Mr. Catherwood's memory, and cabled a beautiful wreath on his wedding anniversary and palms tied with purple the day he died. She said she was very happy, and Mr. Chigley just loves to hear her tell stories about Mr. Catherwood by the hour. Lee was awfully rude and kept yawning, and I know she did n't like it by the way she looked at him. It was awfully trying to have her just then, because, of course, there's no telling how long Uncle will stay paralyzed. We really thought she would stay until lunch-time, but Lee yawned so that she went at last.



"LEE WAS AWFULLY RUDE AND KEPT YAWNING, AND I KNOW SHE DID N'T LIKE IT
BY THE WAY SHE LOOKED AT HIM"

Lee said that we ought to join them in the touring-cars and do Brittany that way, but he did n't like to tackle Uncle. He says Uncle is a very tough proposition, because he is so deucedly observing, and he never begged my pardon for saying it, either. Of course Uncle brought me, and I must do as he wishes, but I do wish that he liked Lee. Lee says he wishes he liked him, too; he says it would be so deucedly convenient just now, and he did n't beg my pardon that time, either.

I ran up, and Uncle was still asleep, so I had lunch with Lee at the table d'hôte. Mr. Chigley and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley sat opposite, and she does look so funny with her wedding-rings and engagement-rings alternating on the same finger. Mr. Chigley said he should call on Uncle, and Lee and I were frightened to death until I remembered that Uncle would n't be able to read the card or

understand the waiter without me. After luncheon I ran up again, and Uncle was still asleep, so we went out to walk. We had a lovely walk, and never looked at a sight, and when we came back I ran up again, and Uncle was still asleep; so Lee and I sat down in the parlor, and we were just going to be so happy when Pinkie and Bunnie Clemens came in. Well, really, I hardly knew either, they have changed so, and Pinkie has a beard and Bunnie is over six feet high. They are on a bicycle tour with eight men, and they saw Elfrida and her sister yesterday, headed for Bayeux. Pinkie says it's been such bad weather they've had to tie umbrellas and waterproofs to them, too. He says Elfrida looks half-witted, and her sister looks like a full idiot. I was so glad that I had on a Paris frock. They wanted me to go to the theater with them, but of course I could n't, for I could n't be sure about Uncle's staying paralyzed.

Next day.

He slept till eight o'clock last night, and then he had dinner and went right to sleep again, so I could have gone to the theater after all; but how could I dare to risk it?

Lee and the men from the yacht are at another hotel, so he did n't come very early this morning, and it was fortunate, because Uncle sent for me about nine to explain Mr. Chigley's card, which they poked under the door last night. Uncle was so curious to know what it was that he got out of bed and found he could walk. He said he had never felt sure that it was paralysis, only he wanted to be on the safe side, and he is in bed still, only he is so lively that I am half crazy over Lee. If Uncle concludes he's all right, and comes down and finds Lee, I know he is n't going to like it at all. Pinkie and Bunnie have gone on to Mont St. Michel, and the Catherwood-Chigleys took the train for Dol right after breakfast. Mr. Chigley was very sorry not to see Uncle, and Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley said she should write you all about how well and happy I was looking. I know that what she really means to write about is Lee; but you know all about him, so I don't care.

Lee says if there was time he'd go to Paris and get a nurse and an electric-battery and have Uncle kept just comfortably paralyzed for a few more days, but there is n't time, and I am so worried. If Uncle loses any more patience with Lee, he won't have any patience left at all, and I'll have to go all of the rest of the trip that way. We took a walk this afternoon to consult, and we saw Elfrida and her sister. They have cut off their hair, because it bothered them so, coming down in their eyes, and Elfrida says she feels all the freedom of a man thrilling through her—you know how funny she always

talks. They have seven calloused places on the inside of each hand from the handle-bars, and 'Elfrida' says she's sure their insteps will arch forever after. They were coming out of St. Stephen Church, and the 'only' way to get rid of them was to say that we were just going in: so we said it, and went in.

It was really very interesting, and the tomb of William the Conqueror is there. He built St. Stephen, and Mathilde built La Trinité at the other end of the town, partly as a thank-offering for conquering England and partly as a penance for being cousins. There was a monastery with St. Stephen and a convent with La Trinité until the Revolution changed everything. William's tomb is just a flat slab in front of the altar, but he really is n't there any more, for they have dug him up and scattered him over and over again. The church is tremendously big and plain, and every word you even whisper echoes so much that Lee and I thought we'd better come out where we could talk alone.

When we came back to the hotel, I ran up, and the mail had come from Paris; so Uncle said if I'd fill his fountain-pen, he'd just spend the afternoon letting a few people in America know what Europe was really like. I'm a little bit troubled, for I'm all over being stiff and sore from that climbing, and yet he seems to feel almost as mean as ever. He has his meals in his room, for, although we're on the first floor, he says he cannot think calmly of a stair-case even yet. He says that Talbot's Tower seems to have settled in his calves, and Heaven knows when he'll get over it. Lee says I ought not to worry, but to make the most out of the situation; but I do worry, because Uncle is so uncertain. And I'm perfectly positive that there will be an awful scene when he



"WE HAD A LOVELY WALK AND
NEVER LOOKED AT A SIGHT"

finds out that during his paralysis I 've been going all over with Lee.

Lee and I went to walk this afternoon, and we visited the old, old church of St. Nicolas. It said in the book that the apse still had its original stone roof, and Lee said it would be a good chance to learn what an apse was; so we set out to go there, but we forgot all about where we set out for, and it was five o'clock before we finally got back to where it was. It stands in an old cemetery, and it says in the book that it has been secularized; so we climbed up on gravestones till we could see in the windows and learn what that meant, also. The gravestones were all covered with lichen and so slippery that in the end Lee gave up and just helped me to look. We did n't learn much, though, for it was only full of hay.

When we got back to the hotel, I ran up, and Uncle was gone! I never was so frightened in my life, and when I ran back and told Lee, he whistled, so I saw that he was upset, too. He said I 'd better go to my room and wait, and he 'd dine at his hotel to-night; so I went to my room, and Uncle was there, hunting all through my things for the address-book. I was so glad and relieved that I did n't mind a bit the way he had churned everything up, although you ought to see my trunk, and I kissed him and told him it was just splendid to see him beginning to go about again. He looked pleased, but he says the backs of his legs are still beyond the power of description, and so I proposed having dinner with him in his room, which we did very comfortably, and he told me that he should remember this trip till the day he died, without any regard for the grease I spilt on his hat. After dinner he was very fidgety, and I can see that the confinement is wearing on him; but I don't know what to do.

More letters came by the evening mail, and Mrs. Clary is so in raptures over the dinner that when Uncle asked me if I had heard from her I thought it was wisest to say no, because I knew that if he read how happy M. Sibilet was making her, he surely would n't like it at all.

Lee sent me a note by a messenger about eleven o'clock, with instructions in French on the outside about their delivering it to me when I was *not* with Uncle.

They delivered it all right, and I read it. He just said that the automobiles had come, and that he was going to cast his die clean over the Rubicon to-morrow morning at eleven. That means that he is going, of course, and that I am to be left here all alone. I do feel very badly over it, for Uncle will be almost sure to find out about Lee whenever he can get downstairs again, and then I 'm sure I don't know what will happen. Of course I 've not done anything that I should n't have done; but, dear me! doing right does n't help if Uncle chooses to decide that it is wrong. And if he can't walk, to let us go on traveling, he 's going to keep getting more and more difficult to get along with. I don't like to tell Lee how troubled I am, because if Lee gets worked up and decides to take a hand in while I 'm traveling with Uncle, I might as well be Mr. Pickwick when he rushed between just in time to get the tongs on one side and the shovel on the other. I don't want Lee trying to defend me from Uncle, because I know Uncle would never forgive him for thinking I needed defending. You know yourself just how Uncle is, and now that his legs are so stiff he is more that way than ever. Lee does n't understand, and I can't make him understand, and perhaps it 's just as well that he should go on to-morrow. Maybe Uncle will be better in a few days, so that we can visit Bayeux. He 's crazy to go to Bayeux and see the tapestry, and it is n't so very far. But what shall we do if we come to any town again where there are no cabs! It would be awful.

However, I shall not worry, for it 's no use. Mrs. Catherwood-Chigley wrote me her address on one of her cards, and Lee took it and sent it to me with some beautiful flowers. He thought it was such a clever, safe idea; but just suppose we meet them again! If I did n't think Lee was just right, I 'd think he had almost too many clever ideas; and, anyhow, I know that I 'm sure that he has too many while I 'm traveling with Uncle.

Now, good night, it 's so very late. Don't ever feel troubled over me, for I 'm having a splendid time, and it was so kind of Uncle to bring us.

Your own loving

Yvonne.

X

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Vire.

DEAR MAMA:

I am the happiest thing in the whole wide world, and Lee is the grandest fellow! I must write you everything, and you will see.

The morning after I last wrote, Uncle had me waked up at seven and wrote on a scrap of paper, "We leave for Bayeux at 8:30." I was just about sick, for I knew he was n't able to, and then, besides if we left so early, I surely should n't see Lee again. But I got up and dressed immediately. Then I was beside myself to find some way of sending Lee a scrap of a good-by before we took a cab for the *gare*. Uncle was in high spirits over getting out again, and all went well until it came the minute to get him on to the train.

Well, I do believe he was scared himself. Getting on to a French train is almost like going up a ladder that slopes the wrong way, I always think, and it took two commissionaires to hoist Uncle into the coupé. He was awfully worried over it, I could see, for he talked about what an outrageous idiot Mr. Chopstone was all the way to Bayeux. We had to get out there, of course, and I was beside myself to know how to manage. In the end Uncle came down so suddenly that he nearly crushed me and a meek, good-hearted little Frenchman who had kindly offered to help assist.

The *gare* at Bayeux is quite a walk from the part of the town where the

sights are and there was n't a cab or a thing on wheels. I did n't dare look at Uncle, for there is no train back till four in the afternoon. He seemed a bit staggered at first, and then he said well, it was level, and we'd go leisurely along and enjoy the fresh, pure, sweet air of the country. So we walked along, but I could see he was n't enjoying it a bit, and it took us a half hour to get to where we were going. We went to the cathedral first, and Uncle sat right down and said he wanted

time enough to enjoy the ground-work of the vaulting and that I could just leave him and go around alone. It was my first chance to look at anything as slow as I liked, and I really did enjoy myself very much.

It's a really wonderful old cathedral, and I found a nice old sacristan behind the altar, and he took me underneath into the crypt, and the crypt is the original church where Harold took the oath. It

was slowly buried by the dirt of centuries, and when they started to put a furnace in a few years ago, they found it and dug it out again. It is n't very large, and the walls are of stone several feet thick, with little bits of arched windows set up too high to see from.

When I came back we went to see the tapestry in the museum, and it is n't really tapestry at all: it's a long, long strip of linen about a foot wide, with scenes embroidered on it in Kensington, and over and over. It's really very well done, and it is n't a bit badly worn out—only a few little holes here and there. The scenes are very interesting, and some of them are awfully funny—the



"HE HAS MEALS IN HIS ROOM FOR HE SAYS HE CAN'T EVEN THINK CALMLY OF A STAIR-CASE YET"

way they hauled the horses over the sides of the boats when they landed in England, for example. The Saxons have beards, and the Normans are shaven. I could n't help thinking how funny it was that the Normans, who were regarded as barbarians by the French, were looked upon as tremendously effete by the English. Uncle took a deal of pleasure studying the whole thing, and we were there till it was time for lunch. We had a nice lunch at a clean little place, and then came the rub. There was nothing to do till train time, and that terrible walk to the gare. I had brought a book along, so I could read aloud, but Uncle said only a woman would come to Bayeux and read a novel, and that I reminded him of Aunt Jane. You know how terrible it is when any one reminds him of Aunt Jane; so I closed the book at once, and said I'd do anything he liked. He said that that was more like Aunt Jane than ever, to just sit back and throw the whole burden on to him; and then he shook his watch and held it to his ear and said "Hum!" too, one right after the other. I was almost beside myself to know what to do or what to suggest, and just then something came puffing up behind us and stopped right at our side. It was a big automobile, with three men in it, and one jerked off his mask and jumped out over the wheel and grabbed Uncle by the hand. And it was Lee!

You never saw anything like. Uncle's face! He seemed re-paralyzed for a few seconds, and Lee kept shaking his hand and telling him how glad he was to see him, and how he *must* get right into the automobile and go on with them to Caen. My heart just about stopped beating, I was so anxious, but Lee never stopped shaking, and the other men took off their masks and got out, too, and told Uncle he really must

do them the honor and give them the pleasure, and in the end we got him in, and Lee won out.

Oh, it was such fun! We had the most glorious trip back to Caen. They had an extra mask along, and Uncle wore it and sat on the front seat, and Mr. Peters, the man who owns the automobile, was really lovely to him. The other man and Lee and I sat behind, and the other man is Mr. Peters's mother's son by her second husband. His name is Archie Stowell, and I should judge that Mr. Peters's mother's second husband was a lot livelier than the first, but not so clever. Mr. Peters is really awfully clever, and the way he talked to Uncle was wonderful. Uncle said it was a very smooth-riding automobile, and Mr. Peters said it did him good all through to meet some one who recognized the good points of a good machine at once; he said not one man in a thousand had brains enough to know a good machine when they were in it, and that he was overjoyed to have accidentally met the one man who did discriminate. And Uncle said he should judge that automobiling was a very easy way of getting over the ground when one was traveling in Europe, and Mr. Peters said it was perfectly bewildering how the breadth and scope of Uncle's mind could

instantaneously seize and weigh every side of an intricate proposition and as instantaneously solve it completely. By the time we reached Caen Uncle was so saturated with Mr. Peters that he even smiled on Lee as we got out and asked them all three to dine with us at eight. They accepted, and went to their hotel to dress and Uncle went to his room without one word of any kind to me.

They came, and we had a very nice dinner in a little separate room, and the way Mr. Peters talked to Uncle was worth listening to surely.



THE CATHEDRAL AT BAYEUX



"LEE KEPT SHAKING HIS HAND AND TELLING HIM HOW GLAD
HE WAS TO SEE HIM"

And when Uncle was talking he leaned forward and paid attention as if his life depended on every word. By ten o'clock Uncle was happier than I have almost ever seen him, and Mr. Peters said it was no use, we just simply must join their party and go on in the automobile. Lee began to laugh when he said that, and said: "Now, Peters, you 'll learn the sensation of getting turned down cold." It was an awful second for me, because I just felt Uncle's terrible battle between not wanting to go on with Lee and wanting to contradict him; but in the end the wanting to contradict overpowered everything else, and he said: "Young man, when you are as old as I am you 'll be less ready to speak for other people than you seem disposed to do now."

And then he accepts Mr. Peters's invitation! So will you only please to think of it—we are touring with Lee, and to-day we came up through the lovely valley of the Vire to this little town of the same name. It is all too nice for words; Uncle sits on the front seat all

the time, and when he gives Mr. Peters advice, Mr. Peters always thanks him and says that he never met any one before with sense enough to have figured that out.

We passed Elfrida and her sister to-day, paddling along for dear life. They did n't know us, and they are getting to look so awful that I think it 's just as well. Uncle says he thinks they are seeing Europe for thirty cents a day now.

It is raining, and I must go to bed,

Your very happy
Yvonne.

XI

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

DEAREST MAMA:

Vire.

We are still here in Vire, and we cannot go on, for it is raining awfully. It rained all yesterday, and we had *more* fun. About ten in the morning an automobile arrived with a lady Lee knows named Mrs. Brewer and three men, and about twelve another automobile arrived with

Clara and Emily Kingsley and their aunt Clara Emily and Ellsworth Grimm and Jim Freeman and a chauffeur, and about half-past one a runabout automobile came in with the two Tripps. We are like a big house-party, and Mr. Peters plays poker with Uncle every minute, so we can all have no end of a good time.

I must explain to you about Mr. Peters, because Lee explained to me. I was so troubled over Mr. Peters being so devoted to Uncle and never winning a single jack-pot once himself that Lee told me all about how it is. It seems that Mr. Peters's mother was married to Mr. Peters's father for quite awhile before he died and that Mr. Peters's father was n't very well off and was very hard to live pleasantly with on account of Mr. Stowell's father, who lived next door and was very well off and very easy for Mr. Peters's mother to get along with always. Mr. Peters's father died when Mr. Peters was about twelve years old, and just as soon as it was perfectly ladylike, Mr. Peters's mother married Mr. Stowell's father and went next door to live and had Mr. Stowell. Lee says Mr. Stowell's father never liked Mr. Peters much because he reminded him of all those years that Mr. Peters's and Mr. Stowell's mother lived next door instead of living with him; but Lee says Mr. Peters is very clever, and he saw how much his father lost from not being easy to get along with, and so he made up his mind to be easy to get along with himself. He gets along so well with Mr. Stowell that they travel together all the time, and Lee says he told him that if he could get along well with Uncle he 'd make it well worth his while; so he 's getting along beautifully with Uncle, and Lee is making it ever so well worth his while.

Clara Kingsley has fallen in love with one of the men who came with Mrs. Brewer—the tall, dark one, who does not talk much and reads German in his room most of his time. There are so many that I get names mixed, but Emily Kingsley is the same as ever, and *such* a joy to meet again. She says she does n't fall in love the way Clara does; she only gets badly spattered. The two Tripps are both devoted to Emily, and I think they are all sort of keeping along together. Miss Clara Emily asked after

every one in our family, even Aunt Jane. Of course I told her that Aunt Jane had been dead two years, and you ought to have seen her jump and look at Uncle. She asked me if Uncle lived alone in the house, and she looked so reflective that I felt quite uncomfortable. I told Lee about it, but he says Uncle must take his chances the same as the rest of the world when it comes to Miss Clara Emily. I wish Lee would n't make light of anything so serious as the way Miss Clara Emily looked reflective. You know you would n't like her having all Aunt Jane's lace, and I 'm sure that after Uncle was completely married to her, he would n't like it at all, either.

I don't know what Mrs. Brewer is, but the men that came in the automobile with her are just devoted to her, and she makes every one have a good time. We played cards and Consequences all the afternoon, and Mrs. Brewer told our fortunes from tea-leaves in the evening. She told Uncle to beware of a long, pointed nose which she saw in his cup, and Miss Clara Emily did n't know whether to be mad or glad. She saw a wedding-ring in Lee's cup, and I blushed terribly and tried to cough, and sneezed instead; and Lee said it was an automobile tire, and meant a breakdown. I do think Lee is always so nice. But about eleven we all got a terrible shock, for the handsome man that Clara has fallen in love with suddenly came to the door with his German book in his hand and said to Mrs. Brewer, "Come to bed, Bert. I 'm dead sleepy."

You never saw anything like poor Clara! I thought that she would faint for you know when Clara falls in love how it goes all through her. She went upstairs a little later, and, as luck would have it, she had the next room to the Brewers, and she says it just about killed her to hear him brushing his teeth, and I promised her I 'd never tell but she says he called her and Emily the "Yellow Kids" and laughed and laughed and laughed. I do think it was very horrid of him, for they can't help having Mr. Kingsley's ears, and I comforted Clara all I could, and told her that the way she puffs her hair is ever so becoming. It is n't a bit, but I had to be as nice as I knew how, for she was crying so that I



"WE PASSED ELFRIDA AND HER SISTER TO-DAY, PADDLING ALONG FOR DEAR LIFE"

was afraid Mr. Brewer would call her *Cyrano de Bergerac* if she did n't stop.

I had the room between Uncle and the two Tripps, and the two Tripps calculated their money for two solid hours, I do believe, trying to see whether they'd have to draw on Paris behind them or could wait for London ahead. The big Tripp said Mr. Peters had a hard row to hoe and the little Tripp said Lee had a soft snap, and then they added and subtracted and divided for another hour. I was almost insane when finally the little Tripp said: "Tell me what fifteen times nine is, and then I'll go to sleep," and some one across the hall called: "In Heaven's name tell him what fifteen times nine is, and then we'll *all* go to sleep." There was deadly stillness after that.

Next day.

DEAREST MAMA:

Vire.

You see, we are still here and it is still raining. Every one telegraphed for mail yesterday and every one got it to-day. I had your letters and one from Edna and one from Mrs. Clary. They are going

on a coaching trip with the man who was n't a duke, and Edna has bought three new hats. Mrs. Clary says I am an angel and that she and Edna think it right out of heaven the way Lee has turned up. I had three letters from Mr. Edgar, and he says he is thinking of making a trip into Brittany and joining us. I told Lee, and Lee says he is n't thinking anything of the kind, not on his life. I don't really think that Mr. Edgar and Lee would get on very well together. I feel almost sure that they would n't like each other. Indeed, I feel quite sure.

Poor Clara came to my room while I was reading letters, and she says she is blighted by Mr. Brewer and knows she can never get over it. She says she would n't have him know that she has the next room and can hear every word for anything, for she says it's perfectly awful all she's overhearing. She says he called Mrs. Brewer "Ladybug," and it sounded so sweet that she cried for fifteen minutes with the pillow around her head to keep them from hearing her. I'm awfully sorry about Clara, because she is always so sincere. Don't you remember that time that she was so sincere that they

were afraid that she would commit suicide over Cleever Wiggins—and that awfully sincere time she had with young Prof. Cook? She says she could stand anything if she could feel that she was reciprocated; but she says she can't feel that Mr. Brewer reciprocates one bit, for he told his wife that he bet Clara would be an older maid than her aunt before she got through with life, and Clara says that's no compliment, however you work it.

When we went down-stairs, Mr. Peters and Uncle were playing poker and Miss Clara Emily was sitting by them looking rapt. Heavens! I do hope it will stop raining and let us get away soon, for Uncle told me this noon that she was more unlike Aunt Jane than any woman that he had seen in years. Lee says he hopes we can get away very soon, too; he does not like Ellsworth Grimm. It is a pity, because Ellsworth has grown so nice, and with his pointed beard he is really very handsome. He has done a beautiful sketch of me that every one but Lee thinks is splendid, and I'm going to send it to you when it is finished. Uncle is very good-tempered, and has won over a hundred and fifty francs from Mr. Peters at poker. Mr. Peters says he's played poker for years without meeting such a rattling winner as Uncle, and Uncle believes him. The two Tripps want to go on, too, because they decided to wait for their money at London, and they are afraid they are going to run short. Mr. Brewer wants to go; too, because he has finished his German book. I think we all want to go, because two days is a long while to spend in Vire. Clara says if they cannot go on in the automobile, she must take a train, for she is getting more and more sincere the more she is hearing Mr. Brewer talking to his wife through the wall. Clara says he said that he was going to snip her nose off when they were dressing this morning, and she says he calls her "Puss" till Clara feels as if she should expire in agony. She does n't get any sympathy from Emily, because Emily has another room, and Emily is n't sincere, anyhow. Emily has thrown over the two Tripps and taken Mr. Stowell, and thrown over Mr. Stowell and gone back to the big Tripp, all in just these two days. Emily asked me if I ever saw such a fool as

Clara; she says it almost kills her to have such a sister and such an aunt. She asked me if I'd noticed her aunt looking at my Uncle, and I had to say yes. Then she said she did hope that it would stop raining pretty soon, for she wants to get to Granville and meet a man and get letters from three more.

Uncle came into my room this afternoon and said the more he saw of Europe the better he liked it, and that Mr. Peters was the sort of friend that was worth making. He said he had decided to go on with them to Mont St. Michel, because they were so urgent that he could n't well get out of it. He says he hopes I won't consider that he has changed his opinion of Lee because he has n't, but that he will say this much, and that is, that the fact that a man like Mr. Peters will call Lee his friend proves that he must have some good in him somewhere. Uncle said the Kingsleys seem to be nice girls, and then he coughed, but I did n't say anything, so he dropped the subject. I must tell you, though, that Miss Clara Emily is getting very much in earnest, and every one is noticing it, and Uncle seems pleased.

We all played cards to-day and wrote letters and Lee told Ellsworth Grimm he was a blank idiot under his breath. I don't know what was the trouble, and Lee says it is n't any of my business, but I think we are all getting cross from being shut up so much in this little country hotel. Elfrida and her sister arrived about noon, but there was n't any spare room under two francs, and so they went to the other hotel. Ellsworth Grimm has gone to the other hotel, too. He says it rains in his ceiling and he's afraid he'll get pneumonia.

It's getting awful about poor Clara and Mr. Brewer, for he said something about her to-day that almost killed her, and that is so bad that she won't repeat it to me. She says Mrs. Brewer just shrieked with laughter over it, and told him he was the dearest, horriddest thing alive. Clara says I cannot possibly guess the torture of being sincere over a married man that howls with laughter over you in the next room. She says she can't help hearing, and she's taken an awful cold standing with her ear to the wall, too. Poor Clara!



"MISS CLARA EMILY IS GETTING VERY MUCH IN EARNEST,
AND EVERY ONE IS NOTICING IT"

Emily and the big Tripp went out and walked in the rain most all the afternoon, and I thought she must be very fond of him to be willing to get so wet; but she says all she 's done here she 's done to make Jim Freeman jealous. I was so surprised when she told me that, for Jim has spent the entire two days with the chauffeur under the automobile. They have only come out to eat and sleep, and if he is in love with Emily, he is certainly taking it easy.

Vire (12 M next day.)

OH, Mama, we are so tired of this place! Clara has cried herself sick, and her aunt sent for the doctor. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer heard through the wall when he came, and heard that it was Clara, and of course they knew that Clara must have heard them just as well as they could hear the doctor, and they nearly went crazy. Mrs. Brewer came to me in a sort of mad despair and said Mr. Brewer was almost wild. She says she has mimicked Clara and Emily and their aunt over and

over, and she never dreamed that the wall was so thin. She says Mr. Brewer talks all the time he dresses and undresses and says anything that comes into his head. They felt perfectly unable to face Clara again, and it was raining so hard that they could n't go on, so they moved over to the other hotel.

Vire (2 P. M. same day.)

IT 's very funny, but it seems that the little Tripp was dreadfully taken with Mrs. Brewer, so the two Tripps have moved over to the other hotel, too. Mr. Stowell and Emily want to go, too, but they are with parties, and cannot do as they please. The big Tripp came back for his soap, and said he had a fire-place and now Uncle wants to move, too.

Vire (4 P. M. same day.)

WE did move, and Lee said if we went, he was going. So he and Mr. Peters and Mr. Stowell came, too. So we are all here except the Kingsleys and Jim Freeman. I had to go back for Uncle's soap,

and the little Tripp left his pajamas, so we went back together to get both, and poor Clara is delirious, screaming, "Yellow kids, yellow kids!" every minute. Every one thinks she is thinking of shopping in Paris, and I did n't explain; but while we were there, Mr. Brewer came back for their soap and heard Clara, and, as a result, he and his wife went on in the automobile, rain or no rain. They left one of their men named Scott McCarthy, and took Ellsworth Grimm. Ellsworth wanted to go, and Scott wanted to stay, so it happened very nicely.

Vire (6 P. M. same day).

THEY have just moved Clara over here. She had a fresh fit when she heard Mr. Brewer getting the soap, and Miss Clara Emily thought that a change of scene would benefit her; so they all moved over. Emily told me (I walked over with Emily when she went back to get their soap) that it really was n't Clara

at all: it was that her aunt wanted to keep close to my Uncle. Is n't it awful? And Uncle is so flatt red, too! I do hope that it will stop raining to-morrow. Lee does n't like Scott McCarthy, and it is a pity, for he seems to be such a nice man. It 's terribly dull without Mrs. Brewer, she was so lively. Mr. Peters is beginning to look real pale, and Lee says he ought to have a monument to patience erected to him. Jim Freeman is worried over the automobiles; he 's afraid something will happen to them on account of our all changing hotels. Would n't that be awful?

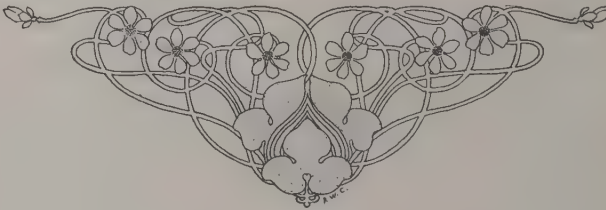
Lovingly,

Yvonne.

Vire (6 P. M. same day).

P. S. Just a line to say that the sun has come out, and that we are all going on by train, except Jim Freeman and the chauffeur. Some one slashed all the automobile tires last night. Is n't that awful?

(To be continued)

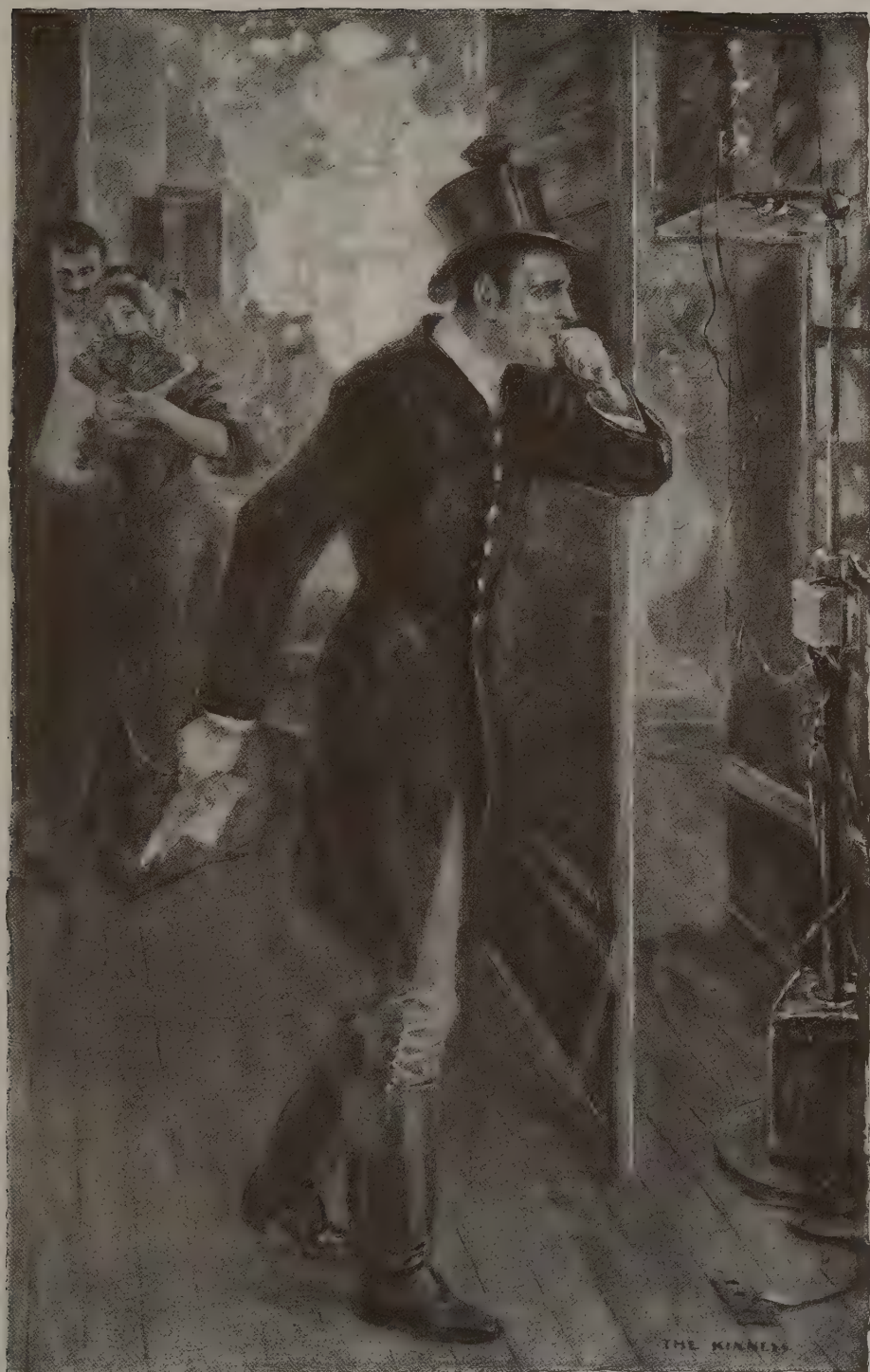


NOON

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE cloud-ships anchor on the over-sea;
Nor song nor motion, now, in shrub or tree;
Brooks—none running;
All are sunning
Them among the rocks;
The bankside willow has bound up her locks.

Dream, with her sleep-vials and her ivory reed,
Charms every little wind that waved the weed;
No wind stirring,
No wing whirring;
Hark! the pine is still,
And all that sweet grief sighing on the hill.



Drawn by Troy and Margaret Kinney. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

BEHIND THE SCENES: THE AMATEUR—"MY LORD, THE CARRIAGE WAITS"

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

MICHEL EXPOUNDS HIS PHILOSOPHY



THAT summer was long remembered in Chamonix. July passed with a procession of cloudless days; valley and peak basked in sunlight. August came, and on a hot starlit night in the first week of that month Chayne sat opposite to Michel Revaillood in the balcony of a café which overhangs the Arve. Below him the river, tumbling swiftly amidst the boulders, flashed in the darkness like white fire. He sat facing the street. Chamonix was crowded, and gay with lights. In the little square just out of sight upon the right, some traveling musicians were singing, and up and down the street the visitors thronged noisily—women in light-colored evening frocks, with lace shawls thrown about their shoulders and their hair; men in attendance upon them, clerks from Paris and Geneva upon their holidays; and every now and then a climber with his guide, come late from the mountains, would cross the bridge quickly and stride toward his hotel. Chayne watched the procession in silence, quite aloof from its light-heartedness and gaiety. Michel Revaillood drained his glass of beer, and, as he replaced it on the table, said wistfully:

"So this is the last night, Monsieur. It is always sad, the last night."

"It is not exactly as we planned it," replied Chayne, and his eyes moved from the throng before him in the direction of the churchyard where a few days before his friend had been laid among the other Englishmen who had fallen in the

Alps. "I do not think that I shall ever come back to Chamonix," he said in a quiet and heart-broken voice.

Michel gravely nodded his head.

"There are no friendships," said he, "like those made among the snows. But this, Monsieur, I say: your friend is not greatly to be pitied. He was young, had known no suffering, no ill-health, and he died at once. He did not even kick the snow for a little while."

"No doubt that 's true," said Chayne, submitting to the commonplace rather than drawing from it any comfort. He called to the waiter. "Since it is the last night, Michel," he said, with a smile, "we will drink another bottle of beer."

He leaned back in his chair and once more grew silent, watching the thronged street and the twinkling lights. In the little square one of the musicians with a very clear, sweet voice was singing a plaintive song, and above the hum of the crowd, the melody, haunting in its wistfulness, floated to Chayne's ears, and troubled him with many memories.

Michel leaned forward upon the table and answered not merely with sympathy, but with the air of one speaking out of full knowledge, and speaking, moreover, in a voice of warning.

"True, Monsieur, the happiest memories can be very bitter—if one has no one to share them. All is in that, Monsieur—if"—and he repeated his phrase—"if one has no one to share them." Then the technical side of Chayne's proposal took hold of him.

"The Col Dolent? You will have to start early from the Pavillon de Lognan, Monsieur. You will sleep there of course to-morrow; you will have to start at midnight, perhaps even before. There

is very little snow this year. The great *bergschrund* will be very difficult. In any season it is always difficult to cross that *bergschrund* on the steep ice-slope beyond, it is so badly bridged with snow. This season it will be as bad as can be. The ice-slope up to the col will also take a long time; so start very early."

As Michel spoke, as he anticipated the difficulties and set his thoughts to overcome them, his eyes lighted up, his whole face grew younger.

Chayne smiled.

"I wish you were coming with me, Michel," he said; and at once the animation died out of Michel's face. He became once more a sad, despirited man.

"Alas! Monsieur," he said, "I have crossed my last col, I have ascended my last mountain."

"You, Michel?" cried Chayne.

"Yes. Monsieur, I," replied Michel, quietly. "I have grown old. My eyes hurt me on the mountains, and my feet burn. I am no longer fit for anything except to lead mules up to the Montenvers and conduct parties on the Mer de Glace."

Chayne stared at Michel Revailloud. He thought of what the guide's life had been, of its interest, its energy, its achievement. More than one of those aiguilles towering upon his left hand into the sky had been first conquered by Michel Revailloud. And how he had enjoyed it all! What resources he had shown, what cheerfulness! Remorse gradually seized upon Chayne as he looked across the little iron table at his guide.

"Yes, it is a little sad," continued Revailloud; "but I think that toward the end life is always a little sad if"—and the note of warning once more was audible—"if one has no well-loved companions to share one's memories."

The very resignation of Michel's voice brought Chayne to a yet deeper compunction. The wistful melody still throbbed high and sank, and soared again above the murmurs of the passers-by, and floated away upon the clear, hot starlit night. Chayne wondered with what words it spoke to his old guide. He looked at the tired, sad face, on which a smile of friendliness now played, and his heart ached. He felt some shame that his own troubles

had so engrossed him. After all, Lattery was not greatly to be pitied. That was true. He himself, too, was young. There would come other summers, other friends. The real, irreparable trouble sat there before him on the other side of the iron table—the trouble of an old age to be lived out in loneliness.

"You were married, Michel?" he said.

"No. There was a time long ago when I should have liked to," the guide answered simply; "but I think now it is as well that I did not get my way. She was very extravagant. She would have needed much money, and guides are poor people, Monsieur—not like your English cricketers," he said with a laugh. And then he turned toward the massive wall of mountains.

Here and there a slim rock spire, the Dru or the Charmoz, pointed a finger to the stars, here and there an ice-field glimmered like a white mist held in a fold of the hills; but to Michel Revailloud the whole vast range was spread out as on a raised map, buttress and peak and dome of snow, from the Aiguille d'Argentière in the east to the summit of Mont Blanc in the west. In his thought he turned from mountain to mountain and found each one majestic and beautiful, as dear as a living friend, and hallowed with recollections. He remembered days when they had called, and not in vain, for courage and endurance; days of blinding snow-storms and bitter winds which had caught him half-way up some ice-glazed precipice of rock or on some long, steep ice-slope crusted dangerously with thin snow, into which the ax must cut deep hour after hour, however frozen the fingers or tired the limbs. He recalled the thrill of joy with which, after many vain attempts, he, the first of men, had stepped on to the small topmost pinnacle of this or that new peak. He recalled the days of travel, the long glacier walks on the high level from Chamonix to Zermatt, and from Zermatt again to the Oberland; the still, clear morning and the pink flush upon some high, white cone which told that somewhere the sun had risen; and the unknown ridges where expected difficulties suddenly vanished at the climber's approach, and others where an easy scramble suddenly turned into the most difficult of

climbs. Michel raised his glass in the air.

"Here is good-by to you," he said, and his voice broke. And abruptly he turned to Chayne, with his eyes full of tears, and began to speak in a quick, passionate whisper, while the veins stood out upon his forehead and his face quivered:

"Monsieur, I told you your friend was not greatly to be pitied. I tell you now something more. The guide we brought down with him from the Glacier des Nantillons a fortnight back, all this fortnight I have been envying him—yes, yes, even though he kicked the snow with his feet for a little before he died. It is better to do so than to lead mules up to the Montenvers."

"I am sorry," said Chayne.

The words sounded, as he spoke them, lame enough and trivial in the face of Michel's passionate lament; but they had an astonishing effect upon the guide. The flow of words stopped at once, he looked at his young patron almost whimsically, and a little smile played about his mouth.

"I am sorry," he repeated—"those were the words the young lady spoke to you on the steps of the hotel. You have spoken with her, Monsieur, and thanked her for them?"

"No," said Chayne, and there was much indifference in his voice.

Women had as yet not played a great part in Chayne's life. Easy to please, but difficult to stir, he had, in the main, just talked with them by the way and gone on forgetfully; and when any one had turned and walked a little of his road beside him, she had brought to him no thought that here was one who might be a companion for all the way. His indifference roused Michel to repeat, and this time unmistakably, the warning he had twice uttered.

He leaned across the table, fixing his eyes very earnestly on his patron's face. "Take care, Monsieur," he said. "You are lonely to-night—very lonely. Then take good care that your old age is not one lonely night like this, repeated and repeated through many years. Take good care that when you in your turn come to the end, and say good-by, too,"—he waved his hand toward the mountains,—“you have some one to share your memories.

See, Monsieur,"—and very wistfully he began to plead,—“I go home to-night, I go out of Chamonix, I cross a field or two, I come to Les Praz Conduits and my cottage. I push open the door. It is all dark within. I light my own lamp, and I sit there a little by myself. Take an old man's wisdom, Monsieur: when it is all over and you go home, take care that there is a lighted lamp in the room and the room not empty. Have some one to share your memories when life is nothing but memories.” He rose as he ended, and held out his hand. As Chayne took it, the guide spoke again, and his voice shook:

"Monsieur, you have been a good patron to me," he said with a quiet and most dignified simplicity, "and I make you what return I can. I have spoken to you out of my heart, for you will not return to Chamonix, and after to-night we shall not meet again."

"Thank you," said Chayne, and he added: "We have had many good days together, Michel."

"We have, Monsieur."

"I climbed my first mountain with you."

"The Aiguille du Midi. I remember it well."

Both were silent after that, and for the same reason. Neither could trust his voice. Michel Revailoud picked up his hat, turned abruptly away, and walked out of the café into the throng of people. Chayne resumed his seat, and sat there, silent and thoughtful, until the street began to empty and the musicians in the square ceased their songs.

Meanwhile Michel Revailoud walked slowly down the street, stopping to speak with any one he knew however slightly, that he might defer his entrance into the dark and empty cottage at Les Praz Conduits. He drew near to the hotel where Chayne was staying and saw under the lamp above the door a guide whom he knew talking with a young girl. The young girl raised her head. It was she who had said "I am sorry." As Michel came within the circle of light, she recognized him. She spoke quickly to the guide, and he turned at once and called.

When Revailoud approached, the guide presented him to Sylvia Thesiger.

"He has made many first ascents in the range of Mont Blanc, Mademoiselle," he added.

Sylvia held out her hand with a smile of admiration.

"I know," she said. "I have read of them."

"Really?" cried Michel. "You have read of them—you, Mademoiselle?"

There was as much pleasure as wonder in his tone. After all, flattery from the lips of a woman young and beautiful was not to be despised, he thought, the more especially when the flattery was so very well deserved. Life had perhaps one or two compensations to offer him in his old age.

"Yes, indeed. I am very glad to meet you, Michel. I have known your name a long while, and envied you for living in the days when these mountains were unclimbed."

Revailloud forgot the mules to the Monteners and the tourists on the Mer de Glace. He warmed into cheerfulness, this young girl looked at him with so frank an envy.

"Yes, those were great days, Mademoiselle," he said with a thrill of pride in his voice. "But if we love the mountains, the first ascent or the hundredth—there is just the same joy when you feel the rough rock beneath your fingers or the snow crisp under your feet. Perhaps Mademoiselle herself will some time!"

At once Sylvia interrupted him with an eager happiness.

"Yes, to-morrow," she said.

"Oho! It is your first mountain, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes."

"And Jean here is your guide. Jean and his brother, I suppose?" Michel laid his hand affectionately on the young guide's shoulder. "You could not do better, Mademoiselle."

He looked at her thoughtfully for a little while. She was fresh—as fresh as the smell of the earth in spring after a fall of rain. Her eyes, the alertness of her face, the eager tones of her voice, were irresistible to him, an old, tired man. How much more irresistible, then, to a younger man! Her buoyancy would lift such an one clear above his melancholy, though it were as deep as the sea. He himself, Michel Revailloud, felt twice the fellow

he had been when he sat in the balcony above the Arve.

"And what mountain is it to be, Mademoiselle?" he asked.

The girl took a step from the door of the hotel and looked upward. To the south, but near by, the long, thin ridge of the Aiguille des Charmoz towered jagged and black against the starlit sky. On one pinnacle of that ridge a slab of stone was poised like the top of a round table on the slant. It was at that particular pinnacle that Sylvia looked.

"L'Aiguille des Charmoz," said Michel, doubtfully. Sylvia swung round to him, and argued against his doubt.

"But I have trained myself," she said. "I have been up the Brévent and the Flégère. I am strong—stronger than I look."

Michel Revailloud smiled.

"Mademoiselle, I do not doubt you. A young lady who has enthusiasm is very hard to tire. It is not because of the difficulty of that rock climb that I thought to suggest—the Aiguille d'Argentière."

Sylvia turned with some hesitation to the younger guide.

"You too spoke of that mountain," she said.

Michel pressed his advantage.

"And wisely, Mademoiselle. If you will let me advise you, you will sleep to-morrow night at the Pavillon de Lognan and the next day climb the Aiguille d'Argentière."

"Sylvia looked regretfully up to the ridge of the Charmoz, which during this last fortnight had greatly attracted her. She turned her eyes from the mountain to Revailloud and let them rest quietly upon his face.

"And why do you advise the Aiguille d'Argentière?" she asked.

Michel saw her eyes softly shining upon him in the darkness, and all the more persisted. Was not his dear patron, who must needs be helped to open his eyes since he would not open them himself, going to sleep to-morrow in the Pavillon de Lognan? The roads to the Col Dolent and the Aiguille d'Argentière both start from that small mountain inn; but this was hardly the reason which Michel could give to the young girl who questioned him. He bethought him of another argu-

ment, a subtle one, which he fancied would strongly appeal to her. Moreover, there was truth in it.

"I will tell you why, Mademoiselle. It is to be your first mountain. It will be a day in your life which you will never forget. Therefore you want it to be as complete as possible, is it not so? It is a good rock climb, the Aiguille des Charmoz, yes; but the Argentière is more complete. There is a glacier, a rock traverse, a couloir, a rock cliff, and at the top of that a steep ice-slope. And that is not all. You want your last step up to the summit to reveal a new world to you. On the Charmoz, it is true, there is a cleft at the very top up which you scramble between two straight walls, and you pop your head out above the mountain. Yes, but you see little that is new; for before you enter the cleft you see both sides of the mountain. With the Argentière it is different. You mount at the last, for a considerable time, behind the mountain, with your face to the ice-slope; and then suddenly you step out upon the top, and the chain of Mont Blanc will strike suddenly upon your eyes and heart. See, Mademoiselle, I love these mountains with a very great pride, and I should dearly like you to have that wonderful white revelation of a new, strange world upon your first ascent."

Before he had ended, he knew that he had won. He heard the girl sharply draw in her breath. She was making for herself a picture of the last step from the ice-slope to the summit ridge.

"Very well," she said; "it shall be the Aiguille d'Argentière."

Michel went upon his way out of Chamonix and across the fields. They would be sure to speak, those two, to-morrow at the Pavillon de Lognan. If only there were no other party there in that small inn! Michel's hopes took a leap and reached beyond the Pavillon de Lognan. To ascend one's first mountain, yes, that was enviable and good; but one should have a companion with whom in after times one can live over again the raptures of that day. Well, perhaps, perhaps.

Michel pushed open the door of his cottage and lighted his lamp without, after all, bethinking him that the room was dark and empty. His ice-axes stood in a corner, the polished steel of their adz-

heads gleaming in the light; his rucksack and some coils of rope hung upon pegs; his book, with the signatures and the comments of his patrons, lay at his elbow on the table, a complete record of his life: but he was not thinking that they had served him for the last time. He sat down in his chair and so remained for a little while; but a smile was upon his face, and once or twice he chuckled aloud as he thought of his high diplomacy. He did not remember at all that to-morrow he would lead mules up to the Montanvers and conduct parties on the Mer de Glace.

VI

AT THE PAVILLON DE LOGNAN. SYLVIA IS INSTRUCTED IN THE LAW

THE Pavillon de Lognan is built high upon the southern slope of the valley of Chamonix under the great buttresses of the Aiguille Verte. It faces the north, and from the railed parapet before its door the path winds down through pastures bright with Alpine flowers to the pine woods and the village of Les Tines in the bed of the valley. But at its eastern end a precipice drops to the great ice-fall of the Glacier d'Argentière, and night and day from far below the roar of the glacier streams enters in at the windows and fills the rooms with the music of a river in spate.

At five o'clock on the next afternoon Chayne was leaning upon the rail looking straight down to the ice-fall. The din of the torrent was in his ears, and it was not until a foot sounded lightly close behind him that he knew he was no longer alone. He turned round and saw, to his surprise, the over-dainty doll of the Annemasse buffet, the child of the casinos and the bathing beaches, Sylvia Thesiger. His surprise was very noticeable, and Sylvia's face flushed. She made him a little bow and went into the chalet.

Chayne noticed a couple of fresh guides by the door of the guides' quarters. He remembered the book which he had seen her reading with deep interest in the buffet. And in a minute or two she came out upon the earth platform, and he saw that she was not overdressed to-day. She was simply and warmly dressed in a way which suggested business. On the other hand, she had not made herself un-

gainly. He guessed her mountain, and named it to her.

"Yes," she replied. "Please say that it will be fine to-morrow!"

"I have never seen an evening of better promise," returned Chayne, with a smile at her eagerness. The brown cliffs of the Aiguille du Chardonnet; on the other side of the glacier, glowed red in the sunlight; and only a wisp of white cloud trailed, like a scarf, here and there in the blue of the sky. The woman of the chalet came out and spoke to him.

"She wants to know when we will dine," he explained to Sylvia. "There are only you and I. We should dine early, for you will have to start early," and he repeated the invariable cry of that year: "There is so very little snow, it may take you some time to get off the glacier on to your mountain. There is always a crevasse to cross."

"I know," said Sylvia, with a smile—"the bergschrund."

"I beg your pardon," said Chayne, and in his turn he smiled, too. "Of course you know these terms. I saw you reading a copy of the 'Alpine Journal.'"

They dined together an hour later, with the light of the sunset reddening the whitewashed walls of the simple little room and bathing in glory the hills outside. Sylvia Thesiger could hardly eat for wonder. Her face was always to the window, her lips were always parted in a smile, her gray eyes bright with happiness.

"I have never known anything like this," she said. "It is all so strange, so very beautiful."

Her freshness and simplicity laid their charm on him, even as they had done on Michel Revaillood the night before. She was as eager as a child to get the meal done with and to go out again into the open air before the afterglow had faded from the peaks. There was something almost pathetic in her desire to make the very most of such rare moments. Her eagerness clearly told him that such holidays came but seldom in her life. He urged her, however, to eat, and when she had done, they went out together and sat upon the bench, watching in silence the light upon the peaks change from purple to rose, the rocks grow cold, and the blue of the sky deepen as the night came.

"You, too, are making an ascent?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "I am crossing a pass into Italy. I am going away from Chamonix altogether."

Sylvia turned to him; her eyes were gentle with sympathy.

"Yes, I understand that," she said. "I am sorry."

"You said that once before to me on the steps of the hotel," said Chayne. "It was kind of you. Though I said nothing, I was grateful"; and he was moved to open his heart to her, and to speak of his dead friend. The darkness gathered about them; he spoke in the curt sentences which men use who shrink from any emotional display; he interrupted himself to light his pipe. But none the less she understood the reality of his distress. He told her, with a freedom of which he was not himself at the moment quite aware, of a clean, strong friendship which owed nothing to sentiment, which was never fed by protestations, which endured through long intervals, and was established by the memory of great dangers cheerily encountered and overcome. It had begun among the mountains, and surely, she thought, it had retained to the end something of their inspiration.

"We met first in the Tyrol eight years ago," he explained to her. "I had crossed a mountain with a guide, and came down in the evening to a valley where I had heard there was an inn. The evening had turned to rain, but from a shoulder of the mountain I had been able to look right down the valley, and had seen one long, low building about four miles from the foot of the glacier. I walked through the pastures toward it, and found sitting outside the door in the rain the man who was to be my friend. The door was locked, and there was no one about the house nor was there any other house within miles. My guide, however, went on. Latterly and I sat out there in the rain for a couple of hours, and then an old woman, with a big umbrella held above her head, came down from the upper pastures, driving some cows in front of her. She told us that no one had stayed at her inn for fourteen years. But she opened her door, lighted us a great fire, and cooked us eggs and made us coffee. I remember that night as clearly as if it were yesterday.

We sat in front of the fire, with the bedding and the mattresses airing behind us until late into the night. The rain got worse, too. There was a hole in the thatch overhead, and through it, as I lay in bed, I saw the lightning slash the sky. Very few people ever came up or down that valley, and the next morning, after the storm, the chamois were close about the inn, on the grass. We went on together. That was the beginning."

He spoke simply, with a deep quietude of voice. The tobacco glowed and grew dull in the bowl of his pipe regularly, the darkness hid his face; but the tenderness, almost the amusement, with which he dwelt on the little, insignificant details of that first meeting showed her how very near to him it was at this moment.

"We went from the Tyrol down to Verona and baked ourselves in the sun there for a day under the colonnades, and then came back through the St. Gotthard to Göschenen. Do you know the Göschenen Thal? There is a semicircle of mountains, the Winterberg, which closes it in at the head. We climbed there together for a week, just he and I, and no guides. I remember a rock ridge there. It was barred by a pinnacle which stood up from it—"a gendarme," as they call it. We had to leave the *arrête* and work out along the face of the pinnacle at right angles to the mountain. There was a little ledge. You could look down between your feet quite straight over the precipice to the glacier 2000 feet below. We came to a place where the wall of the pinnacle seemed possible. Almost ten feet above us there was a flaw in the rock, which elsewhere was quite perpendicular. I was the lightest. So my friend planted himself as firmly as he could on the ledge, with his hands flat against the rock-face. There was n't any hand-hold, you see, and I climbed out on his back and stood upon his shoulders. I saw that the rock sloped back from the flaw or cleft in quite a practicable way. Only there was a big boulder resting on the slope within reach, and which we could hardly avoid touching. It did not look very secure, so I put out my hand and just touched it—quite, quite gently. But it was so exactly balanced that the least little vibration upset it, and I saw it begin to move very slowly, as if it meant no harm

whatever. But it was moving, nevertheless, toward me. My chest was on a level with the top of the cleft, so that I had a good view of the boulder. I could n't do anything at all. It was much too heavy and big for my arms to stop; and I could n't move, of course, since I was standing on Jack Lattery's shoulders. There did not seem very much chance, with nothing below us except 2000 feet of vacancy. But there was just at my side a little bit of a crack in the edge of the cleft, and there was just a chance that the rock might shoot out down that cleft past me. I remember standing and watching the thing sliding down, not in a rush at all, but very smoothly, almost in a friendly sort of way, and I wondered how long it would be before it reached me. Luckily, some irregularity in the slope of rock just twisted it into the crack, and it suddenly shot out into the air at my side with a whizz. It was so close to me that it cut the cloth of my sleeve. I had been so fascinated by the gentle movement of the boulder that I had forgotten altogether to tell Lattery what was happening; and when it whizzed out over his head, he was so startled that he nearly lost his balance on the little shelf, and he was within an ace of following our rock down to the glacier. Those were our early days." And he laughed, with a low, deep ring of amusement in his voice.

"We were late that day on the mountain," he resumed, "and it was dark when we got down to a long snow-slope at its foot. It was new ground to us. We were very tired. We saw it glimmering away below us. It might end in a crevasse and a glacier for all we knew, and we debated whether we should be prudent or chance it. We chanced the crevasse. We sat down and glissaded in the dark, with only the vaguest idea where we should end. Altogether we had very good times, he and I. Well, they have come to an end on the Glacier des Nantillons."

Chayne became silent; Sylvia Thesiger sat at his side and did not interrupt. In front of them the pastures slid away into darkness. Only a few small, clear lights shining in the chalets told them there were other people awake in the world. Except for the reverberation of the torrent deep in the gorge at their right, no

sound at all broke the silence. Chayne knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have been talking to you about one whom you never knew. You were so quiet that I seemed to be merely remembering to myself."

"I was so quiet," Sylvia explained, "because I wished you to go on. I was very glad to hear you. It was all new and strange and very pleasant to me, this story of your friendship. As strange and pleasant as this cool, quiet night here, a long way from the hotels and the noise, on the edge of the snow; for I have heard little of such friendships, and I have seen still less."

Chayne's thoughts were suddenly turned from his dead friend to this, the living companion at his side. There was something rather sad and pitiful in the tone of her voice, no less than in the words she used, she spoke with so much humility. He was aware, with a kind of shock, that here was a woman, not a child. He turned his eyes to her, as he had turned his thoughts. He could see dimly the profile of her face. It was as still as the night itself. She was looking straight in front of her into the darkness. He pondered upon her life, and how she bore with it, and how she had kept herself unspoiled by its associations. Of the saving grace of the dreams he knew nothing. But the picture of her mother was vivid to his eyes—the outlawed mother, shunned instinctively by the women, noisy and shrill, and making her companions of the would-be-fashionable loiterers and the half-pay officers run to seed. That she bore it ill, her last words had shown him. They had thrown a stray ray of light upon a dark place which seemed a place of not much happiness.

"I am very glad that you are here to-night," he said. "It has been kind of you to listen. I rather dreaded this evening."

Though what he said was true, it was half from pity that he said it. He wished her to feel her value. And in reply she gave him yet another glimpse into the dark place.

"Your friend," she said, "must have been much loved in Chamonix."

"Why?"

"So many guides came of their own accord to search for him."

Again Chayne's face was turned quickly toward her. Here indeed was a sign of the people among whom she lived and of their unilluminated thoughts. There must be the personal reason always, the personal reason or money. Outside these, there were no motives. He answered her gently:

"No; I think that was not the reason. How shall I put it to you?" He leaned forward, with his elbows upon his knees, and spoke slowly, choosing his words: "I think these guides obeyed a law—a law that what you know that you must do, if by doing it you can save a life. I should think nine medals out of ten given by the Humane Society are given because of the compulsion of that law. If you can swim, sail a boat, or climb a mountain, and the moment comes when a life can be saved only if you use your knowledge, well,—you have got to use it. That's the law. Very often, I have no doubt, it's quite reluctantly obeyed; in most cases, I think, it's obeyed by instinct, without consideration of the consequences. But it is obeyed, and the guides obeyed it when so many of them came with me on to the Glacier des Nantillons."

He heard the girl at his side draw in a sharp breath. She shivered.

"You are cold?"

"No," she answered. "But that, too, is all strange to me. I should have known of that law without the need to be told of it. But I shall not forget it."

Again humility was very audible in the quiet tone of her voice. She understood that she had been instructed. She felt that she should not have needed it. She faced her ignorance frankly.

"What one knows that one must do," she repeated, fixing the words in her mind, "if by doing it one can save a life. No, I shall not forget that."

She rose from the seat.

"I must go in."

"Yes," cried Chayne, starting up; "you have stayed up too long as it is. You will be tired to-morrow."

"Not till to-morrow evening," she said, with a laugh. She looked upward at the starlit sky. "It will be fine, I hope. Oh, it *must* be fine! To-morrow is my one day. I do so want it to be perfect," she exclaimed.

"I don't think that you need fear."

She held out her hand to him.

"This is good-by, I suppose," she said, and she did not hide the regret the words brought to her.

Chayne took her hand and kept it for a second or two. He ought to start an hour and a half before her,—that he knew very well,—but he answered:

"No; we go the same road for a little while. When do you start?"

"At half-past one."

"I, too. It will be daybreak before we say good-by. I wonder whether you will sleep at all to-night. I never do the first night."

He spoke lightly, and she answered him in the same key:

"I shall hardly know whether I sleep or wake, with the noise of that stream rising through my window; for so far back as I can remember I always dream of running water."

The words laid hold upon Chayne's imagination and fixed her in his memories. He knew nothing of her really except just this one curious fact—she dreamed of running water. Somehow it was fitting that she should. There was a kind of resemblance: running water was in a way an image of her. She seemed in her nature to be as clear and fresh; yet she was as elusive; and when she laughed, her laugh had a music as light and free.

She went into the chalet. Through the window Chayne saw her strike a match and hold it to the candle. She stood for a moment looking out at him gravely, with the light shining upward upon her young face. Then a smile hesitated upon her lips and slowly took possession of her cheeks and eyes. She turned and went into her room.

VII

THE ASCENT OF THE AIGUILLE
D'ARGENTIÈRE

CHAYNE smoked another pipe alone, and then walking to the end of the little terrace, looked down at the glistening field of ice below. Along that side of the chalet no light was burning. Was she listening? Was she asleep? The pity which had been kindled within him grew as he thought about her. To-morrow she would be going back to a life

she clearly hated. On the whole, he came to the conclusion that the world might have been better organized. He lighted his candle and went to bed, and it seemed that not five minutes had passed before one of his guides knocked upon his door. When he came into the living-room Sylvia Thesiger was already breakfasting.

"Did you sleep?" he asked.

"I was too excited," she answered. "But I am not tired." Certainly there was no trace of fatigue in her appearance.

They started at half-past one and went up behind the hut.

The stars shimmered overhead in a dark and cloudless sky. The night was still; as yet there was no sign of dawn. The great rock cliffs of the Chardonnet, on the opposite side of the glacier, and the towering ice slopes of the Aiguille Verte beneath which they passed, were all hidden in darkness. They might have been walking on some desolate plain of stones flat from horizon to horizon. They walked in single file, Jean leading, with a lighted lantern in his hand, so that Sylvia, who followed next, might pick her way among the boulders. Thus they marched for two hours along the left bank of the glacier, and then descended upon the ice. They went forward partly on moraine, partly on ice, at the foot of the crags of the Aiguille Verte. Gradually the darkness thinned. Dim masses of black rock began to loom high overhead, and, to all seeming, very far away. The sky paled, the dim masses of rock drew near about the climbers, and over the steep walls the light flowed into the white basin of the glacier as though from every quarter of the sky.

Sylvia stopped, and Chayne came up with her.

"Well?" he asked; and as he saw her face his thoughts were suddenly swept back to the morning when the beauty of the ice-world was for the first time vouchsafed to him. He seemed to recapture the fine emotion of that moment.

Sylvia stood gazing with parted lips up that wide and level glacier to its rock-embattled head. The majestic silence of the place astounded her. There was no whisper of wind, no rustling of trees, no sound of any bird. As yet, too, there was no crack of ice, no roar of falling

stones. And as the silence surprised her ears, so the simplicity of color smote upon her eyes. There were no gradations. White ice filled the basin, and reached high into the recesses of the mountains, hanging in rugged glaciers upon their flanks, and streaking the gulleys with smooth, narrow ribbons. And about the ice, and above it, circling it in, black walls of rock towered high, astonishingly steep, and broken at the top into pinnacles of exquisite beauty.

"I shall be very glad to have seen this," said Sylvia, as she stored the picture in her mind—"more glad than I am even now. It will be a good memory to fall back upon when things are troublesome."

"Must things be troublesome?" he asked.

"Don't let me spoil my one day," she said, with a smile.

She moved on, and Chayne, falling back, spoke for a little while with his guides. A little farther on Jean stopped.

"That is our mountain, Mademoiselle," he said, pointing eastward across the glacier.

Sylvia turned in that direction.

Straight in front of her a bay of ice ran back, sloping ever upward, and around the bay there arose a steep wall of cliffs, which in the center sharpened precipitously to an apex. The apex was not a point, but a rounded, level ridge of snow which curved on the top of the cliffs like a billow of foam. A tiny black tower of rock stood alone on the northern end of the snow ridge.

"That, Mademoiselle, is the Aiguille d'Argentière. We cross the glacier here."

Jean put the rope about her waist, fixing it with the fisherman's bend, and tied one end about his own, using the overhand knot, while his brother tied on behind. They then turned at right angles to their former march and crossed the glacier, keeping extended the twenty feet of rope which separated each person. Once Jean looked back and uttered an exclamation of surprise; for he saw Chayne and his guides following across the glacier behind, and Chayne's road to the Col Dolent, at the head of the glacier, lay straight ahead upon their former line of advance. However, he said nothing.

They crossed the bergschrund with less

difficulty than they had anticipated, and, ascending a ridge of debris by the side of the lateral glacier which descended from the cliffs of the Aiguille d'Argentière, they advanced into the bay under the southern wall of the Aiguille du Chardonnet. On the top of this moraine Jean halted, and the party breakfasted; and while they breakfasted, Chayne told Sylvia something of that mountain's history. "It is not the most difficult of peaks," said he, "but it has associations, which some of the new rock climbs have not. The pioneers came here." Right behind them there was a gap, the pass between their mountain and the Aiguille du Chardonnet. "From that pass Moore and Whymper first tried to reach the top by following the crest of the cliffs, but they found it impracticable. Whymper tried again, but this time up the face of the cliffs farther on to the south, and just to the left of the summit. He failed, came back again, and conquered. We follow his road."

Then while they looked up, the dead white of that rounded summit-ridge changed to a warm rosy color, and all about that basin the topmost peaks took fire.

"It is the sun," said he.

Sylvia looked across the valley. The great ice-triangle of the Aiguille Verte flashed and sparkled. The slopes of Les Droites and Mont Dolent were hung with jewels; even the black precipices of the Tour Noir grew warm and friendly: but at the head of the glacier a sheer unbroken wall of rock swept round in the segment of a circle, and this remained still dead black, and the glacier at its feet dead white. At one point in the knife-like edge of this wall there was a depression, and from the depression a ribbon of ice ran, as it seemed from where they sat, perpendicularly down to the Glacier d'Argentière.

"That is the Col Dolent," said Chayne. "Very little sunlight ever creeps down there."

Sylvia shivered as she looked. She had never seen anything so somber, so sinister, as that precipitous curtain of rocks and its ribbon of ice. It looked like a white band painted on a black wall.

"It looks very dangerous," she said slowly.

"It needs care," said Chayne.

"Especially this year, when there is so little snow," added Sylvia.

"Yes, twelve hundred feet of ice at an angle of 50°."

"And the bergschrund 's just beneath."

"Yes; you must not slip on the Col Dolent," said he, quietly.

Sylvia was silent a little while, then she said with a slight hesitation:

"And you cross that pass to-day?"

There was still more hesitation in Chayne's voice as he answered:

"Well, no. You see, this is your first mountain, and you have only two guides."

Sylvia looked at him seriously.

"How many should I have taken for the Aiguille d'Argentière? Twelve?"

Chayne smiled feebly.

"Well, no,"—and his confusion increased,—"two as a rule are enough, unless—"

"Unless the amateur is very clumsy," she added. "Thank you, Captain Chayne."

"I did n't mean that," he cried. He had no idea whether she was angry or not. She was just looking quietly and steadily into his face and waiting for his explanation.

"Well, the truth is," he blurted out at last, "I wanted to go up the Aiguille d'Argentière with you." He saw a smile dimple her cheeks.

"I am honored," she said, and the tone of her voice showed, besides, that she was very glad.

"Oh, but it was n't only for the sake of your company," he said and stopped. "I don't seem to be very polite, do I?" he said lamentably.

"Not very," she replied.

"What I mean is this," he explained. "Ever since we started this morning, I have been recapturing my own sensations on my first ascent. Watching you, your enjoyment, your eagerness to live fully every moment of this day, I almost feel as if I, too, had come fresh to the mountains, as if the Argentière were my first peak."

He saw the blood mount into her cheeks.

"Was that the reason why you questioned me as to what I thought and felt?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I thought you were testing me," she said slowly. "I thought you were trying whether I was worthy"; and once again humility had framed her words and modulated their utterance. She recognized without rancor, but in distress, that people had the right to look on her as without the pale.

The guides packed up the rucksacks, and they started once more up the moraine. In a little while they descended to the lateral glacier which, coming down from the recesses of the Aiguille d'Argentière, in front of them, flowed into the great basin behind. They roped together now in one party, ascending the glacier diagonally, rounding a great buttress which descends from the rock ridge and bisects the ice, and drawing close to the steep cliffs. In a little while they crossed the bergschrund from the glacier to the wall of mountains, and crossing the easy rocks at the foot of the cliffs, came at last to a big, steep gully filled with hard ice which led up to the ridge just below the final peak.

"This is our way," said Jean. "We ascend by the rocks at the side."

They breakfasted again and began to ascend the rocks to the left of the great gully, Sylvia following second behind her leading guide. The rocks were not difficult, but they were very steep and at times loose. Moreover, Jean climbed fast, and Sylvia had much ado to keep pace with him. But she would not call upon him to slacken his pace, and she was most anxious not to come up on the rope, but to climb with her own hands and feet. Thus they ascended for the better part of an hour, and Jean halted on a convenient ledge. Sylvia had time to look down. She had climbed with her face to the wall of rock, her eyes searching quickly for her holds, fixing her feet securely, gripping firmly with her hands, avoiding the loose boulders. Moreover, the rope had worried her. When she had left it at its length between herself and the guide in front of her, it would hang about her feet, threatening to trip her or catch, as though in active malice, in any crack which happened to be handy. If she shortened it and held it in her hands, there would come a sudden tug from above, as the leader raised himself

from one ledge to another, which almost overset her.

Now, however, flushed with her exertion and glad to draw her breath at her ease, she looked down and was astonished, so far below her already seemed the glacier she had left, so steep the rocks up which she had climbed.

"You are not tired?" said Chayne.

Sylvia laughed. Tired, when a dream was growing real, when she was actually on the mountain wall! She turned her face again to the rock, and in a little more than an hour after leaving the foot of the gully she stepped out upon a patch of snow on the shoulder of the mountain. She stood in sunlight, and all the country to the east was suddenly unrolled before her eyes. A steep snow-slope dropped to the glacier of Saleinaz. The crags of the Aiguilles Dorées and some green uplands gave color to the glittering world of ice, and far away towered the white peaks of the Grand Combin and the Weisshorn in a blue, cloudless sky, and to the left, over the summit of the Grande Fourche, she saw the huge battlements of the Oberland. She stood absorbed while the rest of the party ascended to her side. She hardly knew, indeed, that they were there until Chayne, standing by her, asked:

"You are not disappointed?"

She made no reply. She had no words wherewith to express the emotion which troubled her to the depths.

They rested for a while on this level patch of snow. To their right the ridge ran sharply up to the summit. But not by that ridge was the summit to be reached. They turned over toward the eastern face of the mountain and traversed in a straight line the great snow slope which sweeps down in one white, unbroken curtain toward the glacier of Saleinaz. Their order had been changed: first Jean advanced, while Chayne followed, and after him came Sylvia.

The leading guide kicked a step or two in the snow, then he used the adz of his ax. A few steps more, then he halted.

"Ice," he said, and from that spot to the mountain-top he used the pick.

The slope was at a steep angle, the ice very hard, and each step had to be cut with care, especially on the traverse,

where the whole party moved across the mountain upon the same level and there was no friendly hand above to give a pull upon the rope. The slope ran steeply down beneath them, then curved over a brow, and steepened yet more.

"Are the steps near enough together?"

Chayne asked Sylvia.

"Yes," she replied, though she had to stretch in her stride.

Jean dug his pick in the slope at his side, and turned round.

"Lean well away from the slope, Mademoiselle, not toward it. There is less chance then of slipping from the steps," he said anxiously, and then there came a look of surprise to his face; for he saw that already of her own thought she was standing straight in her steps, thrusting herself out from the slope by pressing the pick of her ax against it at the level of her waist. And more than once thereafter Jean turned and watched her with a growing perplexity.

Chayne looked to see whether her face showed any sign of fear. On the contrary, she was looking down that great sweep of ice with actual exultation. And it was not ignorance which allowed her to exult. The evident anxiety of Chayne's words, and the silence which since had fallen upon one and all, were alone enough to assure her that here was serious work. But she had been reading deeply of the Alps, and in all the histories of mountain exploits which she had read,—of climbs up vertical cracks in sheer walls of rock, balancings upon ridges as sharp as a knife, crawlings over smooth slabs, with nowhere to rest the feet or hands,—it was the ice-slope which had most kindled her imagination—the steep, smooth, long ice-slope, white upon the surface, grayish-green or even black where the ax had cut the step, the place where no slip must be made. She had lain awake nights listening to the roar of the streets beneath her window and picturing it, now sleeping in the sunlight, now enwreathed in mists which opened and showed still higher heights and still lower depths, now whipped angrily with winds which tore off the surface icicles and snow and sent them swirling like smoke about the shoulders of the peak. She had dreamed of herself upon it, half-shrinking, half-eager; and now she was

actually there, and she felt no fear. She could not but exult.

The sunlight was hot upon this face of the mountain, yet her feet grew cold as she stood patiently in her steps, advancing slowly as the man before her moved. Once, as she stood, she moved her foot and scratched the sole of her boot on the ice to level a roughness in the step, and at once she saw Chayne and the guide in front drive the picks of their axes hard into the slope at their side and stand tense, as if expecting a jerk upon the rope. Afterward they both looked round at her, and seeing she was safe, turned back again to their work, the guide cutting the steps, Chayne polishing them behind him.

In a little while the guide turned his face to the slope and cut upward instead of across. The slope was so steep that instead of cutting zigzags across its face, he chopped pigeon-holes straight up. They moved from one to the other as on a ladder, and their knees touched the ice as they stood upright in the steps. For a couple of hours the axes never ceased, and then the leader made two or three extra steps at the side of the staircase. On to one of them he moved out. Chayne went up and joined him.

"Come, Mademoiselle," he said, and he drew in the rope as Sylvia advanced. She climbed up level with them on the ladder and waited, not knowing why they stood aside.

"Go on, Mademoiselle," said the guide. She took another step or two upon snow and uttered a cry. She had looked suddenly over the top of the mountain upon the Aiguille Verte and the great pile of Mont Blanc, even as Revailoud had told her that she would. The guide had stood aside that she might be the first to step out upon the summit of the mountain. She stood upon the narrow ridge of snow; at her feet the rock cliffs, plastered with bulging masses of ice, fell sheer to the glacier.

Her first glance was downward to the Col Dolent. Even at this hour, when the basin of the valley was filled with sunshine, that one corner at the head of the Glacier d'Argentière was still dead white, dead black. She shivered once more as she looked at it, so grim and so menacing the rock wall seemed, so hard

and steep the ribbon of ice. Then Chayne joined her on the ridge. They sat down and ate their meal and lay for an hour sunning themselves in the clear air.

"You could have had no better day," said Chayne.

Only a few white scarfs of cloud flitted here and there across the sky, and their shadows chased one another across the glittering slopes of ice and snow. The triangle of the Aiguille Verte was over against her, the beautiful ridges of Les Courtes and Les Droites to her right, and beyond them the massive domes and buttresses of the great white mountain. Sylvia lay upon the eastern slope of the Argentière, looking over the brow, not wanting to speak, and certainly not listening to any word that was uttered. Her soul was at peace. The long-continued tension of mind and muscle, the excitement of that last ice-slope, were over, and had brought their reward. She looked out upon a still and peaceful world, wonderfully bright, wonderfully beautiful, and wonderfully colored. Here a spire would pierce the sunlight with slabs of red rock interspersed among its gray; there ice-cliffs sparkled as though strewn with jewels, bulged out in great green knobs, showed now a grim gray, now a transparent blue. At times a distant rumble like thunder far away told them that the ice-fields were hurling their avalanches down. Once or twice she heard a great roar near at hand, and Chayne, pointing across the valley, would show her what seemed to be a handful of small stones whizzing down the rocks and ice gullies of the Aiguille Verte.

But, on the whole, this new world was silent, communing with the heavens. She was in the hushed company of the mountains. Days there would be when these sunlight ridges would be mere blurs of driving storm, when the wind would shriek about the gullies, and dark mists would swirl around the peaks; but on this morning there was no anger on the heights.

"Yes, you could have had no better day for your first mountain, Mademoiselle," said Jean, as he stood beside her. "But this is not your first mountain?"

She turned to him.

"Yes, it is."

Her guide bowed to her.

"Then, Mademoiselle, you have great gifts; for you stood upon that ice-slope and moved along and up it as only people of experience stand and move. I noticed you. On the rocks, too, you had the instinct for the hand-grip and the foothold and with which foot to take the step. And that instinct, Mademoiselle, comes, as a rule, only with practice." He paused and looked at her in perplexity.

"Moreover, Mademoiselle, you remind me of some one," he added. "I cannot remember who it is or why you remind me of him; but you remind me of some one very much." He picked up the rucksack, which he had taken from his shoulders.

It was half-past eleven. Sylvia took a last look over the wide prospect of jagged ridge, ice pinnacles, and rock spires. She looked down once more upon the slim snow peak of Mont Dolent and the grim wall of rocks at the col.

"I shall never forget this," she said, with shining eyes—"never."

The fascination of the mountains was upon her. Something new had come into her life that morning which would never fail her to the very end, which would color all her days, however dull, which would give her memories in which to find solace, longings wherewith to plan the future. This she felt, and some of this her friend understood.

"Yes," he said. "You understand the difference it makes to one's whole life. Each year passes so quickly, looking back and looking forward."

"Yes, I understand," she said.

"You will come back?"

But this time she did not answer at once. She stood looking thoughtfully out over the ridge of the Argentière. It seemed to Chayne that she was coming slowly to some great decision which would somehow affect all her life. Then she said, and it seemed to him that she had made her decision:

"I do not know. Perhaps I never shall come back."

They turned away and went carefully down the slope. Again her leading guide, who on the return journey went last, was perplexed by that instinct for the mountain-side which had surprised

him, the technic came to her so naturally. She turned her back to the slope, and thus descended; she knew just the right level at which to drive in the pick of her ax, that she might lower herself to the next hole in their ice-ladder. Finally, as they came down the rocks by the great couloir to the glacier, he cried out:

"Ah! Now, Mademoiselle, I know who it is you remind me of. I have been watching you. I know now."

She looked up.

"Who is it?"

"An English gentleman I once climbed with for a whole season many years ago. A great climber, Mademoiselle. Captain Chayne will know his name—Gabriel Strood."

"Gabriel Strood!" she cried, and then she laughed. "I, too, know his name. You are flattering me, Jean."

But Jean would not admit it.

"I am not, Mademoiselle," he insisted. "I do not say you have his skill,—how should you?—but there are certain movements, certain neat ways of putting the hands and feet. Yes, Mademoiselle, you remind me of him."

Sylvia thought no more of his words at the moment. They reached the lateral glacier, descended it, and crossed the Glacier d'Argentière. They found their stone-encumbered pathway of the morning, and at three o'clock stood once more upon the platform in front of the Pavillon de Lognan. Then she rested for a while, saying very little.

"You are tired?" said Chayne.

"No," she replied; "but this day has made a great difference to me."

Her guides approached her, and she said no more upon the point. But Chayne had no doubt that she was referring to that decision which she had taken on the summit of the peak. She stood up to go.

"You stay here to-night?" she said.

"Yes."

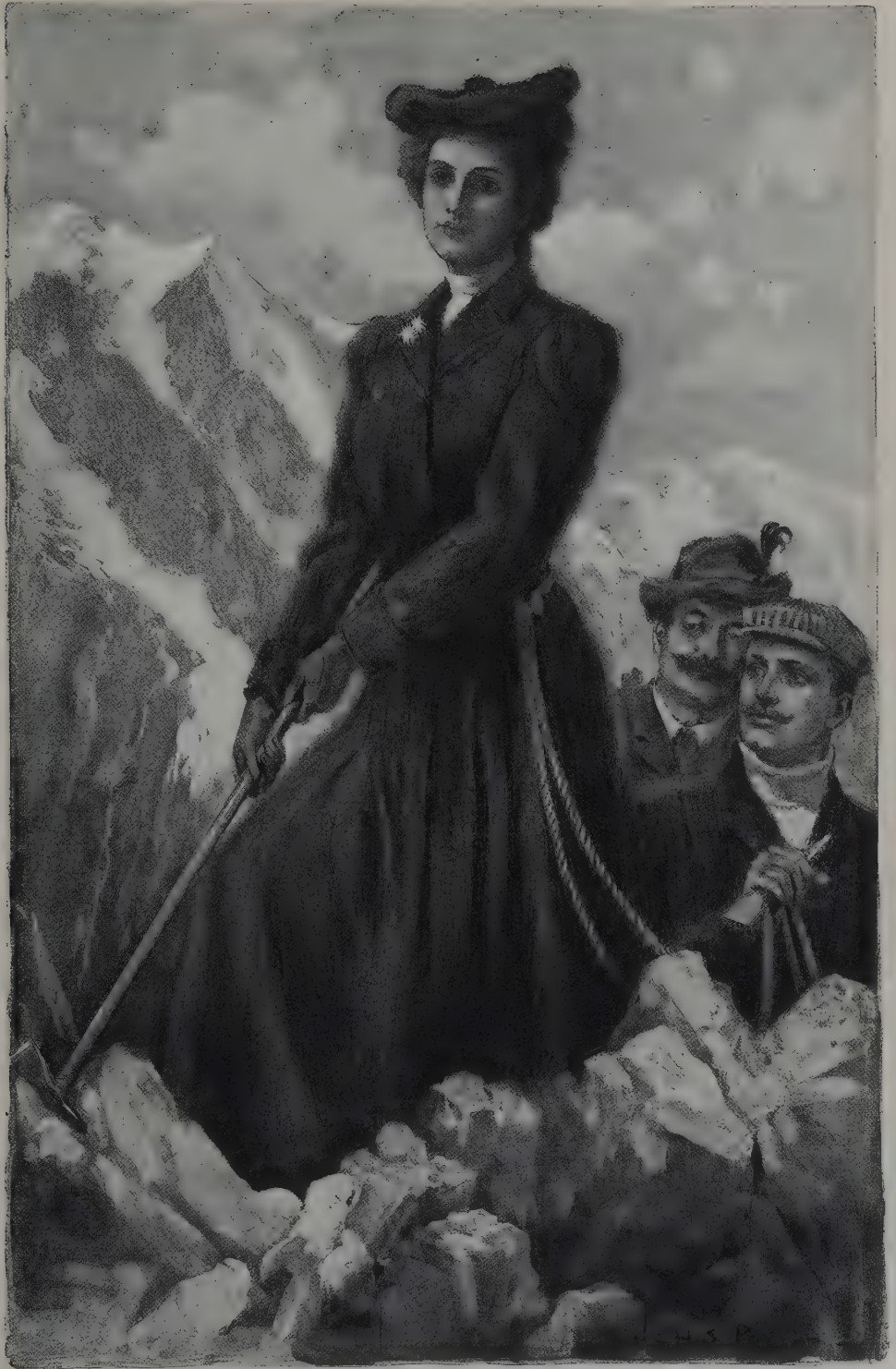
"You cross the Col Dolent to-morrow?"

"Yes."

She looked at him quickly and then away. "You will be careful? In the shadow there?"

"Yes."

She was silent for a moment or two, looking up the glacier toward the Aiguille d'Argentière.



Drawn by H. S. Potter. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE STOOD UPON THE NARROW RIDGE OF SNOW"

"I thank you very much for coming up with me," and again the humility in her voice, as of one outside the door, touched and hurt him. "I am very grateful,"—and here a smile lightened her grave face,—"and I am rather proud."

"You came up to Lognan at a good time for me," he answered as they shook hands. "I shall cross the Col Dolent with a better heart to-morrow."

They shook hands, and he asked:

"Shall I see no more of you?"

"That is as you will," she replied simply.

"I should like to. In Paris, perhaps, or wherever you are likely to be. I am on leave now for some months."

She thought for a second or two, then she said:

"If you will give me your address, I will write to you. I think I shall be in England."

She took his card, and as she turned away she pointed to the Aiguille d'Argentièr.

"I shall dream of that to-night."

"Surely not," he replied, laughing down to her over the wooden balustrade: "you will dream of running water."

She glanced up at him in surprise that he should have remembered this strange quality of hers. Then she turned away and went down to the pine woods and the village of Les Tines.

(To be continued)



HEY-DAY

BY WITTER BYNNER

COME and go a-berrying,
Would you wiser be!
Come and learn that everything
Younger is than we,—

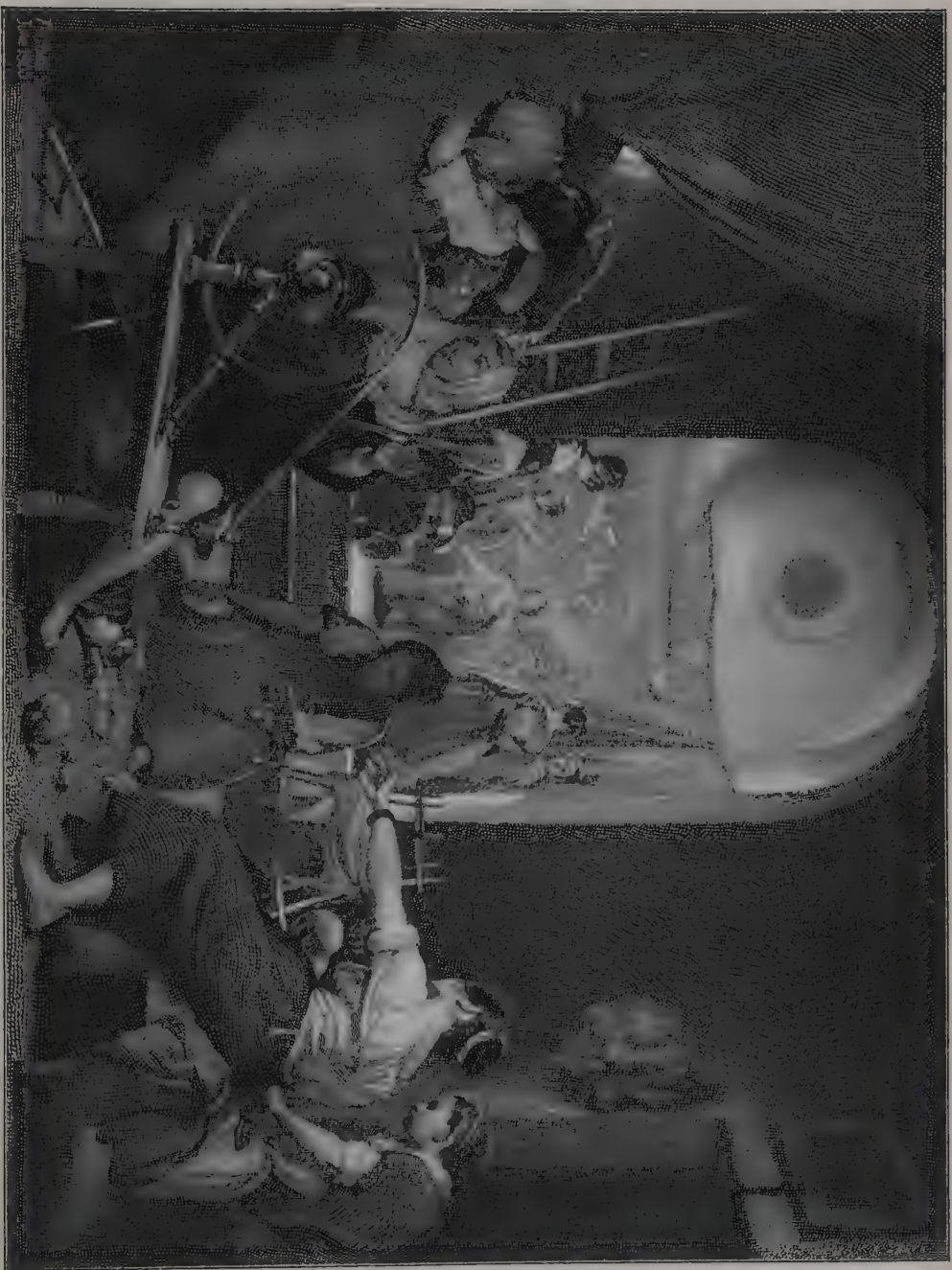
We who almost dared to think
In our wearying
There were no more springs to drink,
No more pails to swing!

We were dusty with our books.
Come and let us go
Out among the lyric brooks,
Where the verses grow,

Where the world is one delight
Made of many a song
Lasting till the nod of night,
Lovely all day long,

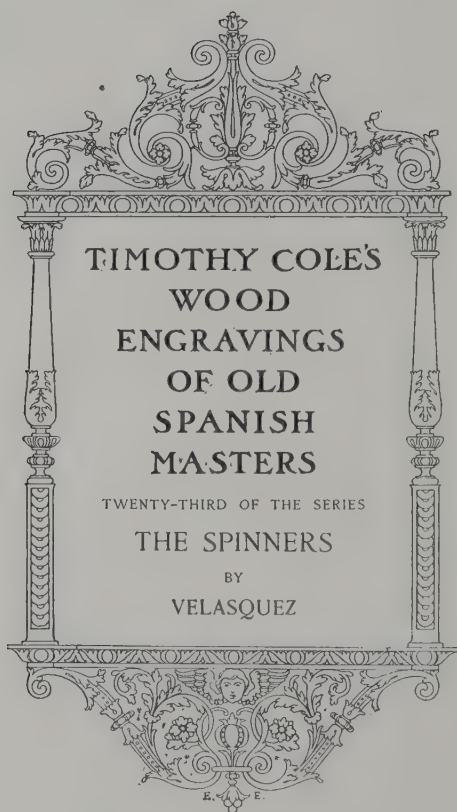
Till the smallest glimmering nook
Holds the moon in glory;
And the heavens are the book
And the stars the story!

There the peaceful earth is sweet,
Either way it lies—
Under unacquainted feet
Or on tired eyes.



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole, from the painting in the Prado Museum, Madrid. See "Open Letters"

"THE SPINNERS." BY VELASQUEZ



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

TWENTY-THIRD OF THE SERIES

THE SPINNERS

BY

VELASQUEZ



"Third Edition"

By Grace S. H. Tytus


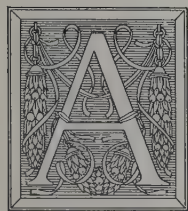


FIGURE BY ROBB DEP. TYTUS.



LAST bar of sunlight fell through the western window of the attic in the rue Bonaparte and struck slantwise across the ink-blotched, dented surface of the desk where M. Alphonse sat writing—or, to be more exact, whereon M'sieu' Alphonse's shabby elbows rested as he meditatively chewed the butt end of a penholder, seeking inspiration. He was having a hard time with his refractory muse, this poor, little, out-at-elbows Frenchman, with his thin, pointed features, plaintive of a none too elaborate menu, his stiffly waxed mustache and nervous black eyes, suggestive of shoe-buttons in perpetual motion. Fate had been serving him meanly, and had left him so depressed in spirit that even the charm of soliloquy palled.

"Ah, what a pen! How can genius rise superior to such an instrument! 'La ville lumière,' en vérité! I wonder if ce bon Victor Hugo would have called Paris the City of Light had he lived in 58^{bis} rue Bonaparte au cinquième, on an October day. Bah! that Michonnet, that low, fat, bombastic bourgeois! I enrage myself when I think of him. What right, what earthly right, I say, had he to refuse me the hand of his daughter? She is pretty, Ma'm'selle Marie, with a little air of I don't know what, and a most respectable dot. I will try again, parbleu. Courage, Alphonse, courage! The great Napoleon had courage."

The greatness of his greatest hero is the private property of every Frenchman. M'sieu' Alphonse's personality assumed the imperial tinge as easily as his body would have donned a fall over-

coat, had he had one. Besides, did he not live in the rue Bonaparte?

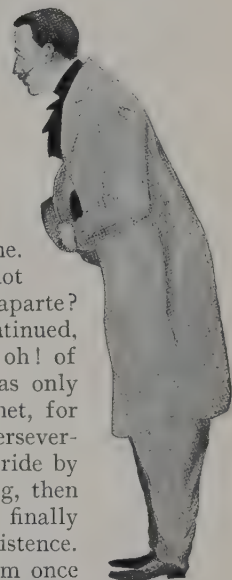
"Tiens!" he continued, "but I was stupid, oh! of a stupidity! He was only waiting, ce Michonnet, for me to show my perseverance, to flatter his pride by a little gentle urging, then a bold demand, and finally a high-handed insistence. And I will beard him once again—ah, what a glorious cause! I, the struggling genius, the novelist of the future, braving the sordid materialism of that Auteuil cochon—art conquering the bourgeoisie, the battle-cry of culture scaling the ramparts of ignorance! Superb!"

At this juncture even mixed metaphor proved inadequate, and gasping for breath, the waxed ends of his mustache quivering with excitement, M'sieu' Alphonse snatched up his hat and dashed down the narrow stairs and out into the street.

Dusk was falling now, and with it that thin, indescribable veil that seems to drop between one's ears and outside sounds at close of day, when the roar of the great city is not yet hushed, merely blurred. Through the streets and along the *quai* lights peeped out like myriad fireflies, while the tiny *bateaux mouches* went back and forth on the dark surface of the water with a motion as of black things crawling to and fro.

On one of them, to Auteuil, went M'sieu' Alphonse.

The family Michonnet were sitting at supper in the garden, advisedly so called. Given twenty square feet of green space,



in one corner an apple-tree, and over yonder a straggling row of beets and parsley, call it a yard, and it is only a fit place for clothes to dry in: call it a garden, and it becomes a veritable bower, the apple-tree an orchard, the vegetable bed a stately pleasure. As before observed, the family Michonnet was at supper in the garden, and the garden was only twenty feet square. Papa Michonnet was tilting back his chair and gazing meditatively at the bare branches above him, when a gay, "Bonsoir, M'sieu', Madame, Mademoiselle," broke the silence. Down came the front legs of Papa Michonnet's chair, squarely and decisively.

"Oh, it 's you, is it? Bonsoir!" he responded, and up went the chair legs again.

"M'sieu', Madame, I am surprised—that you are surprised—to see me here. I had thought, as we had reached no decision concerning a matter—a matter which deeply interests us all—"

"Pardon, Monsieur," grunted Papa Michonnet, "I thought I had made my meaning sufficiently clear."

"And he certainly was very forcible," sighed Mama Michonnet.

M'sieu' Alphonse felt his courage oozing, they were so big and fat. The moral force of embonpoint is very obvious to the thin and little, and M'sieu' Alphonse had already begun to quake, when, like a flash of light, the idea struck him that Napoleon had been thin and little, too, once, and the thought braced him to a fresh attack.

"I think M'sieu' and Madame misunderstand what I have to offer," he exclaimed. Here the whole Michonnet family sat bolt upright, and even the apple-tree seemed to straighten out its bare boughs and stand at attention.

"To be the famous wife of a famous man, whose name shall ring from end to end of France, of Europe, is that not a rare distinction, je vous demande?"

Papa Michonnet lighted his pipe.

"Very rare," he observed.

His wife applauded with a fat and unctuous sigh.

"And then," went on M'sieu' Alphonse, "the sacred fire of genius—"

"Will not cook a dinner," broke in Papa Michonnet, rising to his feet. "You have no capital to show, and though latent genius may be a good investment, as

far as I can see, it pays no dividends. When you can come to me and say: 'Monsieur, my book has reached a third edition,' then my daughter shall be yours, not before. As you see, she has done you already the honor of several tears; surely you can expect no further encouragement."

Precisely what happened after that M'sieu' Alphonse never knew. He came to his senses long after midnight in his own garret, with the moon streaming in the narrow window, and his hat still on his head. He had a confused remembrance of angry expostulations on his part, firm retorts from Papa Michonnet, sighs and gasps from his ponderous spouse, the whole culminating in a fainting fit, with Ma'm'selle Marie in the leading rôle.

MONSIEUR LE MARQUIS DE X— had never penned a period in his life. He inhabited a very "chic" apartment in the neighborhood of the Champs-Élysées. His excuse for so doing was a porcelain bathtub and modern improvements, and the fact that he needed an excuse proved that his blood was truly cerulean, and that his family, whose very noses were Bourbon, had never forgiven him for deserting the Faubourg for "ce quartier mal habité."

How he happened to be in Paris during the hottest August of the century is a subject Monsieur le Marquis disliked to dwell upon. It was of a sadness, truly,—one *chère amie* at Deauville, another at Dinard, and Monsieur le Marquis grilling in Paris. And why? Parbleu, because he had been imbecile enough to pass through Paris on his way from "the waters" to the sea, *ma foi*,— and that low step at Armenonville, where he had slipped and broken his leg, of course—oh! but he had made a foolishness altogether!

And now here he was, with the offending limb in plaster, wedded to his couch and an infinite boredom. It was small comfort to him to reflect that he was one of a million sweltering citizens, for even rival newspapers united in one huge complaint. Paris was a vast wilderness of heat—the streets almost deserted, the chestnut-trees in the Champs-Élysées were seared and scorched and brown, while

dead, dry leaves sprinkled the pavement with premature autumn. Here and there a weary fiacre crawled past, the horse's tongue hanging out of his mouth; the *cochers* had all dropped their shiny hats for straw ones or none. And, worst of all, a deadly insomnia had fastened itself on the people, and the stifling nights brought no relief. It seemed as if from dusk till dawn there rose from all the city a long, low murmuring, as of tossings on hot pillows, and restlessness in place of rest. Even Monsieur le Marquis was not exempt, and the gesture with which he turned on the pink-shaded electric light by his bedside was eloquent of futility.

He had been lying in the twilight, trying to absorb the lethargy of the dying day, but the great drone of the city was not soothing or drowsy, but incisive with nerves on edge and tense submission. On the table by his side, he knew, were books—a pile of them, culled from the book-stalls by his valet; but he had tried so many evenings to read, and each new pile of novels had seemed so much duller than its predecessor, that he had only read himself wide-awake and very cross. There was no reason why this evening's quota should be different, so he had lain in the dusk till he could stand it no longer; even now, as the light shone down on a row of volumes, he never even looked at the titles, but picked up the first one at hand, and started to read with a hopelessness bred of habit.

It was a novel called "*Le Trottoir*," by Alphonse Moreau,—Monsieur le Marquis, who prided himself on being more or less of a modern Mæcenas, had never heard of Alphonse Moreau, which was in itself enough,—neither did he *want* to hear of him,—but the listlessness of the long, hot day and the sleepless nights had entered into him, and it was less physical effort to keep on reading than to put down the book and pick up another; so he read on.

How it happened he never knew, but when he awoke, the morning sun was streaming in the room, the electric light by his bedside was still burning, and "*Le Trottoir*" lay open at page 28!

He tried it again the next night, and again the same thing happened—and still again. As an insomnia-cure, "*Le Trottoir*" seemed to be infallible, and one

chapter taken on retiring appeared to be about the dose. Monsieur le Marquis was as enchanted as if he had discovered America; so when his friend of the "*Mercure*" called, looking tired and haggard, Monsieur le Marquis assumed the grand manner of sympathy. "But my old one, what hast thou?"

The visitor meditatively smoothed a crease from his pearl-gray trousers, and chose his words carefully. There are times when, in default of sixteen quarterings, one's ailments can be converted into a source of distinction, and Monsieur le Marquis's friend, alas! had not a Bourbon nose—both distinctly and distinctively not. He drew a deep breath, and let it hiss out slowly between his teeth before he spoke.

"Ah, you notice, *vrai*? I regret."

"Notice! A thousand thunders, yes!"

The visitor leaned forward as if imparting a confidence.

"You see, it is now nearly fourteen nights that I sleep not—and the work of the intelligence by day, *mon dieu*! it exhausts one!"

Monsieur le Marquis grew quite radiantly benign: "And if I could cure you, *voyons*?"

"Ah, my friend, that is impossible. I have tried everything, but—*everything*!" and his pearl-gray waistcoat swelled with the importance of such comprehensiveness. He was *all* pearl-gray, save the pink carnation in his button-hole.

M. le Marquis said nothing, but he reached out a fine white hand to the little table by his bedside, and taking up "*Le Trottoir*," held it out to his friend.

"Try that."

"A novel? Pah! I mock myself of them—a protégé of yours, perhaps?" The words trickled between his lips with the incisiveness that only the French language can lend to polite insinuation. But he took the book and noticed the name, nevertheless, balancing it on his knee while he turned the talk into other channels.

An hour later, when he left the house, he was careful to waylay Etienne, Monsieur le Marquis's valet, in the ante-chamber, and ask him at what shop he had bought the book.

Thirty-six hours later there appeared in the morning issue of the "*Mercure*" an

editorial which took Paris by storm. It was called "A bas l'insomnie!" and set forth how the "Mercure," always aiming to help its patrons *and* humanity at large, had for many weeks been trying to devise some method of procuring restful nights for the suffering population at its doors. At last it was able to demonstrate, through the patient efforts of Monsieur the editor-in-chief, the author of this article, that even in the domain of medical and physical science the pen was still supreme, and that in telling the sleepless thousands of Paris to buy and read "Le Trottoir,"—dōse: one chapter t^aken on retiring for adults, a glance at the little-page for children,—the "Mercure" was proving once again that in all their troubles they must look to the power of the press for aid.

Now it happened that Monsieur Chardon, head of the great publishing house of Chardon et Cie., was a very early riser, and that on the morning when "A bas l'insomnie" appeared in the "Mercure" he had risen even earlier than usual. He read it once, twice, then swallowed his coffee, and catching up his hat, hailed the first fiacre that came along, and ordered the man to drive like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, to 58^{bis} rue Bonaparte, where he jumped out and with unlikely haste, scaled the succeeding flights of stairs to M'sieu' Alphonse's apartments. When Monsieur Alphonse himself, in a shabby dressing-gown, opened the door, he drew a sharp breath of relief: there was still time then, for M'sieu' Alphonse had *not* been out to get his morning paper, and consequently had not seen the article.

Monsieur Chardon sank into a chair to recover his breath, while M'sieu' Alphonse stood bowing and wondering to what he owed the honor of such an early visit. His poor little underfed heart was thumping madly beneath the shabby dressing-gown, for, if the truth were told, he had offered the manuscript of "Le Trottoir" to at least ten different publishing houses, only to have it meet with ten equally enthusiastic rejections, and finally, his faith still unshattered, had bravely sought out the great Chardon and without waiting for the chance of a refusal, had told him he wished to have the book published at his own expense, pay-

ing so much down as a guarantee, and the rest two months after the book appeared. What he did *not* tell the great Chardon was that he had sold a life-insurance policy to pay the guarantee deposit, and that he had trusted to the returns from the sales to furnish the rest. Had Chardon repented of his bargain? If so, M'sieu' Alphonse was ruined; but he still stood and bowed and smiled nervously, while the great Chardon sat and gasped.

Finally he spoke.

"Monsieur Moreau, what think you of selling to me the rights of your book?"

The words shot through M'sieu' Alphonse like an electric shock, and his knees felt queer.

"Mais, Monsieur," he stammered, "I—"

"Voyons!" went on the great Chardon, "I have read it with the most great attention since it appeared, and I could almost say—er—that for a début—er—that it has possibilities and perhaps,—” here he examined his finger-nails,—“if Monsieur would trust himself frankly to me, we should try to discover perhaps a moderate sale—a very moderate one. But it would help to make Monsieur known, and, as I interest myself for you, I will give you 3000 francs for all the rights to the book, and if there is any loss,—” unanimously,—“it is I who lose.”

M'sieu' Alphonse began to collect himself. "I had not thought of selling the book," he said, blushing violently; then, timidly: "It was my—my own venture, you see."

"Precisely," said the great Chardon, "but as such you were bound to lose, whereas *we* would advertise the work, and give it a sale. I pray you to decide quickly, as I am pressed," and the pointed finger-nails drummed on the chair arm like a woodpecker's beak on a hollow limb.

Now M'sieu' Alphonse was no fool, and he also knew that the great Chardon never did anything for love; so while he stood shifting nervously from one carpet slipper to another, he revolved in his own mind what he should do. If Chardon offered 3000 francs for "Le Trottoir," it was worth at least double that amount; besides, for some strange reason, Chardon wanted it, and wanted it at once, or he

never would have climbed those stairs instead of sending for M'sieu' Alphonse.

"I am sorry, Monsieur, but I could not think of selling my book for that."

"5000, then," said the other.

M'sieu' Alphonse shook his head with still greater regret.

"Mais, voyons, we must understand each other—7000, perhaps?"

Again a negative from the carpet slippers. The great Chardon looked at M'sieu' Alphonse's timorous little person, and grew first red, then purple. He sprang from his chair, and brought his fat hand down on the table with such a bang that both carpet slippers left the floor at once.

"Saperlipopette!" he screamed, "are you mad? what do you think your fichu book is worth?"

"50,000 francs," said M'sieu' Alphonse, soothingly, with a gentle, reassuring smile.

He acknowledged afterward that for a moment he was really quite concerned lest the great Chardon should faint, and he had no idea what to do for fainting persons. He had vague recollections that you should quickly unlace their stays, and tickle their nostrils with a feather; but he was glad that the great Chardon did not faint, for he had an uneasy feeling that neither of those remedies would have exactly suited the patient.

It took the publisher fully five minutes to collect himself. I think he would have struck M'sieu' Alphonse had he dared, but he realized that at that very moment his press was in all likelihood being besieged with orders for "Le Trottoir," and that, with all sleepless Paris in quest of it, not to speak of the provinces, it would be cheap even at 50,000 francs. If he could get two or three editions out

in rapid succession, with just enough time in between to stimulate the demand, he would not only make money, but do the best bit of advertising he had ever done, to boot. But it must be clinched at once: any day the hot wave might break, and the population sleep normally again. So controlling his anger, he drew out a piece of paper, and sitting down at the very same ink-blotched desk where M'sieu' Alphonse had begun "Le Trottoir" ten months before, he drew up a contract and offered it to him without a word to sign.

THREE weeks later the heat was still unabated, and "Le Trottoir" had had the most unprecedented run in all the range of modern literature. The presses of Chardon et Cie. had been kept running day and night to satisfy the demands of a public crowding to escape from the purgatory of wakefulness. And not once had "Le Trottoir" belied its fame. Countless thousands blessed the name of Alphonse Moreau, who, convinced against his will of his real literary worth, came boldly out, and in the columns of that same "Mercure," now only too keen for an article from his pen, proclaimed that "Le Trottoir" had been originally written to accomplish the mission which it had fulfilled, and followed it up by an exhaustive treatise on the soothing properties of senseless sound as against the numbing paralysis of reiteration. His decoration by the government followed close on the heels of his first lecture before the medical faculty of the Sorbonne, and preceded by forty-eight hours his marriage in the parish church of Auteuil, "that fat Michonnet" giving him his daughter to wife.

It is not for nothing that one lives in the rue Bonaparte.



THE NEGRO BRAIN¹

BY ROBERT BENNETT BEAN, M.D.



THE race question in America has been treated recently from the standpoint of a former slave-owner, in the light of the Reconstruction period, in a mathematician's statistical way, and as an economic problem. Men from within have labored for the uplifting of their race, the philanthropy of the North has been liberally directed toward the education of the negro, and conservative statesmanship both North and South has been sorely tried time and again in the settlement of acute questions rising out of local conditions. In the ultimate settlement of this imminently critical question the facts of scientific investigation should not be ignored. Not only should an earnest philanthropy and an honest statesmanship be brought to the solution of the negro problem, but the fundamental physical and mental differences of the white and black races should be considered in any rational adjustment of the relations between them, and a just discrimination of the character and genius of each race should be made.

It is an undoubted fact that environment affects the individual more than the race, whereas heredity affects the race more than the individual. Individuals may be altered without altering the race. By both heredity and environment we may explain the greatness of certain men like Dumas, Booker Washington, Tanner, and Professor Dubois, who are classed as negroes, but are not pure negroes ethnically. Looked at in its broadest sense, the race question is not one of individuals or of local significance, but has assumed world-wide proportions by reason of existing conditions in Egypt, throughout Oceanica, in South Africa, Hayti,

San Domingo, South America, the Philippines, and other places, as well as in the United States.

The subject in all its phases cannot be considered here, but the attention of the reader may be directed to one or two significant facts. The first is that the negro race is now considered to be one of the oldest races in the world, evidences of its existence in prehistoric times having been recently discovered throughout Africa, Australia, and Oceanica. In historic times negroes are depicted on the monuments of Egypt thousands of years before the Anglo-Saxon had emerged from barbarism. They have been in contact continually with the highest civilizations of antiquity, but have never risen to the eminence of other nations, having retained their primitive condition, even as is now apparent in the Southern States, where they are isolated in large masses.

Another significant fact is that the negro brain is smaller than the Caucasian, the difference in size being represented in both gray matter (nerve cells) and white matter (nerve fibers), as I will attempt presently to demonstrate. Brain cells are the basis of brain power or mental ability, and their number is known to remain constant throughout life, so that there seems never to be a degree of mental development beyond the possible expression of the brain cells inherited. Development of mental activity by experience, education, etc., is considered to be correlated with the development of sheaths around the nerve fibers as they become active in the transmission of impulses. The efficiency of the brain depends upon the number and position of such nerve fibers, just as the efficiency of a telephone system depends

¹ The purely scientific aspect of this subject will be treated at length by the present writer in the forthcoming volume of the "American Journal of Anatomy."

upon the number of its various connections and ramifications. The negro brain having fewer nerve cells and nerve fibers, assuming that gray matter and white matter respectively represent these numerically, the possibilities of developing the negro are therefore limited, except by crossing with other races. This has been done to such an extent in times past that it is difficult to determine whether a pure negro really exists in America.

Observations made on thousands of negroes throughout the Middle Atlantic and Middle Western States, extending through many years, and the critical examination of more than one hundred brains from a representative element of the negro population, enable me to classify the American negro in two large groups. One group comprises the great majority of the negroes of the South, and the physical and mental characteristics of this group indicate purer negro blood than the other. This other group is decidedly in the minority, is largely distributed throughout the North, and shows traces of previous minglings of races, the individuals being commonly designated as mulattoes.

1. The first group includes three racial classes. The negroes of the lowest of these resemble the Hottentots or Bushmen of the southern and western coasts of Africa, whence they were probably derived. They have a gray or old-yellow skin resembling rough varnished oak; low, dwarfed stature, weak, or squat and muscular; long woolly hair in obliquely inserted tufts; very dark eyes, wide apart; broad, flat nose; large mouth, with thick, projecting, everted lips; enormous projecting jaws; heads extremely long, with probably the smallest brains of all human beings; and

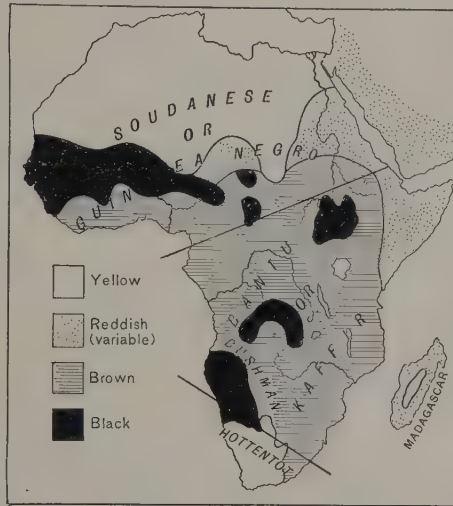
lastly, though not always present, the distinctive projecting masses of fat about the buttocks of the women. This class is comparatively rare, but a number may be seen here and there, usually in the lowest quarters of a city, or in some obscure corner in the country. Their intelligence is of the lowest grade, and their instincts are purely of the senses.

The next class is of a higher order, and is representative of the low-class Guinea Coast negro, the most ancient and the most classical negro type, having

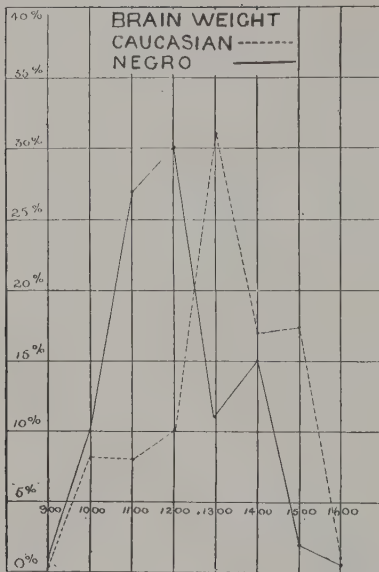
a cool, velvety skin, glossy, and varying from a reddish, yellowish, or bluish black to jet black; low stature, well knit and muscular; black eyes and black, kinky hair; broad, flat nose; thick lips; projecting jaws and face; beautifully white, sound teeth; small, square ears; long upper and short lower extremities; slender calves; flat feet; long, but sometimes broad, heads, and somewhat larger brains than the first class.

This contains the greater number of the negroes in the South. They have a moderate amount of intelligence, enough to make good laborers under compulsion, but are naturally indolent and shiftless.

The third class in this group is the high-class Guinea Coast negro, the Sudanese, similar to the low class, but developed along broader lines. Instead of being ugly, diminutive, with short and thick limbs, and a round or short face, they are comparatively handsome, taller, with well-proportioned limbs and a long face. They exist in fairly large numbers, but are much less numerous than the second class. They represent, perhaps, the best element of the negro race in America, having adaptability in various directions. They are good natural mechanics, and from their ranks are



MAP OF AFRICA SHOWING DEGREES OF COLOR OF THE GROUPS OF NEGROES FROM WHOM THE AMERICAN NEGRO WAS DERIVED



CURVES OF BRAIN WEIGHT FOR THE CAUCASIAN AND THE NEGRO
(See table 1.)

NOTE—These curves indicate that more than fifty percent of the Negro brains weigh about 1100 to 1200 grams, while more than sixty-five percent of the Caucasian brains weigh about 1300 to 1500 grams. The fact that fifteen percent of the Negro brains weigh about 1400 grams is an evidence that these brains represent an element which is the result of a crossing of the races. This is the usual biological curve of any morphological feature in cross breeds.

largely drawn the handicraftsmen—carpenters, blacksmiths, firemen, engine-drivers, etc.—to whom the South may look for aid in its material development.

2. The second group is made up of Kaffirs and mulattoes or mulattoids.

The Kaffirs are representative of the Bantus (Zulus and kindred tribes) from various parts of Africa, and show unmistakable traces of the Arab, in some parts even retaining a rude worship similar to Mohammedanism. They represent the Hamitic and Semitic peoples grafted upon the negro, and reverting to the primitive negro type with the strain of the other race persisting, and cropping out decidedly in certain instances. They are particularly noted for their height and intelligence, but are deceptive and dishonest, although they make good body-servants and house-servants. They are of various shades of dark-brown skin; very high stature, slim and well made; they have thick, woolly hair, and dark-brown eyes; broad, flat nose, sometimes aquiline or Arab-like; thick lips; long,

oval face; slightly projecting jaws and face, and narrow nasal apertures; long, high heads, with narrow foreheads, and median frontal protuberances; and large brains. They do not exist in large numbers except in Virginia and North Carolina, and a few isolated localities elsewhere. They have average intelligence, and are capable of undertaking small business enterprises. They are found as Pullman porters, in cafés, restaurants, and hotels, as waiters, and in occupations that do not necessitate manual labor or exposure to the elements. By far the greater proportion of the serving class in Virginia were of this type.

The mulattoes are a mixed lot, but three classes may be selected as representing the majority. There is a burly type, with all the negro features magnified except color, which is usually a muddy yellow. They are usually powerful muscularly and have heavy frames, long arms and legs, with unusually large lips, mouth, and nose, and a resonant vocal apparatus heard loudly on all occasions.

The second class of mulattoes resembles the first in many ways, but is inferior physically and mentally, and is distinguished by a peculiar mottling of the skin, mentioned by Professor Shaler (who has given a very good classification of the Southern blacks).

These two classes, in the worst individuals, represent one of the gravest menaces to society, one of the most dangerous elements of the population. They seem to inherit all the bad of both black and white. They have all the sensuality of the aboriginal African, and all the savage nature of the primitives from the wilds of Europe, without the self-control of the Caucasian or the amiability of the negro.

The third class of mulattoes so nearly resembles the Caucasian that one has to look twice to be sure. They are usually small, sparely built individuals, neatly made, and graceful. They have bright minds, and are capable of doing any ordinary tasks of the average individual. They are the most to be pitied of all classes of the negro population, because they have the inclinations and often the abilities of more favored individuals in

the white race, yet an inexorable law has decreed that they shall marry in their own race or die out. They are almost invariably of a delicate mold, and die young.

In addition to these more or less distinct classes, there are various grades of mixtures of them, and a few mixed bloods with Indian characteristics may occasionally be seen, or a Foulah from the heart of Africa, or a Dahomian from the region south of the Sahara, or an Ethiopian, or a Papuan, or a Negrito, or perhaps an Australian; but these are rare. A few Madagascar negroes (crosses between the Mongol and the negro) are also found in certain localities.

This classification of the American negro is based upon an intimate study at close range of thousands of individuals in various parts of the South and the North, and it has been confirmed by the careful inspection and measurement of one hundred and three brains, individuals of the various classes presenting, according to my observations, recognizable differences in their brain development. I do not purpose to enter into a discussion of these differences here, but desire to consider the larger questions as to differences of brain development in the negro and the white as demonstrated by a comparison of the negro brains mentioned above with forty-nine brains of American Caucasians. The brains I studied were accurately weighed, and the weights are classified as follows:

These brains were from a representative element of the American negro population, and from the lower classes of the whites, especially the white females, which are from a notably low social class. The brain of the negro male is demonstrably smaller than that of the Caucasian male. The brains from the females of the two races are virtually the same size. The brain weights of thirty-two negro brains collected from various sources in going over the literature of the subject are given here. The average weight of twenty-two male negro brains, weighed by sundry men, at various

times, in divers places, with different systems and under dissimilar conditions, is 1256 grams. The average weight of ten female negro brains of a like assortment is 980 grams. Waldeyer, a German anatomist, gives the average weight of twelve negro brains in the fresh state as 1148 grams. These are European records, the brains being obtained from native tribes of Africa and elsewhere. It is evident that the brain of the American negro weighs more than the native African, which is no doubt because of the greater amount of white blood in the Americannegro. Sanford B. Hunt, M. D., and surgeon Ira Russell, of the 11th Massachussets Vol-



FIG. 1. VERTICAL CROSS SECTION THROUGH THE BRAIN OF A NEGRO (BELOW), AND A CAUCASIAN (ABOVE), IN THE REGION OF THE ANTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA. R—RIGHT SIDE. L—LOWER SURFACE

unteers (Civil war), represent by an ethnological table (part of which is reproduced below) that the weight of the brain in the American negro varies directly in proportion to the amount of

TABLE I

Average weight of	51	Caucasian	male	brains	1341	grams
"	"	"	9	"	female	" 1103 "
"	"	"	51	negro	male	" 1292 "
"	"	"	28	"	female	" 1108 "

white blood in the individual, those less than one half white having smaller brains than the pure negro. To this table are added the results of a similar classification of the brains weighed by me.

the frontal lobes between 1.5 and 2 centimeters from the front end of the brain of a negro, and between 2 and 2.5 centimeters from the front end of the brain of a Caucasian. The section of

TABLE 2. ETHNOLOGICAL. ALL MALES

NUMBER OF BRAINS	GRADE OF COLOR	AVERAGE BRAIN WEIGHT		NUMBER OF BRAINS
		(H. & R.)	(BEAN)	
24	White	1478 grams	1341 grams	51
25	3/4	1390		
47	1/2	1331	1347	3
51	1/4	1315	1340	15
95	1/8	1305	1235	16
22	1/16	1275	1191	10
141	Black	1328	1157	7

The brain weights of more than 4000 individuals of various Caucasian nationalities collected by Marshall of England, Retzius of Sweden, Bischoff and Marchand of Germany, Matieka of Bohemia (Slavs), and others, show an average of about 1400 grams for males and about 1250 grams for females as follows:

Bohemians	male,	1455	female,	1311
Swedish	"	1400	"	1253
Hessian	"	1392	"	1260
Bavarian	"	1362	"	1220
English I	"	1335	"	1235
English II	"	1328	"	1225
French	"	1325	"	1144

It is evident, then, that the Caucasian brain is larger than the negro brain, and the above table demonstrates that in a mixture of the races the brain weight resulting is directly in proportion to the amount of Caucasian blood in the individual, other things being equal. The body weight and stature are in intimate relation to brain weight, intellectual ability is one of the components of brain weight, but sexual as well as racial relations are evident, so that brain weight is not a safe criterion of intelligence.

The size and weight of the brain, however, are not the only differences determined. The size and shape of the front end of the brain is different in the two races, being smaller and more angular in the negro, while it is larger and more rounded in the Caucasian. Figure 1 shows vertical sections taken through

the Caucasian brain is larger, and more nearly circular than that of the negro, not exhibiting the narrow projecting sides, and pointed tips above and below, such as are seen on the negro brain. The convolutions of the Caucasian brain are more elaborate, and the fissures are deeper, than in the negro brain, while the relative amount of white matter is greater in the Caucasian brain.

Figure 2 shows the outlines of one side of a Caucasian brain and one side of a negro brain as seen from above and from the opposite side, looking down at an angle of 45° from the horizon, or in other words, here is represented a plane passing through one hemisphere of the brain from before backward at an angle of 45°. Here is seen the more rounded outline of the Caucasian brain and the squarer outline of the negro brain with the flat side toward the front end, this being eminently characteristic of the brain of the negro. This flat surface indicates a smaller anterior association area in the negro brain.

The racial difference is not only evident when looking at the brains, or drawings made from them, but can be demonstrated by actual measurements made from the middle point of each brain to a point over the middle of each association area, anterior and posterior, on outlines similar to Figure 2. The results of such measurements are given in averages in the following table:

TABLE 3

RACE-SEX	NUMBER OF BRAINS	FROM MIDDLE OF BRAIN TO MIDDLE OF ANTERIOR ASSOC'N AREA		FROM MIDDLE OF BRAIN TO MIDDLE OF POSTERIOR ASSOC'N AREA		RATIO
Caucasian male	34	70	mm.	72	mm.	97-100
Negro male	43	66	mm.	74	mm.	89-100
Caucasian female . . .	8	65	mm.	67	mm.	97-100
Negro female	22	62	mm.	68	mm.	89-100

This difference is manifested not only in the apparent size of the anterior association area thus obtained, but also in its more intimate structure. The two ends of the corpus callosum, the great band of fibers that connects the two hemispheres of the brain, and associates the functions of the two sides of the brain, exhibit the same difference in a more marked way. In separating the two hemispheres, this band of fibers is cut squarely across, so that, by measuring the areas of the front and hind ends of this cut surface, one obtains an accurate representation of the size of the connecting link between the front and hind ends of the brain. The cross section area of the two ends of the corpus callosum being accurately measured, the results are given in averages.

this, then, let us consider the third proposition.

In the discussion of this proposition the word "subjective" is used in the sense of rational, and is related to judgment and reason, or the abstract qualities, whereas the word "objective" is used in the sense of perception, or the processes of reflex phenomena, or of association, meaning perception in the concrete. The known centers in the brain will be located according to function, then they will be discussed in relation to the facts just established. In the hind part of the brain are located the areas for sight, hearing, taste, and smell, and the body sense area that receives impressions from the whole surface of the body, from the muscles, and from the viscera. Besides this, in the midst of these areas,

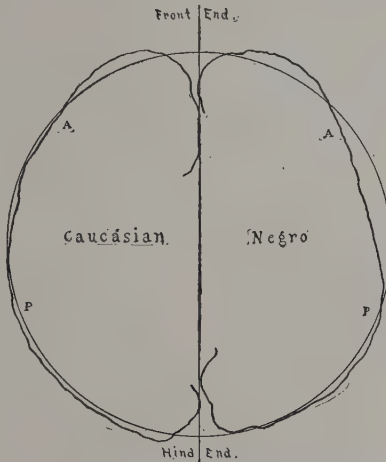


FIG. 2 LONGITUDINAL SECTIONS (AT 45°) THROUGH THE RIGHT HEMISPHERES OF THE BRAINS OF A NEGRO AND A CAUCASIAN. A—ANTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA. P—POSTERIOR ASSOCIATION AREA

TABLE 4

RACE=SEX	NO. OF BRAINS	FRONT END	HIND END	RATIO
Caucasian male....	42	3.70 sq. cm.	3.04 sq. cm.	122-100
Negro males.....	62	3.07 sq. cm.	3.02 sq. cm.	102-100
Caucasian female..	9	3.17 sq. cm.	2.87 sq. cm.	110-100
Negro female.....	25	2.86 sq. cm.	2.86 sq. cm.	100-100

This suggests a probable difference in the relative power, or capacity, or activity, of the frontal lobes in the brains of the two races, there being a difference of 20% in favor of the Caucasian. This is much greater in many individuals.

Having established the facts (1) that the Caucasian brain is heavier than that of the negro, (2) that the relative quantity of the white fiber is greater in the Caucasian than in the negro, and (3) that the anterior association center (front end of the brain) and the front end of the corpus callosum are larger in the Caucasian than in the negro, let us consider their significance. The first two propositions corroborate the statement made previously, that the negro brain contains less gray matter (nerve cells) and white matter (nerve fibers) than the Caucasian. Dismissing

there is a large region called the posterior association area. The posterior association area is intimately connected with the special sense areas, just mentioned, and is considered to represent the objective faculties.

In the front part of the brain are located the motor area, part of the area for smell, and the great anterior association area. This association area is closely connected with the area that controls the muscles of the body, and contains definite bands of fibers to all other areas of the brain, and is connected with the lower centers of the nervous system. It represents the subjective faculties, the great reasoning center, the center for abstract thought. Lesions of the anterior association area are known to cause alteration or loss of ideas regarding personality, the subjective self; a loss of self-con-

trol, of the powers of inhibition, of will power; a diminution in the capacity for ethical and esthetic judgment. In simple lesions, or in the early stages of the lesion, when the person is "subjected to unaccustomed stimuli, especially to sexual excitement, anger, or vexation, he may lose all control of his movements and acts, so that simple influence may lead him to try to satisfy his desire without any regard to custom or good taste. In late stages of the disease imbecility may appear, with entire loss of the mental pictures regarding personality."¹ The individual may distort his own personality, and be unable to distinguish the imagined from the real: thus he may think himself of enormous dignity, of great importance, or that he is possessed of great wealth, or that he is a genius. The anterior association area in the front end of the brain, then, represents the "ego," the subjective self, the personality, orientation. Here probably reside the highest developed faculties of man, the motor speech-center for the command of language; will power, the power of self-control, the power of inhibition and perseverance; the ethical and esthetic faculties; and the power of thought in the abstract. The posterior association area in the hind part of the brain, on the other hand, represents the special senses—the appetites of man, sensuality, the passions. Here probably reside the artistic sense, the musical sense, the objective faculties, and the power of perception in the concrete. The anterior association area probably controls or directs the powers of the posterior association area. In the Caucasian the anterior association area is larger and better developed than in the negro. The posterior association area is about the same size in the two races. Let us see, then, if the known characteristics of the Caucasian and negro coincide with the relations of their brains.

The Caucasian has the subjective faculties well developed; the negro, the objective. The Caucasian, and more particularly the Anglo-Saxon, is dominant and domineering, and possessed primarily with determination, will power, self-control, self-government, and all the attributes of the subjective self, with a high development of the ethical and esthetic

faculties and great reasoning powers. The negro is in direct contrast by reason of a certain lack of these powers, and a great development of the objective qualities. The negro is primarily affectionate, immensely emotional, then sensual, and, under provocation, passionate. There is love of outward show, of ostentation, of approbation. He loves melody and a rude kind of poetry and sonorous language. There is undeveloped artistic power and taste—negroes make good artisans and handicraftsmen. They are deficient in judgment, in the formulation of new ideas from existing facts, in devising hypotheses, and in making deductions in general. They are imitative rather than original, inventive, or constructive. There is instability of character incident to lack of self-control, especially in connection with the sexual relation, and there is a lack of orientation, or recognition of position and condition of self and environment, evidenced in various ways, but by a peculiar "bump-tiousness," so called by Prof. Blackshear of Texas, this is particularly noticeable.

The white and the black races are antipodal, then, in cardinal points. The one has a large frontal region of the brain, the other a larger region behind; the one is subjective, the other objective; the one a great reasoner, the other preëminently emotional; the one domineering, but having great self-control, the other meek and submissive, but violent and lacking self-control when the passions are aroused; the one a very advanced race, the other a very backward one. The Caucasian and the negro are fundamentally opposite extremes in evolution.

Having demonstrated that the negro and the Caucasian are widely different in characteristics, due to a deficiency of gray matter and connecting fibers in the negro brain, especially in the frontal lobes, a deficiency that is hereditary and can be altered only by intermarriage, we are forced to conclude that it is useless to try to elevate the negro by education or otherwise, except in the direction of his natural endowments. The way may be made plain to the black people, and they may be encouraged in the proper direction, but the solution of the question still must come from within the race. Let them win their reward by diligent service.

¹Translation of Flechsig's "Gehirn und Seele," by Dr. Barker, Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, and Physician-in-Chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

THE RESURGENT MYSTERIES

BY EDGAR JEPSON



DURING the six generations for which the history of the family is known, the Wiltons have been Tories and highchurchmen. There is no reason to doubt that in their prehistoric times they were Tories and high churchmen, too, down possibly to the very days of Laud himself. During that part of the eighteenth century covered by the family's records, and during the earlier part of the nineteenth century, they held comfortable livings in the country or in the more reputable towns—towns unsmirched by factories, the abodes of gentlefolk. Their old age was, for the most part, spent in the retirement of a cathedral close, where several of them attained to the rank of canon, two of them to the rank of dean. None of the family ever rose to the rank of bishop, a failure which their enemies, if they can be said to have enemies,—perhaps I should rather say those who envy them,—ascribe to their lack of conspicuous ability; their friends, to their lack of push. The Tractarian movement, though it brought no adherent to Rome from the Wiltons, since their sturdy Toryism prevented so thorough a break with the family tradition, nevertheless lifted them somewhat out of the groove along which they had moved for five generations; and it became the custom for a Wilton, on being ordained at the close of his university career, to become a curate in a slum in one of the more bloated towns, and work for two or three years among the very poor. The father and two of the uncles of Aloysius Wilton had followed this course, and when the time came, Aloysius himself became a curate

in the parish of Little St. Barnabas, in Stepney.

It is to be doubted that nature intended Aloysius for the church at all. If she did, assuredly she intended him for the church in the country. He stood six feet three in his stockings; he had gained his Blue for both cricket and football at Oxford; and had he thought it in keeping with his future calling, he might, with unusual ease, have been the amateur heavy-weight boxing champion. On taking orders, he had put these forms of the expression of his simple and direct personality behind him, and the sacrifice was doubtless the more regarded in that he made it cheerfully. Indeed, he was always of a cheerful spirit; and his smiling, fresh-colored face and great bulk made him a remarkable figure in the sordid Stepney slums where life goes a somewhat cheerless and stunted gait.

Aloysius, however, was inclined to regard his admirable body with a certain distress; he could not but feel that it was out of keeping with the more emaciated Anglican ideal. His curly hair, too, was hardly less of a trial to him, since by no efforts could he constrain it to the decent lankness which has to some degree become an outward sign of a devout spirit. He could never be sure what unbecoming appearance it would next assume; and worst of all, two little curly tufts on each side of his forehead had a most discomfiting habit of standing up like horns.

For all that his bulk and strength and his prevailing rude health distressed him somewhat whenever he gave thought to them, these gifts were of the greatest service to him. The population of the parish of Little St. Barnabas ebbs and flows; sometimes it is ten thousand, sometimes

twelve thousand souls. The spiritual needs of the bulk of these souls were in the care of Aloysius, his vicar, and Riley, his fellow-curate. The homes of dissent are few in the parish of Little St. Barnabas—fewer, indeed, than in many country towns of five thousand inhabitants, because its people are too poor to support the incumbents of tin chapels. On the other hand, it is uncommonly rich in heathen, not only in the practical heathen whose myriads crowd the slums of all our great cities, but also in the technical heathen from the East and the South. Ethnologists, indeed, and the students of comparative religion who go to the East to study their problems on the spot, might obtain a far greater and far more striking variety of facts in the parish of Little St. Barnabas at a vast saving of traveling expenses. A second-class return ticket from Fenchurch-Street Station costs fourpence.

The actual regular flock which attends the church itself is small, rarely exceeding three hundred and fifty members; but its clergy minister to the sick, succor the poor, and comfort the afflicted, with little regard to their religious opinions. Hence it comes about that they have made for themselves ten times as much work as they can possibly do. The admirable body of Aloysius enabled him to do twice as much of it as his two colleagues together, and his cheerful and abounding vitality was often of more use in a sick room than many drugs. But his colleagues, ascetics by temperament and conforming in appearance far more closely to the Anglican ideal, could never grow quite easy in their minds, any more than could Aloysius himself, about his bodily gifts. They were alive to their great usefulness; they admired his courage, endurance, and cheerfulness; they were even assured of his devout fondness for the Anglican ritual; but they could not free their minds of doubts of his real spiritual fitness for his office. Then of a sudden it became plain that he was exercising an amazing influence over the heathen within their gates, and their doubts fled.

This influence first became plain after a hard-fought fight between Aloysius and Thick Higgins, a notorious bully of the district. Aloysius came upon him one

evening in Stephen's street, dragging along Katusha, the little Jewish interpreter who made known to the outer world the wants and desires of families of the more benighted Russian tribes settled in the parish of Little St. Barnabas. It had occurred to Thick Higgins that her steady earnings would make an agreeable addition to his precarious income, and he was taking her home with him by way of beginning their partnership. Katusha was weeping and imploring the help of a crowd whose sympathy with her was much weaker than its dread of Thick Higgins, when Aloysius thrust through it, and bade him let her be. Higgins refused in words which do not lend themselves to print, and Aloysius scragged him with amazing promptness. Higgins loosed Katusha,—he had to,—and a savage fight followed. Aloysius, though he knew his parish, at first fought faithfully under the Queensberry rules; when he found that his opponent was fighting entirely by the light of nature, his plain English common sense asserted itself, with the result that Thick Higgins was presently taken to the East London Hospital suffering from a broken leg, two broken ribs, and a dislocated shoulder.

The vicar chanced upon the victor coming away from the fray, followed by an admiring crowd, and being a man of some little fancy, he told Riley, his other curate, "that Aloysius, with his face alive with berserk fury, and his hair standing up like two horns over his forehead, reminded him of the god Thor returning to Asgard after a battle. He added, as an afterthought, "surrounded by a crowd of trolls." The crowd was not, indeed, of any such malignant composition; but there were in it a number of Lascars and Finns, the persons of all others in the parish most given to minding their own business and least given to swelling crowds.

On the Sunday after this notable victory, at the morning service, or, as the clergy of Little St. Barnabas themselves call it, high mass, some of the pews at the back of the church held foreigners. In one there were some Little Russians, in another some Finns, and in another, stranger still, some Lascars. These rare visitants behaved with unruffled propriety,

and Marriott, the lay helper, an Oxford man, who looked after that end of the church, declared at lunch that none of them had eyes or attention for any one or anything but Aloysius and his doings. At the end of the service the Lascars filed out in their noiseless Eastern fashion, but the Finns and Russians were talking to one another with the liveliest excitement. The vicar, supposing that an idle passing curiosity had brought them to the church, gave the matter no more thought.

During the next week Aloysius saw more of Katusha than usual. She was always more or less in touch with the clergy of Little St. Barnabas, for her intimate acquaintance with the lives of the more primitive dwellers in the parish brought to her knowledge many cases of sickness and distress which the sufferers, in the bonds of a strange tongue, had found no way of making known. When, in hard times, she had exhausted the charitable resources of the Jews in relieving the more acute suffering she had discovered, she came for aid to the Christians; and the clergy of Little St. Barnabas had come to regard her with great liking and respect as a most trustworthy and valuable helper. The vicar, indeed, had, to her great amusement, made a serious endeavor to convert her to Christianity. She was a curious fine flower of the race to find growing on its East-end dunghill: slim and pale, with large, appealing eyes, in which the vicar, a man of no little fancy, declared that he saw the reflection of the race's centuries of suffering. Her face, set in a frame of soft, waving hair, was a pure oval, and informed with a virginal innocence and candor vastly charming.

But for all that she had this face of a painter's dream, Katusha lived the strenuous life. She was a thrifty, hard-working creature who, out of her earnings as interpreter and letter-writer to the tongue-bound and illiterate Russians and Finns, kept her old mother and herself in a condition of decent comfort. They had, indeed, save when some starveling waif of Katusha's finding shared it with them, a whole room to themselves. She exacted her small fees from those who could afford to pay them with the most businesslike severity. Her work and her

charity, her influence with the magistrate as police-court interpreter, and with the relieving officer, and her connection with the clergy, made her by far the most important woman in the parish of Little St. Barnabas. Her untiring efforts to succor the unfortunate had won her no little affection among a people whose life is far too hard to lend itself to indulgence in the softer emotions.

During the week after the first attendance of the heathen at Little St. Barnabas Katusha sought out Aloysius four times, and carried him off on errands of mercy. By the end of the week he had fallen into the way of talking to her on their way in a cheery and comradelike fashion. Besides these four errands he came upon her at least another dozen times in the course of his work, and, if he was not in haste, stopped and talked to her about the unfortunates she had brought to his notice. On the next Sunday nine pews were filled with heathen: the number of the Finns and Russians had trebled, and the band of Lascars had grown to a score. Among the Finns were a man and woman of a family which had been deported for sorcery, so the story ran in the Russian slums of the parish, on the requisition of the Bishop of Helsingfors himself. Katusha told Aloysius that they still practised the black art in their house in Palmer's street. She seemed to think it the most natural thing in the world.

During the next few weeks the number of the heathen grew and grew until they filled all the back pews of Little St. Barnabas. They watched the service with grave decorum, and imitated the movements of the Christian worshippers. At least the Russians and the Finns did; the Lascars sat impassive from beginning to end. Marriott, the lay helper, still maintained that they had only eyes for Aloysius. One Sunday, at their late supper, he made the curious statement that the bulk of the Russians and Finns understood something of the ritual. The vicar said that that was doubtless owing to its likeness to the ritual of the Greek Church. Marriott said he did not believe it, that most of these benighted ones, the Finns at any rate, had certainly no understanding of the Greek ritual; that he had made up his mind that what they understood were

those portions of the Anglican ritual which have come down through Romanism and paganism from the religions of primitive man. The vicar denied with some heat that there were any such portions, and something of a wrangle followed. But no one attached any great weight to Marriott's opinion: he was not an Anglican, but an altruist of doubtful faith, who was devoting himself to the poor out of a passion for humanity, a very useful helper, but incompetent to discuss matters of religion.

During those weeks it became plain that Katusha had given up calling on the vicar for aid; now she always addressed herself to Aloysius. Little by little a comradeship grew up between them. She even fell into the way of consulting him about her rare business troubles; and twice, by dint of explaining to him by signs that he would thrash him if he did not, he made a reluctant client pay her the fees he owed. One night while they were sitting up with a child she had found dying of starvation, and nourishing it at the prescribed intervals, she told him of her life as a child on the border of Finland, where she had lived till she was twelve and gained that knowledge of the Finnish and Russian dialects from which she made her living. Little by little they fell into a way of doing much of their work among the sick together, and presently, from being seen so often together passing along the streets on their errands, they became associated in peoples' minds.

About this time, too, Aloysius found himself dogged at nights as he went about his work. It seemed to him that a little band of Lascars and Finns, some half-dozen, followed him wherever he went. They were not always the same Lascars and Finns. He did not quickly or easily persuade himself of this. Then a not-infrequent event in the lives of the clergy of Little St. Barnabas proved that this band did follow him, and proved, moreover, that it followed him as a body-guard. One night he was coming along one of the slums, when three violent Swedish sailors, who knew not Aloysius or his fists, fell upon him. Aloysius was thumping them with a proper regard to their drunken condition, when there was a rush of feet; the little band of Finns and

Lascars were upon them, and the three sailors were knocked senseless before Aloysius could save them. Their assailants, their task done, fled as quickly as they had come; and Aloysius, having satisfied himself that the thickness of the Swedes' skulls had prevented any serious injury, went on his way, bidding the first policeman he met give an eye to the victims. When at breakfast the next morning he told his colleagues of his adventure, Marriott said: "Your heathen have taken you under their protection. It looks as if they had elected you chief."

Meeting Katusha later in the day, Aloysius asked if she knew anything about it. She said with a somewhat constrained air: "Yes; they guard you. It is good. You go often where no coppers go."

"But why do these particular people, these Finns and Lascars, guard me?" said Aloysius.

Katusha only shook her head; she would say no word on that matter.

A few days later Aloysius was smoking a restful pipe in his sitting-room, when the servant ushered in Bungay, an old Hindu interpreter, who has lived so long in the parish of St. Barnabas that it is to be doubted that even he himself remembers his Hindu name. He is at all times a very shuffling old man, and on this occasion his manner was of the most suspicious. He set down on the table a large bunch of bananas and two small parcels, and said hurriedly, shuffling back to the door: "The wife of Bhopal Dass send you this rice and ghi and fruit, and pray you look favorably on her in her trouble. She want son."

"Here! What do you mean? What does she mean? What 's her trouble?" cried Aloysius.

Bungay was already out of the door. He stuck in his head, said, "She have baby next week," and fled.

Aloysius laughed a little ruefully at this new odd function suddenly thrust on him. He was for returning the offerings at once, when the temptation assailed him to take them to a hungry family to whom they would indeed be a godsend. After all, Bhopal Dass must be earning good wages, or his wife would not be able to spend eighteenpence on offerings. He took them to the hungry family. Coming

back he met Marriott, and told him of the visit of Bungay. Marriott opened his eyes wide, and walked along with him for some way without saying anything; then he laughed shortly, and said: "Really, you know, it 's too odd. Of course it 's utter nonsense."

"What is?" said Aloysius.

"Oh, an idea of mine. You would n't believe it. I don't myself; for, after all, this *is* London, and it *is* the twentieth century."

"You 're as bad as Katusha, and the matter of the bodyguard. This making a mystery of things is rather tiresome," said Aloysius.

"You 'd think my idea nonsense: I do myself," said Marriott, hastily. Then he added, in the tone of one thinking aloud, "Yet it would explain that puzzling attendance at church."

Then for a time nothing fresh happened, save that one Sunday when Aloysius had been called away to help celebrate mass at an Aldgate church the curates of which had fallen ill, the heathen filed quietly out of Little St. Barnabas as soon as it became plain that he was not there.

At the beginning of June began a spell of glorious hot weather. Unfortunately, a spell of glorious hot weather in the parish of Little St. Barnabas, though the warmth alone loosens the grip of poverty, brings with it a grievous increase of sickness among the babies and children. The workers were sorely tried by the press of work in the heat, and even Aloysius felt the strain. He saw that Katusha, too, was growing paler, and found her nervous and apt to grow absent-minded, to all seeming rapt suddenly away into some urgent train of thought.

Once, asking her what ailed her, he caught her off her guard. "Oh!" she cried impatiently, "that Finn witch troubles me."

"What 's that? How does she trouble you?" said the astonished Aloysius.

But Katusha would say no more. Aloysius pressed her to tell him, and let him see if he could find a way to prevent it. She only looked at him oddly, and shook her head.

A few days later he was coming along Palmer's street. On your right hand, as you come up it, is a row of tall eigh-

teenth-century houses, once the abodes of merchants and master mariners, now a warren of the poor. The sudden feeling that eyes were on him made him look up, and he saw, sitting at an open window on the first floor of one of them, Katusha and the Finn woman who had been deported for sorcery. He met their eyes fixed on him with a curious earnestness, and the picture impressed itself on his mind with a strange suddenness and vividness of detail. He saw that Katusha's lips were parted, that the setting sun had warmed her pale cheeks with its glow, that the Finn woman's eyes were shining exultantly, that her hand was raised to her breast as though she made the sign of the cross. For a breath they were dream figures seen in a dream; then Katusha waved her hand. The spell was broken, and he came back to the life of day. He raised his hat, and smiled up at her; but as he went on his way, he was invaded and oppressed by an odd fancy that the sight he had seen was of sinister portent.

When he met Katusha on the morrow, he asked her why she visited the witch, if the witch troubled her.

"She troubles me not any more. She is all right. We have agreed," said Katusha; and he thought that there was a strange ring in her soft voice. Then she added: "She has medicine very good for sick children. It is of plants."

Aloysius was not satisfied by the statement. Again and again during the next few days the vivid picture of the two figures at the window came into his mind, and always it filled him with a deep but vague uneasiness. He began to fear that overwork in the heat was making him fanciful.

On the 23rd of June, the Eve of St. John, the vicar and Riley, tired out by their work among the sick children, left the conduct of the evening service to Aloysius. Between luncheon and the service he found no time to eat anything; and after it, he came out of the church door faint and hungry and very, very thirsty. At the church door he found Katusha waiting for him with the news that he was needed at once in Palmer's street. With a sigh for his waiting supper, he turned and went with her.

They went quickly, and he gathered

that he was needed by a sick woman. There were the usual groups about the doors of the houses in Palmer's street, but before the door of the seventh of the tall houses there was a much larger group. At the sight of Aloysius and Katusha, a hush fell on it, and it was quite silent as they passed through it into the house. Katusha led the way up the stairs to the second floor, and knocked at a door. In the pause Aloysius heard the men who had been standing on the pavement filing into the house. Then a woman in the room said something in a strange tongue, and Katusha opened the door, and motioned to him to enter. He went in, and found himself in a room of fair size, looking the larger for its bareness, and dimly lighted by a candle. The air of it was laden with the pungent fragrance of some strange incense. By the little tables on the other side of the room stood the Finn woman. As Aloysius entered, she made a step forward, fell on her knees, and bowing her head till she nearly touched the floor with her forehead, poured forth a stream of words in a high, chanting key.

Aloysius was taken aback, and he stared stupidly from the kneeling woman to Katusha and back again.

"What is she saying? Tell her to get up," he said.

Katusha looked timidly at the woman, but said nothing.

"What is she saying?" said Aloysius, more sharply. He found the heavy, pungent air oppressing him.

"She give you honor," said Katusha in a hushed voice.

"Look here, what does she want? Where 's the sick woman? Tell her to stop," cried Aloysius, almost querulously.

"Presently—very soon," said Katusha.

Aloysius stooped and lifted the woman to her feet. He found that she was trembling with violent excitement, and her shining eyes were almost frenzied.

"What 's all this? What did you bring me here for?" he said, turning to Katusha.

"It 's all right. You see soon," said Katusha; and of a sudden he saw that she was very pale and in as violent an excitement as the Finn woman.

Then the heavy, fragrant air took hold of him with a daze; a deep shadow, fill-

ing the room, dimmed the candle to his eyes; he passed his hand over them, and swayed unsteadily. The shadow cleared, and he saw the Finn woman pouring liquor from a jug into a glass; she brought it to him, and thrust it into his hand.

Katusha laid a hand on his arm and said, "Drink; it do you good."

An enticing, strange fragrance rose from the liquor, and Aloysius was very thirsty. He thought for a moment of foul play; but Katusha had bidden him drink. He sipped. The liquor was cool and delicious. Then he drank. He had taken three draughts and nearly emptied the tumbler when the woman snatched it from him and handed it to Katusha. Katusha took it and gazed at it for a breath, as if in doubt; then she raised her eyes to Aloysius. They seemed to grow resolute as she gazed, and she drank. Something in her air gave Aloysius the impression that her drinking was an act of grave meaning, and he cried: "Look here, Katusha, what does it all mean? What did you bring me here for?"

She leaned back against the wall and closed her eyes. Her arms hung down straight and nerveless by her side; the tumbler fell from her nerveless hand. The corners of her lips drooped, and for a breath her face was the face of one who has made a sacrifice and for the while repents.

Aloysius stared at her bewildered. Of a sudden a flood of strange, delightful warmth flowed through his body; a rosy mist filled the room; Katusha's eyes opened, shining with tears, and appealing. He laughed loud in a groundless exultation. Then every thing swam before his eyes, the figures of Katusha and the Finn woman seemed to swell to superhuman size, waver, and recede; the world slipped away, and he knew no more.

He knew no more till he found himself walking along Church street fifty yards from the vicarage in the bright, clean light of the early morning. His head throbbed and ached; his throat pained him as if he had been shouting for hours; his legs were unsteady; and he was parched with thirst. His mind was in a dull confusion; he knew nothing of how he came there; his only thought was to get home.

He stumbled along to the vicarage door, let himself in, and stumbled upstairs to his bedroom. His first act was to drain the water-bottle. Then he undressed with fumbling fingers, put on his dressing-gown, and went to the bathroom. He could not wait for the bath to fill, but made haste to get his forehead under the tap. The cold water was very grateful. When the bath was filled, he lay still in the refreshing water while the throbbing and aching of his head lessened and lessened. Then he rubbed himself into a fine glow, and turned very drowsy. He went to bed, and slept for six hours.

When he awoke, his head still ached a little, and as he dressed and made his breakfast, he tried to call to mind the happenings of the night. He remembered going with Katusha to the Finn woman's house, and how they had drunk the strange liquor: he could recall its strange fragrance and flavor, and the strange, exhilarating flood of warmth it set flowing through him. He remembered Katusha's eyes very plainly. There his memory ceased, and rack it as he might, he could recall no more. He put the matter out of his mind, resolving that he would have the truth from Katusha, and went on with his breakfast. He was surprised to find himself so little hungry, seeing that he could remember eating nothing since luncheon the day before; he might have supped heavily for all the appetite he had.

As he went about his work, his mind, now that he no longer racked it, gave him now and again a blurred and hazy memory of the night—once a memory of a ring of faces of exultant, drunken men and women singing, once a memory of Katusha clinging to him. The brief glimpses of the faces that came to him showed them all foreign. Once in the afternoon he chanced on one of the many views of the Thames at the end of a slum, and as he paused to look at it, he had a sudden impression of men yelling "Yarilo! Yarilo! Yarilo!" with frenzied vehemence—an impression so vivid that he turned sharply to look for them. As he turned, his hearing cleared, and he heard only the noises of the slum.

All through the day he looked for Katusha, but found her nowhere. He

neither met her, nor had she visited any of the sick children under their common care. He did not get back to the vicarage till nearly dinner-time. He found Marriott in the common room and at once began to unburden himself of his story, and Marriott was soon listening with the liveliest interest. He did not interrupt, but as soon as Aloysius had done, he began to ask questions, one or two of them most discomfiting. When Aloysius told him of his fancy that he had heard men yelling "Yarilo!" he banged his hand down on the table and cried, "The key-word! The absolute key-word!"

But he would not any the more give Aloysius his explanation of what had happened. He said that it was only a rather mad idea of his, and there might be nothing in it.

"Well, at any rate, you can tell me what Yarilo means," growled Aloysius, whose sweet temper was for the while soured.

"Yarilo was probably a deity of the primitive Slavs; but we don't really know for certain," said Marriott.

"Look here, have I got mixed up in any sort of devil-worship?" said Aloysius.

"Oh, no; nothing so modern or so vulgar: there's no doubt of that. But I must be off and get a bath and change," said Marriott; and he went hastily to the door.

"Well, I shall get it out of Katusha," said Aloysius.

"That I'm sure you won't," said Marriott, and he went.

On the morrow there was an undiminished attendance of heathen at Little St. Barnabas. On Monday morning, having failed to find Katusha anywhere during the day, Aloysius went to the house where she lived. At his knock, her mother came to the door of their room, with her finger on her lips, and said, "She ill; she sleep."

Aloysius was forced to possess his soul in patience. He sent the doctor to her; and the doctor told him that her illness was only a passing weakness, due probably to the heat. He sent her some fruit every day. Little by little his disquiet and curiosity about his adventure on the Eve of St. John began to lessen. Then on the Thursday afternoon he chanced upon her in the street. At the sight of

him her face flamed a vivid scarlet, and then faded to a deeper pallor. They shook hands, and he found that she was trembling; at the touch of her hand he was seized by a violent desire to pick her up and kiss her. It amazed and shocked him; for both as an athlete, and as a hard-living curate, he had had a healthy carelessness of the charms of women.

They walked along the street, both very ill at ease, stammering disjointed questions and answers. Then as his wits cleared after the shock of the sudden temptation, Aloysius saw that Katusha had suffered a change; she seemed, during her illness or her rest, to have grown more beautiful: her skin had a finer luster; its pallor was warmer; her eyes were brighter; her lips were redder; her voice seemed deeper and richer. It might have been a real change, it might have been his fancy, born of his sudden discovery that he would like to kiss her.

They walked along, each timid of the other, talking of the sick children without being clearly aware of what they said, till they came to an empty street. Then Aloysius said, "Tell me what happened after I drank that curious drink on Friday night."

Katusha did not start or look ill at ease; she was plainly ready for the question. She rather gained the composure she had been lacking, and looking at him with eyes of a limpid innocence, said: "I do not know. I drank, too."

"Oh, yes; but you drank ever so much less than I did. Besides, you knew what would happen if we drank."

Katusha's lips set rather obstinately, and she said: "I went into dream. You went into dream."

"That 's all very well, but what sort of dream?" said Aloysius.

"I do not know," said Katusha.

From this standpoint she would not budge; no questioning drew from her another gleam of light on the matter. Yet Aloysius felt that she knew more, much more. He made up his mind that he must grow content with his ignorance: the Finn woman would certainly not speak, even had she not been safe behind the barrier of her strange tongue.

He parted from Katusha in some anger, and it was some time before they worked together again in their old comradeship.

Aloysius was chiefly to blame for this. The amazing desire to pick her up and kiss her when he met her after his strange and unknown adventures at the house of the Finn woman had frightened him not a little. He feared its recurrence, and found that he had reason for the fear. Twice or thrice it did recur; therefore, for the while he shunned her. However, little by little the fear wore off, and he fell into the old habit of working with her.

Little by little, too, his disquiet and curiosity about his doings on the Eve of St. John died away. He said nothing of his adventure to the vicar; for it seemed to his practical good sense that nothing could come of doing so: it would only add to that good man's abundant worries. But though his curiosity died away, the unbroken attendance of the heathen at Little St. Barnabas kept that night in his mind. Two or three times, also, he found himself called upon to act as judge in disputes between dwellers in the Russian slums, and once in a quarrel between two Lascars. He took it as all in the day's work: it kept them out of the police court. But he was a little astonished to find that his judgments were accepted without question. In a somewhat exasperating fashion Marriott congratulated him on the success with which he discharged his double functions.

Then in the middle of September Katusha suddenly disappeared. She went away one afternoon with her mother, telling no one where she was going, giving no reason for her going. The clergy of Little St. Barnabas missed her sorely; they found themselves out of touch with that part of their flock whose needs were at once the greatest and the most difficult to come at. For his part, Aloysius missed her most of all; he was amazed to find what a gap her going had left in his life. Robbed of her stimulating and untiring companionship, he found that his work lost much of its interest. What was worse, it lost in value; and at last he realized how great a difference that quiet helper, undismayed by difficulties, endowed with the splendid patience and endurance of her race, had made to it; how her charming face and nature had thrown a mist of beauty, for him at any rate, over the squalor of its sphere.

He strove in vain to get news of her. No one knew anything. As a last re-

source, he went to the Finn woman in Palmer's street. She showed herself almost abject before him; he saw very clearly that he had some strange, hidden influence with her. But he could not wring a word of Katusha's whereabouts from her for all that influence, though he believed that she knew. In his distress at the fruitlessness of his search, his worried mind disgorged a little more of his doings on the Eve of St. John. Once coming up the stairs of the vicarage at night, his eye caught the bottom of the tall mirror on the landing, and as it traveled up it, he had a fleeting vision of himself in a strange outlandish dress with a bearskin flung over his shoulders, his face flushed fierce and terrifying, his eyes wild and mazed. And before the vision flashed swiftly away, he knew that so he had seen himself in some other such mirror at the Finn woman's house, and stood staring stupidly at the dull, black-garbed clerical figure which took its place in the glass. Once again, in a dream, he saw the faces of men and women; singing, and heard the yells of "Yarilo! Yarilo!"

The vision and the dream distressed him but little; the longing to find Katusha left small room in his mind for any other strong feeling. Once or twice he found himself debating seriously with himself whether he ought not to have married her and secured her as a helper in his work for good and all; and he found that he could not dismiss the absurd idea with the ridicule it deserved. With some odd fancy that it would bring him nearer to her, perhaps help him find her, he set himself to learn the mongrel dialect of the Russian slums. It was a somewhat pathetic sight, for he had all his life been very dull at languages. However, he found no lack of helpers in the task among those whom he had helped in sickness or poverty, and made some way with it.

The winter wore through, and through it the clergy of Little St. Barnabas maintained their untiring struggle against the misery and sickness of the parish. Time and work had somewhat blunted Aloysius's longing for Katusha, though he never failed to follow up a clue which might bring him to her. Then toward the end of January he was attacked by influenza. He had never known a day's ill-

ness since the measles of his childhood, and now he seemed to pay heavily for the years of immunity, and the attack left him weak and feeble. With some stubbornness he refused to go away for a change, and got to work again before he was fit for it. On the Sunday after he was about again, Marriott noticed a change in the manner of the heathen; they left the church talking vehemently with one another, frowning and distressed, some of them, to all seeming, almost terrified. During that week Aloysius also perceived a change in the people. The faces of the Finns and Lascars were no longer respectful and awed; their eyes were full of distrust and fear. He told Marriott of the change; and Marriott, with a serious face, begged him to go away till his strength came back.

"You 're mixed up in a very curious primitive business," he said. "At least that 's my idea. Part of it is that as long as a man is well and strong these people virtually worship him; as soon as he grows feeble in any way, they kill him."

Aloysius was somewhat daunted, but, with a sick man's obstinacy, he said that it was absurd, and refused to go. Three nights later his colleagues were out, and there came an urgent call to a dying child. In defiance of the orders of the doctor and the commands of the vicar, Aloysius put on his hat and coat and went. His way lay through the slums of the Russians; he went slowly, and presently a little crowd was following him. He thought it was the self-appointed body-guard which had followed him so long, and went along careless of it, when there was a sudden rush, and a blow on the back of the head sent him reeling against the wall. He twisted round, got his back against the wall, and hit out. They were near a lamp, and he found that the group attacking him was half Russians, half Lascars, and he read murder in their fanatic eyes. They were armed with sticks and sand-bags, and struck at his head. Their numbers hampered them, or the end would have come sooner, and he made some show of defence. In the middle of it he caught the flash of a knife in the hand of a Lascar dashing at him to stab; but a big Finn struck the man down, crying, "No blood! No blood!" Aloysius had only time to

think it an odd act, when a blow on the head knocked him senseless. A Lascar threw himself on top of him, set his thumbs in his throat, and strangled him.

Three minutes later two policemen, summoned by a Jewess whose sick child Aloysius had helped nurse, came dashing down the street, blowing their whistles, and the crowd fled. The policeman made no doubt that Aloysius was dead; but with the help of some of the slum-dwellers they picked him up and carried him to the doctor's. As they went, a loud wailing of women broke out not only in the slum they were in, but in the surrounding slums; all the women in that quarter seemed to be wailing.

When the doctor saw Aloysius, he shook his head and said, "No use." But he was young and an enthusiast, and when, on looking into his injuries, he found the black thumb-marks on his throat, he set about trying to get his lungs working again. The policemen were strong and willing, and the three of them worked his arms, and rubbed and kneaded him vigorously. They did not see a sign of life for nearly two hours, and another hour passed before he was breathing evenly with a fair pulse. Then the doctor found that he was suffering from concussion of the brain.

They carried him to the vicarage. He lay insensible for two days, and when he came to himself, he was slow mending. But at last the day came when the doctor talked of letting him eat chicken, and that afternoon his nurse went out to take the air. He lay drowsily watching the faint winter sunlight at the windows, enjoying a pleasant sense of getting again his grip on life, when there came a knock, and the maid ushered in Katusha.

Aloysius's eyes opened very wide in an unbelieving stare. She ran to the bedside, and caught his hand in both hers, crying, "They told me you were dead!"

Aloysius gripped feebly one of her hands, and said: "You've come back! You've come back at last!"

"Yes; I come back," said Katusha.

He lay still, staring at her, and saw that her eyes were heavy with weeping, that she was thinner and even paler.

"What on earth did you go away for? You knew how I should miss you," he said querulously.

He felt the little quiver of joy that ran through her; but she shook her head, and said, "I better go."

"What for? You knew I wanted you."

She shook her head again, and said: "That way only trouble come. You rich and Christian; I poor and Jewess. What good in it?"

"Nonsense! I want you. I'm going to have you. You'll have to marry me," said Aloysius, with something of his old masterfulness.

Katusha shook her head, but a sudden flame shone in her eyes. Aloysius began feebly to draw her down to kiss her; of a sudden she burst into tears, and cried: "You my lord! I do what you say! I try to run away; it no good." And she bent down, and they kissed.

Ten minutes later Marriott came into the room to find Katusha, flushed and with shining eyes, sitting on the bed with Aloysius's hand in hers.

"Hello! The wanderer returned! How are you, Katusha? We've missed you badly. I hope you're going to stay."

"She's going to stay with me, at any rate," said Aloysius. "We're going to be married."

"The dickens you are!" said Marriott. "Well, well, it's probably an excellent thing for both of you. You're both interested keenly in the same work, though I've no doubt, if you were n't an orphan, Aloysius, there would be a family row. I'm sure I congratulate you."

"Thank you," said Aloysius; and, after a pause, "And I shall know at last what happened on the Eve of St. John."

"I doubt it," said Marriott. "What does Katusha say?"

Katusha flushed, and shook her head.

"Oh, you're too tiresome with your mysteries, both of you!" cried Aloysius.

"That's just it; they *are* mysteries—the mysteries, indeed," said Marriott. "You leave them alone. It's for your own sake I won't tell you about them. You're a good Anglican, and the mysteries are unsettling. But I will tell you one thing; you've been

The priest who slew the slayer,
And shall himself be slain.

And since you virtually were slain the other night, you're out of them."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Aloysius.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

TWO VIEWS OF THE SITUATION

THERE are two opinions as to the meaning of all the recent exposures and rectifications in private and public business,—in the mercantile and moneyed world, as well as in the realm, especially, of local government. One group of critics and moralists maintains that there is a change for the worse; another, that there is a change for the better, and that if the amount of wrong-doing has actually increased, it has increased in diminishing proportions; that, in fact, the percentage of evil is decreasing in the modern world.

There is no doubt as to the increase in the amount of evil; it is only a question as to whether there is a proportional increase or decrease. As to the amount, one has only to read the newspapers, and to glance at the periodicals which are given largely to the direct correction of abuses, whether from disinterested motives, or on the principle of reform for circulation and self-advertisement. The eloquent outpouring of the President, the daily proceedings of Congress, and the number of laws passed, in a single session, in correction of disreputable practices—these are evidences enough of unscrupulous doings on the part of business men; while official commissions and inquiries in different parts of the country, and reform movements in various States and municipalities, all pile up an aggregate of proof of evil actually staggering.

And the revelations of outrageous performance come upon us from every direction, and from the most unexpected quarters. Businesses and individuals that the general public looked upon as impeccable suddenly turn out to be morally rotten. One day we read about a prosecution for municipal rascality some thousands of miles away, and the next we have an account of four out of eight

aldermen, indicted, in our own neighborhood for cheerfully begging to be bribed.

It is interesting to note the various utterances on the subject which occurred in connection with the college commencements of 1906. Nine or ten years ago President Schurman of Cornell University stated his belief that an ethical revival was impending among us. The question recurs: Are the revelations of our immoral condition evidences that we are ethically more sensitive, or that in these nine or ten years, or in these ninety or a hundred years, we have sunk lower in the moral scale? Whatever side President Schurman might take in such a dispute, there is no doubt as to his view of present conditions, for no one sees these conditions more clearly or presents them with more conviction and force.

In his commencement address of 1906 he asked whether "the blight and malady of our time" is not "the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails." And here is what may be called a solid chunk of moral fury flung by the orator into the camp of contemporary business wickedness:

The idle rich are an excrescence in any properly organized community. And in a democratic republic, in which every man has a vote, be assured that the rights which convention grants to property will be swept away if the propertied classes become idle, luxurious, selfish, hard-hearted, and indifferent to the struggles and toils of their less fortunate fellow-citizens. And so I say that our young men of to-day, as always, are summoned to a life of industrious self-support and generous social service.

The vice of the age is that men want wealth without undergoing that toil by which alone wealth is created. Now, gifts apart, there is only one way in which you can get money or money's worth without working for it; and that is by stealing. And a generation which has set its heart on wealth as the

chief good in life and is insatiate in its desire of wealth has not scrupled under the cloak of specious names to procure it by "graft" and robbery. The very poor have little chance to steal, though they may scamp their work. But among the rich and well-to-do business and professional classes "grafting" has been so common that the very idea of commercialism has become a byword and a reproach. Financiers, capitalists, corporations may be the most conspicuous sinners; but equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies his patron's success in business irrespective of the methods by which that success was achieved, or the preacher who transfigures the ruthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh. We are dealing with the virus of an universal infection. The whole nation needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty. The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character. But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by material prosperity. Without honesty and fair dealing no society can hold together. Dishonesty is the parent of anarchy. If I have already commended industry to you I now preach integrity. An honest man's the noblest work of God.

This seems to us a happy blend of law, gospel, and prophecy. We like President Schurman's righteous wrath, and we like the way he expresses it.

The view of those who think the modern world is really better than the world of the past was expressed a few days afterward by the eminent President of Lehigh University, in an address before the graduating class of the Central High School of South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. President Drinker took issue with President Schurman on account of his dark picture of present conditions, adding to his argument as follows:

The conscience of the Nation, as a Nation, is keen, and its instincts are for the right. There has been no period of moral stagnation through which our people, as a people, have been passing, and from which they are now awakening. What has occurred, and is occurring, is that our glorious Nation is continually advancing. Gentlemen do not habitually become drunk at table as the after-dinner practice of a century ago sanctioned; maidens

are not called on to weep sympathetic tears over the woes of Clarissa, as a type of an existing and horribly loose and then accepted state of social morals in which a Lovelace could with impunity work his will; nor do we barbarously kill each other in duels on fantastic points of honor as is still the practice in some so-called enlightened countries. The Nation that stands still must soon move backward. The United States have steadily advanced and grown better. The fact is that our ideals are continually becoming higher, and the struggle is to bring our past practice up to our ideals of the present, and to conform in our social and business life to the enlightened and clarified public opinion of the day.

You girls and boys will find this world made up, as it ever has been, of all sorts and conditions of men; but you will find in our land far more good than evil—more charity than envy—more honesty than dishonesty—more honor than want of honor; and if you are true to yourselves and to those principles of right which are deep in the heart of our people and which have made us the great Nation we are, you will find that honest dealing and steady industry will bring their reward.

This world is a good old world in its way. It is growing better decade by decade, century by century; but it is ever growing larger, and as it grows business conditions change, our view-points change, and while the relative amount of evil to good is less, the sum of what may be classed as evil may well be greater than it was in a smaller world of fifty years ago. But the evil is not predominant, and the right is the right still, thank God!—and is so recognized by our people.

The two opinions of which we spoke above as to present moral conditions are not placed in exact antagonism by the quotations we have given from these two addresses, because President Schurman himself maintains that "at heart the nation is still sound," and he does not make a definite historical comparison, as does President Drinker; yet the general colors of the two views are well represented by the two distinguished speakers.

There is, however, a wholesome fundamental unity of tone; for both of these influential teachers uphold, in their different manners, those ethical standards which, if permitted to decline, in acquiescence with conscienceless practices, would make of our noble New-World experiment of free government a byword and reproach among the nations for all time.

OPEN LETTERS

A "Vendue," or Country Auction in the Forties

A FEW of the objects depicted in the frontispiece of this number of the magazine may not be familiar to a large number of our readers.

The cupboard in the farther corner was called a buffet and commonly pronounced "bowfat."

On the table to the left of the young woman in yellow is a small mortar and pestle of *lignum-vitæ* such as were to be found in every house for the crushing of various herbs, spices, salts, etc. The reel in the foreground was known as the clock reel, and had a dial with a pointer, which registered the amount of yarn wound upon it.

On the bench in front of the figures in the foreground are old "flowing blue" dishes, a glass decanter used for liquors, and the little reddish-colored pitcher is what was known as gold-luster ware.

The old lady behind the table on the left wears a bonnet known as the calash. The string, called a bridle, held in one hand, holds it forward, otherwise it would shut up like a buggy top. These were usually of brown or green.

The couple in the foreground are seated upon an old hair trunk. These were generally in the form shown in the drawing, but occasionally were cylindrical in form, with the bottom flattened.

* * *

"The Spinners" by Velasquez

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE PAGE 779)

THIS picture represents the factory of tapestries of Santa Isabella, at Madrid. In the alcove is seen a tapestry suspended, athwart which glances a ray of sunlight, and which is being inspected by visitors.

The canvas measures seven feet two inches high by nine feet, five and one-half inches wide, and is the last great work done by the artist. It is seen in the Velasquez room of the Prado Museum at Madrid.

R. A. M. Stevenson, in his book on Velasquez, says of this work:

"* * * the shadowed left acts as a foil

to the right, and in its treatment we feel the master even more, perhaps, than in the lively right half which contains the heroic figure of the spinning girl. It is because this left half is complete and dignified yet not obtrusive that we admire the art with which it has been organized. True, it contains about as strong local color as Velasquez ever painted, but the tints sleep in a rich penumbra, which serves to set off the highly illuminated figure on the right. In this comparatively tranquil side of the picture, the spindle, the stool, the floor and the objects on it, as well as the draped and shadowed figures, seem to quiver in a warm haze, silvered with cool glints of light. Here Velasquez has reached the highest point of telling suggestion, of choice touch, of nuanced softness, of comparative definition, and of courageous slashing force in the right place. But these two marvels do not quarrel; this rich circumambience of populous shadow and this dazzling creature emerging from shadowiness with the gesture of a goddess, set each other off and enhance each other's fascinations. Is not the magic of her exquisitely-turned head, and the magnificence of her sweeping gesture, due, in part at least, to the natural mystery with which the stray curls, the shining arm, the modeled neck and body slide into the marvelous shadow in the angle of the room? The cool light, slightly greened now, which pervades 'The Spinners,' comes to its culmination on this figure, and one should not overlook the painter's nice discrimination between the force of definitions in the passages from light to dark of the girl's chemise."

T. Cole.

Note on "The American Hero of Kimberley"

Readers of "The American Hero of Kimberley" in the June CENTURY will be interested to know that we are informed that about 1900 the DeBeers Company, by a resolution of its directors, voted the sum of £200 a year for the education of Mr. Labram's son, then about thirteen years old, the payments to continue until he became of age, and that, in accordance with this arrangement, he is now attending an American university.—THE EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Whim of a Woman

(A FARCE IN TWO ACTS AND SEVERAL HESITATIONS)

ROSE BURLING meant well, but she lacked stability. It is, of course, woman's prerogative to be changeable,—fickle, if you will,—and Rose exercised this prerogative to the utmost. One never knew just what turn her affections would take next; even she herself did not know that, though the fact seemed to trouble her less than it did the others. When Rollin Webster was with her, she was satisfied that she loved him with her whole heart and soul; when Walter Larrabee was present, he was the object of her affections. That is what made all the trouble.

She told Rollin that she would marry him, and Rollin immediately procured a marriage license. He knew a thing or two, did Rollin. With another girl he might have been content to wait and go through the customary formalities associated with a society wedding, but with Rose he preferred to take no chances. Lots of things could happen in the month that would precede such a wedding: her affections might shift to almost any one. So he procured the license and insisted upon an elopement.

"No use waiting," he urged. "We both know your parents won't object to me as a son-in-law, but there are so many preliminaries to a society wedding."

If he expected a protest from her, he was agreeably disappointed. She clapped her hands in an ecstasy of delight, and asserted that it was just the thing.

"So romantic!" she cried. "And I just hate the commonplace. Besides, my consent to such an improper proceeding will be in the nature of proof of my love for you, won't it? And that makes it more romantic—just like a novel; for I do love you, Rollin dear, indeed I do."

She spoke the truth, too; for just at that moment she did love him, although she insisted on postponing the elopement for a day or so. There were some things she had to get, and the secrecy and excitement and anticipation were so delightful that she wanted to revel in them for at least twenty-four hours. But unfortunately within that time she saw Walter, and Walter was importunate. He declared his love with such superb passion that she was instantly captivated. She always loved Walter, anyway—when he was with her.

"Now, isn't it just too bad!" she cried. "If you had only spoken yesterday, it would have been all right, and we might have been happily married by now. But Mr. Webster"—here she sighed—"pleaded so hard and seemed so desperate that I—I promised to be his wife. I thought I loved him, but—but—"

"But you love me," he interjected.

"Yes, dear Walter," she replied; "my heart now tells me that I do."

"Then we must elope!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, would n't that be just too romantic for anything!" she cried. "To plan to elope with one man and then run away with another! Oh, I never saw anything in a novel to equal it! We could use his license, too, for he left it here."

While that feature of the idea did not appeal to him, time was precious, and anything that seemed likely to hold her was preferable to nothing. So they went and he answered to the name of Rollin Webster.

It was all very exciting and delightful, and she was as rosy and happy as a girl could be when they returned. Webster, it happened was there; indeed, it was the time she had appointed for him to call for her, when they were to leave for a quiet stroll and be married before they came back.

"Oh, such a good joke on you!" she began the moment she saw him. "But you won't mind, I know; you always did have such a splendid sense of humor. We've just been married."

"Married!" cried Rollin.

"Yes; but it's all your fault," she asserted. If you'd been here, it never would have happened. That is n't the joke of it, though. We used your license."

For a moment only Rollin was apparently overcome; then he rallied and quietly took her hand.

"In that case," he said, "you are my wife."

"Sir," exclaimed Walter, angrily, "this is no time to jest! I am the man who married this girl."

"She is my wife," answered Rollin, firmly; "and I can prove it by the records."

"Why, that's so, of course," put in Rose, promptly taking his arm. "So glad to have the matter cleared up. I was really worried for a minute; but the records will show, won't they?"

"I can prove by the clergyman," asserted Walter, "that he married her to me."

"Dear me! so you can," cried Rose, in perplexity, as she dropped Rollin's arm and moved toward Walter. "And surely the clergyman ought to know whom he marries, so now it's all nicely settled."

"The license was mine, and I can prove that I took it out in person," insisted Rollin. "You had no license to marry any one, so how could you do it?"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" wailed Rose, "whose am I?"

"Mine!" cried the two men in unison.

"If you dare to touch my property," threatened Walter, "I'll sue you for trespass."

"If you do not surrender what is rightfully mine," retorted Rollin, "I'll get out a writ of replevin."

"Oh, please won't you match pennies for me?" pleaded Rose. "This uncertainty is awful. I don't know which to kiss."

"Me!" they both cried.

Then they glared at each other, while she buried her face in her hands and began to weep.

"How could you marry her when you were n't there?" demanded Rollin at last.

"The minister made her 'Mrs. Larrabee,' did n't he?" insisted Walter, hotly.

Each of these questions seemed to make so clear a case for the querist that Rose could only rock herself to and fro in an agony of doubt, and vehemently protest through her tears: "I'll never, never marry any one again—never as long as I live!"

"Suppose we let her decide the question," suggested Rollin, with the air of one who was reasonably sure of his ground.

"Agreed," replied Walter, promptly; for, in truth, it seemed the only way out of the dilemma.

"But I don't want to," wailed Rose.

"What!" cried Rollin, indignantly. "Are you so false as that?"

"Am I not your husband?" asked Walter, threateningly.

"I don't know; oh, I don't know!" sobbed Rose. "How can I tell?"

"Deceitful one!" thundered Walter; "you are unworthy of a man! I leave you to this fellow."

"I want no wife who denies her own husband," retorted Rollin. "Oh, heartless woman! go with your fellow-conspirator!"

Here, just as both were stalking toward the door, there was a diversion. A man was heard talking excitedly to the maid in the hall.

"I must see Mrs. Webster—I mean Miss Burling!" he cried, "or—or Mr. Burling—no, no, Mr. Webster! Oh, that boy! that boy!"

Then a man in clerical garb suddenly appeared in the doorway.

"Which is which?" he asked anxiously, glancing from one to the other of the young men. "Which claims this young woman as his wife?"

"He married her," coldly responded Rollin, indicating Walter.

"But only as a proxy," the latter hastily put in. "There stands the principal!" And he pointed at Rollin.

"Oh, this is awful, awful, awful!" cried Rose. "To think of being like an unclaimed parcel in a department-store!"

"Perhaps you'd better be sent to the lost-and-found department," suggested Rollin, sarcastically.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the worried clergyman, "this is more complicated than I had supposed! Oh, that hair-brained nephew of mine! That conscienceless, irresponsible practical joker! He has given me the worst half-hour I ever had; but, thank heaven! he goes back to the West, where he lives, to-morrow. Why, you're not married at all!"

"Of course I'm not," asserted Rollin. "I was n't there."

"Who's not married?" demanded Walter.

"Nobody's married," said the clergyman. "Don't you understand? I'm the clergyman, and you did n't see me at all; you only saw that light-headed, jocular youth from the West who's visiting me. But fortunately I've found you, and I'll marry you right here. Oh, that irrepressible scamp! I'll never forgive him. Are you ready?"

The clergyman was still so greatly excited as to be somewhat irrational and jerky in his remarks, but as he prepared to go through with the marriage service he gradually regained his dignity and self-control. Meanwhile the two young men looked at each other and then at Rose; but both were still angry, and the fact that she made no move in the direction of either increased their indignation.

"Stand up with her; she is yours," Rollin finally said to Walter.

"The license is in your name," returned Walter, haughtily. "I would not deprive you of so true and steadfast a wife."

Rose threw herself on the sofa in a convulsive passion of tears.

"Five minutes ago," she cried bitterly, "I had two husbands, and now I have none!"

"But it is so romantic, you know—beats any novel," came the mocking reply from the hall, where the two young men were getting their coats and hats.

"Dear me!" commented the clergyman, who was now quite himself again, "this is certainly most extraordinary. I never in my life knew anything like it."

But the taunt from the hall had been too much for the girl. She started up angrily and hastily brushed the tears away.

"I don't care!" she cried; "I *will* marry again, so there! I'll—I'll— You'll marry me, won't you?" And she turned appealingly to the only man left.

"With pleasure," replied the clergyman, in mild bewilderment; "but to whom?"

Misunderstood, she turned from him with flashing, determined eyes, and stamped her foot with such earnestness that he hastily retired.

"I said I would n't, but I will, I will, I will—if it's only to spite them!" she exclaimed.

And the chances are that she will.

Elliott Flower.

Eve

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN"

I ALWAYS love to picture Eve,
Whatever captious critics say,
As one who was, I do believe,
The nicest woman of her day;
Attractive to the outward view,
And such a perfect lady, too.

Unselfish—that one can't dispute,
Recalling her intense delight,
When she acquired some novel fruit,
In giving all her friends a bite.
Her very troubles she would share
With those who happened to be there.

Her wardrobe, though extremely small,
Sufficed a somewhat simple need;
She was, if anything at all,
A trifle underdressed, indeed;
And never visited a play
In head-gear known as "*Matinée*."

Possessing but a single beau,
With only one *affaire du cœur*,
She promptly married, as we know,
The man who first proposed to her;
Not for his title or his pelf,
But simply for his own sweet self.

He loved her madly at first sight;
His callow heart was quite upset;
He thought her nearly, if not quite,
The sweetest soul he ever met:
She found him charming—for a man;
And so their young romance began.

Their wedding was a trifle tame—
A purely family affair;
No guests were asked; no pressmen came
To interview the happy pair;
No crowds of curious strangers bored them;
The local papers quite ignored them.

They had the failings of their class,
The faults and foibles of the youthful:
She was inquisitive, alas!

And he was—not exactly truthful;
But never was there man or woman
So truly, so intensely human.

And, hand in hand, from day to day,
They lived and labored, man and wife;
Together hewed their common way
Along the rugged path of life;
Remaining, though the seasons passed,
Friends, lovers, to the very last.

So, side by side, they shared, these two,
The sorrows and the joys of living;
The man, devoted, tender, true,
The woman, patient and forgiving;
Their common toil, their common weather,
But drew them still more close together.

And if they ever chanced to grieve,
Enduring loss or suffering pain,
You may be certain it was Eve
Brought comfort to their hearts again.
If they were happy, well I know,
It was the woman made them so.

And though the anthropologist
May mention, in his tactless way,
That Adam's weaknesses exist
Among our modern men to-day;
In women we may still perceive
The virtues of their Mother Eve.

Harry Graham.

Half-Truths

(FOR DOMESTIC OR FOREIGN USE)

THE mother always counts one more child in the family than the father.

Most matrimonial failures arise from trying to fit square pegs into domestic circles.

The worst father is he who, in recalling his own youth, forgets that of his son.

America is called a wealthy nation, and yet is there a home in the land where there are enough comfortable chairs to go around?

Nothing disconcerts a social gathering so much as the intrusion of an idea.

A small brain that works is of more use than a massive intellect that balks.

Louise Herrick Wall.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

THE GOLDEN RULE

THE VISITOR: Ah! So you go to Sunday School. Do you know the Golden Rule?
THE CHILD: Yeth, thir: Little child'en should be theen an' not heard.

Transplanted Roses

IN reading o'er the wondrous screeds
The publishers indite
To tell the eager man who reads
About the chaps that write,
It pleases me to note the way
They dub the new-fledged stripling:
"The Mrs. Ward of Ioway,"
"The Oklahoma Kipling."

"The California Tennyson,"
"Kentucky's Bernard Shaw,"
"The Thackeray of Oregon,"
"The Caine of Arkansaw,"
"The Maupassant of Michigin,"
"The Dickens of Nevada,"
Are always ready standing in
Our literary larder.

With pride it fills my soul to feel
That in our wondrous land
We've got somewhere a Richard Steele,
Likewise a Sarah Grand;
In Massachusetts Andrew Langs
Are reckoned by the twenties;
The air of Maine quite heavy hangs
With Hawkinses and Hentys.

But I should walk with prouder eyes
If British publishaires
This method took to advertise
Their fresh Britannia wares.
I'd like to see the scheme reversed,
So that their six best sellers
Should have their claims to fame rehearsed
In terms of Yankee fellers.

If he of Manxville-on-the-Gloom—
The famous Mister Caine—
Should such a title fair assume
As "England's Laura Jane";
If Henry James might see himself,
From Sandwich to Ben Nevis,
Dubbed on the literary shelf
"The Piccadilly Davis."

If Alfred Austin, Muses' own,
The laurel green should grab
Because to all men he was known
As "Fleet Street's Father Tabb";
And (best of all) if F. Burnand,
Dean of the Wits of Tooley,
Could really earn that title grand
"The Seven-Dials Dooley!"

John Kendrick Bangs.

How to Tell the Insects

IF, on a summer afternoon,
You try to get a doze,
And something rambles round your face,
And strolls along your nose,
No carping critic can deny
That you have found The Common Fly.

If in New Jersey you should meet
Some creatures mild and bland
Who gaily round your ankles romp
And eat out of your hand,
Then seek no farther, for you've found
Mosquitos on their native ground.

When, in the autumn, you get out
 Last winter's costly suit,
 And on its buttons find enthroned
 A hairy little brute,
 If he has eaten all the cloth,
 You may be sure he is a Moth.

When buzzing sounds float round your ear
 And brush across your face;
 When myriad specks before your eyes
 Go dancing off in space;
 If you indulge in frantic spats,
 You're likely to catch several Gnats.

If at a picnic in the woods
 You hear a lady scream
 A terrified, blood-curdling yell
 That's like a fearful dream,
 Be certain, when you hear this sound,
 A Spider must be somewhere round.

Carolyn Wells.



WITH PICTURES BY R. B. BIRCH

AN old sea-dog on a sailor's log
 Thus spake to a passer-by:
 "The most onnatteral thing on earth
 Is the power o' the human eye—
 Oh, bless me! yes, oh, blow me! yes—
 It's the power o' the human eye!

"We 'd left New York en route for Cork
 A day and a half to sea,
 When Jeremy Tait, our fourteenth mate,
 He fastened his eyes on me.

"And wizzle me hook! 't was a powerful
 look
 That flashed from them eyes o' his;
 I was terrified from heart to hide
 And chilled to me bones and frizz.

"O Jeremy Tait, O fourteenth mate,
 I hollers with looks askance,
 'Full well I wist ye 're a hypnotist,
 So please to remove yer glance!'

"But Jeremy laughed as he turned abaft
 His glance like a demon rat,
 And he frightened the cook with his
 piercin' look
 And he startled the captain's cat.

"Oh me, oh my! when he turned his eye
 On our very efficient crew,
 They fell like dead or they stood like lead
 And stiff as a poker grew.

"So early and late did Jeremy Tait
 That talent o' his employ,
 Which caused the crew, and the captain,
 too,
 Some moments of great annoy.

"For we loved J. Tait, our fourteenth mate,
 As an officer brave and true,
 But we quite despised bein' hypnotized
 When we had so much work to do.

"So we grabbed J. Tait, our fourteenth
 mate,
 (His eyes bein' turned away,)
 By collar and sleeve, and we gave a heave,
 And chucked him into the spray.

"His eyes they flashed as in he splashed,
But his glance it was sent too late,
For close to our bark a man-eatin' shark
Jumped after Jeremy Tait.

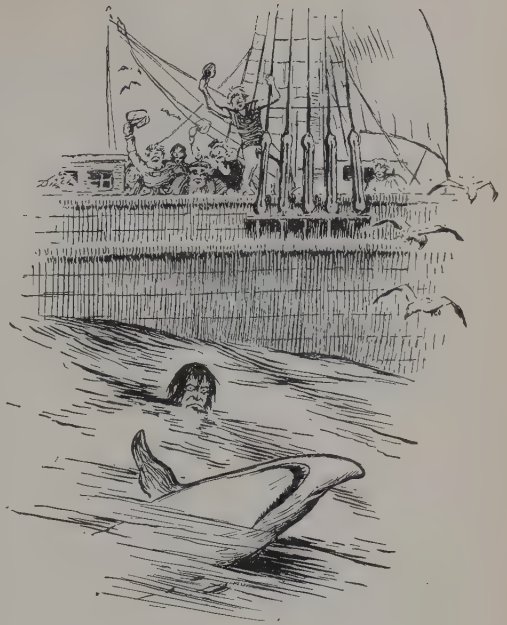
"And you can bet he would ha' been et
If he had n't have did as he done—
Straight at the shark an optical spark
From his terrible eye he spun.

"Then the shark he shook at Jeremy's look
And he quailed at Jeremy's glance;
Then he gave a sort of a sharkery snort
And fell right into a trance!

"Quite mesmerized and hypnotized
That submarine monster lay;
Meek as a shrimp, with his fins all limp,
He silently floated away.

"So we all of us cried with a conscious
pride,
'Hurrah for Jeremy Tait!'
And we hove a line down into the brine
And reskied him from his fate.

"And the captain cries, 'We kin use them
eyes
To mighty good purpose soon.
Men, spread the sails—we're a-goin' for
whales,
And we don't need nary harpoon.



"For when we hail a blubberous whale
A-spoutin' the waters high,
We'll sail up bold and knock 'im cold
With the power o' Jeremy's eye!"

And thus on his log the old sea-dog
Sat whittling nautical chips:

"Oh, power'ler far than the human eye
Is the truth o' the human lips;
But rarest of all is the pearls that fall
From a truthful mariner's lips."

Wallace Irwin.

Our Simpsonvilles

ALONG a heavy, yellow road,
Five miles, they said,—it seemed much
more,—
From where my people lived and farmed,
Was Jones's Mill and shop and store.
We did our trading there, and when
They let me go with Paw or Bill,
I wondered if on earth there were
A grander place than Jones's Mill.

The grown-ups laughed at me and said,
Before I pledged to Jones's Mill,
That I should wait until I'd gone
With some of them to Simpsonville.
Full twenty miles away it was;
As far away as heaven it seemed,
And as I could not go so far,
I staid at home and dreamed and dreamed.

The wonders that I read in books,
 And what I knew at Jones's Mill,
 I added up and threw in more
 To make the sum of Simpsonville.
 Each summer-time that followed fast,
 I thought would see me on the way,
 But something happened to prevent,
 And I was told, "Some other day."

"Some other day, some other day ;"
 They said it always, just the same,
 And that fair city was to me
 A promise only, and a name.
 Time stole my childhood years away,
 And though my later hopes were still
 Upon the city of my dreams,
 I never got to Simpsonville.

And now I 'm grown to man's estate,
 And in the great world have a share
 Of what it is and has and does,
 Those childhood dreams are not so fair ;
 And though I could, if I desired,
 Those early dreams of mine fulfil,
 Alas ! I 'm changed ; I do not want
 To strike a town like Simpsonville.

William J. Lampton.

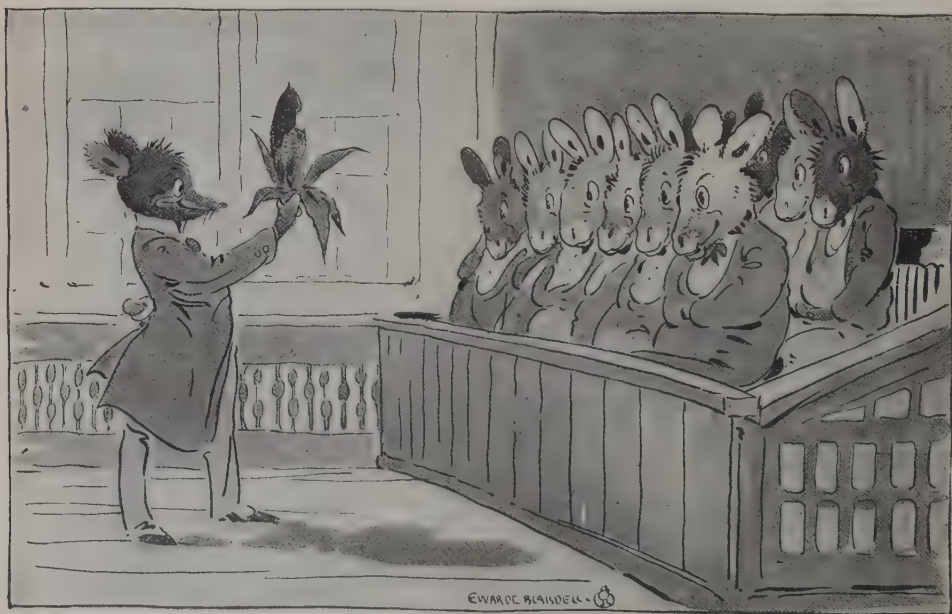
Oklahoma, and Others

Walk right in ! Walk right in, Oklahoma !
 You will make a bright young State.
 Sure you promise to be great.
 We reach out our hands to you—
 Nothing else for us to do.
 We are glad to put you through—
 All the folks, from Boston City to Tacoma.

Don't you fret ! Don't you fret, New Mexico !
 You have mountains, rocks, and gold ;
 You are not so very old ;
 You are in your babyhood.
 Cut your teeth and make more blood.
 Spend your time in being good.
 When you have grown up to par,
 Come on—in your palace car—
 And we 'll stamp you with the star.
 That delay was best you then will know.

Not just yet, not just yet, Arizona !
 Dig your mines out for the gold ;
 Get more sheep into the fold ;
 Irrigate your arid land ;
 Show what can be done with sand ;
 Make the acres blossom out,—
 You know well what you 're about,—
 Then you 'll get a hearty shake,
 And we 'll dance you for the cake.
 Bring along your banjo and Cremona !

Frank Hodge.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

LAWYER: Gentlemen of the Jury, this specimen, you observe, shows the imprint of a full set of teeth, while my client has no uppers.



From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Copyright, 1905, by E. H. Sothern

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "PETRUCHIO" IN "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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No. 6

KHIVA FROM THE INSIDE¹

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

BY LANGDON WARNER



AT about ten o'clock at night we came under the great gate of the city of Khiva. The moon, a slender sickle, hung over the highest minaret, and showed a faint glimmer on the glazed tiles; but everything else was gray in the starlight.

Set deep in the blackness were heavy doors braced with squared timbers and studded with iron spike-heads. How high they ran up aloft, I could not even guess, for all above was darkness. The overhanging portal and the mud-brick buttresses on each side shut out every bit of the straggling moonlight, which played dimly over the uncertain outlines of the wall. On each side of the broad road, in irregular masses about the gateway and for some yards back, we could see little barrel-shaped tombs, which were heaped one upon the other.

For some time before reaching the town we had been discussing how we should stay in the city, and even at this late moment Kolchov had begged me to

turn back and not to try such a dangerous thing as staying in the town itself. To prove his point, he told ugly tales of Khivan treachery, and finally, when I said that it was of no use to try to dissuade me, he grew sulky, and would offer no suggestions.

As we came to a halt under the wall of unbaked brick, all the great wolf-like dogs in the neighborhood set up such a howling and barking that speech and even thought seemed impossible. Finally I reached the conclusion that I had come to see the Khan of Khiva, and I might as well say so at once. So turning to Samán, who seemed depressed at our lack of purpose, I said as dramatically as possible and in my best Turcoman:

"Go to the Khan of Khiva and tell him the American *bayair* has come."

Now, I knew that behind such a message I should have had a caravan and at least five servants, and should have sent previous warning of my approach; but that was borrowing trouble.

¹ See "Getting into Khiva," THE CENTURY for September, by the same author.

Cheered by my confident tone, Samán rode boldly to the gate and hammered upon it with his rifle-butt; then spying a knotted rope by his side, he stood in his stirrups and pulled at it, starting such a clashing, rusty jangle behind the gate that the dogs all stopped yelping for a single breath, and then started at it again twice as loud, which was something of a relief from the strained silence. There was no answer to the bell-

silence. At last everything was quiet, except for spasmodic howls now and then, which set the whole pack at it till our brains rocked. The gatekeeper had gone to sleep, leaving the doors ajar. The moon was setting on our right. It seemed years that we sat there, and I had time to wonder a good many things and to make and unmake many plans before Kolchov spoke.

"Let us go back and sleep at the



Drawn by Corwin K. Linson. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE GREAT GATE OF KHIVA

ringing, and Samán hammered again, calling courteous greetings through the chink of the gates.

At last a chain fell with a clang, a bolt moved slowly back with a shriek that hushed the dogs, and the gate swung toward us, making our horses snort and plunge. Behind was blackness, till a dim figure appeared with an iron lantern and spoke hoarsely. Samán and the figure conversed together excitedly for a minute; but I could catch no word of what they said. Then Samán, turning to me, begged my leave to go, and the figure said, "Come." But this I refused to do, knowing what was required of my dignity; and I merely said:

"My servant has gone; I remain."

For a long time the dogs barked on, and Kolchov and I sat our horses in

house of the Sart, and to-morrow we can reach Petro Alexandrovsk," he said.

The very mention of that name angered me, and I answered: "No; wait." So we relapsed into silence.

After what I think was something less than two hours from the time Samán left us, we heard horsemen galloping out of the silence. As the sound came nearer, it seemed to our strained senses like a regiment of cavalry, and I confess that I drew back from the gateway and buckled the revolver from my saddle-bags on to my belt, and Kolchov loosened his saber in its scabbard.

We heard the gallop change to a trot, and the trot to a walk, and then, as the gates swung slowly open, out came five horsemen with long guns over their shoulders. They rode straight past us,

and then broke into a gallop, suddenly wheeling. At about ten yards from us the horses stopped short, and the men pitched off their saddles. Coming up to me, one of them, accompanied by Samán, delivered a long speech, of which I could only guess at the sense. From the few words I did catch, however, I understood that we were being made welcome; so I briefly said:

"I thank you; I will come," and rode into the black hole between the gates, followed by Kolchov and the five Turcomans.

As we clattered through the streets, I could dimly see that we were in the

soon as we were within the city, but gave us over to the residents, and we were escorted by the dog of each shop till we were well out of his particular territory, and the next had come roaring out at us from the blackness.

After a time we rode out into the clear starlight again, and found ourselves moving between windowless mud walls, rounding innumerable corners, and turning countless bends. For a full mile we rode in this maze till our guides suddenly turned under an arch, and we came to a halt in a courtyard, while men with lanterns took our horses and carried our saddle-bags after us. All I



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

KHIVAN SHOPS

bazaar and that my head nearly touched the mats and rugs that roofed the narrow lane and shut out the starlight. On each side of us, as we rode, lay half-recognizable bundles of humanity sleeping on show counters in front of booths.

The dogs at the gates deserted us as

remember is throwing my *boorka* over a cord bedstead in a clay-walled room, pulling off my boots, and falling at once into a dreamless sleep.

In the morning Kolchov and I found ourselves in one of a series of connecting rooms, each opening into a courtyard, where we could see mulberry-

trees and a pool. Our room was furnished with some fine rugs, a cord bedstead, and two velvet-covered chairs of Russian make. Soon a servant came with copper urns of water to pour on our hands over the little plaster basin sunk in the middle of the floor. He seemed much surprised when I made him refill five times and pour the water over me. After a breakfast of tea, a sort of blanket-bread, and delicious apricots, we were waited upon by a mouse-like little Tatar, who told us in Russian that the Khan bade us welcome, and had given orders that we should be plentifully provided with fruit. He also said that the state carriage would soon appear to take us to drive.

We thanked him profusely for this, though it was not my idea of seeing the city, and I privately vowed that it should happen but once. When the carriage of state came, the only vehicle other than the arabas of the town, it proved to be an ordinary Russian phaëton, not unlike our victorias, with bright-yellow velvet cushions. Into this we got with the Khan's emissary, and were whirled out into the crowded streets.

The ways were narrow and full of men afoot, on donkeys, and a few on horses. Through and over and past this crowd we galloped, the driver yelling, cracking his whip, and turning out for no one. I called to him to go slower, but he only looked over his shoulder and grinned till, with a slide and a jounce, we ran over an old man with a staff. With a sick feeling I jumped out and ran back, to find the old man rising from the ground in a cloud of dust, and being beaten like a carpet by his friends. I humbly begged his pardon, and found myself saying in English, "I 'm very glad you are not hurt, sir," to which he rather sullenly responded something I could not understand.

Going back, I sternly told the driver to go slower; but he insolently grinned, and started off at a terrible rate. It was not another minute before there was another whirling figure under the horses, and, looking back, I saw the crowd run toward a dust pile in the middle of the road. When I got to them and dug to their center, I found a boy of fifteen or

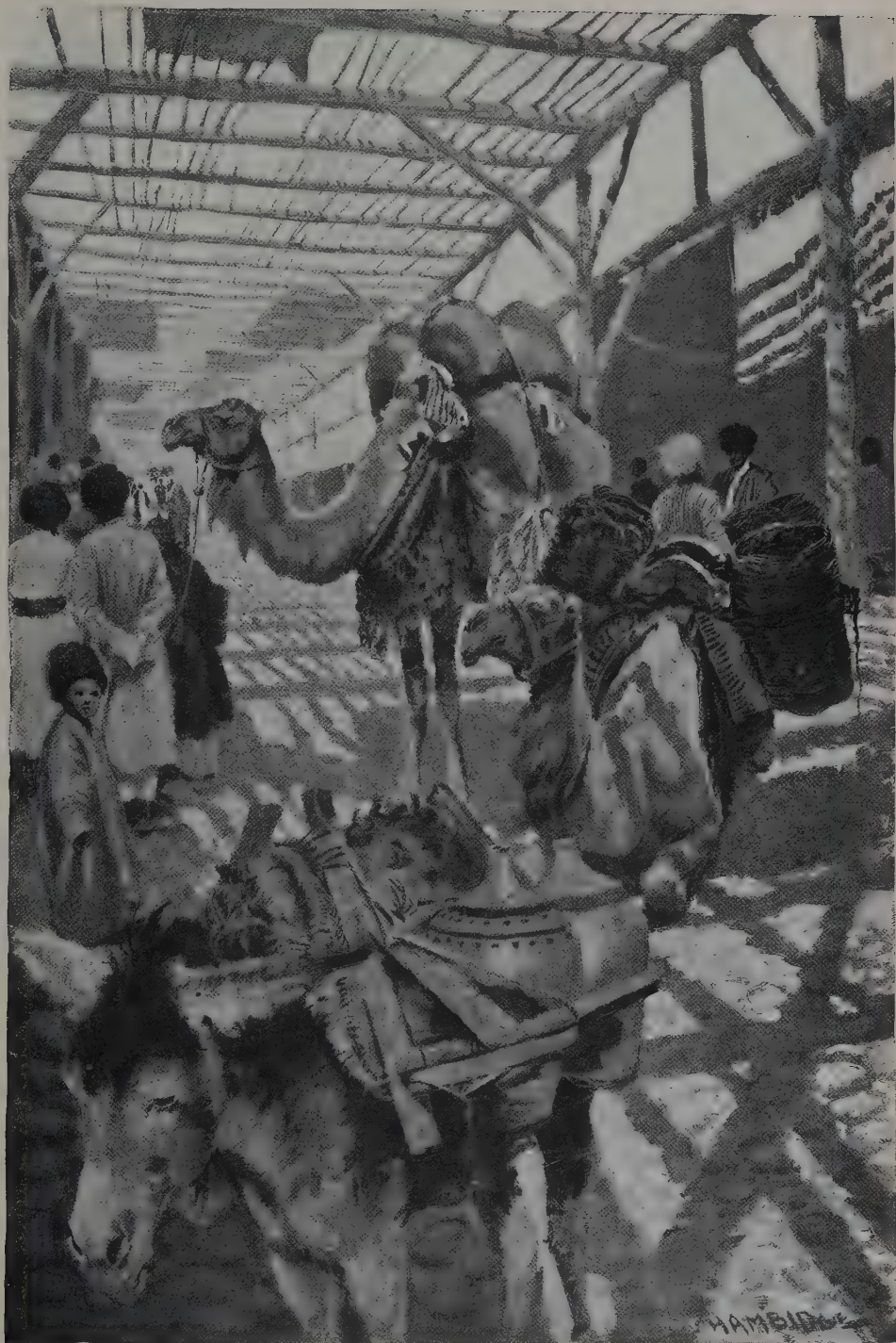
sixteen curiously regarding his hand, which he held up in front of him. The four fingers were all out of joint at the knuckles, and standing almost at right angles back from his hand. I took him by the wrist and was able to jerk them into place, as I had seen done on the football field, and then with my handkerchief, dipped in the roadside irrigating-ditch, I did them up, finishing with his own sash and another souse of water brought in a teapot by a friend.

During this time the carriage had been waiting for me; and when I came up, I found Kolchov lolling back and smoking a cigarette. Concluding that the only way I could impress the driver with the fact that my orders were to be obeyed was to use Russian methods, I stepped up to him and asked him why he did not drive more slowly. He insolently said he thought I was a good bayair and a great man. To which I replied that I was both, and getting a bystander to hold the horses, I took him from the box by the collar and beat him with my little horn riding-cane. The grin faded from his features, and he soon was on his knees, weeping and begging for mercy.

After this our course was slower, and I could see that though Kolchov and the little Tatar did not care to go slowly, nevertheless, I had risen in their estimation as a man of importance.

The walls on each side of us were mud-brick and windowless, pierced by the irregular ends of the willow and poplar logs which served for floor joists of the second story. The people did not stare so much as I had expected, but it was plain that we caused no little excitement in some of the tea-drinking groups, which fell to arguing as soon as we had passed. I was afterward told that this was because I, and not the Russian officer with sword and gold buttons, occupied the left-hand seat of honor in the carriage.

It was beginning to seem as if the commandant at Petro Alexandrovsk had been right, and that, after all, Khiva was not so very different from the native quarter of his town, when all at once we came into the bazaar, and it came on me suddenly that this was Khiva, and the Khiva of Burnaby's book. It was the place I had been headed for since



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A STREET SCENE IN KHIVA

those far-away days of a fortnight back in Samarkand. The dim bazaar, with the mats and rugs overhead, and the nicely sprinkled road, seemed for a moment richer and more untouched than Bokhara or Stamboul. But that moment passed, and I saw the marks of progress—aniline dyes in the stuffs, cheap pocket-knives, and endless rows of little thick bottles of perfume, all "in Deutschland gemacht," showed that even if Russians did not come into town, their spirit did. The Sart traders had gone out and bought from Russian posts these shoddy things from half the

or college, and two or three green-scummed *haüs*, pools whence drinking- and bathing-water is dipped indiscriminately. But these were all hasty views from a moving carriage. I had hardly spoken to a native all the while, except to the little courier-man with us, who kept very busy airing his Russian to Kolchov.

After a lunch of pilau, tea, and apricots, and, out of place though it was in a Mohammedan court, some Russian claret from Samarkand, I told Kolchov that I was going for a walk after the noon rest, and he need not trouble him-



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

STREET CHARACTERS IN KHIVA

world away, made in Germany and Birmingham for just such trade.

After two hours of driving through roofed bazaars and open lanes we came back to the palace for luncheon, I, for one, feeling as if I had profited little by the sight-seeing. True, they had pointed out the "Tower of Those Blessed by Allah," a ten-pin shaped minaret eighty or ninety feet high, from the top of which condemned criminals, trussed like chickens about to be cooked, are toppled. They had showed me their largest mosque, their largest *madrasah*,

self to come along. He said of course I could not walk; it was obviously impossible: no Russians walked in native towns. To this there seemed to be only the obvious reply that I was not a Russian, coupled with an involuntary "Thank Heaven!"

To avoid more words, I lay down on my couch, and feigned a sleep that soon became real. After an hour's rest, I started out to explore, merely saying good-bye to Kolchov; but I had barely walked ten minutes, and was getting thoroughly and delightfully lost, when I



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

KHIVAN WOMEN

heard the crack of the whip and a rattle of wheels I knew well, and saw the Jugernaut, car scattering people left and right, with my spy lolling in one corner, jauntily smoking. Very indignant, I walked swiftly up an alley too narrow for the state carriage to follow, and soon had the pleasure of seeing Kolchov toiling after me in his tight, black riding-boots, laboriously holding up his trailing saber, and sweating from every pore. For the whole afternoon I led him a hard chase, speeding ahead till I had distanced him successfully, and then sitting down with some shopkeeper and accepting his hospitable offer of green tea and bread, till the poor Russian hove in sight, when I made off for another quick walk. I could never quite shake him free, however, for there were always plenty of people to tell him which road the strangely dressed foreigner had taken. At last, toward the end of the afternoon, having had several bowls of tea, and seen, though unsatisfactorily, several lesser bazaars, finding myself unexpectedly in front of the palace gateway, I went in and called Samán to bring water for a bath.

That evening, after a dinner of mut-

ton, tea, and candied fruit washed down by a fearful kind of sticky Russian "limonade gazeuse," I diplomatically broached a proposal to poor Kolchov, who lay with his boots off, dejectedly rolling cigarettes.

I began by saying that I should spend a week or two, and walk every day—never ride. Kolchov groaned. Then I said that I hoped he would not follow me, as the natives disliked a uniform, and I found talking with them difficult and constrained when he was present.

"Also," I added, "your feet will be worse to-morrow."

He groaned and said: "I must go with you—I am ordered to."

Of this I made a mental note: he had confessed to being a spy.

"Well," I said, "of course you must obey; but if I promise not to talk against your government, or in any way excite the natives, and to conduct myself in every way as if you were with me, would not that make some difference?"

He sighed, and said he feared not.

"But if I promise not to mention it at Petro Alexandrovsk?"

This fetched him. His relief was pathetic as we shook hands on it, and he



LOOKING WEST OVER KHIVA FROM
THE MINARET



"TOWER OF THOSE BLESSED BY ALLAH," FROM
WHICH CRIMINALS ARE THROWN



LOOKING SOUTH OVER KHIVA FROM
THE MINARET



LOOKING EAST OVER KHIVA FROM
THE MINARET



THE KHAN'S HEAD-GARDENER



DREAM TOWER OF BLUE-AND-WHITE TILES

fell back on his rugs with the prospect of a peaceful cigarette-puffing stay before him, and no more blistered feet.

I strolled out into the moonlight. The straight paths of the garden led away into silver-splashed blackness, and the mulberry-tree, as I stood beneath it, dropped a single fat berry, like a plummet into the silent pool. Suddenly above me in the hushed boughs of the tree there burst out a flood of melody. It was "the nightingale in the gardens," fluting and warbling and trilling up to heights of song, only to stop abruptly and leave my ears throbbing with its power and sweetness.

Next morning I had three hours alone in the bazaars before I had to come back for an audience with the crown-prince, which had been arranged for me by the little interpreter. During that time I wandered far off and lost myself quite hopelessly. I talked with tea-merchants, I sampled the fruit in the stalls, I bought some blue, rough-glazed, clay beads, such as the donkeys wear, and I found out how thoroughly the Russians were hated by the enthusiastic reception the natives gave me when they found that I was not one of their conquerors.

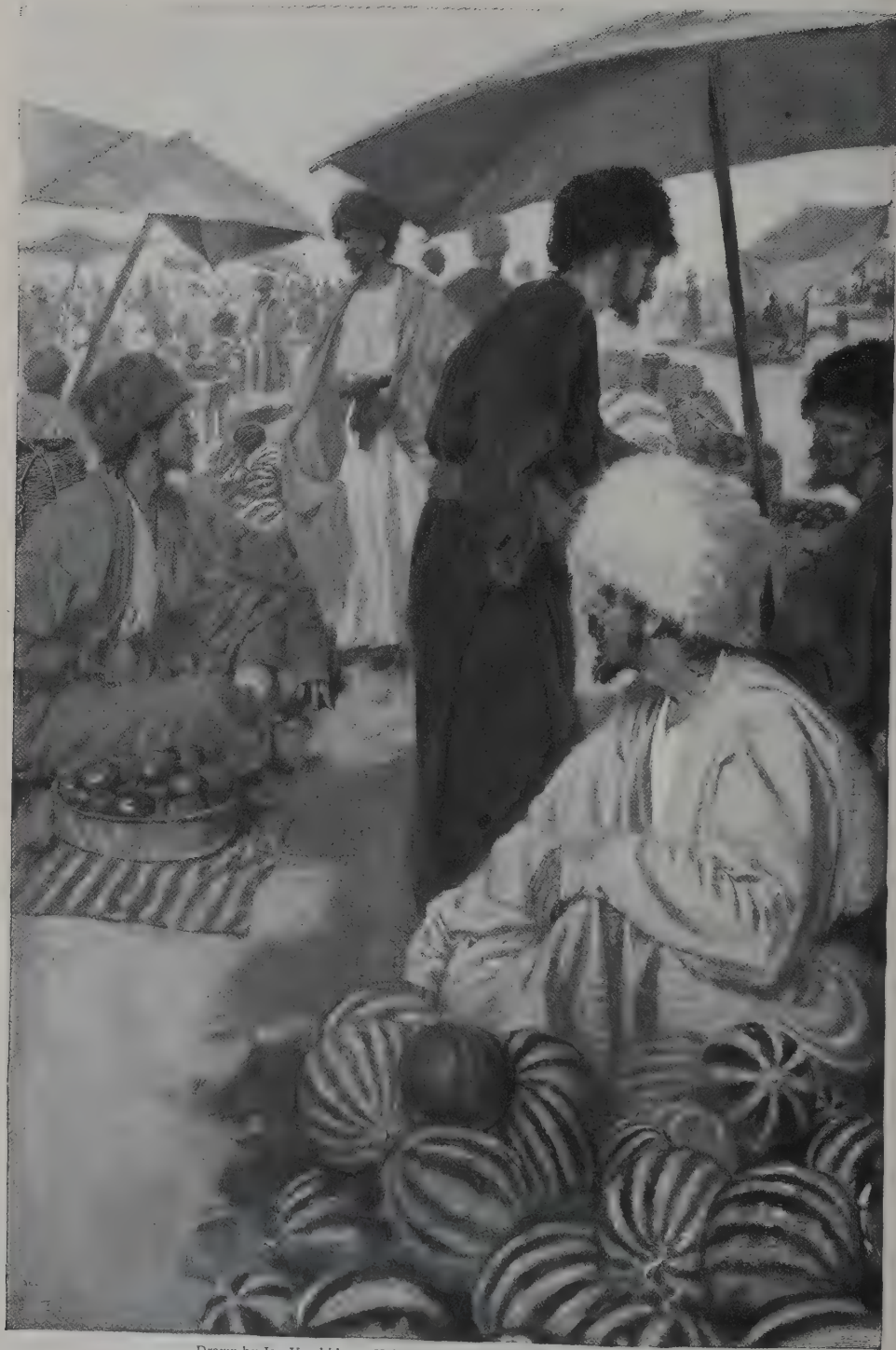
Sometimes the narrowing street would fall away suddenly on one side, and a mere track would hug the clay side of the buildings on the one hand, while on the other a stream, half-ditch, half-river, would carry the city's filth along under a double row of stunted pollard willows. In the shade of these trees little naked children played in and out of the water, and girls came down with jars and goat-skin bags to gossip as they dipped. Often these maidens were pretty and wore no veils, but if I rudely stared at them, they caught up the corners of their shawls, and holding them in their teeth, giggled at my curiosity.

From the few women of whom I could judge, I gathered that in Khiva, after eighteen or so, no remnant of beauty remains. Their figures were straight enough, from carrying burdens, but the faces were hard and gross. The girls, with their leathern packs, were often graceful and pretty, but they were as shy as gazelles, and I could get no pictures of them. Once I came suddenly round a bend on a gay,

splashing group on the borders of one of the street canals. The eldest sister, stripped to the waist, and with high-kilted gown, was wading in as far as she dared, while an imp of a younger brother defied and splashed her from the middle of the shallow stream. On the banks were the lesser fry, hopping up and down and shrilly screaming encouragement to the rebellious one. At last a donkey came down the bank to drink, and the nurse-sister promptly climbed up over his loaded saddle, wriggled to his neck, reached out, caught the dancing pollywog by one bare arm, and dragged him ashore. The donkey, having finished, backed, turned, and climbed to the dusty road above.

Once in an open square, where the dust-pall forbade sight or breath, I directed my steps toward the source of a throbbing roll that ceaselessly wove itself in with the noise of voices and the pattering of unshod feet of beasts. As I neared it, the noise became detached from the hubbub, a distinct and individual thing; which insistently claimed attention, and made the very motes in the air dance to time. Under a willow-tree by the water-ditch that defined the square, sat a bent old man, unbelievably ragged. So torn were his many khalats that they did not seem like constructed garments at all, but strings of tatters and tags collected and hung on his fat, weak body. His head was bent on his breast, and his eyes were half-closed. On his stomach was a wooden bowl, with a skin drum-head stretched across it, and on this drum-head he beat incessantly with his knuckles and his fist. The motion was so automatic and deadly regular in its recurrent changes that it seemed almost as if he were a clockwork figure set at the edge of the busy market to record the passage of time. I flung some coppers on the brass begging-tray by his side, and went off, unconsciously adjusting my steps to his beating. He made the trivial barter and the driving of laden animals seem vapid and futile, and my bit of charity sickened me. It was as if I had happened along and patted Socrates on the back.

When it was time to go home, I had to ask my way in halting Turcoman, and was escorted to the gateway of the



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

A BAZAAR IN KHIVA

palace by fully a dozen Khivans, who indignantly refused a present for their courtesy. After a wash and a shift of neckerchiefs, which was the only change my saddle-bags afforded, I strapped on my cloth-of-gold pistol holster, a present from a merchant in Merv, and mounted my horse to go the two hundred yards across the great courtyard; for the prince lived opposite, in apartments corresponding to mine. As we dismounted, I gave my revolver to Samán to keep, as he held my horse, and Kolchov and I stepped into an anteroom. After waiting here alone for a moment, we were beckoned to by a curiously dressed man, who was panicked in a Cossack's gray ulster over the ordinary Khivan costume of a plum-colored dressing-gown called a khalat. He ushered us into a room raftered with carved beams and decorated with mural paintings of bay-trees and gaily colored arabesques. For furniture there were two Russian chairs. In front of them, on a rich carpet, sat the prince, with his tea-bowl by his side and his fingers in a big vellum-bound book. As we came up, he courteously rose and held out both hands, palms facing each other, to shake hands in Oriental fashion.

When we had arranged ourselves comfortably on the rug (I declined his offer of a chair), tea was brought in large bowls of thin white porcelain, and a tray of sugared almonds and candied fruits was set before us. Our host was a pleasant-faced man of about thirty, wearing a stringy beard and mustache. He questioned me closely about America, seeming never to have heard of it. When I attempted to describe the size of the ship I came in, he was obviously incredulous, though he had been on the steamers on the Caspian and traveled by rail into Russia. He was most tolerant of my halting Turcoman, and quick to understand what I wished to say. After half an hour's tea and talk, he held out his hand to take leave, and at the same time asked me to come the next day at the same hour.

On leaving the audience-chamber, I went again to the bazaar on foot. Over the open squares and the glaring

streets there hung a pall of dust. The patient donkeys burrowed through it, the dogs sneaked below it, and I coughingly encountered it breast-high. It was a relief to turn down a dark, watered bazaar lane, with mats and rugs stretched on the poles overhead. Here the little clay shops opened out into shadowy recesses, with the mulberry-gowned proprietor squatting in each. They were little rooms, one side open to the street, and the pounded clay floor two feet or so above the ground.

Often for a hundred yards I walked in a lane of gay, fluttering silks that swayed and brushed my face as I walked; next would come a stretch of tapping, hammering stalls, bright with brass and copper. Next, perhaps, were shoes, and after them dusty caves of spices, where the dealers solemnly smoked, hung about with bunches of strange, dried herbs that gave out an acrid smell and made one catch his breath.

I wandered about, trying to find some native silk. The merchants told me that local silk had a season, like fruit or garden-stuff; for, when the worms were ready for spinning, they were all brought to the bazaar and sold. Then all the silk was spun and dyed, and what was not used in the maker's family was exposed for sale again in the form of cloth. Thus, unless I came to Khiva in the proper month, no silk could be bought except in the form of ready-made khalats. At last, however, I drank tea with a man who knew a man who had a brother who married the daughter of an old man, and this old man, it appeared, was the one person to have silk, if it were to be obtained in town.

Do not think that this information was easily or simply obtained. My host spoke it loudly into my ear, as one dealing with a deaf person, and finally, when he came to the link in the chain where the word "daughter" occurred, I was obliged to confess myself entirely at sea. He showed himself equal to the occasion by hastily sending for a small girl, who was lugged forward for me to look at. But I, thinking that she must be the owner of the coveted silk, started at once to harangue her, at

which she made one frightened dive behind her mother, and did not reappear during my stay. It was not long, however, before the merchant was able to bring home to me the fact that he was only utilizing the method of the great

paying a tremendous price—two dollars and a half apiece.

That night our dandified little courtier and interpreter dined with us, and I asked if I might go into some of the colleges and mosques. His Moham-



THE CROWN-PRINCE OF KHIVA

Froebel, by showing me his daughter to illustrate the word.

To the father-in-law of the brother of the man who knew the man who knew my host I was accordingly led by twenty eager guides, to where he sat in his little stall, lined with Russian and Bokharan silks. After some persuasion, he showed me two bolts of heavy crimson and yellow stuff, stiff and gloriously colored with native dye. I bought both,

medanism seemed to be lukewarm, and the idea of an unbeliever defiling the holy places did not strike him as so terrible a thing as I had expected. He said he would see what could be done, first tentatively observing that if I should embrace Islam even for my few days' stay, the thing would be made much simpler. When I declined this, he said that he did not really expect that I would do it, and thought that much

could be managed without that formality. Next morning at eight o'clock he called, and suggested that I come with him before the bazaars got into full swing. Gulping down a hasty glass of tea, I got into the state carriage, which was in attendance, and we drove to one of the public squares. Getting out of the carriage, we walked some distance through back streets, and soon emerged unobtrusively on the same square again, and having thus avoided observation, walked quickly up to a little door. This, as we approached, was cautiously opened, and we slid in.

When my eyes became used to the twilight, I found that we were standing at one corner of a low hall extending into indefinite dimness, and supported by a forest of beautifully carved columns. The light came through various squares cut in the roof, and filtered away among the pillars, making distances seem immense. Far off I made out some red streamers on untrimmed poles slanting over tombs of dried mud, and knew that these were holy relics of some saint; but I was hurried along, and scarcely allowed to look. The porter who had let us in, and who wore a bunch of immense keys hung about his neck, silently led us under a hole in the wall ten feet or so above the floor, which was reached by a ladder of a single beam upon which were lashed cross-pieces at irregular intervals. He motioned me to go up, and up I climbed, diving into the hole with a crashing blow on my head as I did so; for it was only about three feet high, and the little, twisting stairs started abruptly up from it. The steps were far apart and very narrow, and my riding-boots made climbing stiff work; but I toiled on in the dark, feeling well before I stepped for any sudden gap or oubliette which might let me into the street below.

After some time, I reached a little window, just the merest slit in the wall, but giving gloriously out on bazaars and squares and groves of poplars, which from our height already began to look stunted. It was only by promise of better things above that my two guides, the interpreter and the porter, could tear me away from it. More stifling minutes of dusty, stale darkness, when another glimmer ap-

peared above, and in a minute I stepped out into the little crown or lantern of the minaret, the slight roof of which was supported only by thin columns of brick and open on all sides.

All Khiva lay below me—mosques and minarets, streets and squares, busy and bustling, but too far down to give up a sound. And for all the bustling look of things, came only the cooing of the pigeons that nested in our tower. Straight below us was the flat roof of the mosque from the corner of which our minaret sprang, pierced with square holes that let the light into that mysterious grove of pillars. Not far off was a strange drum-shaped tower of wine-colored glazed tiles, banded with turquoise blue, and beyond it, stiff and gray, rose the "Tower of Those Blessed by Allah," the execution tower they had shown me from below. To the east, outside the city wall, I could trace the Oxus canal by its line of poplars and willows, and near the west gate was a clustered grove that my friends said hid the summer palace where the Khan then was.

The squares were filling with people, and the side streets, choked with laden donkeys and men on foot, disgorged themselves into the squares. The interpreter pointed out hundreds of hawks which wheeled over a certain quarter of the city and said that this marked from above the place of the meat bazaar, as, from the pedestrian's point of view, did the dogs that scavenged below.

With my field-glasses all the little details of life in the closed courts of the houses could be seen—women, careless of their veils, dipping water from the pools in the center or watering the little rows of sunflowers that made the gardens, children playing with doves, and men lying smoking in the shade on their cord bedsteads. Out in the streets, laden camels, forging through, brushed the deck-loads from poor little donkeys, while drivers beat their noses as they bobbed along.

After the better part of an hour, having taken pictures with my broken-down camera on the chance of preserving something of the scene, I came back into the dim mosque and out into the square where the carriage waited.

That afternoon Kolchov and I took

tea with the prince, and walked with him to see the roods. These were great cages, with bars in front, backing against the main wall of the garden. Here the hunting hawks of the Khan and his court were kept. Big solitary birds sat brooding alone in little compartments, made fast to their perches by leather thongs, and graceful little sparrow hawks were lined in bright-eyed rows snapping their beaks at us. In one cage were the barely fledged eyases, as yet untrained, quarrelling, dowdy fowls, which, when the cold weather came, were to be allowed a month or so of wild life, with food regularly placed in the open for them, and afterward were to be put through the rigorous course of hooding and starvation, till they could be trusted to lure and hang and kill like their parents.

In a cage not far from the falcons and near my rooms was a tiger from the Oxus swamps. He had taken a dislike to me, and every time I passed his cage he got up and paced angrily toward me, snarling. Into the cage of this beast, at the command of the prince, a Turcoman stepped, armed with a short stick as big around as his wrist. With this stick he struck the tiger's nose as he made for him, and then, with palms out and eye fixed, he walked slowly up to the shrinking beast and stroked his face and flank. The tiger snarled and took the man's hand in his open mouth, while I held my breath and watched for the bleeding stump of an arm to fall away. But keeping that hand perfectly still, with the other he tickled the tiger's jowl and scratched his ear, till there came a yawn and a pleased snarl, and the big cat rolled over on the ground to have his belly scratched. The man then sank to his knees, always keeping his hands in motion over the glossy fur, and with his foot hooked toward him a collar attached to a chain. This he snapped around the beast's neck, and rising to his feet, laid hold of the chain and dragged him out.

This was only the second time, the prince told me, that the cage had been entered. As soon as the tiger was outside, he spied us and started for us, but came up short on his collar. If he had chosen to use his weight and strength together at any one moment, no four of

us could have held his tether. But, as it was, the Turcoman found little difficulty with him. My instinct was to retreat to the top of the wall and use my field-glasses for careful inspection, but, conquering the desire, I came, as I thought, very near to him, and took his picture as I looked down the red gorge of a groaning snarl. The photograph, I felt sure, would cover the whole field of a four-by-five plate, and make a dramatic sight in America. I ought to say that when the film was developed in London, one could observe upon it a rather distinct picture of a largish wild-cat standing beside a calm keeper, who held his chain in one hand.

The prince and I walked for some time in the garden, attended only by four gentlemen, who walked behind us. He showed me the little raised daïs under a mulberry-tree by the pool where his father sat when living in that palace, and together we fed the carp that rose to our bread crumbs, and tried to attract the shy gazelle that skipped and shook on its little hoofs when the tiger snarled.

This pool in the gardens reflects to-day the life of the Oriental monarch on its unruffled surface, as "the basin of clear waters" must have done at Bagdad when Haroun the Just heard the tale of the one-eyed Calander. Huge, ancient mulberries lean over, touching tops above it. Hardly a fleck of sunlight falls upon the brown surface, hardly a breath of air ripples the edges along the greening stone. On the little daïs beside the pool, when it is the Khan's pleasure to take the air, gleam the richest rugs of Khiva and glint the silks of Samarkand. There on a cool linen bolster he reclines, evil, gross, and stupid, sipping at his syrups and regarding with vacant mind the brown of the shadowed water.

Next morning I went again to the bazaar and drank tea with several of the more wealthy merchants, one of whom gave me a silver ring with a ruby in it, and another of whom sold me one containing an immense and rather ugly rough pearl. In the afternoon, after a nap during the extreme heat, the interpreter took me into the largest madrassah, where we heard fifty or more students of all ages, from fifteen to sixty at their lessons.

The college was built round a quad, with a small pool and five or six sunflowers in the middle. It was three stories high, and a gallery ran around each story, out of which opened the little doors of the student's rooms. In Samarkand I had been in a room of one of these madrassah inhabited by a scholar who was thirty-two years old, and who told me that he had studied there fourteen years, and hoped to finish in eight years more. These men seemed much the same sort. I tried to bribe a man who had been following us about to get me one of the claret-colored tiles of the minaret which sprang from one corner of the quadrangle; but he passed his fingers across his throat with an expressive grin, and would not even look at the three-ruble note I showed him, so that I felt sure it was useless.

It was this day that had been set for my audience with the Khan, so, after lunch, Kolchov and I made as elaborate toilettes as we could. My additional splendor consisted in buckling on my revolver in a holster made of cloth-of-gold and silver.

A little before five o'clock our horses were brought round, mine decked out in his silver bridle set with carnelians. Then six silk-clad jiggits appeared in the courtyard, and dismounting, salaamed before the door. Mounting, we followed them through the city and out of the west gate at a stately amble. Beyond the walls we met a stream of rich merchants and "prominent citizens" coming from the palace, all on beautiful horses the trappings of which were so much more gorgeous than my bridle that I felt insignificant. Many of these men dismounted as we came up and stroked their beards, salaaming respectfully. These I saluted in military style, rather at a loss to know how to acknowledge their courtesy with proper dignity.

Three miles outside the city we came to the walls of the summer palace, which had been pointed out to me from the minaret. After skirting them for a mile, our guard of honor turned in at a big gateway, and we followed, to find ourselves in an outer court facing a high portal, with towers of glazed tiles of red and blue. The courtyard was a seething mass of squealing stallions held by grave

jiggits, dodging servants, scores of maimed beggars, airing their wounds and sores, and catching dexterously the coppers thrown them by the servants of some haughty noble who rode recklessly at the crowd. Here, too, I saw a pair of wandering holy men, one with a polished wooden begging bowl. Their costumes consisted of waistcoat-like upper garments and baggy drawers and were so curious that I asked where they came from, thinking that perhaps they were up from India; but Samán said that they came from the east, over the "Ulu Kum," the Great Sands.

Here, in the outer courtyard, Kolchov and I left our horses with jiggits, and I with some parade turned over my revolver to Samán to keep, wearing the empty cloth-of-gold holster, hoping that it might add a touch of elegance to my otherwise simple costume. Our guides then bowed us to a little door beside the great tiled wall that faced us, and we went through to another square.

The inner court that we entered was, perhaps, a hundred feet square, one side being made up of a high blank wall of blue tiles, which, from its lack of doors and windows, I knew must be the royal harem. Two gentlemen in plum-colored gowns showed us to a small, carpeted daïs of brick in one corner, and here we sat for ten minutes or so watching important-looking persons stride majestically about and go in and out of little iron-bound doors. At last a great man in an immense sheepskin drum-major's head-dress came toward us, bearing a six-foot silver rod solidly incrusting with small turquoises. He made obeisance, and said that the Khan would receive us. We followed him to an insignificant door, beside which stood a muscular official with bared arms and a silver adz. As I put my foot on the threshold, he raised the adz suddenly high over my head, at which I incontinently ducked and dodged in.

The other side of the door opened into a small court surrounded by elaborately carved, thin-waisted pillars. It was empty, except for some prostrate forms in the corner, grouped about a figure seated on a low daïs. As we approached, the kneeling group rose and walked away, and as they passed, I

saw it was the crown prince and his gentlemen, taking their leave.

The Khan— for the seated figure was he—sat on a rich carpet, in the ordinary Turcoman and Sart costume of plum-colored gown and little white, embroidered skull-cap, over which, as we came up, he hastily adjusted his high black *chalpak*. Near him lay a porcelain tea-bowl and a jeweled scimitar in a green velvet sheath, and crawling over his knees was a lean tortoise-shell cat with a tail like a fox's brush. He was a squat, toad-like old man, with an evil face covered with a grizzled beard.

When Kolchov and I approached the presence and saluted, the Khan held out a limp hand, European fashion, first to me and then to my friend. Before we could speak, up trotted our interpreter and started talking excitedly to his Majesty in the Turco-Persian hybrid language of the educated Sarts. Then turning to me he put the Khan's question:

"Why did you come to Khiva?"

"Merely to see the city," I replied.

This being translated, the Khan bowed his head and said:

"Yachshi" ("very good").

He then desired that I be asked how I liked it; to which I replied with more desire to please than strict truth:

"It is very beautiful."

Again the Khan bowed and said, "Yachshi."

Next they demanded when I was to leave, and I said, "To-morrow morning."

This time with a bow and pleased

smile, his Majesty said, "Cope Yachshi" ("very good, indeed"), and extended the royal hand to signify that the audience was over.

Passing through the two outer courts, escorted by the gentleman of the turquoise rod, we came to our horses just in time to see the prince ride off on a jet-black stallion, the housings of which were of gold hung with lapis lazuli and emeralds, and some red stones that danced and sparkled in the sun, and that Samán said were rubies.

Just by the gate Samán spoke a name to me in an awe-struck whisper and pulled up his horse to make room for three beautifully gowned horsemen, followed by a troop of servants. They trotted up to us, and while our horses fought and squealed, we shook hands as ceremoniously as was possible. I found afterward that one of the three (I never knew which) was Mad Murad, the state treasurer, more feared and hated throughout the little kingdom than the Khan himself, and famous for his greed and barbarous cruelty.

On the ride home Samán begged me to stay three more days at least, saying that I could have another audience, and it would make me very glad. Kolchov, on the other hand, had been very anxious to get home, and kept promising to find me horses for the one phaëton in Petro Alexandrovsk, if I wanted to go up by the trail without waiting for the boat. This plan attracted me, since I had had no news from home for four weeks, and that was a month old when it reached me; and I was anxious to reach Baku.

(To be followed by "Near Death in the Desert" by the same author in the November number)



THE DOG POLICE OF EUROPEAN CITIES

BY WILLIAM G. FITZ-GERALD



HAT a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog, is a reasonable supposition; yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation—in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges, and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

In Belgium, as every visitor to Brussels, Ghent, or Bruges knows, the dog is

more than a donkey, but they travel faster and farther in a day, are more economical to keep, and for ages have been trustworthy guardians of Flemish homes.

Monsieur E. Van Wesemael, police commissioner of Ghent, was the first to suggest trained dogs as auxiliary police. For half a century the quaint old city had been well patrolled, at night, both within and without the fortifications; but six years ago an increase in the force was found imperatively necessary. One was made, but though it was costly, it



A DOG POLICEMAN READY FOR SERVICE. THE COAT IS USED ONLY IN CASE OF BAD WEATHER. THE DOGS ARE ALWAYS MUZZLED ON THE WAY TO THEIR STATION

a working animal. He may be seen pulling over the cobblestones small carts laden with milk, bread, linen, and like necessities. Many of these dogs cost

did not suffice. M. Van Wesemael asked for more, but the police funds of the city were exhausted.

Then the chief of police laid before

the burgomaster an idea he had long entertained, of employing Belgian sheep-dogs as assistants or colleagues of the night patrols. He pointed out the splendid work of the dogs at the Hospice of St. Bernard, and of those em-

for the cunning of the marauder whose plans are laid. On the other hand, the conditions would be changed if the night patrol were accompanied by a fast and powerful Belgian sheep-dog whose natural sagacity had been developed by six



MONSIEUR E. VAN WESEMAEL, CHIEF COMMISSIONER
OF POLICE FOR THE CITY OF GHENT

ployed in the German army, and declared he was certain that the canine recruits would save the city tens of thousands of francs every year, besides reducing burglaries and night crimes.

M. Van Wesemael also pointed out that the mere knowledge of the dog policeman's existence would act as a deterrent. The average night patrol, tightly buttoned in uniform, is no match

months of scientific training. He contended that from such an "officer" the burglar could not hope to escape. Long hours of night watch would not tire the dogs after their day's rest, and their mere presence, qualities, and powers would give *morale* and confidence to their human colleagues. Knowing the Belgian working dog intimately, and appreciating the value of the animal's sense of smell, its

instinct that all was not right, and its remarkable jumping and swimming powers, M. Van Wesemael made out a good case.

His suggestion of dog police was adopted, but not without distrust of its efficiency. In March, 1899, three dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the police commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed, a report was sent to the burgomaster. The dogs had been used in the Faubourg de Courtrai, as well as along the docks and in the wooded outlying sections of the city between Commune de Wondelgen and the Boulevard de L'Industrie. Night crimes, previously both numerous and serious in these parts, fell off two thirds, simply because the employment of dogs was enough to render doubtful certain nefarious plans.

After ten months of trial, the most conservative members of the city council of Ghent became enthusiasts over the new police recruits, and voted more money for dogs to be used in the Faubourg de Bruges and along the smaller docks. Soon there were thirty big, powerful dog policemen on duty, and working with surprising efficiency. They would take a new man over his night beat with a zeal, a thoroughness, and a relentless, systematic ardor that would kill a lazy constable. They knew their work, and could and did correct many a man who was a stranger to the beat.

The system is now a proved success, and the veterinary surgeon of the city

periodically goes out to the fairs to buy dogs. Many breeds have been tried, but the best of all is the big Belgian or French shepherd dog, the powerful and sagacious Briards and Groenendaels, with hair long or short, wiry or silky. These are unmatched the world over for their endurance, boldness, fidelity, and intuitive instinct.



POLICE-DOG BEING TRAINED BY A "DUMMY" CRIMINAL, SPECIALLY DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION

Some Belgian cities—Mons, Saint-Gilles, and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age; but M. Van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results.

The dogs are lodged in brick kennels in the gardens of the central police bureau. They are cared for and waited upon by the janitor and his wife, acting under instructions from the veterinary surgeon. The sexes are housed separately. The period of training varies from three to six months.

The new dog recruit's name is entered on the

books of the central police bureau precisely as though it were a human officer, a record being made of the date of its birth, and its purchase, together with the name and address of the person who sold it to the department, the price paid, and the dog's sex. If through ill health or inefficiency the dog is discharged from the force, the reason is entered upon the book.

The animals are given every care. They have swimming baths once a week, and the kennels are disinfected regularly and are periodically whitewashed. For the first fifteen days new recruits



A SQUAD OF *AGENTS PLONGEURS* OR DIVING POLICEMEN, OF PARIS, WITH THEIR DOGS TRAINED FOR LIFE-SAVING AND POLICE SERVICE

are kept in the kennels, and are merely taught obedience. Military brevity, combined with unvarying kindness, marks all orders. In due time certain night guards come and take out the recruits with the veteran dogs when the night bell sounds. The dog police go on duty at ten o'clock at night, and finish work at six in the morning. They never go out in the daytime, and on no account are allowed to become acquainted with the ordinary public. Twice during the day, however, they are mustered in the paddock of the bureau for an hour's exercise and fresh air.

They are fed twice a day, at seven in the morning and again at seven at night. Their fare is a kind of soup, with a little meat, some rice, and a very nutritious biscuit known as "Kneipp." Each ration weighs a little over three pounds. During the night each dog receives a large slice of bread, and so carefully are their needs and capacities studied that the animals never appear tired or spiritless on returning to the kennels after the long and often dangerous night watch.

A special room at the central police bureau is set apart for the preparation

of the dogs' rations and medicines, and here, also, are kept their uniforms and outfits. When on duty, each carries a leather collar bearing a tin medal, with its name, birth, date, and the word "Police." There is also a cloak for stormy weather, which covers the body from neck to tail. It is leather-mounted and waterproof. The dogs also wear muzzles while on duty, for their whole training makes them regard the civilian as an enemy, and a muzzle is necessary for the protection of peaceable citizens. This muzzle is of a special kind. It is a tin cup, perforated for respiration, which prevents the dog from eating any food he may find in the road at night. An elastic arrangement, however, permits the unmuzzling of the animal in an instant, when the muzzle swings from the collar, ready to be replaced when the emergency has passed. Thus unmuzzled, the well-fed, trained, and powerful animal is a formidable adversary even for an armed burglar, besides being an accessory of great use to the night patrol, whether a criminal's intent is fight or flight.

The entire education of the newly arrived dogs is undertaken by the *brigadiers-contrôleurs*, or officers in author-

ity over the night patrol. When coaching the dogs, the brigadier-contrôleur is always in civil dress, and often he simulates the appearance of a tramp or suspicious character. He goes through the pantomime of assaulting the night guards, runs away, slouches along with suspicious bundles, leaps into ditches filled with deep water, scales high walls, and generally runs the whole gamut of a rascal caught in the act.

Every week the dog police are lined up in the paddock for medical inspection. They come to know this event, and, if space permitted, one might relate amusing, pathetic, and all but incredible anecdotes of the intelligence of these carefully selected and well-trained brutes. On inspection day, too, the veterinary surgeon gives practical object-lessons to the janitor and his wife in the medical care of the dogs.

When a new recruit is beginning to show aptitude under training, the night guard to whom it is assigned comes to the kennel and leads it forth when the patrols with the older dogs are assembled for duty. The men are provided with bones or scraps of meat for the new-comer, and in this way stress is laid on the lesson it is sought to teach—namely, that only men in police uniform may be trusted. All others are to be eyed with suspicion, if not with positive ferocity. Later on, the night patrol leads out the beginner, to familiarize it with every nook and corner of the beat. For one month this work goes on three or four hours a night in all weathers, the hours of duty being gradually increased to the standard eight.

If the animal is slow to understand the object-lessons, he is frequently teased and irritated by a brigadier-contrôleur. In extreme cases, a slow-witted recruit is maltreated and even kicked and beaten a little by the official actor. Simultaneously every policeman in the station caresses the dog, and gives

it dainties. It is no wonder, then, that the dog at the end of his training is at once eager to obey the commands of the police, and more than eager to attack a suspicious-looking person in civil clothes.

But there is as wide diversity in the intelligence of dogs as there is in that of human beings, and tact and skill are required not to overdo the irritating and violence, lest the dog be cowed and rendered timid. Thoughtless violence may make a dog worse than useless—dangerous, even, to his human colleague. There were some mistakes made in this way at first, but now the police officials of Belgian cities, from Ostend to Liège, have become so skilful in the matter of training police dogs that their services are widely sought by other nations in Europe.

In many cases the central police bureau maintains in its grounds artistically arranged walls, water jumps, and other obstacles, as well as a regular staff of officers skilled in training these dogs. They accustom new canine recruits to hearing revolver-shots, to making flying leaps exceeding six feet, and to attacking fugitives in the bend of the knee.

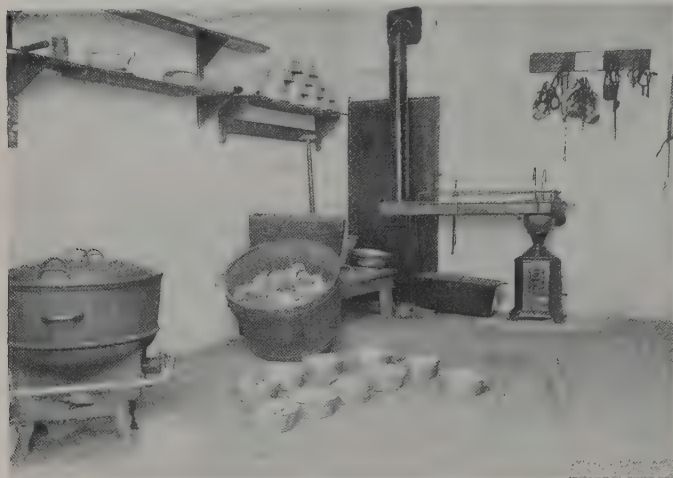
They are trained in this last respect by a pull at the leash when they jump for the neck. Thus, when the policeman



SOME OF THE KENNELS AT GHENT

"criminal" in charge of the training feels the dog's muzzle touch the back of his knee, he drops, to show that the object is attained. This operation, often repeated, shows the intelligent dog what

the object of the pursuit is, and how it may best be accomplished. After a time the animal operates without being held in leash, and yet instantly responds to its master's whistle, no matter how headlong may be the pursuit in which it is engaged.



THE KITCHEN IN GHENT'S CENTRAL POLICE BUREAU WHERE THE RATIONS ARE PREPARED FOR THE DOGS

When an officer arrives on his beat, he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherche!" Instantly the dog passes swiftly into and around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners, as an infallible guide to these places.

Woe to characters of suspicious mien or to people carrying suspicious-looking bundles! The dog does more scouting in ten minutes than its well-paid human comrade could do in an hour. If it barks or growls, or in any way gives notice of having found something suspicious, the patrol at once joins the dog. Each night guard, by the way, carries a revolver with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, a whistle, handcuffs, and a dark lantern.

Strict orders are given to the men to prevent their dogs from picking up bones or tempting morsels on the beat. Some superb animals were lost before the chief commissioner and his veterinary surgeon settled on the diet, which now renders the

dogs almost indifferent to delicacies casually found in the night.

The men are warned never to take away the body of a dog colleague suddenly poisoned while on duty. The malefactor argues that the patrol will take up the body of his loyal and faithful friend, and

bear it back to the bureau, so leaving the field unguarded. The mere fact of the poisoning of a dog shows the proximity of a criminal on the beat, so the patrol must call for aid from the next round, if he wants it, and push on in search of the criminal.

Afterward he must carry the dog's body to the police abattoir, so that the veterinary surgeon may hold a post-mortem and determine the cause of death. The poisons most commonly used are strychnine

and prussic acid. While on duty, the dog rarely quits the heels of its human colleague, save to carry out the sharp military words of command—"Cherche!" "Attaque!" and so on; but it will rush to aid an officer on a neighboring beat on hearing the shrill signal for assistance.

Before its first year is over, indeed, the dog is as admirably drilled as the smartest Prussian infantryman. It obeys the word of command without a moment's hesitation. It will leap a fence, swim a stream, or walk in front, behind, or at the side, according to its master's pleasure. It is hungry for work, pathetically anxious to help. Wagging its tail with excitement,—which must always be suppressed while on duty,—it is an amusing picture of impulsive zeal; great is its delight and triumph when it makes an arrest.

Naturally there is much intimacy and affection between the human and animal police, comrades through the weary and dangerous night watch. The men may and do teach the dogs feats and accomplishments quite apart from those

prescribed by the book of regulations for the *chiens-policiers*.

As time went on and the number of dogs was increased, it became apparent that night crimes, even in the worst quarters of Ghent, almost disappeared. Cunning ruffians had often contrived to outwit the solitary patrol, but these big, swift, silent-footed, and sagacious sheep-dogs inspired terror in the most desperate evil-doers.

The night service of the city is now made by about one hundred and twenty guards, assisted by fifty or sixty perfectly trained dog police. The city is divided into a hundred and twenty sections, so arranged that man and dog can always count on their neighbors' support if occasion should arise. Careful check is kept upon the men, that they visit every yard of their beat; but even if the men are inclined to shirk their work, the dogs will keep them up to it. If the night guards are used by day, they get extra pay, and a corresponding number of hours is taken from their next night watch.

Relating the achievements of his dogs, M. Van Wesemael told of an arrest by one of them named Beer. One night

Beer came upon five drunken fellows wrecking a saloon on the outskirts of the city. The men were making a great uproar, and a resolute resistance to the law was feared. Beer's muzzle was removed, and the fine animal sprang forward without a sound. When the patrol reached the spot, four of the men had fled, and Beer was clutching the fifth by the leg. The moment the officer appeared, Beer gave up his prisoner, and was off like the wind on the trail of the fugitives. The patrol followed with his prisoner, guided by a series of short, sharp barks. Presently he came upon the other four, who had turned at bay and were trying to keep the dauntless Beer from tearing them to pieces. Thoroughly frightened, —sobered even,—the men offered to give themselves up if Beer were controlled and muzzled. This was promptly done, though not without a little protest from Beer himself, and the procession started for the central police bureau, with the victorious Beer, now at liberty to give vent to his joy, barking and racing round his prisoners, exactly as if they had been a flock of sheep.

Tom is another dog no less alert. One



A MUSTER OF THE GHENT NIGHT POLICE, WITH A PARTY OF YOUNG DOGS BEING TRAINED BY THE TWO OLDER ONES, SEEN AT EACH END OF THE GROUP

winter night in a quiet street near the docks he met a man with a sack. Tom was alone at the moment, but as both sack and man seemed queer to him, he gave the alarm, repudiating all attempts at anxious conciliation. In a minute or two Tom's colleague came along and

who would have cost at least 12,000 francs.

One of the first foreign police officers to inquire into and adopt the dogs was Monsieur Lépine, police prefect of Paris. It occurred to him that among the great crowds visiting the city during the ex-



A REHEARSAL ON THE QUAY OF THE SEINE WITH THE LIFE-SAVING POLICE DOGS.
THE DOG IS ABOUT TO DIVE FOR THE DUMMY FIGURE

asked about the sack. The explanation being somewhat lame, the man was invited to the police bureau. There he confessed that he had stolen a piece of beef and several dozen eggs from a small store on the outskirts of the city.

Tippo is another terror to burglars. He is a record racer of great weight and strength, long and keen of fang, a fast swimmer, a high jumper, and so daring that not even point-blank revolver-shots will turn him from his duty. He has been wounded more than once and has narrowly escaped death.

Each canine "officer" costs the pioneer city of Ghent a little more than five cents a day. M. Van Wesemael pointed out to me that thirty dog police cost the city only 3285 francs a year, and did more than four times the work that would have been accomplished by twelve men,

position some would surely fall into the Seine. He therefore organized a body of special police whom he named the *agents plongeurs*, or "diving police." Each of these was to be a fast and powerful swimmer and a man of ready wit and presence of mind, and each was to be accompanied by an intelligent Newfoundland dog, trained with no less care than are the police dogs of Belgium. At first, eight of these fine beasts were bought for M. Lépine. These Paris pioneers—Pelvoux, Paris, Turco, César, D'Artagnan, Meidje, Diane and Athos—became the pets of all Paris, visitors and residents alike. They proved so successful that their number was fast increased, until now every one of Lépine's *agents plongeurs* is accompanied on his rounds along the Seine quays by a *chien sauveur*. Not one of these is with-

out his record of life-saving. Their intelligence is illustrated by the following episode:

One winter evening a young milliner's apprentice from the Rue de la Paix, crazed with grief over a love-affair, threw herself into the river from the Quai d'Orsay. Fortunately, César was within hearing, and with a sharp bark leaped out into the Seine and reached the drowning girl. He grasped her by the front of her blouse, but the girl fought him off and sank. César waited until she rose, swam away from her a little, and then swiftly approached her from behind. He now took a low hold at the back of the blouse, in such a way that the girl could not beat him, and then struck out for the bank. He was, of course, met half-way by one of the agents plongeurs, and the would-be suicide was saved.

Pelvoux has saved the lives of twenty-three persons, most of whom have fallen into the river inadvertently. For the most part the dogs are trained merely to support the drowning person in the water until the agent plongeur arrives with life-belts and other appliances.

The training of the young Newfoundland that M. Lépine periodically adds to his staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quay-side not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is, nevertheless, a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and

they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life-buoys, the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold; and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts, and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance; and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river-bank, and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris also the police dogs are a proved success.

The alert German minister of the interior sent a police commissary into Belgium to investigate for himself the merits of the dog police. The report of this official as to efficiency and economy was so striking, that within three years 150 German corporations had also installed dogs as auxiliary police, and were soon satisfied, as also were many cities of Austria, Hungary, and Italy, of the canine policeman's superb sense of duty, as well as its loyalty, vigilance, fidelity, and its indifference to bribes and salary alike.



SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XII

UNCLE JOHN AND MONT-SAINT-MICHEL



ELL, this is a great change from the automobile—eh, Peters? Of all the outrageous, heathenish actions, that cutting of automobile tires was the worst. Every man at that hotel ought to be hung up and high-strung and quartered—make an example of the whole outfit. I must say, though, that I blame Freeman a good deal myself. He says he felt anxious, and yet he never had that chauffeur set up to watch. Foolish, very foolish; but he 'll pay the penalty, having to stay there and wait for the tires from Caen.

"Lee, if you could withdraw yourself somewhat from the window, perhaps I could form some faint conception of what the country looks like to the north. If you and Yvonne want to compare maps, I should suggest that you sit side by side instead of holding the map so that it completely covers my horizon.

"Well, Peters, and so here we are off for Dol. Dol seems to be the only way to get in or out of Brittany, and it must have been so always, for in Matilda's tapestry she 's got William and Harold on their way to Dol as a beginning to making things hot for the Lord of Brittany. Very interesting study, that tapestry, Peters; I would n't have—

"Stowell, I beg your pardon, but those are my feet, and not valises, that you are going to sleep against. I did n't say anything as long as you took them as they

lay, but now that you want my left foot slanting to the right, I must protest. Suppose you end yourself the other way for a change, anyhow.

"Well, Peters, and so we are off for Mont-Saint-Michel, bless her old heart—or is Michel a him? I must say, I 'm deeply interested in to-day's expedition. Was n't some English Henry shut up on Mont-Saint-Michel and fed by ravens there, or something like that? Yes; I know there 's some such legend, and now we 're going to see the spot. How do we get from Dol to the mont? By Pontorson, eh? And then diligence the rest. Well, I must say it sounds like quite an undertaking; but then, if you leave the beaten path, you must always pay the price, and I must say I enjoy these little jaunts with a congenial party. Too bad the Kingsleys could n't have continued with us. Nice people, the Kingsleys—very interesting girls. What did you say? Oh, yes, of course the aunt was interesting, too; but—what did you say? Nonsense, nonsense! But I will say one thing, Peters, and that is that it pays to travel around when it brings one in contact with people such as yourself and Miss Kingsley.

"So this is Pontorson! Do we get down here? Is that the diligence? Do we get up there? Great Scott! how can we? And it looks to be about full already. Do you mean that we have got to climb that little ladder? I don't believe Yvonne can. I don't believe she ought to, even if she can. Can't we go to Mont-Saint-Michel some other way?

Peters, I 'd like to slay with my own hands that wretch that slashed our automobile. Will you think of the difference he is making in our comfort these days?

"Well, Stowell, let 's see you skin up there first. Looks easy, don't it, Peters? Lee, you go next. Now, Peters, it 's your

he has ever known any one to miss their footing? Well, tell him to keep a good grip on the ladder. Now then, one, two,—oh, this is—confound it! tell him to steady it— Great Scott! Landed!

"And now that I 'm up, tell me how in all creation I 'm ever to get down again.



May Wilson Preston '06

"FOUND UNCLE SITTING ON THE RAMPARTS WITH MISS CLARA EMILY"

turn. And now, Yvonne, my child, steady, and start and keep right on to the end. There—there—catch her on top anywhere, Peters. Got her? Are you all right, child? And now for your Uncle John!

"Ask him if this is a new ladder. I don't want to take any chances with an old ladder, you know. Well, what did he say? Ask him if people ever do fall or meet with any sort of accidents going up. Well, what did he say? Peters, this looks more serious every minute. What do they have the thing so high for, anyhow? I must say, I don't like going up there at all. Ask him if

"Well, why don't we start? That 's the worst of Europe, Peters—no push, no energy. Perfectly content to sit on a diligence and stagnate. Let me look at my watch. Eleven. Well, I 'm not at all surprised. I would n't be surprised at anything that might occur in this vicinity. I tell you, Peters, it will be a glad day for me when I set my foot down hard on a New York steamer-pier once more. I can't but feel—

"Ah, so we are to get under way at last! Lumbering old concern—eh, Peters? Great contrast to the automobile—Lee, as there may be some one speaking English within a mile of us, I

would suggest that you lower your voice a trifle and give the other fellow a chance. What? I don't catch what you say? Speaking to *me*? Who's speaking to me? *You*? Well, what do you want to say to me? I'm right here to be spoken to, and from the outlook I should fancy that I was going to be right here for an indefinite length of time. Well, what is it? The Brewers! Where? Ahead there? How do you know? Are you sure? What do you think, Peters? Yes, that's them. Brewer seems to be underneath the machine. Well, what shall we do? Wave and holler? We can't do anything else if we want to. But they are going to be a good deal surprised to see us perched aloft like this. Yes; there's Mrs. Brewer sitting on the bank with McCarthy and the other man. I'd rather be the guests than the owner when it comes to an automobile any day.

"Well, why don't you holler, Lee? That's it—make a trumpet out of your hands and just give it to them. Gee! but they are surprised! Holler that we are going to Mme. Poulard Ainé. I suppose that they're going there, too, anyway; no one ever goes anywhere else. Dear me! but they're happy to have that automobile. Lucky for them that they went on just when they did. There's Brewer crawling out from under. Well, I can't stay twisted any longer, so we'll turn our eyes once more to the future.

"What's that ant-hill out at sea? It is n't the sea, though, is it? It's land; gray sand, I vow. And so that is Mont-Saint-Michel? Curious. Used to be on land, eh, and then got to be on sea? It appears to me that we have quite a drive before us yet. Looks to me to be three or four miles. What do you say, Peters? Of course I don't know how big the mont is, so I have nothing to

judge the distance by; but I should say three miles at least.

"Stowell, I've heard that story you are telling ever since I was born; whoever told you that it was new ought to be shot. This tendency to tell old stories is a perfect vice with some people, Peters, and that brother of yours is forever doing it. I've heard him tell about calling the cabman a pig in France and asking him if he was engaged in Germany until I'm about to the end of my patience. Great Scott! how hot the sun is, and no matter how gaily we lumber along, the mont looks to be equally distant. What is this road we're on, anyway? Seems to be a high way in the most literal sense of the word. Dike, eh? Built on purpose for tourists, I suppose—

the American tourists before all, I'll bet.

"Well, so that is the mont close to. Appears to just comfortably cover up the whole island. Curious collection of houses and staircases topped off by a church. However, my main care at this moment is n't what we've come to see, but how in thunder we're to get down to see it. Well, the people line up pretty thick, and they have the additional joy of knowing that every last one of us is a tourist. That's one good thing about America, Peters, you can travel there without being a tourist. You pay a stiff price for very little, but that little's good, and the game ends with it. Europe's entirely different: what turns on the light over the washstand turns it off over the bed, and then, with all that, they mark light extra in the bill. There don't seem to be any legitimate hotel comforts here: they're all extra. I vow, I hate to take that hard-wood bolster out from under my head nights, for it's the one thing I get for nothing in every hotel.

"Well, Yvonne, I think you'd better



A STREET IN AURAY

go down first. You go next, Stowell, and then you, Lee. You and I, Peters, will wait and take our time. I vow, I'm not very keen on this descent. Just hold my hat, will you? Here, you, down there, hold this ladder steady. Peters, I—where 's the next step? Peters, you—where 's the bottom? I vow I—

"Safe at last! quaint old place—old wall with a gate in it, eh? Fishing-rods and oars all about; when does the tide come in? Faster than a horse can gallop, eh? Well, that must be sad for the horse. Anyhow, I did n't ask how fast it came in; I asked when it would come in next. Well, ask some one. An hour after we leave, eh? Interesting. But come on; let 's go up to Mme. Poulard Ainé and eat the omelet, and then we can climb around some. You walk on, Yvonne, and order the luncheon, and Mr. Peters and I will come leisurely after. Yes, my niece is a pretty girl, Peters, but nothing but a child—nothing but a child. No more idea of worldliness than a cat has of a cactus; a great responsibility to travel with—a great responsibility. Between you and me, I used to suspect young Reynolds of paying her attention; but when he took another ship over, and then left Paris before we arrived, I saw my suspicions had been wrong. I said a thing or two about him to Yvonne, and she took it perfectly placidly, so then I saw that it was all off. I don't like to run down a friend of yours, Peters,—and I suppose he must be a friend of yours or you would n't have him along with you,—but you 're old enough to see that he has n't got the stuff in him to make any girl happy. He 's too—too—well, I can't just express it, but I know that you understand. It takes peculiar attributes to make a woman happy. Now, take me, for example. My wife and I were very happy; she always knew just what was expected of her, and she always did it. It followed naturally that—

"And so this is the famous omelet-place. Well, in we go. Quaint—very quaint. Look at the chickens turning on the spit and dripping in a trough. My, but they look good! Mme. Poulard herself, is n't it? Good day, ma'am; bon jour—bon jour. Glory, what a smile, stereoscoped and illuminated! Makes

me think of the china cat's head that we used to put a candle inside of when I was a kid. Do we go upstairs? Eat up there, eh? Quaint—very quaint. Every fellow did what he pleased to these walls, evidently. Well, Peters, let 's sit down.

"And so we now set out to climb Mont-Saint-Michel. Picturesque flight of steps. No, I don't mind climbing—good exercise. Curious little winding walk; old woman with baskets to sell. No, we don't want any; go 'way, go 'way. Terrible nuisance, such people. Here 's another with yellow flowers. No, no, go 'way, you—and another with matches. No, no, go 'way. Well, that 's a pretty tall flight of steps, is n't it, Peters? But I guess we can make it. Where 's Yvonne? Ahead, eh? Well, I presume those two fellows can look out for her. Curious about the Brewers not turning up; suppose he 's under the auto-



MONT-SAINCT-MICHEL

IN MONT-SAINCT-MICHEL

mobile yet? Wonder how Freeman is getting on in Vire. Let 's stop and look at the view. Fine view! As I was saying, Peters, it was too bad the way we broke up at Vire. I really felt mean over leaving as we did. What did you say? Nonsense; none of that, Peters, none of that. But I will say one thing for her: she certainly was a woman of great perception—always thoughtful for others. Did you notice how she used

to push the ash-receiver toward me? It's things like that that make a man comfortable. Astonishing that such a woman should never marry. Well, let's go on. Not more than ninety more steps and two flower women to get over. Peters, have you observed how many stairs there are in Europe? It fairly bristles with them. We go pretty nearly stair-free with us,

XIII

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: We are all here together again except the Brewers and the two Tripps and Ellsworth Grimm. It is very jolly, only I am so worried over Uncle and Miss Clara Emily. Even Mr. Peters cannot

*May Wilson Prater*

"MRS. WHALEN HAS JUST COME IN TO SAY THAT SHE'S GOING TO DOL"

and over here it's stairs from dawn till—

"Great Scott, will you look at them! Oh, I never can go up there, never! We may as well go back. If you want to, you can go up; but I could n't possibly see anything that would compensate me for those steps. I'll bet there are ten thousand, and like as not there are more beyond. I'm going back and sit with Mme. Poulard Ainé till it's time to go. You go on alone. Tell him we don't want those oyster-shell pin-cushions, will you? Then you go on by yourself, Peters. I've had enough. You go on, Peters; I'll go back."

keep them apart. Lee took Mr. Peters to his room and talked to him seriously, and offered to make Uncle still more worth his while; but Mr. Peters has been agreeable so long that he does n't do it well any more. He just looks silly, and Lee says if he was us he'd let Uncle go rip. But of course Lee is n't us, and I know he can't be expected to know just how we feel. If Uncle John marries Miss Clara Emily, I know no one is going to like it at all.

We went to Mont-Saint-Michel, and every one but Uncle went up, and he went seven flights up—he says twenty, but I don't believe that there are more than

sixteen or seventeen in all. We were ahead, and never knew that he had stopped, being behind, and it was so interesting on top that I forgot I had an uncle. There are beautiful halls and cloisters, and then one goes down through all sorts of horrors, while the guide tells who lived five years in this hole and who lived twelve years under those steps. You get to have such a contempt for people who were in prison only one or two years over here—as if they ought to be ashamed of having been in only such a short time. There is a ghostly, ghastly museum in Mont-Saint-Michel where the visitors walk through an unlighted gallery and look in at wax victims doing different things in a very thoughtful manner—all but one man, who walked on the sand and was overtaken by the tide, and *he* looks anything but thoughtful. The best was the battle, which was very realistic and must have been very trying to the leaders; for how could they get absorbed in a fight when the tide would drown them if they kept on a minute too long? There was a man who thought he would escape, and dug a way out with his nails, taking a short life-time to the task; and then he found he 'd dug in instead of out, and, after letting himself down with a rope, he came to a bottom all covered with skeletons. I can assure you that I was glad we were all together and that Lee had my arm tight, for the scenes were awful, and I grew so sick toward the last that when we came down at the end and found Uncle sitting on the ramparts with Miss Clara Emily, I nearly screamed. They had all come while we were above, and Emily and some men were out walking on the sand. Clara is somewhat better; but I think she is even more sincere than usual this time. In her locket she has some plaster from the wall that she heard through, and she says she sleeps with it pressed to her lips. And I *know* that Miss Clara Emily is going to do everything in the world to get Uncle, for Emily says she was traveling just with a little hand-satchel, and now she insists on a suit-case. Oh, dear, I don't know what to do; and Lee is tired of the situation, and wants to go yachting, and I want to go with him. It would be so lovely off yachting with Lee; and the

yacht is anchored where we can see her from the city-walls. Lee is forever pointing to her. He says Mr. Stowell would let him have her for a month, any day.

We passed the Brewers on our way to Mont-Saint-Michel, but they must have seen the Kingsleys and gone back. Mrs. Brewer told me in Vire that they could never meet the Kingsleys again; she said that Mr. Brewer said if he should meet Clara he knew he should explode. I don't think that Mr. Brewer has much heart or he never would have called poor Clara a Yellow Kid; I 've known Clara ever since I was a baby, and it never struck me that she looked like that till she told me that Mr. Brewer said so.

We all took the tram-ride along the shore yesterday, but one is so afraid that a wave will wash over the car and drench every one with spray that it is n't much fun. The tide is so funny all along this coast, because the coast is so level that a foot of water covers a mile or so, and when a wave starts to come in there's nothing to stop it at all. I don't think that St. Malo is very interesting, but perhaps that is just Uncle and Miss Clara Emily. He sends her violets, and I know it is he, for it could n't be Mr. Peters or Mr. Stowell, and it would n't be Jim Freeman or Scott McCarthy. She wears them pinned on in such a funny way.

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Edna has sent me the letter about your coming over, and I am so relieved. Perhaps you will get here in time to save Uncle from Miss Clara Emily; I do hope so. Edna's things must be lovely, and I read her letter to Lee. He says if I'm good I will have some things of my own some day, and I do hope so; but Uncle is so heavy on my mind that I cannot realize that I shall ever have any life except trying to keep him from Miss Clara Emily. Mr. Peters is no good at all any more, and has a bad cold besides. He and Clara sit on the ramparts and gaze at the sea, and look as if they were two consolation prizes that the people who won did n't care enough about to take home with them.

Lee says he never realized that Mr. Peters could peter out quite so completely. Lee wants to go yachting, and wants me to go, too, and I can't leave Uncle, and Uncle won't leave Miss Clara Emily. It 's quite stupid here at St. Malo, and we want to go on; but Lee won't go on, and I 'd rather stay in a

says only a prompt, efficient, quick-witted, thoroughly capable nature like Miss Clara Emily's could have saved her. Oh, I just know he 's becoming serious, and Lee says it 's just tommy-rot about the efficiency, because all in the world that Miss Clara Emily did was to jerk the locket up by the chain; and she



"WHEN HE WENT TO WASH, I GAVE THE WAITER AN EXTRA TIP
TO SERVE US QUICKLY"

stupid place with Lee than go anywhere without him. He 's mad over the Kingsleys tagging along, because he likes Scott McCarthy less and less all the time. Scott walks on the other side of me sometimes, and Lee does n't like it. I think land is getting on Lee's nerves, and he ought to go yachting; but life is such a tangle just now that I don't know what to do about anything. Miss Clara Emily is hemstitching a handkerchief, and I just know that it is for Uncle. Oh, dear!

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Such an awful thing almost happened! Clara had a nightmare, and came near choking to death on Mr. Brewer's plaster—the locket, you know. Uncle

did that in such an awfully quick way that poor Clara says she 's cured of Mr. Brewer forever. She will have to eat soup through a china straw for several days.

Uncle wants to go to Carnac and see the ruins of the Stone Age, and he and Miss Clara Emily are mapping out a trip. I 'm sure I don't know what I 'll do, for Scott McCarthy has bet Mr. Stowell ten dollars that Uncle gets "hooked" in Carnac. Lee told me, and Lee himself is provisioning the yacht, and says he 's cock-sure that he eats some of those provisions aboard her himself. Emily does n't want to go to Carnac, and Jim Freeman says it is n't any automobile country, on account of the relics of the Stone Age being so thick in the roads.

Next day.

St. Malo.

DEAREST MAMA: Why didn't you write me that Mrs. Whalen was coming abroad? She arrived last night on the Jersey boat, and saw Uncle and Miss Clara Emily on the ramparts through her marine glasses. she hunted us up at once, for she says that affair must stop right where it is. She asked if you approved of Lee, and when I told her that you did, she said then she had nothing to say. Lee introduced her to Mr. Peters, and she sent him straight to bed and had them poultice his chest and mustard-plaster his back, for she says his cold may run into anything. I took her up to Clara, and she sent out for sweet oil, and stopped the china straw, and set her to gargling. She says it's awful the amount she finds to do everywhere she goes, and she was in a train accident before she came to the steamer, and you ought to hear how she chopped people out. The shade in my room did n't work, and she put a chair on the washstand and fixed it with a screw-driver that she carries in her pocket. Uncle and Miss Clara Emily came in just then, and the effect was paralyzing. Uncle turned red, and poor Miss Clara Emily nearly sank to the floor. Mrs. Whalen advanced toward them as if she were a general leading a cavalry charge afoot, and said: "Well, so the old folks have been out sunning themselves." Did you ever hear of anything more cruel? Miss Clara Emily looked blue with rage, and said she must go to Clara, and Mrs. Whalen said: "John, come with me," and took Uncle off behind some palms, and Lee and I went away, so as not to be anywhere near when he came out.

We did n't come back until nearly six, and Lee said he supposed we'd find Uncle and Mr. Peters learning to play "old maid"; but when we came in, Uncle was reading a New York paper about a month old, and Mrs. Whalen had gone out with Scott McCarthy to buy Clara a hot-water bag. Miss Clara Emily was upstairs packing, to take Clara to a specialist somewhere else. Mrs. Whalen came to my room after dinner, and said I must rub kerosene or vaseline into my hair every night for a month. I don't

want to, but I'm so grateful about Uncle that I'll pour a lamp over myself if she wants me to. Uncle came to my room a while later and said, "Hum!" and shook his watch, and held it to his ear. I don't think he liked being broken up with Miss Clara Emily, but he only said that he was going out on the yacht to-morrow (that's to-day), and for me to consider myself in Mrs. Whalen's charge for the time being.

He went away early this morning with Mr. Peters and Jim Freeman and Lee, and Mrs. Whalen and I saw the Kingsleys off for Rennes at noon. I'm sure Miss Clara Emily felt dreadfully over Uncle, and Emily says she's more than ever ashamed of having such an aunt. Emily told me that if an Englishman came on this afternoon's boat from Jersey, to tell him they'd gone to Dol. She did n't want him in Rennes, because she knows two French officers in Rennes. It was not a very nice day for traveling,



May Wilson Boston, 00.

"HE WENT TO HIS ROOM AND BROKE
THE BELL-ROPE ORDERING
BREAKFAST"

for there is such a wind they won't be able to have the windows down at all, and you know it's only fun when you have the windows down. Mrs. Whalen says she'd have the windows down any-

way; she says she 'd like to see the Frenchman that she would n't put a window down in his face, if she felt like it. I asked her where she was going next, and she said she had no idea, but she thought to Dol and Mont-Saint-Michel, as long as she is so near. She says it was a stroke of luck her happening here just in time to save Uncle; she 's positive he was holding her hand through the marine glasses. She says it 's good she came about Mr. Peters, too, not to speak of Clara.

It keeps blowing more, and Scott McCarthy says that they 'll be out all night. Lee will like that and Uncle won't, and Uncle will see that Lee likes it and then he won't like Lee. Oh, dear! But I must n't mind anything as long as Miss Clara Emily is gone.

Mrs. Whalen has just come in to say that she 's going to Dol, so as to see the tide come in at Mont-Saint-Michel, and to measure out the ginger so I can make Mr. Peters the tea. I 'm sure I 'm glad she is going, for she makes me so tired and nervous, always hopping up to fix something with her screw-driver, and I want to wash the petroleum out of my hair before Lee comes back. He does n't like the smell of petroleum at all. I offered to help her pack, but she does n't pack. She wears a sort of night-gown for underwaist and petticoat together, and the front of her blouse has pockets inside for all her toilet things. She says she washes one garment every night, and buys a clean handkerchief each Saturday and Wednesday, and has a pocket for her letter of credit sewed to her corset. I think it is awful to be so very convenient.

Later.

SHE went and never said a thing about me, for it left me all alone with Scott McCarthy, and I know Lee won't like that at all. The mail came, and I thought I 'd better say I had a headache and come up here to stay alone till Uncle comes back. I had all your letters and Edna's. Edna is so happy, and everything goes so smooth for her and Harry that I 'm almost sorry some days that I 'm Uncle's favorite. Lee wants to tell Uncle right out and be done with it; but

I want to wait for a favorable time, and every time that things begin to look favorable something unexpected happens to make him say "Hum." It is so trying. Edna says she 's getting a lot of things twice over so that I can have half, and she says she thinks we ought to be coming back so as to meet you. I can't make her understand how helpless I am, for I can't do anything with Uncle unless I 'm alone with him enough to make him think that I want to do something else. And Lee thinks it is an outrage and says that he has rights, too. I do think that if I did n't love Lee I would be really glad to have the world all women, men are so difficult to get along with.

But, you know, no matter what I say, I 'm having a lovely time, after all, and I *am* grateful to Uncle for having brought us.

Lovingly,
Yvonne.

P. S. It is ten o'clock, and the yacht never came in. If Uncle gets seasick in a storm, he 'll never want to lay eyes on Lee again, and he 'll *never* forgive me.

XIV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Carnac.

DEAR MAMA: I 'm just about in despair, and Lee does n't know where I am. We reached Carnac last night, and Uncle is "humming" like a top, so to speak. But I must tell you all about it.

The yacht got too far out, and the new thumb-screw, or whatever it is on a yacht, stuck, and they blew and pitched until they pitched on to the Island of Jersey, where Lee and Uncle went ashore for Lee to send a machinist aboard. While Lee was busy, Uncle just quietly went aboard the Jersey boat and came back to St. Malo without saying please or thank you to a soul. He walked in on me and told me we were to leave for Dol the next day, and for Heaven's sake not to remind him of Aunt Jane by asking questions. I was dreadfully upset, but of course I never thought for a minute of reminding him of Aunt Jane, so I packed that evening and left a letter for

Lee telling him please not to be vexed. We took an early train for Dol (it's always Dol in Brittany), and in Dol we changed for Rennes. Of course I thought that Uncle was chasing Miss Clara Emily when I saw the train marked Rennes, but I did n't dare say a word, for he never spoke but once between Dol and Rennes, and that time all he said was "Hum."

We reached Rennes, and I thought we would go to a hotel; but we changed

Carnac Uncle said to pardon the personality of the statement, but that he never again would try to keep up with the eternal activity of a young person. I thought that that was pretty hard when I did n't even know where we were going, but I did n't say anything, and when he went to wash, I gave the waiter an extra tip to serve us quickly. After Uncle ate, we went out and walked around Carnac a very little and saw all the people in their black velvet hat-ribbons and short



"HE TOLD MRS. CLARY THAT HE HAD FORESEEN THIS FINALE
TO OUR TRIP ALL ALONG"

cars again—this time for Redon. Uncle spoke again, and asked me if I had the Gaelic grammar handy. I said no, and he said "Hum" again. Then we reached Redon and changed cars again for Auray. Going to Auray, Uncle asked me what became of Mrs. Whalen, and when I told him that she went to Mont-Saint-Michel, he said her husband was a lucky man to be dead. Then we came to Auray and changed cars for Plouharnel, and I began to wonder why we did n't run off the end of Brittany into the sea. We reached Plouharnel about four in the afternoon, and took a tram for Carnac at once, and when we reached

jackets; but when I said they looked picturesque, Uncle said that they looked like confounded fools, and so we came home, and now we are going to bed. I have written Lee, but I don't know when he will get it, because of course it will have to go backward through all these changes.

Next day.

Carnac.

DEAREST MAMA: Uncle woke up ever so much better this morning, and told me that he pitied any poor wretch who had ever been sicker than he was on that detestable yacht. He said, too, that any one who could

suppose for a minute that he could have any serious intentions toward such a woman as Miss Clara Emily would be even more of an utter idiot than Mrs. Whalen appeared to be. He said, too, that the ticket-agent who told him that Carnac was an easy place to go to ought to be strangled by the first traveler who got back alive from the effects of believing him to be telling the truth. He said, too, that if he survived Europe and reached home again, he'd get in a bathtub and know when he was well off for one while. He said, too, that when he had once looked around the Stone Age he was going to head for Paris with a speed which he rather guessed would cause the natives to open their eyes.

Then he went to his room and broke the bell-rope ordering breakfast.

After breakfast we went to walk and saw more stone walls than I ever saw before. There is n't a wooden house or fence in the whole of Brittany, I believe. We walked to a tiny village called St. Columban's, and climbed the tower of the little church. There was a fine view, but Uncle said he could smell the oysters for miles around, so we came down right off and walked back. There was a girl who said she would drive us all over in the afternoon, and let us take the night train from Auray; so we returned to the hotel and had an early lunch, and then she came to the door with a shaky old thing like a carry-all and a fat little horse, and we started.

Mama, you never saw anything like Uncle. Everything was wrong at first—every living thing, and the one saving grace of the situation was that the girl who drove could n't speak English. But after a while we came to the first menhirs, and Uncle just about went into a fit. They are the most curious things I ever saw, for they stand in parallel rows miles long, and every one is resting on its little end and has been resting on its little end for thousands of years. At the first glance Uncle said they were arranged so just for tourists; but he got out and walked around them and tried to shake one or two, and then he said he would n't have missed seeing them for the world and that he should never regret coming to Europe as long as he might live hereafter. He was perfectly

lovely for a while after that, and we looked at dolmens and cromlechs the whole afternoon, and sometimes we thought they were hay-mows when we saw them far ahead and sometimes we thought they were houses. We only had one unfortunate time, and that was when we had to ferry over the Crach. The ferry was on the other side, and that upset Uncle right away and he asked me if my experience had ever led me to a ferry that was *not* on the other side. They took nearly half an hour to bring it across, and Uncle said that it would be a great day for Europe if she ever learned what t-i-m-e spelt, and he looked at me as if I were Europe while he said it. They are building a bridge over the Crach, and as soon as we embarked on the rickety old ferry, it blew in between two of the piers and wedged tight, with us on it. Uncle asked me if I was going to have the face to tell him that we were not stuck and were not going to be stuck there indefinitely, and I really did n't know *what* to answer. The men in the boat hollered and hauled and swore in Gaelic, and finally we were free for fifty feet and then the tide blew us in between two other piers. Uncle said he could but feel that being stuck twice on the same ferry was a poor reward for a kind-hearted man who was trying to the best of his ability to give some species of instructive amusement to an innocent girl, and then he looked severely at the setting sun while we came loose again and progressed fifty feet more. A great, thick wave came then and broke over the horse and smashed us in so hard and fast that I was honestly scared. Uncle was too mad for words. He said that he would make just one remark and that was that if he ever gave me a chance to beguile him away from civilization again he would cheerfully and contentedly and silently end his days on any ferry which I would choose to designate to him. It was getting cold, and I was so tired from yesterday that I just shut my eyes and did not speak at all, and when we came loose, Uncle spoke to me quite gently and was very nice all the rest of the way.

We were too late for the train, and have come back to Carnac. I feel about done up.

Next day.

Carnac.

DEAREST MAMA: Lee and Edna and Mrs. Clary are all here. Just listen. Lee looks like a ghost, and it seems that no one noticed Uncle go aboard that Jersey boat because Uncle went aboard by a gang-plank that's forbidden, and Lee thought that he was drowned, and they dragged the dock and sent down divers, and finally came over to St. Malo to break the news to me, having telegraphed Mrs. Clary and Edna to come at once. He reached St. Malo only to find us gone, and they have been tracing us with the automobile ever since. Lee is so glad Uncle is alive that he keeps grabbing his hand and shaking it and shaking it, and Uncle says I must not mention it to Lee, for it might go to his head, but that he is one of the few young men who have a heart in the right place, and that he has always had a special fondness for him ever since he was a baby. Lee thinks that under the circumstances we had better tell Uncle to-night, and we are going to. I feel rather nervous, but Lee says he can never stand anything like these three days again.

Midnight of the same day.

MY OWN DEAREST MAMA: Uncle says yes! He says he has been carefully scheming and planning to bring Lee and me together for years. He says there are traits in him which are so like himself that he cannot but admit that Lee is one of the very few men in this world calculated to make a woman happy. He told Mrs. Clary that he had foreseen this finale to our trip all along, and I do believe that he really believes himself.

The Brewers arrived about nine o'clock to-night, and they are so delighted. Mr. Brewer is so kind; he says Uncle must go to Locmariaquer and around that way with them. I reckon he thinks I need a rest. We told them about Clara and the locket, and I thought that they would die. Mr. Brewer says that never a day passes without their remembering something fresh which she must have overheard.

I am so happy over Uncle that I hardly know what to do. He says it has

been the pleasantest trip of his life, this little tour with me, and that Lee must never cease to treat me with the tender care which he has given me all along. He says Lee must remember what a sensitive organization a woman has and never indulge in temper or impatience or strong language or sarcasm. Lee is very nice and says, "Yes, sir," and nods every time. I do think Lee gets nicer and nicer all the time.

We start toward Paris to-morrow.

Your awfully happy

Yvonne.

XV

UNCLE JOHN WELL CONTENT

"WELL, Mrs. Brewer, this is certainly the only way to travel, after all. Comfortable, clean,—for if there is a smell, some other fellow gets it,—and no jolting. And now that I have that dear child established and off my mind, I feel that I can conscientiously give myself a few days of free and easy pleasure. I've done nothing up to now but consider Yvonne and her needs, mental and material, and although I love the child like my own, still I cannot but admit that a young girl is a great care. And of course you never can be positive that the right man will turn up. However, all's well that ends well, and I'm happy to say that I'm ending this little trip extremely well content. Some men might regret not having seen more, but never me. You see, Brewer, I'm one of the easy-going, placid, serene type, and whatever turns up suits me perfectly. I guess if you ask my family far and wide you won't find one member to deny that statement, or if you do, you will just have the kindness to let me know who it is and I'll take steps to prevent their ever expressing such an opinion a second time.

"Fine view here, good road. Believe I'll have a machine of my own when I get back to America. What's that island off at sea? Belle-Isle, eh? Dumas's Belle-Isle? Very interesting. We might make a little excursion out there, calling ourselves the Three Musketeers, eh? I'll be d'Artagnan; I always fancy d'Artagnan. I tell you, Brewer, something martial gets up and stirs around in my bosom as a result of

this trip—a sort of dare-devil, Robert the Devil, piratical, Crusader sort of a thrill. I shall never be sorry that I came. The trip has not been one of unmitigated joy. We have borne our crosses,—many crosses,—and yet I will remark—and I 'll swear it, too, if you like,—that I 'm glad I came.

“I 've seen thoroughly every place

I 've been in. I 've made my niece enjoy life, and I 've made every one else with whom I came in contact enjoy life. I 've won for her just the one man calculated to make her happy, and now I 'm headed for the one land calculated to make me happy.

“I 'm glad that I came, I 'm glad that I came.”

THE END



MACDOWELL

BY R. W. G.

REJOICE ! rejoice !

The New World hath a voice—
A voice of tragedy and mirth,
Sounding clear through all the earth;
A voice of music, tender and sublime,
Kin to the master-music of all time.

Hear ye, and know, —

While the chords throb with poignant pause and flow, —
Of the New World the mystic, lyric heart,
Breathed in undaunted art:
Her pomp of days; her glittering nights;
The rich surprise
And miracle of iridescent skies;
Her lovely lowlands and imperial heights;
Her glooms and gladness;
Her oceans thundering on a thousand shores;
Her wildwood madness;
Her streams, adream with memory that deplores
The red inhabitants vanished and undone,
That follow, follow to far lands beyond the setting sun.

And echoes one may hear of ancient lores
From the Old-World's well-loved shores:
Primal loves, and quenchless hates;
Striving lives, and conquering fates;
Elves innocently antic
Or wild-eyed, frantic;
Shadow-heroes, passionate, gigantic—
Sons and daughters of the prime
That moved the mighty bards to noble rhyme.

Rejoice! rejoice!

The New World hath new music—and a voice!

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE CZAR

BY AMALIA KÜSSNER COUDERT

PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR



I HAVE hoped that some one free to speak would tell through the American press some of the kind things that I know to be true of the Czar; but in all the writing about Russia I have not found one word representing him as he appeared to me when I painted a miniature of him a few years ago. It is scarcely likely that any of the writers can have had a better opportunity for forming an opinion. It was my rare privilege to see and know him as he is at home, in the private apartments of the Winter Palace, with his family about him. I would not, in this case, break my rule of reserve concerning those whom I have had the pleasure of painting, were not the circumstances absolutely exceptional.

In March, 1899, I was quite unexpectedly summoned to Russia to paint a miniature of Maria Pavlovna, the wife of the Grand Duke Vladimir, uncle of the Czar. Within two weeks after receiving the royal summons, I was in St. Petersburg. It was still the depth of winter, and the fine snow that makes the peculiar gloom of the city continually filled the air. The first impression was singularly depressing, and the Grand Duchess afterward told me that she attributed to this prevailing gray and white much of the melancholy that is the marked characteristic of the Russian temperament.

But I had had only a glimpse from my hotel window when a message came from the Grand Duchess, requesting me to come to her at once. For a moment I was utterly dismayed. My trunks had not arrived, and I was shocked at the thought of appearing before royalty in a traveling dress; but a royal request must be complied with, regardless of circum-

stances, and I immediately set out for the Grand Duke's palace, after hastily putting on a long coat, in hopes that it might conceal my dress. Unluckily, there was a Russian custom of which I knew nothing. When I reached the grand entrance-hall of the palace, several of the attendants, gorgeous in gold lace, gathered about me, apparently insisting upon something. They spoke only the Russian language, which I did not understand, but it was soon clear that they were bent upon removing my coat, and they finally succeeded, in spite of all that I could do. As I looked longingly after it, I saw it hung up on one of several rough wooden racks, which seemed strangely out of place in that magnificent entrance to a royal palace. Afterward I saw these racks everywhere, even in the Winter Palace, and learned that the extreme heat of the houses made it necessary to remove all wrappings; and as the bitter outside cold makes many heavy ones necessary, these strange-looking racks are required.

I now went on to the drawing-room, where the Grand Duchess received me by holding out her hand with a simple, cordial greeting spoken in perfect English. It need not be said that she is beautiful. Her beauty is well known, and it was even greater than I expected. There was something in her appearance that made me think I must have seen her before, without knowing her, but of course I said nothing of the kind, and soon forgot this impression in arranging the details of the miniature. I can scarcely tell how it was that I thought of veiling the throat in a brown scarf of tulle, as in the famous picture of Queen Louise; but when I suggested doing this, it suddenly struck me that the perplexing resemblance which I had

seen in the face of the Grand Duchess was to that painting, and I said so before thinking that I might be taking a liberty. The Grand Duchess smiled, evidently pleased, and said that no one else had ever noticed her likeness to Queen Louise, who was her grandmother.

The first sitting was to have taken place on the following morning, but just as I was about setting out, a thunderous noise arose in the hall outside my door. There were such heavy steps, such loud words, and such a remarkable clatter of swords, that I was really alarmed, and could hardly believe my own eyes when I saw that one small man, all alone, was making the whole commotion. He had come from the Winter Palace, and brought a letter summoning me to the presence of the Czarina, who wished to have a miniature painted. The message named as the time of my coming the very hour at which the Grand Duchess was to give me a sitting. Much embarrassed, and not knowing what to do, I hastened to tell the Grand Duchess of the message. She relieved me at once by saying that her miniature must be laid aside until the painting of the Czarina was finished.

That is how I found myself driving to the Winter Palace on a gloomy, snowy morning in March, 1899. Whirling through the grim, gray streets,—for Russian horses go very fast,—I was surprised and rather frightened at being saluted by the police. We Americans have heard such dreadful tales of the way all strangers are watched in Russia, that I wondered uneasily why the police should salute me. And I felt still more nervous on leaving the carriage at the overwhelming entrance to the great pile of stones, and walking through the big guard-room full of officers and soldiers.

Conducted by a silent, bowing attendant, I was ushered into a reception-room, where a lady-in-waiting met me. While talking with her, I could not help mentioning the fact of being saluted by the police while on my way to the palace, and saying that I could not conceive of any reason for their noticing me at all.

"It was because you were coming to the Winter Palace," she said, smiling a little at my frankness, perhaps. "They

know who you are, why you are here, and the time of your arrival. They also know exactly when you are to leave the palace, and if you should not do so most promptly, there would be immediate inquiry."

This seemed strange and alarming to me, an American, with our ideas of freedom, but I afterward learned that it was quite true. One night at a dinner I met the courtly gentleman of high rank who was then the chief of police. He told me that he personally knew the movements of every one of importance in St. Petersburg.

"Well, in that case I should n't wish to be a person of importance," I said.

"But you are," he replied. "You are at the Winter Palace every day, coming in close contact with the Czar and the Czarina."

Then, to prove what he had said, he went on to tell me that I had been here and there at such a time, and had done this and that on that very day. As he reminded me, I had gone into a small shop on the Nevski to buy a hat, and failing to make the shopkeeper understand, had accepted the assistance of a gentleman who chanced to be in the shop and who spoke the Russian language.

But I had little time to discuss Russian police methods with the pleasant lady-in-waiting. An attendant now appeared, to show me into the presence of the Czarina. At the door of a large drawing-room stood a giant Nubian, in native costume and armed with numerous swords. Near the center of the drawing-room the Czarina was standing, and seemed to be waiting for me. She held out her hand, and greeted me as kindly and simply as the Grand Duchess had done. Indeed, the greatest whom I have known have always been the kindest and simplest. She was dressed simply, too, in a pretty tea-gown, such as any young wife and mother might have worn at home. The only jewels that she wore were large pearls in her ears, and a splendid star ruby in a ring, the star ruby being her favorite jewel.

The general appearance of the Czarina may be fairly well known in this country, although fewer pictures have been published of her than of any other crowned head. But no picture that I

had seen gave any idea of how she really looks, seen thus face to face. Perhaps this may be for the reason that much of her beauty comes from exquisite coloring, and that there is about her a subtle charm impossible to picture and difficult to describe. She is very tall and very slender, yet most finely proportioned. Her features are almost Greek in their regularity, and the natural expression of her face struck me at once as a singularly wistful and sweet sadness that never went quite away even when she smiled. Her hair is strikingly beautiful and luxuriant, long, heavy, glossy, and brown-gold in color. Her eyes are large, soft, lustrous gray-blue, with long lashes, and I painted them cast down, as they nearly always are; for she is shy, and hardly ever looks up without a blush.

Yet with all the Czarina's blushing shyness, her bearing impressed me with a sense of something much deeper and graver than mere admiration for a beautiful, graceful woman. It is difficult to define just what this impression was, but it may be termed majesty, for lack of a subtler term; and the feeling of it increased during the entire time that I was privileged to enter her presence, although no one could have been kinder or more simple in all that she said and did. Mentioning that she had heard of my being in the city, she said she had seen reproductions of some of my miniatures, and liking them, wished me to paint one of her. Then she went on to arrange for the immediate beginning of the miniature, saying that the first sitting would take place on the next morning.

I need hardly say that there was no tardiness upon my part; but when I reached the Winter Palace at the appointed moment, the Empress was ready and waiting. Indeed, I have always found royalty to be prompt beyond any one else with whom I have ever had an engagement. Probably this is because they have more to do than ordinary people, and every moment is arranged for. This time the Czarina received me in her boudoir. It was an exquisitely feminine room and distinctly individual. I have never seen one in the least like it. The prevailing color was mauve—in the

rich silk hangings on the walls, the soft rugs on the floor, the curtains at the windows, the coverings and cushions, the frames of the pictures, the very mats around them, even in the pictures themselves there was a note of mauve. The vases about the room were all filled with the loveliest mauve orchids.

But I had little opportunity for looking and admiring. The Czarina at once began posing with what seemed to me unusual artistic feeling, and she sat for an hour without a word or a sign of being tired. When I asked if she were not feeling the strain, she answered, smiling, that "Anything worth doing at all was worth doing well." Then came the sound of a door opening behind me, and I heard the click of spurs. The Czarina looked up with the sweetest blush and the shyest smile, saying: "The Emperor is coming." There was barely time for me to spring up, with my heart thumping, when I saw Nicholas II. It was hard to realize that this was the Great White Czar, the ruler of the greatest empire, he seemed so young, so slight, so gentle, and so simple.

He held out his hand just as kindly and simply as the Empress had done, and he also spoke in perfect English, asking how the miniature was coming on. Indeed, I was already beginning to know that English is spoken exclusively by the Russian royal family in their private life. This would not be singular where the Empress herself were concerned, since she is virtually an Englishwoman, and has spent years in England; but I recall hearing the Grand Duchess Hélène, the daughter of the Grand Duke Vladimir, since become the Princess Nicolas of Greece, say that she could not remember ever speaking anything but English to her father.¹ And this exclusive use of English in their private life may account for the fact that among themselves they always say "Emperor" and "Empress" instead of "Czar" and "Czarina." At all events, I never heard any member of the royal family use the Russian title, and before long the Czar and the Czarina were the Emperor and the Empress to me also.

I wish it were in my power to tell exactly what I felt and thought at this

¹ See THE CENTURY for May, 1906, pp. 122, 124

first sudden and totally unexpected sight of the Emperor. There was something in his appearance that caused a quiet tightening in my throat and a queer thumping at my heart. As I have said, he looked young, gentle, and slight. He stood quietly and naturally, looking

royal blood. But no one could see this young Emperor of Russia, as I saw him then, without seeing spiritual force in his direct gaze and hearing moral courage in his sincere voice. To my excited imagination he appeared fully aware of the weight of his destiny, and to be bear-



From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE CZAR, IN THE UNIFORM OF THE
PREOBRAJENSKY REGIMENT

This regiment was recently "disgraced" by the Czar

straight at me with steady, clear, kind eyes. There was a sort of winning buoyancy, too, in the quiet dignity of his bearing. Above all, he looked kind, there was kindness in his eyes, in his face, in his voice; kindness in every easy, gentle movement of his slight, youthful figure.

In dwelling upon the Emperor's youthful appearance and gentle bearing, there is no thought of implying any lack of strength. There could hardly be a question of physical bravery in any royal case, since personal fearlessness is a part of royal training, if not inherent in

ing the awful burden with cheerful serenity, always looking at his great danger and without one waver of fear.

This first impression was, of course, largely due to my own fancy, but there was no difference in my estimate of the Emperor's personality after he also began sitting for a miniature, and I had a good opportunity to form a deliberate opinion. Sitting face to face with him for two or three hours at a time, I can scarcely have failed to form something like a true estimate of what he really is; for he bore himself without the slightest constraint, and talked quite freely of

every topic that came up, precisely as any gentleman would have done under the circumstances. I remember that one of the first things spoken of was our war with Spain, which was just then the theme of the world. It surprised me to see how thoroughly he understood the

range of public opinion and even current events. He talked of every subject so freely and naturally as to set me quite at ease. One day I happened to mention a bit of innocent but amusing gossip that I had picked up somewhere. He was as much amused as any quick-



From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert
Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CZARINA

American feeling, how clearly he saw our point of view, and how familiar he was with the names and careers of every American of note. He very frankly expressed his admiration for our national independence of character and opinion. One memorable thing that he said was: "You Americans never bother about what other nations think." He spoke also of leading American papers, showing familiarity with them; and I learned incidentally that every item in them affecting Russia or the royal family finds its way to his private desk. Knowing this, I have often smiled at the prevailing idea that the Czar is kept in enforced igno-

witted young person would have been, and, calling to the Empress, who was in an adjoining room, he requested me to repeat the story for her amusement, which I did.

There was only one occasion on which I had cause to remember that this perfectly unaffected and extremely intelligent sitter was the Great, White Czar of all the Russias. By an unlucky slip of the tongue, I mentioned Siberia with precisely the same tone of horror that we Americans usually speak of that land of terror, adding hastily, as I realized what I was saying, that it must be a most dreary country, because it was

To Miss Hissner



Ellen

Grand. Duchess of Russia

From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE GRAND DUCHESS HÉLÈNE (PRINCESS NICOLAS OF GREECE)



In Remembrance.
Maria
Grand Duchess of Russia

From the miniature by Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIA

so cold and barren. The Emperor spoke more quickly than he usually did, and said, on the contrary, that Siberia was a beautiful, fertile country, green and blossoming in summer, with fathomless mines of gold and turquoise under the rich soil. I did not pursue the subject, but afterward heard in society that the Czar had always strongly disapproved the sending of prisoners to Siberia. It was said that he considered it a great injury to so fair a country to associate it solely with suffering and crime. I did not doubt the truth of this, remembering what he had said to me.

One day he was talking of Russian horses, and I ventured to say that I had heard how fine his were and that I had been hoping to see them ever since coming to St. Petersburg. He said that I would have an opportunity on that very day, if I should be looking out of the hotel window at three o'clock, as he and the Empress were going to drive along the Nevski Prospekt at that hour. Of course I was watching at the window long before three, expecting to hear and see some imposing escort thundering before the Emperor's approach—some great cordon of guards drawn up on both sides of the thoroughfare, making a brilliant military spectacle. But there was nothing of the kind. Not a sound or sign told of the Czar's approach till I glanced up at the clock on a church across the street and saw its hands just on the hour of three. Then looking downward, I saw the policeman of the block directing the usual traffic to the sides of the street, and there came the Czar, with the Czarina by his side, and only the coachman on the box of the open carriage. And the only difference between his and the other Petersburg coachmen was that his looked rather fatter—fat as they all look. For this absurd padding of the Russian coachman, which is apparently the survival of a singular custom intended to convey the idea that rich people feed their servants well, is one of the characteristic features of St. Petersburg streets. The Czar's coachman also sat far forward, with arms outstretched and with taut reins, as all Russians drive.

The royal carriage had come and gone so quietly and quickly that I could

scarcely realize what I had seen. I had never heard that the Czar was in the habit of driving out entirely unattended; but now I heard that he had always done so whenever he liked, which was frequently, and a Russian lady whom I had reason to believe spoke the truth told me a little story of one of the Czar's drives when he chanced to be entirely alone. This well-authenticated story stated that the Czar thus caught sight of a party of students who were being marched through the street on their way to Siberia, and, so the story went, at once ordered the release of the students. Afterward, the lady told me in a whisper, the police marched their prisoners on streets through which the Czar did not drive.

Giving this story for what it may be worth, I can speak with certainty of the common people's confidence in the personal kindness of the Czar. The heavy, dull faces of the Russian peasants—surely the heaviest, dullest faces on the whole earth—will light up at the name of the Little Father. At all events, I saw them shine at the sound of it, and I think it unlikely that there can have been any great changes among the masses since then. A singular instance of this came under my own observation. The waiter who served me at the hotel table was rather above his class. He was an art student, and knowing, as everybody knew, that I was painting the Czar, made an appeal for help. He said that he could not study to advantage in Russia and that he could never hope to make a living there by his art, yet he could not go away, as he had not served his time in the army. Twice he had offered himself for service, and had been found too delicate for the standard of army regulations. Explaining all this, he begged me to state his cause to the Czar, feeling sure that the Little Father would grant his request to be allowed to leave Russia. I also felt quite certain of the generous response, and was truly distressed when, on consulting a diplomat, I was strongly advised against naming any political matter during my visits to the Winter Palace.

When I went again to the palace, after the memorable sight of the Czar driving alone like any private gentleman, I men-

tioned how strange it had seemed to me, an artist, to whom time means nothing, that he should have passed at the very instant that he said he would pass, at which smiling, he replied: "Punctuality is our first lesson." Patience also must be a royal lesson. Not once did he show any restlessness during the long sittings, and the only time that the sitting was shortened was when the Empress asked me to excuse him, as he had been up all night and must be very tired. After he had gone from the room, she went on to explain that he had spent the whole night in cock-shooting, a fine Russian sport. The blackcock, is, she said, a most difficult bird to approach. He hears the slightest sound, and it is almost impossible to shoot him except when he is singing to his mate, which he does so blindly and passionately that he neither sees nor hears. "But," the Empress continued, with her shy smile and sweet blush, "could anything be more cruel than to kill him at such a time!"

In my respect I found both of the royal sitters more unselfish, more thoughtful, and more considerate than almost any one else that I have painted. To the portrait-painter there can hardly be anything more distracting than to have the pose of the sitter disturbed by visitors or notes or messages. Nothing of this kind was ever permitted to interfere with my work at the Winter Palace. No third person was present during the sittings. It was only when the pose was finished that the Empress sometimes asked me to touch the bell which summoned a lady-in-waiting. This little bell was a curiously beautiful bit of ivory carving, representing elephants in trappings of gold and jewels standing on a piece of jade. One bore a huge diamond on his back, another a great sapphire, and the other a huge star ruby, which I touched when the Empress was ready for the lady-in-waiting. Usually the sittings ended just at luncheon-time, and as I left the Winter Palace I often saw a long procession of cooks in white caps and aprons bearing covered dishes and running at full speed, so that the food for the royal household might not get cold between the distant kitchens and the private apartments.

My stay in St. Petersburg extended over Easter, so that I saw the greatest

fête of the Russian year. The Empress gave me a sitting on the day before Easter, and naturally spoke of the curious custom requiring her to kiss every member of her household, the servants as well as the ladies.

Smiling and blushing, she described the repeated scrubbings that the servants give their honest faces by way of preparation for this great event, and how red and shining their cheeks were—all smelling of soap—when presented on Easter day. Then as each woman, high and lowly alike, is kissed, she places an egg in the hand of the Empress, and there is much rivalry in trying who can dye the egg most brilliantly. The Emperor, so the Empress went on to tell me, kisses all the men from the highest noble to the humblest soldier. "And," she continued, "sometimes it seems to me that the Emperor has rather the advantage, the new leather that the soldier wears smells so nice."

Her kindness encouraged me to ask if I might send her two little daughters some small Easter gift; for the Grand Duchess Olga and the Grand Duchess Titania had quite charmed me with their bright ways. The Empress readily consented that I might make the children an Easter gift, and I sent them a wire cage in the form of a large egg. The wires were twined with flowers, and inside the floral cage was a live white sparrow. When next I saw the Empress, she told me that the little girls were so excited by delight, on first catching sight of the bird, that they allowed it to escape from the cage, and would not rest until the Emperor himself caught it again and put it back. One day when I was painting the Emperor, the children came in and danced about him, coaxing for a piano. He laughingly reminded them that they had two already, and they accepted the refusal in perfect good humor. Dancing up to the Empress, who now entered the room, they held up their little lips to be kissed; then over to me and ran away. Recalling these unconscious and charming scenes of a simple and happy home life, it is no wonder that I fail to recognize the Emperor whom I know in the Czar that I have since read about. Moreover, I saw with my own eyes how the common peo-

Alexandra
1899



From a photograph in possession of Mrs. Coudert. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE CZARINA

ple love the Emperor, and most of all those who come closest to his daily life.

In order to spare him unnecessary fatigue in painting detail, I asked that he send to my hotel the uniform of the Preobrajensky Guard which he usually wore, and the one in which I painted him. It was brought to me by his old valet, who had been his father's valet also, and when I was done with the uniform, this same old valet came to take it back to the Winter Palace. Then a most curious scene took place. Before leaving my apartment the devoted servant spread the uniform on a table and went over it again and again, inch by inch, patting the cloth with his hand. He gave no explanation of what he was doing, but I understood that this was his way of making sure that nothing harmful was concealed in the garment. It hurt me to think that such precautions should be necessary on behalf of so gentle and kind a man as the Emperor seemed to me.

But just at this point it was discovered that the napkin in which the uniform had been wrapped could not be found. It was a very large and fine one, and in the corner the imperial arms were richly embroidered, as large as one's hand. In utter dismay I had my apartment turned upside down, the maids and waiters were called, but the napkin could not be found. Finally I sent for the proprietor, and, after explaining, told him that I must report the matter to the Winter Palace. He went out backward, bowing and protesting in evident alarm, and a few moments afterward the napkin was handed in at the door without a word. I do not believe that the proprietor had anything to do with its disappearance; but he most likely took active measures to learn who had taken it, and probably frightened some servant into returning it. Meantime, that gray, grave old valet stood beside the table, with his faithful hands on his beloved master's uniform.

AFTER READING THOREAU

BY EMMA BELL MILES

LAST night into my house and heart, dense-walled,
A wingèd wind there blew;
Into dull ears and duller soul it called
A message strange and new.

Pouring upon me a primeval youth,
A fresh and tonic stream,
It brought the certainty of innate truth
From worlds of which we dream.

Out of a silence deep and undefiled
That wind forever springs,
The magic and the perfume of the wild
Bearing on mighty wings.

And I, a prisoner of dogging thought,
Put sloth away from me,
And set the claims of self and sense at nought
By that which made me free.

So, now, content I stand within my door
To watch the year go round,
As simple health and life bring more and more
Dear joys of light and sound.



ROMEO

PORTRAITS OF
 EDWARD H. SOTHERN
 IN CHARACTER
 BY ORLANDO ROULAND

HAMLET

SHYLOCK

PETRUCHIO

MALVOLIO

ROMEO



MALVOLIO



From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
Copyright, 1906, by E. H. Sothorn

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "HAMLET"



From a painting by Orlando Rouland. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson
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EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS "SHYLOCK"

THE DOLL LADY

BY EDNA KENTON

Author of "Love Laughs at Lions"

PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL



MISS CATON settled back in her chair and drew a long sigh of weariness as the curtain went down on the first act. After all, it did n't pay to be so good-natured. She was not the dramatic critic of the "Evening Probe," and she had shown no common sense in her unresisting acquiescence to the city editor's doubtful suggestion that, in view of Vincent's message, she take his work for the afternoon, and cover this absurd matinée exploiting of an actress's favorite protégée. Dirke Vincent was too prone to indisposition when unimportant dramatic assignments were afoot. She called herself a coward of the first degree; too, as she uncompromisingly owned to herself her reasons for unresisting acquiescence. The "Evening Probe" was in the throes of acquiring a new technic, so to speak, a new maestro having just taken whirlwind charge, and Miss Caton had her eye open for some special dispensation in the way of out-of-door work. For the last year she had been in rebellious charge of the "Woman's Page," and she felt herself drying up with inanition and inaction. Hence her docile consent, for Rawson, city editor under the new management, was even more of a power than under the old.

Yet this exhibition was a fearful thing. Miss Caton now and then indulged the notion that she was past pure enjoyment of anything any more, but she could still on occasion muster up primitive rage, and this mincing child, this too ambitious *Nora*, had got on her nerves tremendously, from her first appearance with bundles and bags and too buoyant breez-

iness. It added considerably to Miss Caton's rage, too, to know that, owing to various causes which need not be entered into, this young stage débutante was to receive great praise; that if blame were bestowed, Ibsen and his "Doll's House" must bear it. This afternoon she did not feel like faking her story. She was in a mood to write brutal truth, and her knowledge that on this story her paper would not stand for it enraged her.

She looked resentfully about her. The audience was representative of the usual matinée crowd,—Miss Caton hated matinée crowds and matinée performances,—plus a large social element indicative of the strong influence back of the immature amateur who dared to lay sacrilegious hands upon serious drama. She took in the boxes with a disgusted sweep of her fine eyes, and memorized a few of the names. If worst came to worst, she could write up the afternoon from a social rather than from a dramatic standpoint. That would doubtless please Miss Isobel Coulter, débutante actress, best of all.

She frowned savagely at the buzz of matinée talk going on about her. "There ought to be a competitive examination," she muttered to herself, "for admission to Ibsen or Shaw or Maeterlink, except for this, that it would relegate those three and their works to an endowed theater or nothing. And they called the mad king of Bavaria maddest when he sat alone in a theater!"

"But she did eat a macaroon, did n't she?"

Miss Caton turned quickly toward the voice. It belonged to her neighbor,



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"BUT SHE DID EAT A MACAROON, DID N'T SHE?"

a little woman, perhaps twenty-five years old, with lovely, childlike eyes and an undeveloped mouth. She was beautifully gowned, and her furs were superb. She wore a rather wonderful necklace that caught Miss Caton's trained eye. It evidently had been made outside of a conventional goldsmith's shop, and was curiously built of copper and tawny-orange stones. Miss Caton hunted earnestly for the name of the stones, and meantime contented herself with a monosyllabic "Yes."

"But she told her husband she did n't," persisted the childish voice.

Miss Caton nodded again. "Yes," she said.

"Then it was a lie she told. Why?"

Miss Caton quoted a bit of Oriental philosophy. "It is better to lie a little than to suffer much," she remarked genially, without crediting her statement to its source.

"But why did she lie to her own husband?"

Miss Caton turned square about and looked her neighbor over. Of the picture she had looked on before there still remained the lovely gown, the rich furs, the odd chain of tawny stones and copper, and the childish face; but the brow above the puzzled brown eyes was drawn and knotted into unaccustomed lines. Miss Caton scented novelty ahead.

"Do you know Ibsen?" she inquired gently.

The tiny lady shook her head. "Not much," she confessed. "We just took him up in the club last fall. We studied 'Ghosts,'—I saw that played,—it's perfectly dreadful, is n't it? We had n't begun 'A Doll's House' when I left,—my husband's business brought him to Chicago rather suddenly,—but it was a chance to hear it played this afternoon, and I came. No; I don't know much about Ibsen. But why did she tell that sort of funny lie?"

"'It is better to lie a little than to suffer much,'" Miss Caton quoted again, with an odd smile playing about her lips. "Have n't you seen enough of *Helmer* to know the only way a woman could live in peace with him would be by lying? What woman would n't lie about eating forbidden macaroons, unless she were the sort, indeed, who could calmly

buy them by the pound and stuff on them. But the *Helmers* take care never to pick that sort of wife."

"But, all the same, he told her not to eat them," her questioner murmured doubtfully.

Miss Caton glanced at her again. If she were not careful, she would find herself feeding this child of the bottle too strong meat.

"But what of it?" she demanded gently. "What right has any man to command any woman as if she were a child? *Nora* was commanded too much, and *Nora*—very properly—lied."

"Yes," assented the childish voice, grievously; "she lied!"

Miss Caton's eyes lighted up at the finality of the tone. She decided on a little strong meat.

"But everybody lies," she asserted. "I lie, you lie, everybody lies."

The brown eyes before her widened and darkened in amazement and dismay.

"Why," the voice came at last in reply—"yes. Yes, I lie. I lie."

"Everybody lies," said Miss Caton again, more in comfort than in assertion.

A sudden flash of resentment leaped into the brown eyes. "Not my husband," the tiny lady asserted loyally—"not George. George never lies. George could n't lie, not even in trifles. Why, I say to him, 'George, are your feet cold?' and he says, 'No, they're not cold; they're just chilly.'"

Winifred Caton almost gasped aloud as she turned again and stared at her flushed and lovely neighbor. She seemed to see George before her, so marvelously had George's tiny wife drawn him. She knew George, it seemed to her, as she had known few men.

"And I lie," the tiny creature went on, in a rush of wild confusion. "I never saw it before, but I lie. In just such little trifles—I told a lie to my little boy this morning. It was something he could never find out was n't true, and it saved him from a frightful crying spell, and came true right away, as I knew it would. Do you think that was wrong? But was it right? I just said it. I never thought about it at all. I just said it because it seemed best. Is the best thing always the right thing?"



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN SHE GASPED IN HYSTERIC DISMAY"

I 'd never tell a lie just to tell one or because I was afraid to tell the truth. Do you think *Nora* lies because she likes to or because she 's afraid?"

"Wait," urged Miss Caton, gently. "I just saw the curtain-signal—there it goes up now. See whether you think she was afraid."

Miss Caton was intensely interested in the second act. She had long combated Dirke Vincent's pet theory that Ibsen is an actor-proof playwright. She had longed to make that theory the text of her "write-up" of this fearful performance; and, through Miss Isobel Coulter, knock it into a cocked hat; yet was she not watching that stilted young person strike Ibsen straight home to one awakening soul? Vincent's theory, before her unbelieving eyes, was being proved. As the curtain fell, she heard again an eager question:

"Do you think a woman is ever right in telling any sort of lie to her husband?"

Miss Caton answered, perforce, according to her light, which was of the world.

The brow of her interlocutor wrinkled perceptibly. "I don't know about it," she confessed doubtfully. "It seems to me that when a woman has such a good husband as I have, even as *Helmer* was—he was good to her, you know he was."

"Certainly he did not beat *Nora*," assented Winifred Caton, reflectively.

"No, indeed he did n't," said the tiny woman, swiftly. "He told her the truth, too, just as George tells me. Perhaps—I don't know—I don't know. I never thought so hard in all my life. I wish she would n't lie so much to him."

"Wait a bit, my dear," urged Miss Caton. "You 'll soon hear *Nora* telling some truths—"

"And I must do the same thing," murmured this small doll with a stirring soul. "I must tell George I lie—why, how much I lie you have no idea. It 's just like her, just like her. And I *must* tell him all about it."

Miss Caton leaned over quickly and put her hand over her neighbor's quivering one. She looked into the bright eyes—brighter with a sudden rush of brave tears.

"Don't," she said with tender merri-ment—"don't you do that. Don't tell George."

"Why not?"

Miss Caton sighed. "Because," she explained patiently, "one should never choose for a judge one who can't sin her sin. If George can't lie, don't tell George. Don't."

The brown-clad woman bent forward suddenly. "Are you married?" she asked swiftly.

"No," smiled Winifred Caton; "I 'm not married. But don't tell George."

The tiny lady sank back distressed. "I thought you were," she murmured. "I was sure you were. You talked all along like you knew so many things—about men, you know. I don't know what I 've said to you that I ought n't to have said—"

Miss Caton laughed a little. "Don't be troubled," she said cheerfully. "Ah, now you are going to hear *Nora* tell the whole truth—with the sad consequences thereof."

She smiled merrily to herself as the curtain rose on the last act—a smile the merriness of which became tinged with grimness in exact ratio to the deepening of the vital ethical problem which suddenly presented itself. Had she or had she not a right to purloin an involuntary interview? She frowned a bit as the negative side of the question presented itself, for a wonderfully inspiring path out of her maze of trouble over the afternoon's assignment was opening up. What critic could want greater "stuff" than this innocent spectator had unwittingly given? The opening sentence of her story flashed into her mind—the first words her new acquaintance had uttered. What a stunning thing it would be: "But she did eat a macaroon, did n't she?" A Doll Lady at "A Doll's House!" With that much of her story accounted for, Miss Caton's tiny ethical qualms vanished. In any case, the "Evening Probe" would never be perused by the wife of such a man as the truthful George, she told herself. It would be consigned to the side alley just before George entered the house. At all events, she had material for a story such as she had not felt inspired to write for a long time.

So absorbed in its possibilities did she become that she had neither eyes nor ears

for any part of the last act, whose *Nora* grew more and more stilted as the tragedy deepened. All her thought was concentrated on the leaping soul growth beside her, and she watched with fascination the little lady's wide eyes, and her cheeks, which flushed and paled at inconsequent cause. When the lights flared up again, and the audience began its irritatingly fussy exit, Winifred Caton and her neighbor of the afternoon sat unconsciously, and talked, pelting question and swift answer, lingering until the lights were again turned off, leaving them to stumble in darkness toward the door. It was just before they reached the glare of the outer day, the sunny aspect of which shocked them both, that the tiny, conscience-stricken wife turned with brave finality upon Winfred Caton.

"I want to say good-by to you here," she said. "I don't know you—I never talked to anybody before—and never to a stranger—but you *have* understood me—wonderfully. Still, I've never seen you before to-day, and I hope I'll *never* see you again."

The first edition of the "Evening Probe" was already lying on Miss Caton's desk when she reached her office the next morning, and she picked it up with a faint interest in the fate, editorial and typographical, of the only story she had written in months which was vitalized by any sort of personal sympathy. Before she began to write it, the afternoon before, she had gone over to Rawson, city editor, with a question put unusually. She did not ask, "How much do you want on this story?" but "How much space can I have?"

"More than I can spare," that gentleman had growled. "It's not worth a stick. Half a column, mebbe, if you can get it spicy enough."

So she had begun to write, pulling herself up short twice, and then giving herself free rein, until, when she had finished, it was a column story. She had taken it over to Rawson herself.

"It's a good deal longer than you ordered," she had told him calmly, "but it's good stuff. I wish you would read it yourself before you let the copy desk maul it up."

"All right," Rawson had answered. "Put it there, and I'll send it out."

Therefore, this next morning, she opened the paper almost nervously at the dramatic page. There it was, her complete story, in the dramatic column, a double column at that, signed with her name, and with a characteristic "Probe" head-line: "George's Cold Feet—Side-Lights of Ibsen!" Only so much did she perceive just now, for almost immediately the men in the office began to wander over with appreciative remarks. Even Rawson stopped in his morning hurry to say: "Glad you let me see that first; it all went in." The sporting editor offered to let her write up the next vital event in the sporting world, purely in the best interests of the paper, and not because he had any doubts but she would throw him down as she had "swatted" Vincent at his own game. He offered to bet any sum that Vincent alone would see no merit in the story.

When she was left to herself at last, Miss Caton read the story over twice, once critically, once appreciatively. Her own sane judgment told her it was a good story, an interesting one, and full of meat. Then she turned disgustedly to her pile of mail and the hated task of making up the "Woman's Page" for the next day.

She was not yet through with her letters when an interruption came. An office-boy brought a message from Mr. Marvin, new owner of "The Probe." Mr. Marvin would like to speak to Miss Caton at her earliest convenience.

She got up with a little thrill of anticipation. This summons, her first one from the great man, taken in connection with the fact that her name was blazoned on the dramatic page of every copy of the first edition, meant something. Her mind fled first, of course, to flaws. But the story was good,—that she would stand by,—it was good. She went out into the hall, past the brute McKinlock's office, with the words "Managing Editor" displayed on its door, and on down into the anteroom of Mr. Marvin's offices. There she found her way almost embarrassingly smooth, for without announcement the private secretary waved her into the presence.

As she entered, she cast a practised eye about for indications. True enough, on Mr. Marvin's desk lay a copy of the

first edition of "The Probe," open at the dramatic page.

"I should have said more about the *Nora*," she mused regretfully. "He probably knows her and intended a bigger write-up for her. But it's good."

"Please be seated, Miss Caton," suavely remarked Mr. Martin as she said "Good morning." "I have just read this rather remarkable criticism of yours on yesterday's Ibsen performance. I shall not say it has not been full of interest, but you have certainly made Miss Coulter merely a feeder to—the Doll Lady, I believe you call her."

So her prognostications of evil had proved true. But Winifred Caton had long since learned the lesson of standing by what appeared over her name.

"Had you been in my place yesterday, Mr. Marvin," she said, "you would have understood why the Doll Lady dominated 'A Doll's House'—made the latter, in fact, at all endurable. Miss Coulter is ambitious and has talent, but she has been ill-advised. Frankly, the afternoon was Ibsen and the audience. The players were virtually eliminated from the affair."

"Doubtless," smiled Mr. Marvin, "had I occupied your place yesterday I should have been taken up with the Doll Lady to the exclusion of 'A Doll's House'—not being fond of Ibsen, Miss Caton, or his sort. And the moral you point here is a great one, poignantly sharpened, that certain types of femininity can hardly digest Ibsen and the like, however adorable and charming those types may otherwise be. It is a cleverly written story, Miss Caton, and one that I appreciate to the last word—notwithstanding the head-line man has made the deceived George take precedence of the playwright himself. Will you take this card of mine, Miss Caton, and kindly glance at it?"

Miss Caton obediently took the card and looked casually at it; then she gasped in hysteric dismay. She looked at her chief, then she stared at those glaring head-lines, then she stared at the card. It read:

Mr. George Marvin

"The Doll Lady faithfully tried to follow your excellent advice, and succeeded up to one o'clock this morning," remarked Mr. George Marvin, in the silence which fell. "Then she could en-

dure the strain no longer, and confessed her scarlet sins." His eyes grew suddenly soft and tender. "I need not tell you in detail, Miss Caton, what those sins are. One of the greatest of them was the fact of confession to a stranger on an impulse. But considering it was an Ibsen *matinée*, her husband forgave her. He further requested her,—he forebore from command,—but he requested that she give up certain ethical researches—in short, that she cut out Ibsen and any like him. To which request she most dutifully yielded."

Winifred Caton sat in hideous silence, her eyes on those dreadful head-lines.

"I can only say—" she began.

"Therefore," broke in her chief, "in consideration of the Doll Lady's dreadful sufferings over those scarlet sins of hers, those sufferings must not be increased. I must add this, that she is vitally interested in her husband's work, and faithfully reads her husband's paper every evening, and that he really does tell her the truth too consistently to make it possible for him to keep this night's special publication from her. Therefore—" the chief's blue pencil lingered regretfully above the story, and then slashed through it, "this story is killed."

He glanced up at her. "This is the only reason," he said cheerfully, "that your criticism will not appear in any later edition. It was due the cleverness of the story that the cause for its killing be explained to its writer."

"We live and learn," said the clever Miss Caton, tritely. "I imagined I had George's measure to a fraction."

Her chief laughed a little. Then his eyes softened again.

"There are certain women," he said, "who by very force of their perfect faith in goodness and charity and purity and love compel a partial living-up to their own white standards. This is all, Miss Caton, unless you can give me the name of some woman of ability and judgment fitted to take your work. We shall need you on the live part of the paper."

"I know just the woman," she said, quickly. "May I send her to you? She needs the work. And for myself—"

"Then this is all, Miss Caton," and he rose with gallantry and bowed her back to the local room.

THE JAPANESE PILGRIMAGE TO THE BUDDHIST HOLY LAND

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE HONGWANJI
EXPEDITION OF 1902-03

BY COUNT KOSUI OTANI

Lord Abbot of the Western Monastery of the Original Vow (Nishi Hongwanji), Kioto

THIS account of a remarkable expedition by Count Otani and his companions to various portions of central Asia identified with the history of Buddhism will be read with special interest at this time, when the attention of the world is concentrated upon the East, its governments, its religions, and the life and thought of its people. The followers of Christianity will particularly be impressed by the sincerity and reverence of this record of a pilgrimage in honor of the founder of an Asiatic religion which has much in common with the Christian faith. Nothing in the narrative is more suggestive than the story of the inscription concerning religious sects which was promulgated in Asia centuries before the founding of the Christian religion.

The writer of the article, Count Otani, is the highest Buddhist official in Japan and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. It has been edited and arranged by Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, Foreign Secretary of the National Geographical Society. The pictures are from photographs made during the expedition.—THE EDITOR.



AFTER spending two and a half years in study in England, it was my ambition to return to Japan by way of central Asia and India, to visit the ruined cities and remains of Buddhist civilization buried in the desert sands, and to make a pilgrimage through our Buddhist Holy Land in India. I wished to follow the route of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese priest who went to India in the seventh century of the Christian era, spent several years in the Buddhist monasteries of Magadha (modern Berar, Central India) and Kashmir, and brought back many canonical books and previously unknown texts, the expounding of which caused a great revival of Buddhism in China and reinvigorated it in Japan.

My revered father, the late Right Honorable Count Koson Otani, Lord Abbot of the Nishi Hongwanji temple in Kioto and head of the Hongwanji branch of the

Shinshu sect, sympathized with my ambition, and financed the expedition from his private fortune. Three of my party went direct from England to India by sea, and six came out from Japan. Four others went with me from London to St. Petersburg, and thence by rail to the Caspian Sea by the new railway to Andijan in Turkestan, and by caravan over the Karakoram Himalayas to India, the party assembling at Srinagar in the valley of Kashmir.

In the absence from London of the Russian ambassador, my friend Mr. Pokouriewsky, secretary of embassy at that capital and formerly secretary of the Russian legation in Tokio, advised and assisted us in every way, and commended us to the authorities in Russia. In St. Petersburg our minister, Mr. Kurino, secured from Count Lamsdorff special passports and permits, which allowed us to carry scientific instruments and our great moun-

tain of luggage free and unopened through the many Russian custom-houses.

With my four companions I left Moscow on the morning of August 26, 1902, and reached Baku at midnight of August 28.

On the evening of the 31st we embarked on the placid Caspian Sea, and at noon

For nearly all the way we traversed a scorching desert, the temperature by day being 100°; but as we progressed eastward and reached the fertile oases and garden-spots of Turkestan, the air greatly improved.

On the following day we left Andijan



THE TOWN OF BALTIT, NORTHWESTERN KASHMIR

the next day reached Krasnovodsk, the most forbidding and barren spot that one can imagine. It is surrounded by the desert, and there is no verdure to be seen, since all the wells are as salt as the Caspian itself; the water-supply has to be brought from a distance in tank cars and carts.

At Tscherejewo we left our train, which was bound for Tashkend, and took another train for Andijan, which we reached in four days after leaving the Caspian shores.

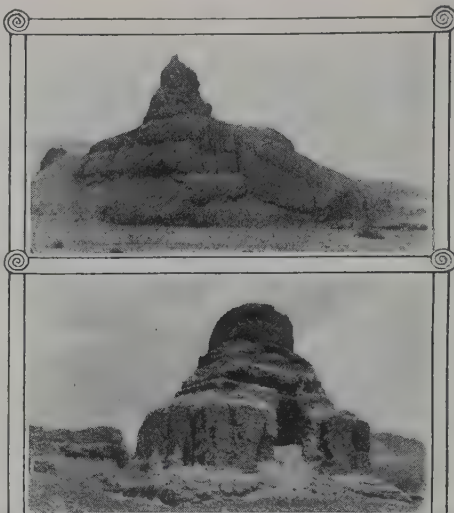
in carts for Osh, making a trying journey of forty-six and one fourth versts in clouds of suffocating dust and in great glare and intolerable heat, although, by Lord Curzon's map, Osh is 3040 feet above sea-level.

We crossed over the Tian Shian range to the plain of Kashgar by way of the Terek Pass, 12,700 feet above the sea. On these "Onion Mountains" of Hiuen Tsang we found deep snow, and camped for the night 2000 feet below the top of

the pass. We made a fire in the tent and put on our heaviest coats and wraps, but slept painfully because of the rarefied air. In the morning we had to cut the ice to get water for the camp. On the summit the snow was four feet deep, and we could only blindly follow the tracks of the Kirghiz who had preceded us. We were numb with cold, suffering headache from the great elevation, and were thoroughly exhausted when we reached the Kirghiz tent 2000 feet below the summit and were glad to enter it and share their tea and cheese. Wild onions grew plentifully on these

dences of the existence of our great religion in Asia.

We had then to cross the Pamirs, the Roof of the World, and the Mintakah Pass, which we chose, being 15,500 feet in elevation, afforded us many hardships; but as the Chinese priests kept up communication between China and the mother land of Buddhism by this same route, I thought that we could endure what they had suffered. We descended from this crest of the Asiatic continent to the head of the Hunza valley in Kashmir, and through the same wildly magnificent scenery down to



STUPAS AT HASA-TAM, KUCHA



STUPA AT GURNIET, BETWEEN HUNZA AND GILGIT, KASHMIR

mountains as warrant of their name, but we did not find them palatable.

On September 27, leaving by the eastern gate, we proceeded southeasterly and across the Kijir River to visit some ruined *stupas*, or relic-mounds, the first Buddhist remains we encountered, our first contact with evi-

Baltit, where Mir, a native chief, rules under British protection. Mir was so very glad to see us that he remained constantly by our camp and gave us little time for rest. Near Gilgit we touched upon Buddhist ground again, as evidenced by the colossal image of the Buddha, more than twenty

feet in height, carved in the perpendicular face of a cliff.

Thence by the English military road we easily reached Srinagar, in the valley of Kashmir, that retreat of greatest beauty, where the Buddhist Emperor Asoka built five hundred monasteries and made the whole valley over entirely to the priests. We searched the modern city vainly for any trace of the Jayendra Vihara, or monastery, where Hiuen Tsang remained two years studying and translating the Mahayana texts. Neither did we find traces of the four great stupas which Asoka built at Srinagar; nor, on climbing the Takht-i-Suleiman (1000 feet), could we find any signs of the Buddhist temple built by Asoka's son. We could only enjoy the commanding view of the oval paradise, once the abode of thousands of Buddhist priests, and sacred as the place where the Mahayana doctrines took fixed form nineteen hundred years ago, afterward desecrated by becoming the summer pleasure-ground of the Mogul emperors. For three weeks we made our home on two *doongas*, or house-boats, visiting the shores of the Jhelum River and the Dahl Lake, the latter one of the most beautiful places in all the world. Two beautiful old Mogul palaces and pleasure-gardens remain on its shores. In Kashmir houses we found *shoji*, or sliding screens, used for doors, as in Japan.

We visited, too, the ruined stupa at Manikyala, near Rawal Pindi, the finest example of a Gandhara stupa that remains, and, to join again the itinerary of Hiuen Tsang, whose "Account of Western Countries" was as close a companion as the Murray guide-book, we went westward to Peshawar, near the Afghan frontier.

This modern military post and great trading city occupies the very site of the ancient city of Gandhara, which was the great center of Mahayana, or northern Buddhism, the state religion in the reign of the Emperor Kanishka (1 A. D.). Alexander the Great also made his headquarters at Gandhara when he had come from

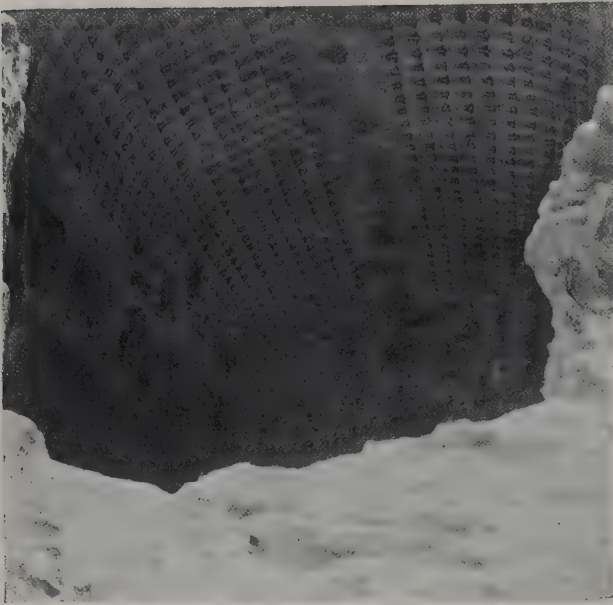
the Afghan passes to the great Indian plain, and Hiuen Tsang devotes many pages to the splendid temples, monasteries, and stupas of the great city. Hardly a vestige of these vast structures can be found in Peshawar. All the region has yielded up a treasure of carved stones, however, and the collections of these



INTERIOR OF A CAVE TEMPLE, KUNTARA

Greco-Buddhist sculptures in the Lahore, Lucknow, and Calcutta museums, and in the British Museum in London, are at once the admiration and wonder of all people, and declare the high state of culture then existing. Peshawar's bazaars, crowded with all the fierce and picturesque tribes of Afghanistan and the peoples of central Asia, are the most interesting in India, and the files of camels coming to and from the Khyber Pass attract one to that wild defile of many historic incidents.

At the village of Shabatzgari, forty miles northeast of Peshawar, we saw the great rock inscription of the Emperor Asoka—the edict of religious toleration which that monarch put forth in 256 B. C. and caused to be permanently displayed in such manner in even the remotest parts of his



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE OF ONE THOUSAND
BUDDHAS, KUCHA

empire. We made paper impressions, or "rubblings," of this imperial proclamation written in the Karoshty character, and which declares:

A man must not do reverence to his own sect by disparaging that of another man for trivial reasons. Depreciation should be for adequate reasons only, because the sects of other people deserve reverence for one reason or another.

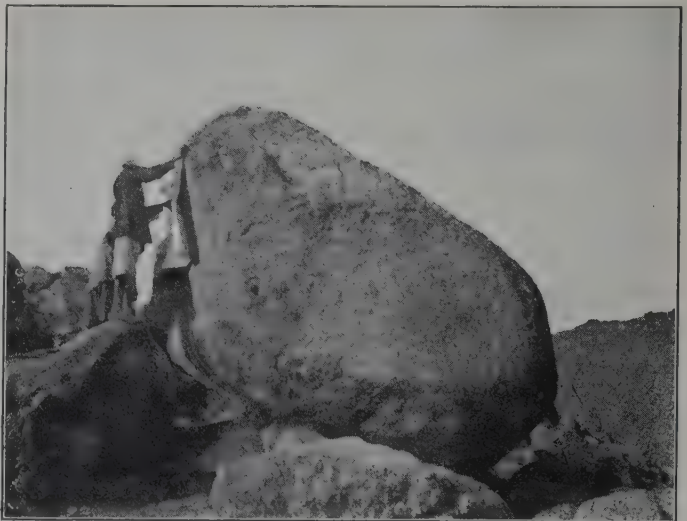
By thus acting, a man exalts his own sect, and at the same time does service to the sects of other people. By acting contrariwise, a man hurts his own sect, and does disservice to the sects of other people. For he who does reverence to his own sect, while disparaging all other sects, from a feeling of attachment to his own, on the supposition that he thus glorifies his own sect, in reality by such conduct inflicts severe injury on his own sect.

In the progress of the world no ruler has

voluntarily granted, even to-day, more of personal liberty and freedom of conscience to his people than did this remarkable ruler of twenty-two centuries ago, who was at once emperor and monk, and who made this indelible record to all the world how liberal, broad, and tolerant were the doctrines of our great religion.

At Takht-i-Bahi and Jamal Garhi, the other two corners, as it were, of an equilateral triangle formed with Shabatzgari, the sites of the ancient *vihara* and *chaitiya* which we sought were most clearly traceable, and the plan of the great building was easily understood. Almost all the good specimens of sculpture, the statues and bas-reliefs which once surrounded the vast

stupa, have been carried away to museums; but by persistent search we uncovered a few examples to bring back with us. In one heap of debris we found a fine head from a statue of Buddha, and a bit of bas-relief showing scenes from his life, with figures, draperies, and features all very Greek. We also found pieces of the cap-

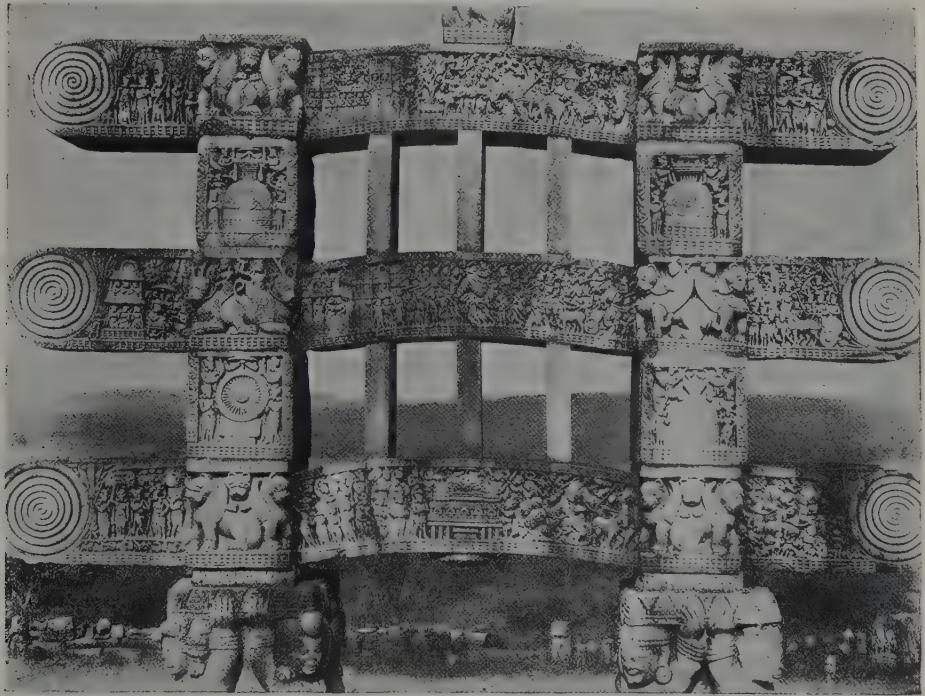


TAKING A RUBBING OF THE EDICT OF RELIGIOUS TOLERATION
OF THE EMPEROR ASOKA, PESHAWAR DISTRICT,
NORTHERN INDIA

ital of a Corinthian column, and a bas-relief with a Corinthian column in miniature carved thereon.

We went next to Nowshera, and then to Malakand and Chakdara, where many Buddhist ruins are said to exist. The assistant political agent, Captain Knollys, met us at Dargai, and we were made guests of the officers' mess at the garrison. These officers kindly offered to mount us on the thoroughbred Arabian saddle-horses which they owned, but as they were dangerously

Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall. We found one Buddhist fort at that point, but the area which we wished most to explore lay beyond the British lines, in the country occupied by the independent tribes, the wild people of Swat. Even at this point, we were all the time accompanied by an armed escort, and it was a dangerous place of residence for the little group of officers and the two English ladies who accompanied their husbands. Our safety could not be guaranteed, and no permission or



TORAN (GATEWAY) OF THE STUPA AT SANCHI

spirited animals, we, as archæologists and religious pilgrims, preferred the safety of humble tongas. On the way to Malakand we traced clearly the old Buddhist highway,—the stone road trodden by thousands of pilgrims,—and came to the Buddhist fort which, as in many other places, was needed to defend the shrine. Major Godfrey, political agent at Malakand, gave us most cordial welcome and rendered us every assistance during the time we remained there as his guests. Along a road dotted with small military posts of Sikh and Pathan soldiers, we went to Chakdara, where we were most hospitably received in the house of the military commandant,

escort could be given us to go beyond the British lines, so that we had reluctantly to abandon the project of searching all the ruins of Swat valley. Sympathizing with us in our ambitions and our disappointment, Major Godfrey, the military commandant, despoiled himself of a considerable treasure, and gave to us a fine collection of sculptured fragments brought at different times from these now unattainable ruins. The ruins of sacred places, equally in the Swat valley and in the Yusufzai country, were always within a fortified inclosure, the very viharas themselves being formerly small forts.

At Delhi we found one of Asoka's in-



THE GREAT STUPA AT SANCHI

scribed columns in the old fort beyond the city walls, and it was an anomaly that Feroze Shah, the most bigoted of all Mahomedans, should remove to and retain within his own palace fortress this shaft on which the most noble and tolerant Asoka had inscribed the Buddhist doctrines. But it was only the ignorance of the Mahomedan conqueror, and of the Hindu priests of whom he demanded the meaning of the strange characters, that preserved it. No

one in that day could read the forgotten text, and the Hindu priests, affecting a knowledge, declared that it was a prophecy that Feroze Shah and his descendants should rule all India. It was not until the nineteenth century that James Prinsep deciphered the Asoka edicts. Here at Delhi, as at Agra, we marveled at the splendid palaces and mosques of the persecutors of Buddhism, inlaid with gems as our own early temples were; and every-

where we saw Buddhist sculptures defaced by Moslem conquerors, and the materials of our temples built into the mosques.

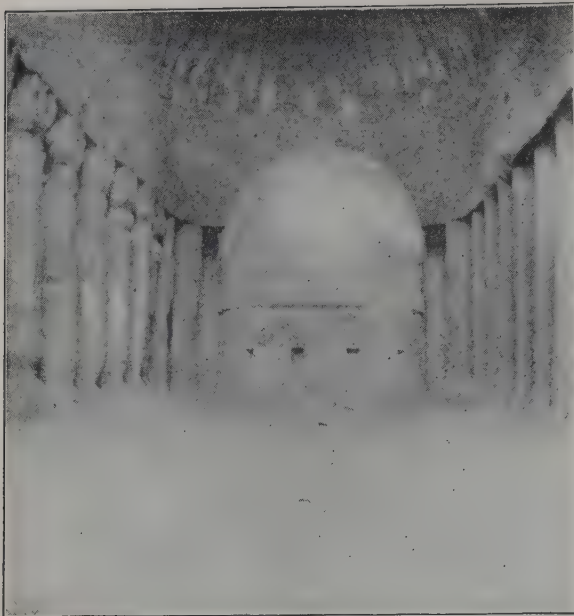
We visited Hardwar, the great place of Hindu religious pilgrimage at the source of the Ganges, and studied the other extraordinary manifestations of the popular forms of that religion at Allahabad and Benares. Sarnath, the deer-park, where Buddha first gathered his disciples and taught and expounded his faith for a part of every year, was a place of intense interest to us. The short drive from Benares cantonment revealed to us the crumbling clay mass of the great stupa, stripped of all its sculptured stones save on the lower terraces, and standing in neglected fields. A few sunken walls suggested the great monastery that once existed, the tanks and many structures; but here, where Buddha "first turned the wheel of Dharma" (taught his doctrines), all was desolate and abandoned. In Benares, where Buddha once converted the whole people from their gross religion, we saw the people sunk again to that earlier state, killing animals in their temples and making bloody sacrifices to their terrible goddess Durga. Most repulsive to us were the

scenes at the burning ghat, where dead bodies lay in rows, their feet in the Ganges, and the people bathed in and drank of the pestilent water beside these corpses. Fanatically believing that the sacred Ganges purifies the body, prepares and leads them to heaven, they never think to purify their hearts.

We lived for two weeks at the Dak Bangla at Gaya, driving the seven miles to Buddha Gaya each morning and returning at night, since the small Burmese rest-house beside the temple could not shelter our whole party. Although nothing at this most sacred spot is now as it was in the lifetime of the Buddha, yet the whole neighborhood is so identified with the incidents of his years of penance and meditation, with the season of the Great Enlightenment and his long teachings, that we believers in the great faith are overpowered with emotion in this holy place. Under just such another green and glittering Bo-tree, our great religion had its beginning, and from this very spot it has spread over and irradiated the world, teaching an equality, liberality, and toleration worthy of this latest and most enlightened century, and once redeeming all India



CARVED FIGURES AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE TEMPLE, KANHARY



INTERIOR OF THE CAVE TEMPLE, KANHARY,
WITH AUTOGRAPHS OF TRAVELERS

we had to realize that this holy place, the birthplace of our great religion, is lost to us, is desecrated and possessed by Hindus. We could only console ourselves by the fact that India being now under enlightened British rule, we Buddhists may now worship there without molestation, free from Mohammedan and Brahman persecution, which, with the corruption of Jainism within our sect, brought about the downfall and extinction of our faith in India.

The British government in India, through the efforts of General Cunningham, chief of the Archæological Survey, long ago identified the chief places mentioned by Hiuen Tsang, excavated the temple court, restored the main edifice, and replaced a descendant of the original Bo-tree, where the inclosure walls of successive cen-

from its degrading superstitions and gross religions. It is the dream of all Buddhists again to convert India to the true faith, and redeem this sacred Buddh Gaya from its present occupation by the Hindu Shivaties, and restore it as the chief temple of Buddhism for all the world, a shrine for believers of all races and sects. When we had at last reached this most sacred spot and stood beneath the Bo-tree, the living symbol, we were deeply moved, and all that had taken place there—the attacks of Mara, Buddha's perseverance and enlightenment—became vivid and real to us. We were carried back the thousands of years, and saw the five disciples gathered there, following their master as he turned from the place of his severe penance, self-torture, mortification, and final triumph of enlightenment, to go forth and preach to all the world universal equality and the brotherhood of mankind. And then, alas! to our deep sorrow,

turies showed that the Tree of Knowledge had first stood. We see, therefore,



ENTRANCE TO BURIAL CAVES AT MINUI KIZIL,
IN CHINESE TURKESTAN

almost the same temple that Hiuen Tsang saw, but stripped of its rows of golden images, its silver and gold doorways, its strings of pearls, its masses of jewels, its precious golden statue. The Diamond Throne beneath the tree, and a similar carved stone seat kept by the Hindus in their adjoining monastery, are equally modern affairs, and the sacredness of Maha Bodhi is now all in its associations. But a few of the stupas that touched one another in all directions remain in the deep, sunken, cleared courtyard. The great monastery of a thousand priests, where Hiuen Tsang rested, is only a heap of stones and lines of foundation walls. All the region around the sacred court is underlaid with ruins and carved stones, and Buddh Gaya is an archaeological museum and treasure-house, where for two thousand years Indian, Afghan, Mongol, Tibetan, Nepalese, Cingalese, Chinese, Siamese, and Burmese pilgrims and rulers heaped their permanent offerings.

After Brahman overthrow and Mohammedan conquest, our religion was without life or evidence of observance at Buddh Gaya. The temple was abandoned, and the jungle covered the court, until a Siva priest established his monastery on the holy ground, and this historic spot his successors will not now yield on any terms. The temple contains a comparatively modern and unworthy statue of the Buddha, which the Hindus worship as the ninth incarnation of Vishnu. Asoka's carved rail, the oldest sculptured monument or relic in India, is in its same place, nearly intact, and this object assists the mind in picturing the great and golden era of our faith in India.

We searched vainly around the present Hindu temple on the summit of Gaya mountain for any signs of the earlier stupa built by Asoka, a great white dome one hundred feet in height, chief of the one hundred and thirty of Asoka's stupas which the indefatigable Hiuen Tsang records. The old kings of Magadha announced their succession to the throne from this natural pinnacle and performed coronation ceremonies there before the Buddha delivered his sermons and notably uttered the precious Ratnamegha Sutra from that preaching-place. Also, we failed to find any trace of the stupas marking the place where the disciple Kasyapa was born and

his brother fire-worshippers were converted. The Praghobodhi (the mountain leading to perfect intelligence), where the monk Gautama went after his six years of penance and vain search for the true way of life, is across the river, two miles away from the temple. The master rested only a little while on its summit, and tarried briefly in the cavern, where his shadow remained upon the wall, before he went to the Bo-tree by the river-bank. The Emperor Asoka built stupas all along this Via Sacra, but no trace remains, save some large bricks at the summit, and the most anxious eyes of faith could not discern any outlines on the cave wall.

Dr. Stein's identification of the Cock's Foot Hill seems exact—the triple peak, where legend in Fa Hian's and Hiuen Tsang's day told that the disciple Kasyapa rested in a cave, sleeping—not to enter Nirvana until Buddha should again visit the world. There remain only the base of a stupa and a debris of bricks upon the summit, and the lines of many ruins at the foot of the hill.

We went next to Rajagriha (the royal residence), the old capital of Magadha, near which, in a bamboo grove, the Buddha spent three months of each rainy season, King Bimbisara building a broad stone road staircase from the bamboo grove to his preaching-place on the rocky summit of the Girdarakutta Giri (Vulture Peak). The site of Rajagriha, the city itself, had been identified by General Cunningham fifty years ago, but it was a great satisfaction that it remained for us to uncover and identify the actual walls of the king's palace, the mountain staircase, and several of the Asoka stupas. We pitched our tents in the compound of the old citadel, near a pond reputed to be the resort of tigers and other wild animals because of the many bones of buffalo which strewed the place. The coolies kept bonfires burning all night, but only once did we hear even the sound of a jackal. We were fifty miles from our food-supply, and water for the camp had to be brought from a stream two miles away. The one hundred and thirty half-naked coolies, working laboriously with rude axes and sickles, could cut their way through the dense jungle of thorn-bushes only at the rate of twelve feet an hour. The palace foundation walls were massive boulders laid

without cement. All vestiges of the wooden structures once raised on these cyclopean walls have disappeared, but from the bold hillside the kings of Magadha commanded an extended view over the Bengal plain. Many wells in this inclosure were closed with such dense undergrowth that we had narrow escapes from falling into them. Clearing and cutting our way as we went, we traced the stone road and staircase, until, finding the stupa marking the place where the king always dismounted from his chariot, and the stupa where he turned back the crowd of common folk, we lost the stone path in a dry watercourse. After vain cuttings, we set fire to the reedy jungle; a clear way was swept, and the staircase was again disclosed in the ashes. At the summit we found the bricks of the monastery, many tiles, and the walls of tanks. Near by are the ruins of the stupa, where the Saddharma-pundarika (Myo-horenge) Sutra was preached, and the level space around this seat of the Great Teacher is so great that many thousands of listeners could have gathered there. There are innumerable caves and crevices where thousands of Arhats and Buddhisattvas led hermit lives.

We next made search for the cave where the First Council of disciples assembled immediately after the Nirvana to fix the oral version of the teachings of Buddha in unchanging form, constituting the sacred Tripitakas. Again we pushed and cut our way through the thorn jungle at the cost of our own blood, the thorns and brambles being more fearful than tigers or serpents. We found many caves, but none large enough to have contained the several hundred people of the different councils. One entrance was so blocked by fallen stones that no boy could squeeze through the crevices, and only the use of explosives on a large scale could have cleared a way for investigation.

We had a most satisfactory visit to the Great Tope or Stupa at Sanchi, which has been excavated, and the rail and gateways of which have been replaced, by the Indian government. This splendid work of Asoka's age, a cupola forty-two feet high and a hundred feet in diameter, is surrounded by a carved rail broken by four great gateways, or torans, the noblest portals mind can picture, inspiration un-

doubtedly for the elaborate *pillows* of China, and followed in line by the severely simple and more classic *torii* of Japan. Casts of these splendid gateways are to be seen in the South Kensington and Edinburgh museums, at the Berlin Ethnographic Museum, and the Musée Guimet, Paris. Relics of Buddha's disciples, Sariputra and Mogarana, were found in stone relic caskets in a small stupa near by, which retains its one exquisite little toran, and here we were much impressed, and we most appreciated how splendid was the civilization of Buddhist India, when, under its inspiration, sculpture and the other arts reached such development.

We visited the seven Rock Edicts of Asoka at scattered points on the edges of his vast empire, all the pillar edicts found in the central cities of his domain, all the Buddhist cave temples so far known, and the cave ruins at Nasik, Ankai, and Tankai. At the Ajanta caves (near the border of Berar) we most carefully studied the bas-reliefs and wall pictures, collating all that Burgess and Fergusson have said and the differing opinions of Chinese and Japanese authorities. We were poorly lodged and fed at Ajanta, and pursued our labors in a temperature of 110° daily, in caves swarming with foul bats; but our zeal easily upheld us. At Kanhary we grieved to see the stupa in the nave of the pillared cave-temple disfigured with the crudely written names of foreign visitors, a vulgarity and desecration that even destroying Mohammedans spared these holy places.

We went northward across the Buddhist Holy Land and entered the *terai* (jungle belt) of Nepal at a point fifty miles north of Gorakpur. We visited reverently the inscribed pillar of Asoka¹ marking the site of the Buddha's birth, and the ruins of the Maya Devi temple, where the revered mother of the Buddha was commemorated. Of more purely historical interest, however, were the vestiges of the foundation of the Kapilavastu palace or castle where the Sakya rulers lived.

We sought more earnestly for Kusinagara, where the Buddha, sinking in death, entered Nirvana. Following Huen Tsang's itinerary, we went east from the Lumbini pillar, and then southeast, and duly reached the Nigilva pillar and the

¹ See "Recent Discoveries Concerning the Buddha," THE CENTURY for April, 1902.

Piprahwa stupa, which so recently yielded that portion of the ashes and relics of the body of Buddha which were deposited there by the Sakya family.¹ These Piprahwah relics are now deposited in part in the Indian Museum at Calcutta, in the Wat Saket in Bangkok, and in the Nissenji temple in Nagoya. Kusinagara lies yet farther to the southeast, but whether this sacred place of the Nirvana is lost in the deep jungle belt of Nepal, or, as we contend, lies between the northern part of Champaram and the jungle, remains to be established. It was then at the end of February, the cold season over, the heat impending; all Europeans were leaving, and the natives were preparing to shut themselves up in their houses during the hot weather. Although it was thus the worst season of the year for exploration, three members of our party elected to remain and search.

Through the courtesy of Lord Curzon, who had application made for us to the Nepalese government, permission was granted us to enter and freely travel in that jealously closed country. A Nepalese soldier was attached to the party, and with two native servants and seven coolies, a compass and a note-book as their only instruments, our explorers entered the jungle at Birganj on the Katmandu road. They made their way through the jungle, first northeast as far as the banks of the Rapti, and then west to Bikna Thoree and its neighborhood, a route of more than two hundred miles. They found no trace of ruins, no signs of ancient monuments, only the dense jungle, with its troops of monkeys, and vast sand-barrens, where the ant-hills were sixteen feet in height. The inhabitants along the Rapti were so ignorant that they did not even know their own names or ages. When asked concerning ruins, they chattered about their myths and legends. When asked for food, they gave medicinal herbs. The road was difficult, the heat so great that one coolie fell dead, and little resulted from the painful efforts of the explorers.

After visiting all the sacred and historic places in India, our party separated, two returning to Europe; others to Burma and across Yunnan to the upper Yangtse; others to Siam, Java, and Sumatra; while others, from the Pamir country, made

extensive travels in eastern Turkestan and the Takla Makan desert, excavating from crumbling stupas and sand-buried ruins a great collection of manuscript, inscribed wooden tablets, clay images, and fresco paintings. This party, first exploring the Tarim basin, crossed the Khandar Davan (16,540 feet) on yaks, proceeded to Yarkand and then Khotan, where, during the six weeks devoted to close study of Turki and Chinese dialects, they also examined the ruins near Borasan and other places made known by Dr. Stein and Dr. Hedin.

They went down the Khotan darya to Aksu in twenty-three days, and thence to Kashgar for a caravan and supplies. From Aksu they went by Bai across the desert toward Kucha, taking a route untried by other travelers and explorers, and during two months conducting search and excavations in burial caves at Minui Kizil, Tongusbashi, and other places. All these flourishing centers of a high Buddhist civilization were annihilated by Mohammedan conquerors in the eleventh century, cities were burned, inhabitants slaughtered, and stupas leveled, and the desert sands, no longer withheld by cultivation, have obliterated all traces. The dryness of the climate has preserved the plaster figures and decorations, the frescoed walls, the wooden tablets, and paper scrolls unchanged, and in the caves, which our explorers were first to enter, remarkable sights met their eyes. Whether Bactrian artists decorated such halls as the Cave of a Thousand Buddhas, and modeled the draped figures that guard the approaches of a Kucha stupa, or the people of the region had themselves attained so high a degree of culture, may be revealed by some future discoveries in manuscripts or tablets. More fortunate than Captain Bower, whose famous manuscripts proved to be chiefly the formulæ and prescriptions of a medicine-shop, our explorers brought back many pieces of sacred writing—fragments of sutras written in Uigur, Sanscrit, and Chinese characters.

As Professor Grunwedel had explored the Turfan district, our party, which followed more definitely the route of Hiuen Tsang, and sought to identify the places which he named, spent four months in Kucha, visiting in all twelve ruined or

¹ See THE CENTURY for April, 1902.

sand-buried monuments or sites. Many towering stupas, which the Chinese pilgrim noted, still retain their size and outlines, despite the destructive sand-storms and the eroding winds which will ultimately destroy them. Even in 645 A. D., the inhabitants of several places in the Lob-nor district were being driven from their homes by sand, and cities were being abandoned to ruin. The sand encroachments at one place were explained then as visitation for the sins of the people who were renouncing Buddhism. Great lakes of that day have now dwindled to small ponds in grassy basins, as at Ceutla, east of Kucha, where only a pool remains of the vast Dragon Lake, from whose dragon occupants the fierce and untamable horses of the Kucha plains were descended.

Our explorers made excavations five miles north of Ceutla at the stupas of Hasa-tam, where one of the monasteries once enshrined a piece of jade "with a surface about two feet in width, and of a yellowish white color, in shape like a sea-shell. On its surface is a footprint of Buddha one foot eight inches long and eight inches or so in breadth, and at the expiration of every day it emits a bright and sparkling light" (Hiuen Tsang). A few years before some natives, digging at this same stupa, found a complete roll of manuscript; but, as they sought only gold or silver, they threw it away. In this way many valuable manuscripts in Chinese Turkestan are destroyed by ignorant hands, in contrast to their fraudulent manufacture in the Khotan district to supply travelers and museums.



A PERVERSE GENERATION

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

Author of "The Thorn that Pricked," etc.



RS. TALBOT had never been able to account for it, but not one of her three daughters liked housework.

Not one of them, she mournfully acknowledged to herself, could be called a really proficient housekeeper. This was the more mysterious as she herself was one of the few surviving examples of that extreme domestic capability which for generations has made the New England housewife a name of pride to the native, of terror to the alien.

Not that the girls were wholly incapable. Molly, for instance, was, her mother sometimes felt, an almost inspired cook; but Molly disliked every other branch of housework, and detested her needle. Louise had an undeniable gift for setting a table or "straightening" a room; but Louise combined Molly's antipathy to sewing with Anna's inca-

capacity as a cook. As for Anna, it would be too much to say that she exhibited a talent for anything domestic; at most one might concede that she was least conspicuously a failure in the laundry, perhaps because the possible range of things to fail in was conspicuously less there.

Mrs. Talbot had never permitted any weak catering to these wayward prejudices. Every department of housework, she justly reminded them, was equally important. Indeed, if she made any distinction, it was rather in the line of their distastes, sending Anna to the kitchen, Louise to her needle, and Molly to the broom or to bed-making, discipline in the line of their deficiencies, rather than of their proficiencies, being what was obviously required. And if this policy was displeasing to her daughters, it was by no means easy for herself.

She was, indeed, the greatest sufferer

of the four, and constantly smarting under imperfections of achievement; but she was not a woman to neglect what she saw as the first of maternal obligations. Each of her girls should be fitted for that future contingency, "a home of her own," which is the legitimate aspiration of womankind. With self-abnegating fortitude, therefore, she bore with the lower standard of food, service, and mending which every two weeks out of three announced the rotation of tasks, and on the third she rested spiritually in the perfection of Molly's menus, served as only Louise could serve them, and set forth on that spotless linen which was Anna's nearest approach to triumph. Even the considerable margin of tasks remaining, for which no one developed either talent or fondness, enjoyed a certain facility of accomplishment that third week, with the rising of the family spirits to cope with them.

The Talbots kept no servants; the family income did not admit of it. With many feminine economies—those economies which healthy man, even the poorest, refuses to practise—it just sufficed to live upon and maintain that absolutely obligatory "appearance" by which a household of gentlewomen may be recognized; but there was nothing over. Mrs. Talbot could with justice point out to her daughters that nothing but her own qualifications as able cook, housekeeper, and seamstress had enabled her to keep a comfortable home for them through their school years. They had enjoyed the benefits of her capacities all their young lives: the deduction was clear.

The girls deduced accordingly. They listened with docility, and strove with conscience; they were at heart a sincerely attached family: but this did not prevent a restless underlying sense of friction and discontent which time did not lessen. Mother and daughters alike suffered under the brooding consciousness of constant failure, than which nothing is more demoralizing. Certainly four able-bodied women might be expected to keep one small house in proper subjection; but in the discouraged solitude of her own room Mrs. Talbot admitted that the house was anything but properly subject, and she saw her daughters'

failure, as her own life-work, darkly.

In this wise the four struggled on for some years after the girls left school. Molly was twenty-four, Louise twenty-two, and Anna nearly twenty when Fate, whose other name is Logic, intervened.

Going up-stairs one spring day to oversee the inefficient Louise pack away furs, Mrs. Talbot was smitten with a sudden remembrance of jelly left to the care of Anna, who would infallibly allow it to sugar; and seizing an armful of blankets destined for the clothes-line, she started hastily down-stairs. It was Molly's day for sweeping, but Molly, with the born cook's jealous distrust of her sister's jelly-making judgment, had taken a brief holiday kitchenward, leaving the dust-pan and the brush at the stair-head. The towering pile of blankets hid them from Mrs. Talbot's eyes. Her feet successfully accomplished an intricate evolution with the broom handle, only to slide thence upon the dust-pan; and Mrs. Talbot fell heavily the whole length of the stairs, and lay helpless at the foot.

In less than as many minutes three breathless and remorseful daughters stood over her in a pale group. Every attempt to move drew a groan from their victim.

"I have broken a bone," she moaned at last. "Lift me to the sofa, girls, and send for a doctor." With their first effort to obey her she fainted.

It was, in fact, a compound fracture, "a matter of all summer," the doctor said with grim brevity, and a few hours later three pale girls confronted one another in family council. The house without their mother was a ship without captain or rudder, and there were problems to be faced. Molly spoke first and resolutely:

"There is nothing to do but just buckle down, girls, and run this house to perfection. The doctor says her mind must be kept at rest or he won't answer for the consequences. We've simple got to keep her from worrying."

"The trained nurse will worry her more than we shall," said Anna. "Twenty dollars a week and board—oh, girls!"

Another pallid silence, then Molly spoke again:

"I shall make all her broths and thins."

"You will have to," sighed Louise. "No one else can make anything fit to eat. I 'll see that her room and tray are immaculate."

"I 'll do *anything*," groaned Anna; "but I 'm so clumsy. I guess I 'd better keep out of poor mother's way as much as I can."

They fell to work with such remorseful energy that when the nurse arrived she found a house almost surgically clean, and a state of hospital perfection reigning. When, an hour later, Anna stole in, bearing a spotless tray on which steamed a bowl of pluperfect broth, Miss Walters bestowed a quick nod of professional approval. The invalid opened two feverish eyes on Anna, and shut them again with a groan.

"You girls will have to do the best you can," she murmured feebly.

"Don't you have one anxious thought, mother dear," Anna reassured her, cheerily. "We are doing beautifully, and everything is going beautifully."

By agreement, the girls were to take turns in the hard but precious task of assisting the nurse to lift and tend their mother; but on the third day Miss Walters descended among them. There was a little twinkle in her gray eyes and she spoke out bluntly:

"Only one of you girls is the slightest use in the sick-room, and your mother is too ill to be worried. You must manage to let me have Miss Anna right along."

The two elder girls exchanged amazed glances.

"Me!" exclaimed Anna, her eyes filling with pleasure and emotion. "Oh, I am so glad if I am good for *something*!"

Thereafter, though Molly and Louise frequently came in to sit with the invalid, it was Anna who, by some singular coincidence, invariably appeared when real work was in hand; and, after a few feeble remonstrances, Mrs. Talbot resigned herself to this infraction of her lifelong principles. After the well-meant bungling of her elder daughters, Anna's strong, skilful touch was like balm. It was as if her fingers owned a sixth sense of sympathy. The family in-

capable suddenly became the capable one. Armed with a moist cloth, in imitation of Miss Walters, she soon took possession of the sick-room, ousting Louise from her proper post of curator; and only the constant succession of perfectly prepared dishes, faultless trays, and immaculate linen remained to testify to an equal skill and devotion below-stairs.

As day after day the high average of accomplishment was maintained, the invalid let herself sink little by little into the atmosphere of rest thus created about her. At first she had misgivings as to the existing order beyond the bounds of the sick-room,—doubts of the ice-blankets, and suspicions regarding the bread-and-cake-boxes,—but Miss Walters skilfully extinguished these with her unfeigned admiration.

"Three cleverer young ladies I never saw," she often declared, and it was a potent medicine to the maternal heart.

Nothing remained to worry her but the brooding horror of bills, inevitable as she knew, and large as she dared not think. It followed, of course, that she fell to thinking of them both night and day, with a result as inevitable as the bills themselves. Just when she should have begun to gain in earnest, there came an arrest in the process of convalescence, then a backward step.

"Girls, something has got to be done," said Anna, coming in upon her sisters one day late in the summer with a fresh pile of dishes to be added to those they were wearily engaged in washing. "I have just had a talk with the doctor. He says mother is in a very low condition,— 'almost a typhoid condition,' he called it,— but *I* know it is simply *worry*. She can't help knowing these awful expenses are going on."

Both girls suspended their work, to turn anxious faces upon this new trouble.

"What can we do!" exclaimed Molly. "The nurse is absolutely necessary."

"No, she is n't. She says herself there is n't anything now I could n't do for mother, with a little help."

"You!" The sisters looked incredulously at Anna. It struck them for the first time that she was changed; her very voice and manner were different.

"You would break down," said Molly, but with unconscious respect.

"No, I should n't. Look at me. I'm as fresh as a daisy; it is you two who look like wrecks." For the first time, also, looking at each other, her sisters acknowledged that she was right.

"It's these awful, everlasting dishes," sighed Louise, and Molly and she exchanged a silent look of despair.

"As for the nursing," said Anna, "I just *love* it—truly, girls."

"I really believe she does," said Molly, slowly.

"It would save twenty dollars a week and board," observed Louise, thoughtfully.

"Of course," said Molly, "if you really think you can, and the doctor consents."

Anna filled a hot-water bottle with a businesslike air.

"There's only one thing," she said, with a twinkle of conscious triumph as she walked away, "you'll have to count me out of *all* housework now."

The sisters looked after her and then at each other.

"No wonder she exults," said Louise, mournfully contemplating the pile of greasy dishes.

"But the sick-room is even worse," replied Molly, with a little shudder. "If Anna saves all that money and worry," she added soberly, "it seems to me we ought to be able to do something."

"I *shall* do something—something desperate soon," returned Louise, energetically. "I'd cut off both my hands for mother, of course, cheerfully; but it does n't seem to me that *even* for mother I can go much longer this way. I ache all the way from my head to the soles of my feet."

"Soles!" exclaimed Molly. "It's my *soul* that aches. Just fancy a whole lifetime of this,"—she glanced about the kitchen helplessly,—"and never getting anywhere! There must be *something* else."

"There *is*," said Louise.

Then the two girls exchanged a glance of breathless daring.

The following day Anna was installed as nurse. Mrs. Talbot missed nothing in her ministrations which was not compensated over and over by the knowledge of the heavy drain curtailed.

"Truly, love does work wonders,"

she thought as she lay and watched in astonishment the deft, noiseless movements of her youngest daughter, or felt the capable manipulation of her vital young hands.

"Perhaps this was needed," she concluded, musing upon the improvement in all her daughters; and she grew to accept with sweetness its heavy price—the long months of suffering and the permanent loss of much of her activity: for it would be months, if ever, before she walked without a cane. She would have been quite happy but for the shadow of those debts the sum of which the girls, by common consent, evaded.

"Wait till you are down-stairs," they invariably said.

"AND, oh, girls, how shall we *ever* tell her!" exclaimed Molly, one day near the end of Indian summer, the real summer being long dead.

"Nonsense!" replied Louise, lifting her head with a gesture as new as Anna's poise. "We have done nothing to be ashamed of."

The color had come back to Louise's cheek of late, and Molly had regained her old brilliancy. An air of expectant tension pervaded the house; for the day so hoped-for and so dreaded drew near.

It came at last. Mrs. Talbot, beautifully dressed by Anna's hands, and leaning on her arm, was escorted to her old place at the head of the table once more. As she walked slowly through the unfamiliar rooms, her eyes registered approvingly the evidences of careful order, and dwelt at last with satisfaction upon the table set forth in festival array, and on the bright faces gathered about it. There was an emotion in each never worn in the old days, and Mrs. Talbot felt her own heart fill with silent thanksgiving. She glanced again lingeringly about the little circle, and made the mental comment that her daughters had grown, developed, gained an insensible something.

"The responsibility has done them good," she decided.

Then they all sat down, and soup was served by a pretty maid in cap and apron whom Mrs. Talbot surveyed with transient surprise. The soup was a poem,

and the fish and game which followed were harmonious developments of the original theme. The girls were in wild spirits, never letting the conversation flag for a moment, and Mrs. Talbot, weak still, in the emotion of this reunion, was content to enjoy them and the feast till the last course was served. The salad, a color-study in delicate greens and red, had followed the game, and a frozen pudding had followed that. The pretty maid came in once more with four little cups of steaming coffee the perfume of which preceded her as subtly as a rose's precedes the rose-garden's. Mrs. Talbot sipped hers with great satisfaction.

"I see," she said, as the door closed behind the smiling Hebe, "you have a helper to-night. In honor of the great occasion, I suppose?"

"Oh, Mary?" answered Molly, with admirable nonchalance. "Yes, she has been helping us quite a while—ever since we were so busy."

"Indeed?" Mrs. Talbot's voice expressed a quick alarm. "No wonder," she added hastily, with a faint smile; "you girls must be very tired."

She could not forbear observing, however, that they did not look it; nothing in their radiance suggested that they had ever known fatigue.

"Now that I 'm about," she said cheerfully, "we can begin to economize. I may not be able to do much, but at least I can wash and wipe dishes. What delicious coffee! Molly's, I imagine."

"Yes; all the feast is mine, mother," replied Molly, brightly, "and the table decorations are Louise's. Are n't they lovely. We called in 'our best talent,' as the bill-boards say, in honor of the occasion."

There was a moment's silence.

"I think," said Mrs. Talbot, slowly, leaning back in her chair and surveying her daughters, "your best talent was employed all through these trying months. The only one of my daughters whose work I could distinguish was Anna's—for obvious reasons. She gave up the privilege of serving in many ways to serve me in one." Here she smiled at her faithful nurse. "For the rest, I could never detect any degrees of excellence; you all did equally well. I am very proud of my daughters. Nothing could

have gratified me more." Her glowing maternal glance swept the little circle, and rested upon three flushed and down-cast countenances.

Molly, recognizing the psychological moment, and her special obligation toward it, as the eldest, broke a difficult silence.

"Well, you see, mother dear, there never was any difference. I was always the cook, and Louise did the other things. We—we specialized. The doctor said you must be kept comfortable, and so—we did the best we could." She brought her explanation to a hurried close, as the expression they all knew so well crossed their mother's face.

It was quickly subdued.

"No doubt; and no doubt you did it for the best," said Mrs. Talbot. After a moment, and with obvious effort, she added with a faint smile: "But who did all the things no one does best—or likes to do?"

"All of us at first," said Louise; "and afterward—Mary."

"Mary?" repeated Mrs. Talbot, in a tone which smote the girls. "Mary—that is the maid, is it not? You mean to tell me you have employed a servant for some time!" Then as the three remained silent, exchanging dumb glances: "She must be paid and discharged to-morrow," she exclaimed with all her old decision. "The *necessary* expenses were already sufficient—more than sufficient."

Something in that emphasis brought Molly suddenly to her feet.

"She *is* paid, mother, and—and *she* is a necessary expense, too. So are all the other things,—paid, I mean,—and everything is all right. We meant to give you a pleasant surprise; but if you feel this way, we 'd better—here!" She drew from her pocket a carefully sealed envelop, tore it open, and laid paper after paper on her mother's plate. "Look! We were saving them for—a surprise." In spite of herself, the indignant young voice broke suddenly.

"Bills—and receipted!" Mrs. Talbot's thin cheek grew scarlet. "Girls, you have not been accepting aid!"

"Mother Talbot!" "I should say not!" "What do you take us for?" cried three offended voices together; and Molly explained proudly:

"We earned every cent of it—Louise and I."

Mrs. Talbot sank back into her chair with a gasp. This tall young creature, flushed and earnest, she no longer recognized as her docile Molly; it was an unknown personality. And to make it worse, a second flushed and young personality rose and stood beside the first, putting an ally's arm about its waist.

"It 's exactly as Molly says," reinforced Louise. "The more we thought of it, the more it seemed a shame to let Anna do it all. And there were those dreadful bills, and those dreadful dishes! And Molly does n't know how to do a thing but cook, and I can only make things look pretty; so we did n't know *what* to do. Finally, between the bills and the housework, we got desperate, and made up our minds we 'd do what we *could*. We advertised that we 'd deliver cakes and biscuits, and then Mrs. Arthur's little girl had a birthday party, and I got permission to decorate the table and the room. You never saw anything so pretty, mother! After that we got a lot of orders, and the bell kept ringing till we were afraid you 'd notice it and wonder; so we hired a room downtown and a girl to help, and now we have regularly opened a tea-room, and are in business, Molly and I, and making money. I 've hung it all in burlap, and decorated it; and we never enjoyed anything half so much, and we don't work half so hard as we did before."

"It 's the difference," Molly broke in quietly upon this breathless statement, "between doing fifty things or one—and getting paid for it."

And then they fell into a sudden silence, during which each wondered if their mother would ever speak again, and each felt herself a matricide.

Whether she ever *would* have spoken, and especially what she would have said, must remain forever unknown to history, for another voice spoke from the back of the room:

"Well, am I in time?"

Three appealing faces sufficiently answered the doctor, and, with a reassuring twinkle at them, he came forward and took Mrs. Talbot's hand.

"Welcome back to life, my dear madam! This is a nice tonic these young

scamps have prepared for you, is n't it? Ah, well; we must move with the times, we old folks. The fact is, these plucky daughters of yours have completely captured the town; everybody is admiring them; everybody is saying, too, that it 's plain to see where they got their training. After all, what could four women do in one house, anyway? Just get under your heels, as they did before, and next time they might succeed in breaking your neck. It 's a shock, of course,—that 's why these children wanted me to be on hand,—but you seem to have gotten ahead of the program. But, there, with three such blooming evidences of success before you, not to mention any others,"—he glanced laughingly at the pile of bills,— "there is n't much need of my saying anything."

Mrs. Talbot was very pale; the girls looked at her in frightened silence, wondering if they had killed her.

"As you say," she said at last faintly, "it is—a shock. I—was not prepared to come back to life only to lose two daughters."

"You don't, mother," protested Molly between tenderness and impatience. "You will see ever so much more of us, and you 'll find we are ever so much better worth seeing than when we were all fussing and fretting and scrabbling here at home."

"Possibly," replied Mrs. Talbot, still faintly and rather coldly; "but I—am old-fashioned. I cannot help being glad that I have still one daughter left." She reached out a thin hand to Anna. "At least," she exclaimed sharply, withdrawing it at sight of Anna's scarlet cheeks and the embarrassed glances of the others, "I suppose Anna is not in the business."

The doctor's face was the reddest in the room; he cleared his throat with guilty vigor.

"Now, my dear madam," he protested energetically, "do you really mean to tell me that, having discovered Anna's light, you would deliberately hide it under a bushel? If there is any one talent that belongs to the whole world, it is the talent of the born nurse. Nobody has a right to deprive the world of it; and you, my dear friend, you, who have just experienced what it means, ought to thank

the Lord for your daughter's gift and encourage her to use it as he intended. Encourage! You ought to compel her, if need be," he wound up, with professional enthusiasm.

Mrs. Talbot's lips were trembling by the time he had finished. She was still weak, and Anna's administrations came back to her suddenly, with a new poignancy of meaning and remembrance. Slow tears filled her eyes.

"It may be—you are right," she murmured in a tone which brought Anna to her side with a swift, remorseful tenderness.

"Mother dear," she said, stroking the thin hand in both hers, "I promise not to leave you until you are quite strong and well."

Mrs. Talbot faintly returned the pressure of those kind young hands.

"Right?" said the doctor, winking energetically. "Of course I'm right; I always am. That's my professional privilege. Anna will enter the training class next January,—you will be abundantly able to spare her then,—and mark my words: you'll live to see her my best surgical nurse yet."

Mrs. Talbot smiled again a trifle sadly. But whatever she had it in mind to reply died upon her lips as she lifted her eyes. That inexorable law which sets the young against the old, the new generation against the elder, forcing it in the teeth of its own protesting tenderness and at the cost of its own aching sympathies forever forward and onward into untried paths, not always to its own immediate good, but always toward the ultimate advantage of more defiant generations yet to come, was printed legibly on the face of each of her daughters. And the mother read it.

Her eyes grew large with dawning apprehension as she consulted each face in turn, only to receive that inexorable answer. Something stronger than they or she was at work here—something against which it was futile to wrestle; and it was a measure of the woman's real strength of character that she was able to perceive this. There are mothers who cannot. She bowed her head with an involuntary gesture of acceptance.

"Perhaps—in time," she said with something very like a sob, "I shall get

used to the idea of having—three sons—in place of three daughters."

"You will get used in time—in a surprisingly short time—to having three happy, independent, useful girls about you, instead of three irritable, dissatisfied old maids," said the doctor, with blunt conviction. "That's the real difference."

In her vast isolation, Mrs. Talbot spoke aloud to herself: "But I am nearly helpless, and there is the house."

"There are also the servants," Molly answered brightly. "You will just reign over them like an absolute Czarina of all the Russias. Don't you see, mother dear, with three *sons* earning money, we can afford servants? They don't seem to mind dishes; Mary says she likes them. And that is n't all: we can afford to have—to do—to be—ever so many things we never could before. Why, life is just going to begin, mother."

"And you will just have to make up your mind to begin again with it, mother," added Louise, laughing. "Don't imagine you can shirk it: Molly and I have our eyes on you already for bookkeeper and general manager. You ought to see our accounts! We are about as good at that as we are at housekeeping."

The three beaming, coaxing faces drew closer; they formed an irresistible column of attack. And, after all, they were hers,—her daughters,—bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh. She encountered the doctor's eyes a moment, and surrendered her defenses with much nobility.

"Well,"—it was only for him that the smile with which she said it held an extreme pathos,—"I am glad if there is a place in your world for me; for it is plain you have hopelessly outgrown mine."

Her surrender was promptly ratified—by bodily captivity. Out of that circle of waving arms and joyous heads it was the voice of "our youngest," privileged in her capacity of personal attendant, which concluded the matter softly and feminine-wise between two kisses:

"Not *our* world, dearest—*the* world. That's the difference, don't you see?"

And Mrs. Talbot tried.

It is all that anybody can, and counts (God knows it ought to!) for righteousness.

AN APPEAL TO THE PAST

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "A Question of Command," "The Smoke-Eaters," etc.

PICTURE BY MARTIN JUSTICE



IT was an unseasonably hot September afternoon on the water-front of New York, with a sun overhead that struck a quivering refraction from the dried and warped planks of the wharves, and with a breeze that came warm across the sparkle of the bay, where the glancing facets of small waves shone like a million gleaming little mirrors. The tugs and ferries, steamboats, floats, and scows, bustled and wallowed and staggered past, squealing in a shrill impatience when they whistled, and puffing short of breath when they reversed. The water under their bows broke and fell back sluggishly. The swells in their wakes reeled away in an oily roll. The air was heavy with the drifting belch of their funnels.

The pier-house of the fire-boat *Manhattan* stood at the head of its slip, as bare as a lighthouse to the beat and reflection of the heat, with its row of open windows gaping in the sunlight like a line of gasping mouths; and behind the unshaded sill of one of these, old Captain Keighley had been sitting for an hour, listening to the political arguments of "Tim" Noonan, the leader of the "Sixt." Wherever Noonan went, he closed the doors behind him. Keighley had heard him in a silence that was irritating; and Noonan, in the breathless office, had arrived at a blood-hot exasperation that kept boiling up red in his face.

"I 'll think it over," Keighley promised for the fourth time.

Noonan plucked from between his teeth the frayed butt of a cigar chewed to tatters. "Now look a-here," he said

hoarsely. "I 'm yer friend, I 'm tellin' yeh, Dan; but I can't go back with no such answer. An' *you* know it. Take it er leave it. There 's promotion in it the one way, an' there 's trouble the other. Are yeh with us, er are yeh not, now?"

Keighley looked out the window placidly, and scratched the back of his hand. "This crew," he said, "when I took a hold here, it was the makin's of a mincepie. An' it 'd 'a' been the worst mess o' nothin' in the whole department if I 'd run it Brownie, er anti-Brownie, er anythin' else but straight business to put out fires. I got nothin' against the Actin'-Chief ner his Brownies. They ain't botherin' me any—*now*."

Noonan had a long, round upper lip that met a round, protruding under one in a mouth like a rent in a rubber ball. He opened it, and then shut it again in a politic effort to control his temper. "Dan," he said at last, "I like a joke, but I 'm no more a dum fool than yeh are yerself; mind that now. Yeh 've been fightin' half yer comp'ny fer the six months gone, an' yeh think yeh 've won. They ain't botherin' yeh any now, no. Yeh think they 've had enough, an' mebbe they have. Mebbe they have; but there 's them that ain't." He stopped himself. He plugged his mouth with his cigar again, and puffed it till it crackled. "Have sense, now," he said. "Have sense, man. Here 's yer chance to get the best that 's goin'. Will yeh take it er leave it?"

Keighley had turned to listen to the tinkle of a telephone bell in the sitting-room, where the apparatus of the fire-alarm was stationed.

"Will yeh take it er leave it?" Noonan demanded.

Keighley did not answer. He swung round in his swivel-chair. Some one rapped at the door, and he called, "Come!"

Lieutenant Moore looked in to report: "A telephone call from headquarters. Soap-works afire at Nohunk. They want us to keep it off the coal-docks."

Keighley ordered: "Cast off." He turned to Noonan. "Better come along with us," he said. "It 'll be cool outside."

Now, Noonan was the father-in-law of the Acting-Chief, and the Acting-Chief was the leader of the "Brownies." The "Brownies" were a semi-political "benevolent association" of firemen who had fallen foul of Captain Keighley, had tried to break him by treachery, and had failed. He was too strong to be attacked again openly, because he had an undetermined influence with the Boss, and the Boss was already angry with the Brownies for having forced the old Chief from his command by methods that had been exposed on the Chief's appeal for protection under the civil-service laws. The exposure had roused the reformers to "raise a howl," and the Boss objected to department intrigues that got into court.

Since Keighley could not be driven, the leaders of the Brownies had decided that he must be led. Noonan, of the suave Irish diplomacy, had been sent to lead him. He had found it hot work leading old obstinacy in the pier-house office. The boat looked cooler.

There were two chairs under a flapping awning on the "fantail." Noonan went sulkily aboard.

But Keighley took him to the wheel-house instead of to the stern, and there was a pilot at the wheel. Noonan waited in an impatient expectation that the captain would give his orders there, and then go aft to finish their conversation; but as soon as the boat was under way, the men, clearing the decks for action, began to roll up the awning and carry the chairs below, and Noonan looked at the captain with the expression of a man who has been tricked.

Keighley stood at the pilot's shoulder, his hands behind him, innocently watch-

ing the course they steered. He was of the steel-eyed breed of "North of Ireland sharp nose," keen and silent. Noonan, with his gray side-whiskers and his long lip, was the sort of Irishman who would have made an amiable parish priest if circumstances had not made him a ward leader—the sort of man to whom politics is a benevolent affair of "gettin' jobs" for his friends and loyally keeping them from his enemies. The only dishonesty in public office that he understood was the dishonesty of treason to the organization, and he despised the political renegade as he would have despised the turncoat who deserts his church.

Brownie and anti-Brownie were merely factions of the organization, and he could come to Keighley with a charitable desire to convince the captain that he was standing in his own light. They had been young together. They had served together as fire-laddies in the red-shirt days of the volunteer fire department. Yet Keighley received him without trust, and held him off.

He smoked resentfully; and the head wind, through the open window of the wheel-house, blew the ashes in his eyes.

Keighley said, "Volunteer firemen up at Nohunk."

He blinked and grunted.

Keighley glanced at him slyly. After a while he added, "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times."

Noonan understood that Keighley was trying to placate him; he was not shrewd enough to see that the captain was playing on him. He smoked, somewhat mollified.

"Ol' Dolger," Keighley said, "the mayor—er whatever he is—he 's got all the boys with 'im. They elect 'im to everythin' up there. Do yeh remember the Red Crows?"

Noonan made an amicable sound of assent in his throat.

"Dolger 'll remind yeh of Nip himself," Keighley added.

The memory of the past—the past that has always such a poetical appeal for the Celt—twisted Noonan's lips in a queer smile. "Nip was a great boy," he said at last—"a great boy."

The boat was then darting and dodging her way through the cross traffic of

the lower river. By the time the railroad terminals were passed and the breeze began to come less bituminous from open water, Noonan was laughing and talking, with his hat on the back of his head and a blur in his eyes. It was: "Do yeh mind the time I put the ash barrel over the hydrant, an' the boys o' Big Six went by it? Ho-ho! They near broke ev'ry bone in me body!" Or: "Will y' ever forget the night we run Silver Nine into the ditch an' they sailed into us, tooth an' nail, at the foot o' Chatham Hill?" Or: "Hurley, was it? Well, anyways, he put his fist into me mouth just as I opened it to yell 'She's over!' an' I set down in the road an' coughed up teeth be the handful."

Keighley nodded and coughed, puckered his eyes appreciatively, and cracked his finger-joints behind his back. He did not laugh; it was as hard for Keighley to laugh as it is for most men to sing when sober. Besides, he knew enough of Noonan to understand that, although the politician's joviality was not all assumed, although even the fond moisture in his eye was not from the eye only, old friendships would not change present policies, and Noonan did not intend they should.

When Keighley caught the warm odors of fields and orchards from the Nohunk shore, he reached mechanically for the pilot's glasses. "Them was wild days," he said, focusing the binoculars.

"We used to hang together well enough *then*, Dan," Noonan insinuated.

Keighley studied a mist of light smoke that lay along the water's-edge, and worked his lips in the twitching of a dryly contemptuous smile; then he dropped his cap on the chair beside him, without lowering the glasses, and with one hand began to loosen his necktie. "Dolger's got his work cut out fer 'm," he said.

The boat went throbbing through the water at a fourteen-mile gate; there was silence in the wheel-house.

"Take us in south o' the ol' pier," the captain ordered. He caught the heel of one boot with the toe of the other, and jerked off the elastic gaiter; the glasses did not leave his eyes. "If yeh'd like to come in with us, Tim, I can give yeh a turnout," he said to Noonan. A fire-

man passed under the window. "Bring me me rubbers," Keighley ordered him, without looking down. "Yeh 're allowin' fer the current, are yeh?" he said to the pilot. Lieutenant Moore came to the doorway. "Get the starboard lines out," Keighley directed, without turning. He kicked off the other gaiter, after loosening it with the toe of his stockinged foot. "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times," he said to Noonan. And his orders and his remarks were all given in the same absent-minded voice of a man who has his eyes fixed and his mind busy on another matter.

Noonan laughed admiringly. "That ain't the way ol' Nip used to give his orders, Dan," he said.

From that distance the village of Nohunk was a cluster of yellow houses that looked as if they had been rolled down the sides of the Nohunk valley and piled together on the water's-edge. Behind them, a trail of small cottages marked the path they had come from the hill-top; in front of them lay the soap-works and the brewery,—as if their greater bulk had given them greater momentum,—with their foundations awash at high tide, on the far side of an open field at which the houses had all stopped.

It was this field that had saved the village from the fire; for the local firemen, massing in the open, had been able to force the flames back on the waterfront, following them and confronting them as they extended down the piers toward the brewery and the coal-yards. And Captain Keighley, putting in at a disused and broken pier, on the flank of the extending line of fire, planned to drive it back before it reached the coal-wharves, and to hold it back until the shore companies could drown it out.

To a boat that could lift its hundreds of gallons of water with every drive of its pumps, the blaze was a bonfire. To a crew of men who knew that they were beyond the reach of the departmental authorities, the whole affair was a warm-weather lark. Under a stern spray that kept them cool, they manned their lines in blue shirts and old trousers, all of them bareheaded and some of them in their bare feet. Keighley, on the wheel-house deck, and Lieutenant Moore, in the fantail, wore helmets and rubber

boots; but Noonan was the only one who put on a waterproof coat, and he was directing a monitor nozzle, under Keighley's instructions, with all the deadly earnestness of an old man at play.

Two stand-pipes were trained on the pier for which the fire was reaching, and a third was turned on the nearest coal-wharf, to wet it down. But the brewery was beyond the reach of the stationary nozzles, being farther up the inlet in which the *Manhattan* lay and across the road from the foot of the pier at which the fireboat had tied up. Captain Keighley, peering through the smoke, could see a squad of volunteer firemen vainly trying to reach the roof of the brewery with streams that fell short of the third story. He was ordering a line of hose stretched up the pier to aid them, when a fat man, red-shirted, in the white helmet of a chief, came puffing corpulently down the wharf toward the boat, waving a speaking-trumpet. It was Dolger.

He was whiskered like a Boer, and his beard swept the embroidered front of a yellow plastron that reached to the bulge of his waist. He waved his hand at them, and yelled breathlessly: "Vill idt cost de county?"

Noonan forgot his duties at the stand-pipe and came over to ask: "What is it, Dan? What 's he talkin' about?"

Keighley shook his head and looked away from the spectacle of an excited old man making himself ridiculous. Dolger ran on to the squad in the stern, and shouted again: "Vat 'll idt cost de county?"

The nearest fireman answered impudently over his shoulder: "Nuddings, if you don't charge us fer the water."

"No; dot 's free," Dolger panted. "Com' along mit idt. I 'll show yah vat idt is to do."

The men grinned, and went on with their work of getting their hose out of its box. One of them said: "Dot voss Santa Claus in der red shirt. Vee gates vos loss mit 'im."

Dolger threw back his shoulders and blew out his belt like a drum-major. "De cabt'n—vich is he?" he demanded. Keighley had turned his back to direct the stream which Noonan was neglecting, and the men, glancing up at the wheel-house, understood that their cap-

tain intended to leave the resplendent Chief to them to deal with.

Dolger explained majestically: "I am der chief. Dis feuer iss by me."

They laughed with the contempt of the regular for the volunteer, of the professional for the amateur. They began to couple up a line of hose, under the lieutenant's orders, dragging the lengths out on the pier.

"Stob!" Dolger ordered. "Stob idt so!" He was suddenly calm and haughty. "I don' vand yah." They paid no attention to him. He waved his hands at them, with the palms out, as if swimming, in a gesture that was ridiculous. "Go away back! I don' vand yah. Nein."

The fireman with the nozzle, as he shoved past, said: "Run away, Dutchy! Nix kommer ous. Go an' lose yer-self!" And Dolger put his trumpet to his mouth and ran up the pier, shouting indignant German to the men in the roadway.

Noonan had been watching the incident from the wheel-house. "What is it Dan?" he asked. "What 's he goin' to do?"

"I guess he 's goin' to give us what Silver Nine gave the Red Crows," Keighley answered, without a smile. "It 'll remind yeh of ol' times."

"Aw, quit yer foolin', Dan," Noonan said anxiously. "What 's he up to?"

"He 's goin' to bring his gang down here to take charge o' the boat," Keighley assured him. "How 're yer teeth?"

Noonan licked his lips. "No!" he exclaimed.

"That 's right."

Noonan began to unbutton his rubber coat. He snorted "Huh!" belligerently.

"Here," Keighley said, "tend to yer nozzle. Don't let it play in one place. It 'll knock holes in that wharf, if yeh do."

Noonan took the directing-wheel again, and began to swing the nozzle from side to side mechanically, watching over his shoulder for Dolger's return. Keighley went down the ladder to take charge of his crew, and left Noonan alone on the wheel-house; and when Dolger's men appeared, running through the smoke with their chief's white helmet leading them like an ikon, it was

Noonan that saw them first. He raised a warlike shout of "Hi, boys, hi! Hooks an' axes! Hooks an' axes!"

The men looked up curiously at the charge of the red shirts. Keighley said, "Go on with yer work." Noonan screamed: "All aboard! They 're comin'! They 're comin'!" And then, seeing that the crew would be taken unprepared, he swung around his nozle to repel the attack himself.

He had had no experience of the strength of such a stream, and before Keighley could get back to the wheelhouse to interfere, the water struck the deck of the old pier almost at the feet of the volunteers, lifted the loose planks on the rebound, and overwhelmed the company like a burst of surf. Dolger's white helmet flew on the crest of it; the first men, taken in the faces with the sheet of spray, were thrown back bodily on the others; and when the stream, tearing its way through the planking, struck a stringer that had already rotted from its supporting piles, that section of the pier collapsed under the sprawling weight of the fallen men, and dropped them, with the Chief himself, into the water.

By that time Keighley had reached the nozle and thrown it up. "H—, Tim," he growled, "do yeh want to drown 'em! Get yer ladders there, men!" he shouted. "Haul those fullehs out!"

The crew caught up their scaling-ladders and ran, bewildered, to the gap in the pier. "They w'u'd, w'u'd they!" Noonan fumed. He shook his fist at the red shirts that had rallied at a safe distance. Keighley caught him by the shoulders, and turned him round.

"Take a joke, Tim!" he said curtly. "Take a joke! These ain't the days o' Silver Nine."

He went down the ladder, and Noonan, with his coat half off, his helmet pushed back from his forehead, remained to swallow, and stare after Keighley, in the posture of a man who had been egged on to a fight and then left and laughed at when his blood was up.

He understood that he had been made a fool of. He did not know that he had done worse than that for Dolger.

The man whom Dolger had led down to the *Manhattan* had been drawn from

the squad that had been protecting the brewery, and he had taken the chance of getting them back to the building with a powerful line of the boat's 'hose in time to recover any ground that the fire might have gained in their absence. Noonan's method of receiving them had been a deadly disarrangement of their plans: It left the brewery undefended, and it put Keighley's men at rescue work when they should have been stretching in their line.

They got a ladder down to Dolger; but he was too weak to do more than cling to it, and they had to bring a heaving-line from the boat, tie it under his arms, and hoist him to the pier with the aid of two of his own men, who buoyed him up in the water and underpropped him as he was dragged panting up the slant of broken timbers. He had hurt his hip, he was too weak to walk, and he collapsed on the pier in a pool of trickle from his bedraggled uniform, while the water ran from his forehead into the fat pouches of his eyes, and he moaned, "Ach Gott! Ach Gott!" in a beard that dripped with salt water like a bunch of seaweed.

They left him there until they had rescued seven of his men who were clinging to piles or floating on planks under the pier; and these gathered about him, one by one, forlornly wringing the water from their trousers, taking off their boots to empty them, or vainly trying to wipe the smart of brine from their eyes with the cuffs of their shirts. Keighley looked them over sternly. "Don't you fullehs know no better 'n to run into a stream like that? Do yeh want to get yerself killed?"

"We did n't see it comin'," one of them protested.

"Comin'?" he said. "It was *you* that was comin'."

They muttered and looked back at the hole in the pier. "You 'll get killed at some o' these fires some o' these days, if yeh go runnin' into places full o' smoke this way without lookin' where yeh 're runnin'. The Chief ought to know better. How 're yeh feelin', Chief?"

Dolger groaned: "De brewery! Stob her!"

"Help him aboard there!" Keighley ordered. "Cast off, an' run her up the

pier further, Moore, an' get that line in!" The volunteers helped their limping officer aboard. "Yeh ought to know better," Keighley grumbled, "runnin' in blind like that. Hurry up there, boys!"

The guilty Noonan had hidden in the wheel-house. Keighley saw him watching from the window, and grimly ordered the men to carry Dolger in there, too. While that was being done, the boat was run up past the gap in the pier and made fast again; and for the next half-hour Keighley was too busy to think of Noonan or his victim.

The broadside of streams from the *Manhattan* had checked the progress of the fire down the water-front, and a single stand-pipe was sufficient to hold it now; but the roof of the brewery was flaming under a rolling plume of black smoke, and the excitement ashore rose to the confusion of a panic. Keighley, on the bulwarks, gathered together a herd of volunteers, and drove them with shouts to drag lines from the hose-box and stretch them up the pier. They tripped over their own feet, blundered with their hose-spanners, tried to screw the wrong nozles on the lines, turned on the water before their couplings were tight, got in the way of the trained men, and were bruised and wetted, blinded, bewildered, and were cursed like a crew of clumsy stage supers caught in the hurry of a "dark change." When they got their big line laid and the water was turned into it, the force of the stream kicked them back as if they had been trying to hold a cannon; and it was only by virtue of the everlasting luck of the beginner that the plunging nozle did not thresh the lives out of some of them. Keighley swore disgustedly, and sat down on the side of the boat.

The brewery was doomed in any case. He watched it burn.

While he was still sitting there, the crestfallen Noonan came up behind him, perspiring remorsefully, and wiping his red face in the crook of his elbow. "We got the ol' Dutchman in trouble, Dan."

Keighley snorted his indifference.

"The boys all work in the brewery. He says they 'll blame him fer bein' out o' jobs."

Keighley spat. "It 's up to him; it ain't up to me."

"His depaty 's been in there, crowin' over 'im. He 'll be gettin' elected to Dolger's place. He did n't try to save the brewery. He says Dolger let the soap-works burn a' purpose. The whole dang thing 's been botched."

"Sure it 's been botched," Keighley said. "What 'd yeh expect? They 're too busy playin' politics to put out fires."

Noonan's mouth shut like a trap. He stroked his chin thoughtfully with a thumb and forefinger, looking down his nose. Then he went back to the wheel-house and lighted a cigar.

When the *Manhattan* turned homeward again, the sun was setting smoke-red over the hills of Nohunk, and the wreck of Dolger's career stretched from the ruins of the soap-works to the blackened shell of the brewery. He had been helped to his home by a squad of loyal officers; his deputy was wearing his white fire-hat; and in the road that had marked his line of battle the indignant citizens of Nohunk were planning a revolution in his fire department.

Noonan watched them sadly from the taffrail. Dolger's woes lay heavy on him. Behind him Keighley said:

"Between the boys of the soap-works fightin' the boys of the brewery, an' Chief Dolger scrappin' with Depaty Hencks, there ain't much left o' Nohunk."

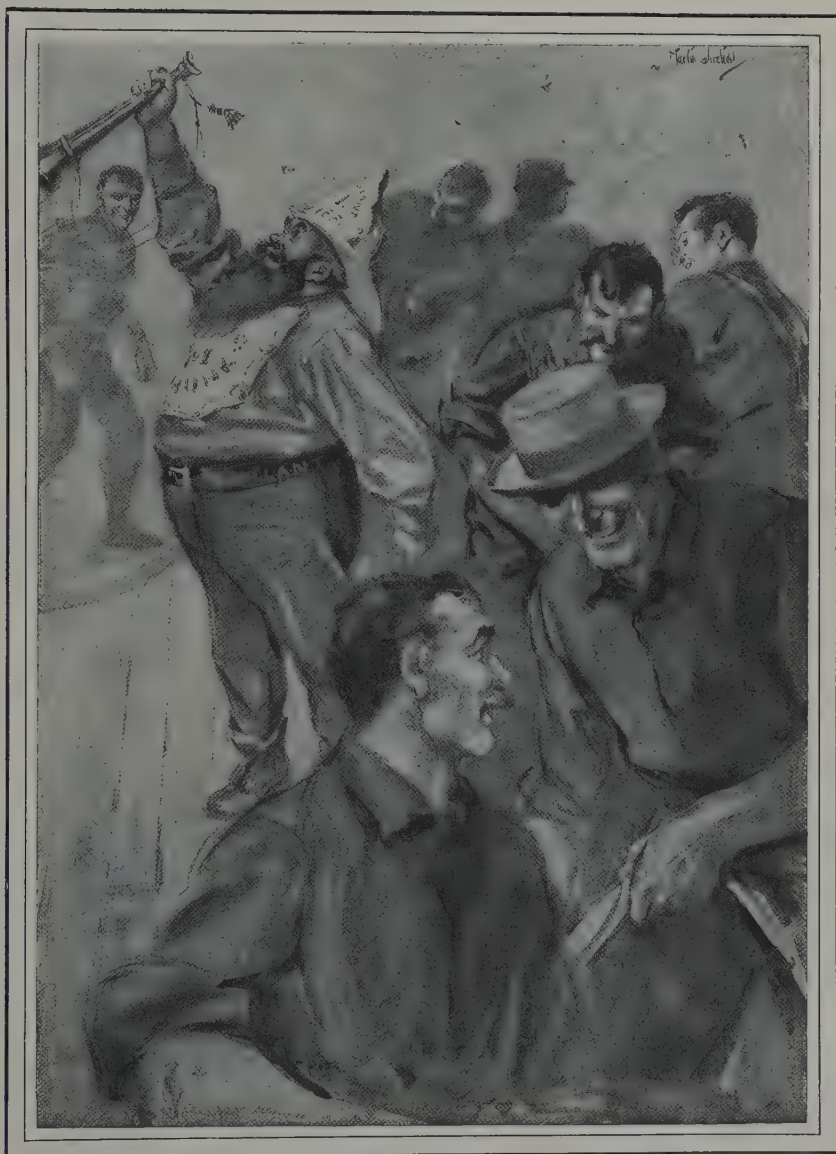
Noonan did not reply. Keighley took a turn around the deck. When he came back to the stern he said: "Them days is past fer us, Tim. We don't wear red shirts nowadays; we don't elect 'ur Chief; we get a day's pay fer a day's work; an' we got no use fer politics."

"What do yeh mean by that now?" Noonan cried. "Talk straight fer once in yer life, will yeh?"

"I mean that Brownie ner anti-Brownie makes no diff'rence to me. If a man does his work, I 'll stan' by him. An' if he don't, I 'll pound him till he does. That 's the rule aboard this boat, an' it al'ys will be."

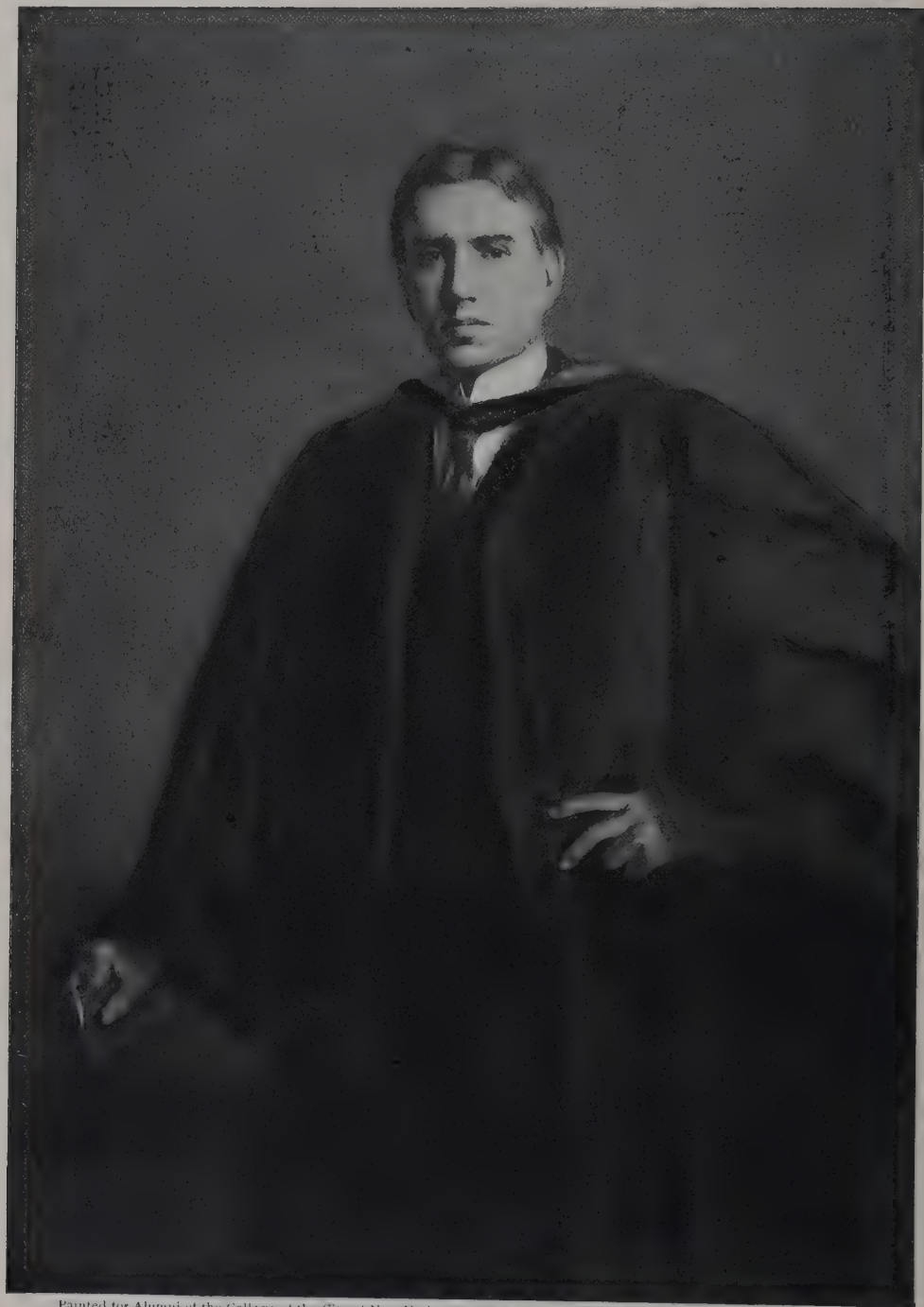
"Yeh 're makin' a mistake," Noonan warned him, "a big mistake."

Keighley settled his collar. "Yeh better leave me to run me men in m' own way. Mind yer politics, an' leave me to me fires. Yeh 're a good deal of a joke with a pipe yerself, Tim. Yeh 'd better leave that to me."



Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"I AM DER CHIEF. DIS FEUER ISS BY ME"



Painted for Alumni of the College of the City of New York. (See Open Letters.) Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN PORTRAITURE—XIV

JOHN H. FINLEY

PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

PAINTED BY S. J. WOOLF

RUNNING WATER

BY A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Four Feathers," "Miranda of the Balcony," etc.

PICTURE BY H. S. POTTER

VIII

SYLVIA DECLINES TO "FIT IN"



MEANWHILE Mrs. Thesiger laughed her shrill laugh and chatted noisily in the garden of the hotel. On the day of Sylvia's ascent she picnicked among the sham ruins on the road to Sallanches with a few detached idlers of various nationalities.

"Quite, quite charming," she cried, and she rippled with enthusiasm over the artificial lake and the artificial rocks among which she seemed an appropriate figure; and she shrugged her pretty shoulders over the eccentricities of her daughter, who was undoubtedly burning her complexion to the color of brick-dust among those stupid mountains. In the course of the afternoon she came back a trifle flushed, and in the evening she slipped discreetly into the little circle at the back of the casino, where she played baccarat in a company which flattery could hardly have termed doubtful. She was, indeed, not displeased to be rid of her unsatisfactory daughter for a night and a couple of days.

"Sylvia won't fit in," for a long time she had been accustomed piteously to complain, and with ever more reason. Less and less did Sylvia fit in with Mrs. Thesiger's scheme of life. It was not that the girl resisted or complained. Mrs. Thesiger would have understood objections and complaints. She would not have minded them; she could have coped with them. There would have been little scenes, with accusations of ingratitude, of undutifulness; and Mrs. Thesiger was not averse to the excitement

of little scenes. But Sylvia never complained; she maintained a reserve, a mystery, which her mother found very uncomfortable. "She has no sympathy," said Mrs. Thesiger. Moreover, she would grow up, and she would grow up in beauty and in freshness. Mrs. Thesiger did her best. She kept her dressed in a style which suited a younger girl, or, rather, which would have suited a younger girl had it been less decorative and extreme. Again Sylvia did not complain. She followed her usual practice, and shut her mind to the things that displeased her so completely that they ceased to trouble her. But Mrs. Thesiger never knew that secret, and often, when in the midst of her chatter she threw a glance at the elaborate figure of her daughter, sitting apart, with her lace skirts too short, her heels too high, her hat too big and too fancifully trimmed, she would see her Madonna-like face turned toward her and her dark eyes thoughtfully dwelling upon her. At such times there would come an uncomfortable sensation that she was being weighed and found wanting; or a question would leap in her mind and bring with it fear and the same question which she had asked herself in the train on the way to Chamonix.

"You ask me about my daughter?" she once exclaimed pettishly to Monsieur Pettigrat. "Upon my word, I really know nothing of her except one ridiculous thing: she always dreams of running water. Now, I ask you what can you do with a daughter so absurd that she dreams of running water?"

Monsieur Pettigrat was a big, broad, uncommon man. He knew that he was uncommon, and dressed accordingly in



Half-tone engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SHE * * * CREPT WITH A BEATING HEART DOWN THE STAIRS"

a cloak and a brigand's hat. He saw what others did not, and spoke in a manner suitably impressive.

"I will tell you, Madame, about your daughter," he said somberly: "To me she has a fated look."

Mrs. Thesiger was a little consoled to think that she had a daughter with a fated look.

"I wonder if others have noticed it," she said cheerfully.

"No," replied Monsieur Pettigrat. "No others: only I."

"There! That 's just like Sylvia!" cried Mrs. Thesiger, in exasperation. "She has a fated look, and makes nothing of it."

But the secret of her discontent was just a woman's jealousy of a younger rival. Men were beginning to turn from her toward her daughter. That Sylvia never competed only made the sting the sharper. The grave face, with its perfect oval, which smiled so rarely, but in so winning a way; its delicate color, its freshness—these were points which she could not forgive in her daughter. She felt faded and yellow beside her; she rouged more heavily on account of her; she looked with more apprehension at the crow's-feet which were beginning to show about the corners of her eyes, and the lines which were beginning to run from the nostrils to the corners of her mouth.

Sylvia reached the hotel in time for dinner, and as she sat with her mother drinking her coffee in the garden afterward, Monsieur Pettigrat planted himself before the little iron table.

He shook his head, which was what his friends called "leonine."

"Mademoiselle," he said in his most impressive voice, "I envy you."

Sylvia looked up at him with a little smile of mischief upon her lips.

"And why, Monsieur?"

He waved his arm magnificently.

"I watched you at dinner. You are of the elect, Mademoiselle, for whom the snow-peaks have a message."

Sylvia's smile faded from her face.

"Perhaps so, Monsieur," she said gravely, and her mother interposed testily.

"A message! Ridiculous! There are only two words in the message, my dear—cold cream. And be sure you

put it on your face before you go to bed."

Sylvia apparently did not hear her mother's comment. At all events, she disregarded it, and Monsieur Pettigrat once again shook his head at her with a kindly magnificence.

"They have no message for me, Mademoiselle," he said, with a sigh, as though he for once regretted that he was so uncommon. "I once went up there to see." He waved his hand generally to the chain of Mont Blanc, and drifted largely away.

Mrs. Thesiger, however, was to hear more definitely of that message two days later. It was after dinner. She was sitting in the garden with her daughter on a night of moonlight; behind them rose the wall of mountains, silent and shadowed; in front were the lights of the little town, and the clatter of its crowded streets. Between the town and the mountains, at the side of the hotel, this garden lay—a garden of grass and trees, where the moonlight slept in white, brilliant pools of light or dripped between the leaves upon the branches. It partook alike of the silence of the hills and the noise of the town; for a murmur of voices was audible from this and that point, and under the shadows of the trees could be seen the glimmer of light-colored frocks and the waxing and waning glow of cigars. A waiter came across the garden with some letters for Mrs. Thesiger. There was none for Sylvia, and she was used to none; for she had no girl friends, and though at times men wrote her letters, she did not answer them.

A lamp burned near at hand. Mrs. Thesiger opened her letters and read them. She threw them upon the table when she had read them through; but there was one which angered her, and, re-
folding it in its envelop, she tossed it so petulantly aside that it slid off the iron table and fell at Sylvia's feet. Sylvia stooped and picked it up. It had fallen face upward.

"This is from my father."

Mrs. Thesiger looked up startled. It was the first time that Sylvia had ever spoken of him to her. A wariness came into her eyes.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want to go to him."

Sylvia spoke very simply and gently, looking straight into her mother's face with that perplexing steadiness of gaze which told very little of what thoughts were busy behind it. Her mother turned her face aside. She was rather frightened. For a while she made no reply at all, but her face beneath its paint looked haggard and old in the white light, and she raised her hand to her heart. When she did speak, her voice shook.

"You have never seen your father. He has never seen you. He and I parted before you were born."

"But he writes to you."

"Yes, he writes to me," and for all that she tried, she could not altogether keep a tone of contempt out of her voice. She added with some cruelty: "But he never mentions you. He has never once inquired after you—never once."

Sylvia looked very wistfully at the letter, but her purpose was not shaken.

"Mother, I want to go to him," she persisted. Her lips trembled a little, and, with a choke of the voice, a sob half-caught back, she added: "I am most unhappy here."

The rarity of a complaint from Sylvia moved her mother strangely. There was, moreover, a forlornness in her appealing attitude. Just for a moment Mrs. Thesiger began to think of early days, of which the memory was at once a pain and a reproach. A certain little village underneath the great White Horse on the Dorsetshire downs rose with a disturbing vividness before her eyes. She almost heard the mill-stream babble by. In that village of Sutton Poyntz she had herself been born, and to it she had returned, caught back again for a little while by her own country and her own youth, that Sylvia might be born there, too. Those months had made a kind of green oasis in her life. She had rested there in a farm-house after a time of much turbulence, with the music of running water night and day in her ears, a high-walled garden of flowers and green about her, and the downs, with their shadow-filled hollows and brown, treeless slopes, rising up from her very feet. She could not but think of

that short time of peace, and her voice softened as she answered her daughter.

"We don't keep step, Sylvia," she said, with an uneasy laugh. "I know that; but, after all, would you be happier with your father, even if he wants to keep you? You have all you want here—frocks, amusements, companions. Try to be more friendly with people."

But Sylvia merely shook her head.

"I can't go on any longer like this," she said slowly. "I can't, mother. If my father won't have me, I must see what I can do. Of course I can't do much,—I don't know anything,—but I am too unhappy here. I cannot endure the life we are living, without a home or—respect, a—" She broke off and turned her eyes again to her mother. They were bright, for the moonlight glistened upon tears. But the softness had gone from her mother's face. She had grown in a moment hard, and her voice rang hard as she asked:

"Why do you think that your father and I parted? Come, let me hear!"

Sylvia turned her head away.

"I don't think about it," she said gently. "I don't want to think about it. I just think that he left you because you did not keep step, either."

"Oh, he left me, not I him? Then why does he write to me?"

The voice was growing harder with every word.

"I suppose because he is kind." At that simple explanation, Sylvia's mother laughed with a bitter amusement. Sylvia sat scraping the gravel with her slipper.

"Don't do that!" cried her mother, irritably. Then she asked suddenly a question which startled her daughter:

"Did you meet any one last night on the mountain, at the inn?"

Sylvia's face colored, but the moonlight hid the change.

"Yes," she said.

"A man?"

"Yes."

"Who was it?"

"A Captain Chayne. He was at the hotel all last week. It was his friend who was killed on the Glacier des Nantillons."

"Were you alone in the inn, you and he?"

"Yes."

"Did he know your father?"

Sylvia stared at her mother.

"I don't know. I suppose not. How should he?"

"It's not impossible," replied Mrs. Thesiger. Then she leaned on the table. "It was he, who put those ideas into your head—about going away, about leaving me." She made an accusation rather than put a question, and made it angrily.

"No, mother," Sylvia replied. "He never spoke of you. The ideas have been growing in my mind for a long time, and to-day"—she raised her head, and turning slightly, looked up to where just behind her the ice-peaks of the Aiguilles du Midi and de Blaitière soared into the moonlit sky—"to-day the end came. I became certain that I must go away. I am very sorry, mother."

"The message of the mountains!" said her mother, with a sneer; and Sylvia answered quietly:

"Yes."

"Very well," said Mrs. Thesiger. She had been deeply stung by her daughter's words, by her wish to go; and if she delayed her consent, it was chiefly through a hankering to punish Sylvia. But the thought came to her that she would punish Sylvia more completely if she let her go. She smiled cruelly as she looked at the girl's pure and gentle face. And, after all, she herself would be free—free from Sylvia's unconscious rivalry, free from the grave criticism of her eyes.

"Very well, you shall go to your father. But, remember, you have made your choice. You must n't come whining back to me, because I won't have you," she said brutally. "You shall go to-morrow."

She took the letter from its envelop, but she did not show it to her daughter.

"I don't use your father's name," she said; "I have not used it since"—and again the cruel smile appeared upon her lips—"since he left me, as you say. He is called Garratt Skinner, and he lives in a little house in Hobart Place. Yes; you shall start for your home to-morrow."

Sylvia stood up.

"Thank you," she said. She looked wistfully at her mother, asking her par-

don with the look. But she did not approach her. She stood sadly in front of her. Mrs. Thesiger made no advance.

"Well?" she asked in her hard, cold voice.

"Thank you, mother," Sylvia repeated, and she walked slowly to the door of the hotel. She looked up to the mountains. Needle spires of rock, glistening pinnacles of ice, they stood dreaming to the moonlight and the stars. The great step had been taken. She prayed for something of their calm, something of their proud indifference to storm and sunshine, to solitude and company. She went up to her room and began to pack her trunks; and, as she packed, the tears gathered in her eyes and fell.

Meanwhile her mother sat in the garden. So Sylvia wanted a home; she could not endure the life she lived with her mother. Afar off a band played; the streets beyond were as noisy as a river; beneath the trees of the garden here people talked quietly. Mrs. Thesiger sat with a little vindictive smile upon her face. Her rival was going to be punished. Mrs. Thesiger had left her husband, not he her. She read through the letter which she had received from him this evening. It was a pressing request for money. She was not going to send him money. She wondered how he would appreciate the present of a daughter instead.

IX

SYLVIA MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HER FATHER

Sylvia left Chamonix the next afternoon. It was a Saturday, and she stepped out of her railway-carriage to the platform of Victoria Station at seven o'clock on the Sunday evening. She was tired by her long journey, and she felt rather lonely as she waited for her trunks to be passed by the officers of the custom-house. It was her very first visit to London, and there was not one person to meet her. Other travelers were being welcomed on all sides by their friends. No one in all London expected her. She doubted if she had one single acquaintance in the whole town. Her mother, foreseeing this very moment, had, with a subtlety of malice, refrained from

so much as sending a telegram to the girl's father; and Sylvia herself, not knowing him, had kept silence, too. Since he did not expect her, she thought her better plan was to see him, or, rather, since her thoughts were frank, to let him see her. Her mirror had assured her that her looks would be a better introduction than a telegram.

She had her boxes placed upon a cab and drove off to Hobart Place. The sense of loneliness soon left her; she was buoyed up by excitement. The novelty of the streets amused her. Moreover, she had invented her father, clothed him with many qualities as with shining raiment, and set him high among the persons of her dreams. Would he be satisfied with his daughter? That was her fear; and with the help of the looking-glass at the side of her hansom, she tried to remove the traces of travel from her young face.

The cab stopped at a door in a narrow wall between two houses, and she got out. Over the walls she saw the green leaves and branches of a few lime-trees which rose from a little garden, and at the end of the garden, in the far recess between the two side walls, the upper windows of a little, neat white house. Sylvia was charmed with it. She rang the bell, and a servant came to the door.

"Is Mr. Skinner in?" asked Sylvia.

"Yes," she said doubtfully; "but—"

Sylvia, however, had made her plans.

"Thank you," she said. She made a sign to the cabman and walked on through the doorway into a little garden of grass, with a few flowers against the walls on each side. A tile path led through the middle of the grass to the glass door of the house. Sylvia walked straight down, followed by the cabman, who brought her boxes in one after the other. The servant, giving way before the composure of this strange young visitor, opened the door of a sitting-room upon the left hand, and Sylvia, followed by her trunks, entered and took possession.

"What name shall I say?" asked the servant in perplexity. She had had no orders to expect a visitor. Sylvia paid the cabman, and waited until she heard the garden door close and the jingle of the cab as it was driven away; then and not till then she answered the question.

"No name. Just please tell Mr. Skinner that some one would like to see him," she said.

The servant stared, but went slowly away. Sylvia seated herself firmly upon one of her boxes. In spite of her composed manner, her heart was beating wildly. She heard a door open and the firm tread of a man along the passage. Sylvia clung to her box. After all, she was in the house, she and her baggage. The door opened, and a tall, broad-shouldered man, who seemed to fill the whole tiny room, came in and stared at her. Then he saw her boxes, and he frowned in perplexity. As he appeared to Sylvia, he was a man of about forty-five, with a handsome, deep-lined aquiline face. He had thick dark-brown hair, a mustache of a lighter brown, and eyes of the color of hers—a man rather lean, but of an athletic build. Sylvia watched him intently, but the only look upon his face was one of absolute astonishment. He saw a young lady, quite unknown to him, perched upon her luggage in a sitting-room of his house.

"You wanted to see me?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, rising to her feet. She looked at him gravely. "I am Sylvia," she said.

A smile rather like her own smile hesitated about his mouth.

"And——"

"Who is Sylvia? What is she? Her trunks do not proclaim her," he said. "Beyond that Sylvia has apparently come to stay, I am rather in the dark."

"You are Mr. Garratt Skinner?"

"Yes."

"I am your daughter Sylvia."

"My daughter Sylvia!" he exclaimed in a daze. Then he sat down and held his head between his hands. "Yes, by George! I *have* got a daughter Sylvia," he said, obviously recollecting the fact with surprise. "But you are at Chamonix."

"I was at Chamonix yesterday."

Garratt Skinner looked sharply at Sylvia.

"Did your mother send you to me?"

"No," she answered; "but she let me go. I came of my own accord. A letter came from you—"

"Did you see it?" interrupted her father. "Did she show it you?"

"No; but she gave me your address when I told her that I must come away."

"Did she? I think I recognize my wife in that kindly act," he said, with a sudden bitterness. Then he looked curiously at his daughter.

"Why did you want to come away?"

"I was unhappy. For a long time I had been thinking over this. I hated it all—the people we met, the hotels we stayed at, the life altogether. Then at Chamonix I went up a mountain."

"Oho!" said her father, sitting up alertly. "So you went up a mountain? Which one?"

"The Aiguille d'Argentière. Do you know it, father?"

"I have heard of it," said Garratt Skinner.

"Well, somehow that made a difference. It is difficult to explain; but I felt the difference. I felt something had happened to me which I had to recognize—a new thing. Climbing that mountain, staying for an hour upon its summit in the sunlight, with all those great, still pinnacles and ice-slopes about me, it was just like hearing very beautiful music." She was sitting now, leaning forward with her hands clasped in front of her and speaking with great earnestness. "All the vague longings which had ever stirred within me—longings for something beyond and beyond, came back upon me in a tumult. There was a place in shadow at my feet, far below, the only place in shadow, a wall of black rock called the Col Dolent. It seemed to me that I was living in that cold shadow. I wanted to get up on the ridge, with the sunlight. So I came to you."

It seemed to Sylvia that, intently as she spoke, her words must be elusive to another, unless that other had felt what she had felt or was moved by sympathy to feel it. Her father listened without ridicule, without a smile. Indeed, once or twice he nodded his head to her words. Was it comprehension, she wondered, or was it only patience?

"When I came down from that summit, I felt that what I had hated before was no longer endurable at all. So I came to you."

Her father got up from his chair and stood for a little while looking out of the window. He was clearly troubled by

her words. He turned away, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"But—but—what can I do for you here?" he cried. "Sylvia, I am a very poor man. Your mother, on the other hand, has some money."

"Oh, father, I sha'n't cost you much," she replied eagerly. "I might, perhaps, by looking after things, save you money. I won't cost you much."

Garratt Skinner looked at her with a rueful smile.

"You look to me rather an expensive person to keep up," he said.

"Mother dressed me like this. It's not my choice," she said. "I let her do as she wished. It did not seem to matter much. Really, if you will let me stay, you will find me useful," she said in a pathetic appeal.

"Useful?" said Garratt Skinner, suddenly. He again took stock of her, but now with a scrutiny which caused her a vague discomfort. He seemed to be appraising her, from the color of her hair and eyes to the prettiness of her feet, almost as though she were for sale, and he a doubtful purchaser. She looked down on the carpet, and slowly her blood colored her neck and rose into her face. "Useful?" he said slowly. "Perhaps so, yes; perhaps so." And upon that he changed his tone. "We will see, Sylvia. You must stay here for the present, at all events. Luckily, there is a spare room. I have some friends staying to supper—just a bachelor's friends, you know, taking pot-luck without any ceremony, very good fellows, not polished, perhaps, but sound of heart, Sylvia, my girl, sound of heart."

All his perplexity had vanished: he had taken his part; and he rattled along with a friendly liveliness which cleared the shadows from Sylvia's thoughts and provoked upon her face her rare and winning smile. He rang the bell for the housemaid.

"My daughter will stay here," he said, to the servant's astonishment. "Get the spare room ready at once. You will be hostess to-night, Sylvia, and sit at the head of the table. I become a family man. Well, well!"

He took Sylvia up-stairs, and showed her a bright little room, with a big window which looked out across the garden.

He carried her boxes up himself. "We don't run to a butler," he said. "Got everything you want? Ring if you have n't. We have supper at eight, and we sha'n't dress. Only—well, you could n't look dowdy if you tried."

Sylvia had not the slightest intention to try. She put on a little frock of white lace, high at the throat, dressed her hair, and then, having a little time to spare, hurriedly wrote a letter. This letter she gave to the servant as she ran down stairs.

"You will be careful to have it posted, please," she said.

At that moment her father came out into the passage so quickly that he might have been listening for her approach. She stopped upon the staircase a few steps above him. The evening was still bright, and the daylight fell upon her from a window above the hall-door.

"Shall I do?" she asked, with a smile.

The staircase was paneled with a dark, polished wood, and she stood out from that somber background, a white figure, delicate and dainty and wholesome from the silver buckle on her satin slipper to the white camellia she had placed in her hair. Her face, with its remarkable gentleness, its suggestion of purity, as of one unspotted by the world, was turned to him with a confident appeal. Her clear gray eyes rested quietly on his. Yet she saw his face change. It seemed that a spasm of pain or revolt shook him. Upon her face there came a blank look. Why was he displeased? But the spasm passed. He shrugged his shoulders and threw off his doubt.

"You are very pretty," he said.

Sylvia's smile just showed about the corners of her lips, and her face cleared.

"Yes," she said, with satisfaction.

Garratt Skinner laughed.

"Oh, you know that?"

"Yes," she replied, nodding her head at him.

He led the way down the passage toward the back of the house, and throwing open a door, introduced her to his friends.

"Captain Barstow," he said, and Sylvia found herself shaking hands with a little middle-aged man with a shiny bald head and a black, square beard. He had an eyeglass screwed into his right eye,

and that whole side of his face was distorted by the contraction of the muscles, and drawn upward toward the eye. He did not look at her directly; but with an oblique and furtive glance he expressed his sense of the honor which the introduction conferred on him. However, Sylvia was determined not to be disappointed. She turned to the next of her father's guests.

"Mr. Archie Parminter."

He, at all events, looked her straight in the face. He was a man of moderate height, youthful in build, but old of face, upon which there sat always a smirk of satisfaction. He was of those whom no beauty in others, no grace, no sweetness, could greatly impress, so filled was he with self-complacency. He had no time to admire, since always he felt that he was being admired, and to adjust his pose, and to speak so that his words carried to the right distance, occupied too much of his attention. He seldom spoke to the person he talked with, but generally to some other, a woman for choice, whom he believed to be listening to the important sentences he uttered. For the rest, he had grown heavy in jaw, and his face, a rather flat face in which were set a pair of sharp, dark eyes, narrowed in toward the top of his head like a pear.

He bowed suavely to Sylvia, with the air of one showing to the room how a gentleman performed that ceremony, but took little note of her.

But Sylvia was determined not to be disappointed.

Her father took her by the elbow and turned her about.

"Mr. Hine."

Sylvia was confronted with a youth who reddened under her greeting and awkwardly held out a damp, coarse hand, a poor creature with an insipid face, flaxen hair, and a manner of great discomfort. He was as tall as Parminter, but wore his good clothes with a Sunday air, and having been introduced to Sylvia, could find no word to say to her.

"Well, let us go in to supper," said her father, and he held open the door for her to pass.

Sylvia went into the dining-room across the narrow hall, where a cold supper was laid upon a round table. In

spite of her resolve to see all things in a rosy light, she grew aware, in spite of herself, that she was disappointed in her father's friends. She was perplexed, too. He was so clearly head and shoulders above his associates that she wondered at their presence in his house. Yet he seemed quite content, and in a most genial mood.

"You sit there, Sylvia, my dear," he said, pointing to a chair. "Wallie,"—this to the youth Hine,—"*sit beside my daughter and keep her amused. Barstow, you on the other side; Parminter, next to me.*"

He sat opposite Sylvia, and the rest took their places, Hine sidling timidly into his chair, and tortured by the thought that he had to amuse this delicate being at his side.

"The supper is on the table," said Garratt Skinner. "Parminter, will you cut up this duck? Hine, what have you got in front of you? Really, this is so exceptional an occasion that I think"—he started up suddenly, as a man will with a new and happy idea,—"*yes, I certainly think that for once in a way we might open a bottle of champagne.*"

Surprise and applause greeted this brilliant idea, and Hine cried out:

"I think champagne fine, don't you, Miss Skinner?"

He collapsed at his own boldness. Parminter shrugged his shoulders, to show that champagne was an everyday affair with him.

"It's drunk a good deal at the clubs nowadays," he said.

Meanwhile Garratt Skinner had not moved. He stood looking across the table at his daughter.

"What do you say, Sylvia? It's an extravagance; but I don't have such luck every day. It's in your honor. Shall we? Yes, then!"

He did not wait for an answer, but opened the door of a cupboard in the sideboard, and there, quite ready, stood half a dozen bottles of champagne. A doubt flashed into Sylvia's mind—a doubt whether her father's brilliant idea was really the inspiration which his manner had suggested. Those bottles looked so obviously got in for the occasion. But Garratt Skinner turned to her apolo-

getically, as though he divined her thought.

"We don't run to a wine cellar, Sylvia. We have to keep what little stock we can afford in here."

Her doubt vanished, but in an instant it returned again, for, as her father came round the table with the bottle in his hand, she noticed that shallow champagne glasses were ready laid at every place. Garratt Skinner filled the glasses and returned to his place.

"Sylvia," he said, and, smiling, he drank to her. He turned to his companions. "Congratulate me!" Then he sat down.

The champagne thawed the tongues of the company; and as they spoke, Sylvia's heart sank more and more; for in word and thought and manner her father's guests were familiar to her. She refused to acknowledge it, but the knowledge was forced upon her. She had thought to step out of a world which she hated, against which her delicacy and her purity revolted; and, lo! she had stepped out merely to take a stride and step down into it again at another place.

The obsequious attentiveness of Captain Barstow; the vanity of Mr. Parminter, and his affected voice, suggesting that he came out of the great world to this little supper party, really without any sense of condescension at all; and the behavior of Walter Hine, who, to give himself courage, gulped down his champagne—it was all horridly familiar. Her one consolation was her father. He sat opposite to her, his strong, aquiline face a fine contrast to the faces of the others. He had an ease of manner which they did not possess; he talked with a quietude of his own; and he had a watchful eye and a ready smile for his daughter. Indeed, it seemed that what she felt, his guests felt, too. For they spoke to him with a certain deference, almost as if they spoke to their master. Only he apparently noticed no unsuitability in his guests. He sat at his ease, their bosom-friend.

Meanwhile, plied with champagne by Archie Parminter, who sat upon the other side of him, "Wallie" Hine began to boast. Sylvia tried to check him, but he was not now to be stopped. His very timidity pricked him on to extrava-

gance, and his boasting was that worst form of boasting—the vaunt of the innocent weakling anxious to figure as a conqueror of women. With a flushed face he dropped his foolish hints of Mrs. This and Lady That, with an eye upon Sylvia, to watch the impression he made, and a wise air which said, “If only I were to tell you all!”

Garratt Skinner opened a fresh bottle of champagne,—the supply by now was getting low,—and came round the table with it. As he held the neck of the bottle to the brim of Hine’s glass he caught an appealing look from his daughter. At once he lifted the bottle and left the glass unfilled. As he passed Sylvia, she said in a low voice:

“Thank you.”

He whispered back:

“You are quite right, my dear. Interest him so that he does n’t notice that I have left his glass empty.”

Sylvia set herself then to talk to Wallie Hine. But he was intent on making her understand what great successes had been his. He *would* talk, and it troubled her that all listened, and listened with an air of admiration. Even her father, from his side of the table, smiled indulgently. Yet the stories, or, rather, the hints of stories, were certainly untrue. For this her wanderings had taught her: the man of many successes never talks. It seemed that there was a conspiracy to flatter the wretched youth.

“Yes, yes; you have been a devil of a fellow among the women, Wallie,” said Captain Barstow. But at once Garratt Skinner interfered, and sharply:

“Come, come, Barstow! That ’s no language to use before my daughter.”

Captain Barstow presented at the moment a remarkable gradation of color. On the top was the bald head, very shiny and white; below that a face, now everywhere a deep red except where the swollen veins stood out upon the surface of his cheeks, and those were purple; and this in its turn was enclosed by the black, square beard. He bowed at once to Garratt Skinner’s rebuke.

“I apologize. I do, indeed, Miss Sylvia. But when I was in the service, we still clung to the traditions of Wellington, by—by George! And it ’s hard to break oneself of the habit. Red-hot,”

he said, with a chuckle—“that ’s what they called me in the regiment—‘Red-hot Barstow.’ I ’ll bet that Red-hot Barstow is still pretty well remembered among the boys at Cheltenham.”

“Swearing ’s bad form nowadays,” said Archie Parminter, superciliously. “They have given it up at the clubs.”

Sylvia seized the moment, and rose from the table. Her father sprang forward and opened the door.

“We will join you in a few minutes,” he said.

Sylvia went down the passage to the room at the back of the house in which she had been presented by her father to his friends. She rang the bell at once, and when the servant came she said:

“I gave you a letter to post this evening. I should like to have it back.”

“I am sorry, Miss, but it ’s posted.”

“I am sorry, too,” said Sylvia, quietly.

The letter had been written to Chayne, and gave him the address of this house as the place where he might find her if he called. She had no thought of going away. She had made her choice for good or ill, and must abide by it. That she knew; but she was no longer sure that she wished Captain Chayne to come and find her there.

X

A LITTLE ROUND GAME OF CARDS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

SYLVIA sat down in a chair and waited. She waited impatiently, for she knew that she had almost reached the limits of her self-command, and needed the presence of others to keep her from breaking down. But her native courage came to her aid, and in half an hour she heard the steps of her father and his guests in the passage. She noticed that her father looked anxiously toward her as he came in.

“Do you mind if we bring in our cigars?” he asked.

“Not at all,” said she, and he came in, carrying in his hand a box of cigars, which he placed in the middle of the table. Wallie Hine at once stumbled across the room to Sylvia. He walked unsteadily; his features were more flushed than before. She shrank a little from him, but he had not the time to

sit down beside her, for Captain Barstow exclaimed jovially:

"I say, Garratt, I have an idea. There are five of us here: let us have a little round game of cards."

Sylvia started. In her heart she knew that just some such proposal as this she had been dreading all the evening. Her sinking hopes died away altogether.

This poor, witless youth, plied with champagne; the older men who flattered him with lies; the suggestion of champagne made as though it were a sudden inspiration, and the six bottles standing ready in the cupboard; and now the suggestion of a little round game of cards made in just the same tone—Sylvia had a feeling of horror. She had kept herself unspotted from her world, but not through ignorance. She knew it. She knew those little round games of cards and what came of them, sometimes merely misery and ruin, sometimes a pistol-shot in the early morning. She turned very pale, but she managed to say quietly:

"Thank you. I don't play cards."

And then she heard a sudden movement by her father, who at the moment when Barstow spoke had been lighting a fresh cigar. She looked up. Garratt Skinner was staring in astonishment at Captain Barstow.

"Cards?" he cried. "In my house? On a Sunday evening?"

With each question his amazement grew, and he ended in a tone of remonstrance: "Come, Barstow, you know me too well to propose that. I am rather hurt. A friendly talk, and a smoke, yes; perhaps a small whisky and soda. I don't say no. But cards on a Sunday evening! No, indeed!"

"Oh, I say, Skinner," objected Wallie Hine, "there's no harm in a little game."

Garratt Skinner shook his head at Hine in a grave, friendly way.

"Better leave cards alone, Wallie, always; you are young, you know."

Hine flushed.

"I am old enough to hold my own against any man," he cried hotly. He felt that Garratt Skinner had humiliated him, and before this wonderful daughter of his, in whose good favor Mr. Hine had been making such inroads dur-

ing supper. Barstow apologized for his suggestion at once, but Hine was now quite unwilling that he should withdraw it.

"There's no harm in it," he cried. "I really think you are too puritanical. Is n't he, Miss—Miss Sylvia?"

Hine had been endeavoring to pluck up courage to use her christian name all the evening. His pride that he had actually spoken it was so great that he did not remark at all her little movement of disgust.

Garratt Skinner seemed to weaken in his resolution.

"Well, of course, Wallie," he said, "I want you to enjoy yourselves. And if you especially want it—"

Did he notice that Sylvia closed her eyes and really shivered. She could not tell. But he suddenly spoke in a tone of revolt:

"But card-playing on Sunday, really, no!"

"It's done nowadays at the West-End clubs," said Archie Parminter.

"Oh, is it?" said Garratt Skinner, again grown doubtful. "Is it, indeed? Well, if they do it in the clubs—" And then, with an exclamation of relief, "But I have n't got a pack of cards in the house. That settles the point."

"There's a public house almost next door," replied Barstow. "If you sent out your servant, I am sure she could borrow one."

"No," said Garratt Skinner, indignantly. "Really, Barstow, your bachelor habits have had a bad effect on you. I would not think of sending a girl out to a public house on any consideration. It might be the very first step down hill for her, and I should be responsible."

"Oh, well, if you are so particular, I'll go myself," cried Barstow, petulantly. He got up and walked to the door.

"I don't mind so much if you go yourself; only please don't say you come from this house," said Garratt Skinner, and Barstow went out of the room. He came back in a very short time, and Sylvia noticed at once that he held two quite new and unopened packs of cards in his hand.

"A stroke of luck," he cried. "The landlord had a couple of new packs, for he was expecting to give a little party

to-night. But a relative of his wife died rather suddenly yesterday, and he put his guests off. A decent-minded fellow, I think. What?"

"Yes; it's not every one who would have shown so much good feeling" said Garratt Skinner, seriously. "One likes to know there are men about like that. One feels kindlier to the whole world." He drew up his chair to the table.

Sylvia was puzzled. Was this story of the landlord a glib lie of Captain Barstow's to account, with a detail which should carry conviction, for the suspiciously new packs of cards? And if so, did her father believe in its truth? Had the packs been waiting in Captain Barstow's coat-pocket in the hall until the fitting moment for their appearance? If so, did her father play a part in the conspiracy? His face gave no sign. She was terribly troubled.

"Penny points," said Garratt Skinner; "nothing more."

"Oh, come, I say!" cried Hine, as he pulled out a handful of sovereigns.

"Nothing more than penny points in my house. Put that money away, Wallie. We will use counters."

Garratt Skinner had a box of counters, if he had no pack of cards.

"Penny points, a sixpenny ante, a shilling limit," he said; "then no harm will be done to any one. The black counters cost a shilling; the red, sixpence; and the white ones, a penny. You have each a pound's worth," he said, as he dealt them out.

Sylvia rose from her chair.

"I think I will go to bed."

Wallie Hine turned round in his chair, holding his counters in his hand. "Oh, don't do that, Miss Sylvia. Sit beside me, please, and bring me luck."

"You forget, Wallie, that my daughter has just come from a long journey. No doubt she is tired," said Garratt Skinner, with a friendly reproach in his voice. He got up and opened the door for his daughter. After she had passed out, he followed her.

"I shall take a hand for a little while, Sylvia, to see that they keep to the stakes. I think young Hine wants looking after, don't you? He does n't know any geography. Good night, my dear; sleep well."

He took her by the elbow and drew her toward him. He stooped to her, meaning to kiss her. Sylvia did not resist; but she dropped her head so that her forehead, not her lips, was presented to his kiss. And the kiss was never given. She remained standing, her face lowered from his, her attitude one of resignation and despondency. She felt her father's hand shake upon her arm, and looking up, saw his eyes fixed upon her in pity. He dropped her arm quickly, and said in a sharp voice:

"There, go to bed, child!"

He watched her as she went up the stairs. She went up slowly and without turning round, and she walked like one utterly tired out. Garratt Skinner waited until he heard her door close. "She should never have come," he said. "She should never have come." Then he went slowly back to his friends.

Sylvia went to bed, but she did not sleep. The excitement which had buoyed her up had passed, and her hopes had passed with it. She recalled the high anticipations with which she had set out from Chamonix only yesterday—yes, only yesterday. And against them, in a vivid contrast, she set the actual reality—the supper party, "Red-hot" Barstow, Archie Parminter, and the poor witless Wallie Hine, with his twang and his silly boasts. She began to wonder whether there was any other world than that which she knew, any other people than those with whom she had lived. Her father was different, yes; but—but—her father was too perplexing a problem to her at this moment. Why had he so clearly pitied her just now in the passage? Why had he checked himself from the kiss? She was too tired to reason it out. She was aware that she was very wretched, and the tears gathered in her eyes, and in the darkness of her room she cried silently, pressing the sheet to her lips lest a sob should be heard. Were all her dreams mere empty imaginings? she asked. If so, why should they ever have come to her, she inquired piteously, why should she ever have found solace in them, why should they have become her real life? Did no one walk the earth of all the company which went with her in her fancies?

Upon that her thoughts flew to the

Alps, to the evening in the Pavillon de Lognan, the climb upon the rocks and the glittering ice-slopes, the perfect hours upon the sunlit top of the Aiguille d'Argentière. The memory of the mountains brought her consolation in her bad hour, as her friend had prophesied it would. Her tears ceased to flow; she lived that day—her one day—over again, jealous of every minute. After all, that had been real, and more perfect than any dream. Moreover, there had been with her through the day a man as honest and loyal as any of her imagined company. She began to take heart a little; she thought of the Col Dolent, with its broad ribbon of ice set in the sheer black rocks, and always in shadow. She thought of herself as going up some such hard, cold road in the shadow, and remembered that on the top of the col one came out into sunlight and looked southward into Italy. So, comforted a little, she fell asleep.

It was some hours before she woke. It was already day, and since she had raised her blinds before she got into bed, the light streamed into the room. She thought for a moment that it was the light which had waked her. But as she lay, she heard a murmur of voices, very low, and a sound of people moving stealthily. She looked out of the window. The streets were quite empty and silent. In the house on the opposite side the blinds were drawn; a gray, clear light was spread over the town; the sun had not yet risen. She looked at her watch. It was five o'clock. She listened again, gently opening her door for an inch or so. She heard the low voices more clearly now. Those who spoke were speaking almost in whispers. She thought that thieves had broken in. She hurried on a few clothes, cautiously opened her door wider, slipped through, and crept with a beating heart down the stair.

Half-way down she looked over the rail of the banister, turning her head toward the back part of the house, whence the murmurs came. At the end of the passage was the little room in which the round game of cards was played the night before. The door stood open now, and she looked right into the room.

And this is what she saw.

Wallie Hine was sitting at the table. About him the carpet was strewn with crumpled pieces of paper. He was writing, or, rather, trying to write; for Archie Parminter, leaning over the back of the chair, held his hand and guided it. Captain Barstow stood looking intently on, but of her father there was no sign. She could not see the whole room, however. A good portion of it was concealed from her. Wallie Hine was leaning forward on the table, with his head so low and his arms so wide spread that she could not see in what book he was writing. But apparently he did not write to the satisfaction of his companions. In spite of Parminter's care, his pen spluttered. Sylvia saw Archie look at Barstow, and she heard Barstow answer: "No, that won't do."

Archie Parminter dropped Hine's hand, tore a slip of paper out of the book, crumpled it up, and threw it down, with a gesture of anger, to the carpet.

"Try again, old fellow," said Barstow, eagerly, bending down toward Hine with a horrid smile on his face—a smile which tried to conceal an intense exasperation, an intense desire to strike. Again Parminter leaned over the chair. Again he took Wallie Hine's hand and guided the pen, very carefully lifting it from the paper at the end of an initial or a word, and spacing the letters. This time he seemed content.

"That will do, I think," he said in a whisper.

Captain Barstow bent down and examined the writing carefully with his short-sighted eyes.

"Yes, that 's all right."

Parminter tore the leaf out, but this time he did not crumple it. He blotted it carefully, folded it, and laid it on the mantel-shelf.

"Let us get him up," he said, and with Barstow's help he lifted Hine out of his chair. Sylvia caught a glimpse of Hine's face. His mouth was loose, his eyes were half-shut, and the lids red; he seemed to be in a stupor. His head rolled upon his shoulders. He swayed as his companions held him up; his knees gave under him. He began incoherently to talk.

"Hush!" said Parminter. "You 'll wake the house. You don't want the

pretty girl to see you in this state do you, Wallie? After the impression you made on her, too! Get his hat and coat out of the passage, Barstow."

He propped Hine against the table, and holding him upright, turned to the door. He saw "the pretty girl" leaning over the banister and gazing with horror-stricken eyes into the room. Sylvia drew back on the instant. With a gesture of his hand, Archie Parminter stopped Barstow on his way to the door.

Sylvia leaned back against the wall of the staircase, holding her breath, and tightly pressing a hand upon her heart. Had they seen her? Would they come out into the passage? What would happen? Would they kill her? The questions raced through her mind. She could not have moved, she thought, had Death stood over her. But nothing happened. She could not now see into the room, and she heard no whisper, no footsteps creeping stealthily along the passage toward her, no sound at all. Presently she recovered her breath, and crept up-stairs. Once in her room, with great care she locked her door, and sank upon her bed, shaking and trembling. There she lay until the noise of the hall-door closing very gently roused her. She crept along the floor till she was by the side of the window. Then she raised herself against the wall and peered out. She saw Barstow and Parminter supporting Hine along the street, each with an arm through his. A hansom-cab drove up, they lifted Hine into it, got in themselves, and drove off. As the cab turned, Archie Parminter glanced up to the windows of the house; but Sylvia was behind the curtains at the side. He could not have seen her.

Sylvia leaned her head against the panels of the door and concentrated all her powers so that not a movement in the house might escape her ears. She listened for the sound of some one else moving in the room below, some one who had been left behind. She listened for a creak of the stairs, the brushing of a coat against the stair-rail, the sound of some one going stealthily to his room. She stood at the door, with her face strangely set for a long while. Her mind was quite made up. If she heard her father moving from that room, she

would just wait until he was asleep, and then she would go—anywhere. She could not go back to her mother, that she knew. She had no one to go to; nevertheless, she would go.

But no sound reached her. Her father was not in the room below. He must have gone to bed and left the others to themselves. The pigeon had been plucked that night, not a doubt of it, but her father had had no hand in the plucking. She laid herself down upon her bed, exhausted, and again sleep came to her. And in a moment the sound of running water was in her ears.

XI

SYLVIA BECOMES USEFUL

SYLVIA did not wake again until the maid brought in her tea and told her that it was eight o'clock. When she went down-stairs, her father was already in the dining-room. She scanned him closely, but his face bore no sign whatever of a late and tempestuous night; and a great relief enheartened her. He met her with an open smile.

"Did you sleep well, Sylvia?"

"Not very well, father," she answered, as she watched his face. "I woke up in the early morning."

But nothing could have been more easy or natural than his comment on her words.

"Yet you look like a good sleeper. A strange house, I suppose, Sylvia."

"Voices in the strange house," she answered.

"Voices?" Garratt Skinner's face darkened suddenly.

"Did those fellows stay so late?" he asked with annoyance. "What time was it when they woke you up, Sylvia?"

"A little before five."

Garratt Skinner's annoyance increased.

"That 's too bad," he cried. "I left them and went to bed; but they promised me faithfully only to stay another half-hour. I am very sorry, Sylvia." And as she poured out the tea, he continued: "I will speak pretty sharply to Barstow. It 's altogether too bad."

Garratt Skinner breakfasted with an eye on the clock, and as soon as the hands pointed to five minutes to nine, he rose from the table.

"I must be off—business, my dear." He came round the table to her, and gently laid a hand upon her shoulder. "It makes a great difference, Sylvia, to have a daughter, fresh and young and pretty, sitting opposite to me at the breakfast table—a very great difference. I shall cut work early to-day on account of it. I 'll come home and fetch you, and we 'll go out and lunch somewhere together."

He spoke with every sign of genuine feeling; and Sylvia, looking up into his face, was moved by what he said. He smiled down at her with her own winning smile; he looked her in the face with her own frankness, her own good humor.

"I have been a lonely man for a good many years, Sylvia," he said, "too lonely. I am glad the years have come to an end." And this time he did what yesterday night he had checked himself from doing; he stooped down and kissed her on the forehead. Then he went from the room, took his hat, and letting himself out of the house, closed the door behind him. He called a passing cab, and, as he entered it, he said to the driver:

"Go to the London and County Bank, in Victoria street," and gaily waving his hand to his daughter, who stood behind the window, he drove off.

At one o'clock he returned in the same high spirits. Sylvia had spent the morning in removing the superfluous cherries and roses from her best hat, and making her frock at once more simple and more suitable for her years. Garratt Skinner surveyed her with pride.

"Come on," he said. "I have kept the cab waiting."

For a poor man he seemed to Sylvia rather reckless. They drove to a Strand hotel and lunched together in the open air underneath the glass roof, with a bank of flowers upon one side of them and the windows of the grill-room on the other. The day was very hot, the streets baked in an arid glare of sunlight, a dry dust from the wood-pavement powdered those who passed by in the Strand. Here, however, in this cool and shaded place, the pair lunched happily together. Garratt Skinner had the tact not to ask any questions of his daughter about her mother, or how they had fared together. He talked easily of unim-

portant things, and pointed out from time to time some person of note or some fashionable actress who happened to pass in or out of the hotel. He could be good company when he chose, and he chose on this occasion. It was not until coffee was set before them, and he had lighted a cigar, that he touched upon themselves, and then not with any paternal tone, but rather as one comrade conferring with another. There, indeed, was his great advantage with Sylvia. Her mother had either disregarded her or treated her as a child. She could not but be won by a father who laid bare his plans to her and asked for her criticism as well as her assent. Her suspicions of yesterday died away, or, at all events, slept so soundly that they could not have troubled her less had they been dead.

"Sylvia," he said, "I think London in August, and in such an August, is too hot. I don't want to see you grow pale, and, for myself, I have n't had a holiday for a long time. You see, there is not much temptation for a lonely man to go away by himself."

For the second time that day he appealed to her on the ground of loneliness, and not in vain. She began even to feel remorseful that she had left him to his loneliness so long. There rose up within her an almost maternal feeling of pity for her father. She did not stop to think that he had never sent for her, had never, indeed, shown a particle of interest in her until they had met face to face.

"But since you are here," he continued, "well—I have been doing fairly well in my business lately, and I thought we might take a little holiday together at some quiet village near the sea. You know nothing of England. I have been thinking it all out this morning. There is no country more beautiful or more typical than Dorsetshire. Besides, you were born there. What do you say to three weeks or so in Dorsetshire?"

"Father!" exclaimed Sylvia, leaning forward with shining eyes. "It will be splendid. Just you and I!"

"Well, not quite," he answered slowly. He saw his daughter sink back with a pucker of disappointment on her forehead; he knocked the ash off his cigar, and in his turn leaned forward over the table.

"Sylvia, I want to talk to you seriously," he said, and glanced around to make sure that no one overheard him. "I should very much like one person to come and stay with us."

Sylvia made no answer. Her face was grave and very still; her eyes dwelt quietly upon him and betrayed nothing of what she thought.

"You have guessed who the one person is."

Again Sylvia did not answer.

"Yes; it is Wallie Hine," he continued.

Her suspicions were stirring again from their sleep. She waited in fear upon his words. She looked out through the opening at the mouth of the court into the glare of the Strand. The bright prospect which her vivid fancies had pictured there a minute since, transforming the dusky street into fields of corn and purple heather, the omnibuses into wagons drawn by teams of great horses musical with bells, had all grown dark. A real horror was gripping her. But she turned her eyes quietly back upon her father's face and waited.

"His presence will spoil our holiday a little," Garratt Skinner continued with an easy assurance. "You saw, no doubt, what Wallie Hine is, last night—a weak, foolish youth, barely half-educated, awkward, with graces of neither mind nor body, and in the hands of two scoundrels."

Sylvia started, and she leaned forward with a look of bewilderment in her dark eyes.

"Yes, that 's the truth, Sylvia. He has come into a little money, and he is in the hands of two scoundrels, who are leading him by the nose. My poor girl," he cried suddenly, breaking off, "you must have found yourself in very strange and disappointing company last night. I was very sorry for you, and sorry for myself, too. All the evening I was saying to myself: 'I wonder what my little girl is thinking of me.' But I could n't help it. I had not the time to explain. I had to sit quiet, knowing that you must be unhappy, certain that you must be despising me for the company I kept."

Sylvia blushed guiltily.

"Despising you? No, father," she

said in a voice of apology. "I saw how much above the rest you were."

"Blaming me, then," interrupted Garratt Skinner, with an easy smile. He was not at all offended. "Let us say blaming me. And it was quite natural that you should, judging by the surface; and there was nothing but the surface for you to judge by."

While in this way defending Sylvia against her own self-reproach, he only succeeded in making her feel still more that she had judged hastily where she should have held all judgment in abeyance, that she had lacked faith where by right she should have shown most faith. But he wished to spare her from confusion.

"I was so proud of you that I could not but suffer all the more. However, don't let us talk of it, my dear," and waving with a gesture of the hand that little misunderstanding away forever, he resumed:

"Well, I am rather fond of Wallie Hine. I don't know why: perhaps because he is so helpless, because he so much stands in need of a steady mentor at his elbow. There is, after all, no accounting for one's likings. Logic and reason have little to do with them. As a woman, you know that. And being rather fond of Wallie Hine, I have tried to do my best for him. It would not have been of any use to shut my door on Barstow and Archie Parminter. They have much too firm a hold upon the youth. I should have been shutting it on Wallie Hine, too. No, the only plan was to welcome them all, to play Parminter's game of showing the youth about town, and Barstow's game of crude flattery, and gradually, if possible, to dissociate him from his companions before they had fleeced him altogether. So you were let in, my dear, for that unfortunate evening. Of course I was quite sure that you would not attribute to me designs upon Wallie Hine, otherwise I should have turned them all out at once."

He spoke with a laugh, putting aside, as it were, a quite incredible suggestion. But he looked at her sharply as he laughed. Sylvia's face grew crimson, her eyes for once wavered from his face, and she lowered her head. Garratt

Skinner, however, seemed not to notice her confusion.

"You remember," he continued, "that I tried to stop them playing cards at the beginning. I yielded in the end because it became perfectly clear that if I did n't, they would go away and play elsewhere; while I, at all events, could keep the points down in my own house. I ought to have stayed up, I suppose, until they went away; I blame myself there a little. But I had no idea they would stay so late. Are you sure it was their voices you heard and not the servants moving?"

He asked the question almost carelessly, but his eyes rather belied his tone, for they watched her intently.

"Quite sure," she answered.

"You might have made a mistake."

"No; for I saw them."

Garratt Skinner covered his mouth with his hand. It seemed to Sylvia that he smiled. A suspicion flashed across her mind, in spite of herself. Was he merely testing her, to see whether she would speak the truth to him or not? Did he know that she had come down the stairs in the early morning? She thrust the suspicion aside, remembering the self-reproach which suspicion had already caused her at this very luncheon table. If it were true that her father knew, why, then Barstow or Parminter must have told him this very morning. Hine had certainly not seen her, and if he had seen either of them this morning, all his talk to her in this cool and quiet place was a carefully prepared hypocrisy. No, she would not believe that.

"You saw them?" he exclaimed. "Tell me how."

She told him the whole story, how she had come down the staircase, what she had seen as she leaned over the balustrade, and how Parminter had turned.

"Do you think he saw you?" asked her father.

Sylvia looked at him closely; but he seemed really anxious to know.

"I think he saw something," she answered. "Whether he knew that it was I whom he saw I can't tell."

Garratt Skinner sat for a little while smoking his cigar in short, angry puffs.

"I would n't have had that happen for worlds," he said, with a frowning

face. "I have no doubt whatever that the slips of paper on which poor Hine was trying to write were I. O. U's. Heaven knows what he lost last night."

"I know," returned Sylvia. "He lost £480 last night."

"Impossible!" cried Garratt Skinner, with so much violence that the people lunching at the tables near by looked up at the couple in surprise. "Oh, no; I'll not believe it, Sylvia." And as he lowered his voice, he seemed to be making an appeal to her to go back upon her words, so distressed was he at the thought that Wallie Hine should be jockeyed out of so much money at his house.

"£480," Sylvia repeated.

Garratt Skinner caught at a comforting thought.

"Well, it's only in I. O. U's. That's one thing. I can stop the redemption of them. You see, he has been robbed—that's the plain English of it—been robbed."

"Mr. Hine was not writing an I. O. U. He was writing a check, and Mr. Parminter was guiding his hand as he wrote the signature."

Garratt Skinner fell in his chair. He looked about him with a dazed air, as though he expected to see the world falling to pieces around him.

"Why, that's next door to forgery!" he whispered in a voice of horror. "Guiding the hand of a man too drunk to write! I knew Archie Parminter was pretty bad, but I never thought he would sink to that. I am not sure that he could not be laid by the heels for forgery." And then he recovered a little from the shock. "But you can't be sure, Sylvia. This is guesswork of yours—yes, guesswork."

"It's not," she answered. "I told you that the floor was littered with the slips of the paper on which Mr. Hine had been trying to write."

"Yes."

There came an indefinable change in Garratt Skinner's face. He leaned forward, with his mouth sternly set and his eyes very still. One might almost have believed that for the first time during that luncheon he was really anxious, really troubled.

"Well, this morning the carpet had

been swept. The litter had gone; but just underneath the hearth-rug one of those crumbled slips of paper lay not quite hidden. I picked it up. It was a check."

"Have you got it? Sylvia, have you got it?" and Garratt Skinner's voice in steady quietude matched his face.

"Yes."

Sylvia opened the little bag which she carried at her waist and took out the slip of paper. She unfolded it, and spread it on the table before her. The inside was pink.

"A check for £480 on the London and County Bank, Victoria street," she said.

Garratt Skinner looked over the table at the paper. There was Wallie Hine's wavering, unfinished signature at the bottom right-hand corner. Parminter had guided his hand as far as the end of the Christian name before he tore the check out and threw it away. The amount in the body of the check had been filled in in Barstow's hand.

"You had better give it to me, Sylvia," he said, his fingers moving restlessly on the table-cloth. "That check would be a very dangerous thing if Parminter ever came to hear of it. Better give it to me."

He leaned over and took it gently from before her, and put it carefully away in his pocket.

"Now, you see, there's more reason than ever why we should get Wallie Hine away from those two men. He is living a bad life here. Three weeks in the country may set his thoughts in a different groove. Will you make this sacrifice, Sylvia? Will you let me ask him? It will be a good action. You see, he does n't know any geography."

"Very well; ask him, father."

Garratt Skinner reached over the table and patted her hand.

"Thank you, my dear. Then, that's settled. I propose that you and I go down this afternoon. Can you manage it? We might catch the four o'clock train from Waterloo if you go home now, pack up your traps, and tell the housemaid to pack up mine. I will just wind up my business and come home in time to pick up you and the luggage."

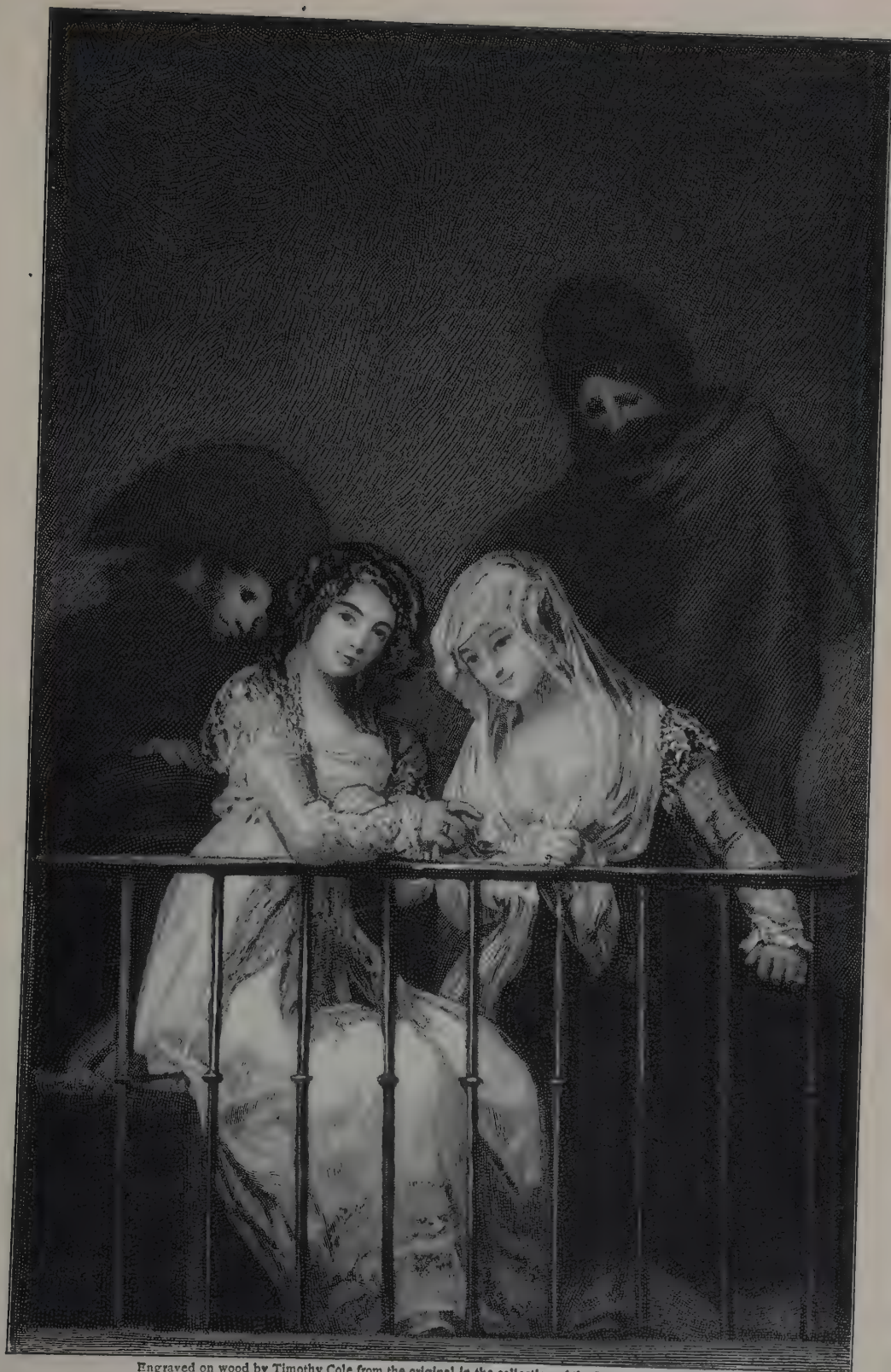
He rose from the table, and calling a hansom, put Sylvia into it. He watched the cab drive out into the Strand and turn the corner. Then he went back to the table and asked for his bill. While he waited for it, he lighted a match, and, drawing from his pocket the crumpled check, he set fire to it. He held it by the corner until the flames burned his fingers; then he dropped it in his plate, and pounded it into ashes with his fork.

"That was a bad break," he said to himself—"left carelessly under the edge of the hearth-rug. A very bad break."

He paid his bill, and taking his hat, sauntered out into the Strand. The carelessness which had left the check underneath the hearth-rug was not, however, the only bad break made in connection with this affair. At a certain moment during luncheon Garratt Skinner had unwisely smiled, and had not quite concealed the smile with his hand. Against her every wish, that smile forced itself upon Sylvia's recollections as she drove home. She tried to interpret it in every pleasant sense, but it kept its true character in her thoughts, try as she might. It remained vividly a very hateful thing—the smile of a man who had gulled her.

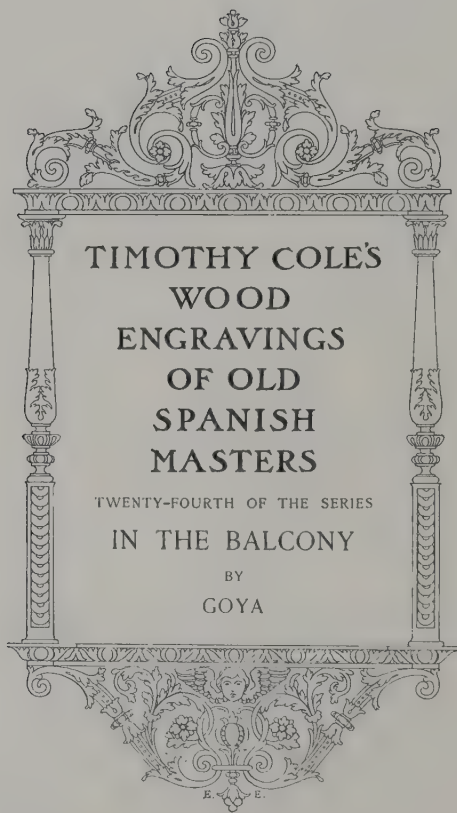
(To be continued)





Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole from the original in the collection of the Duke of Marchena, Paris

"IN THE BALCONY," BY GOYA



TIMOTHY COLE'S
WOOD
ENGRAVINGS
OF OLD
SPANISH
MASTERS

TWENTY-FOURTH OF THE SERIES

IN THE BALCONY

BY
GOYA

E. E.



THE PASTURE-THISTLE

BY ELIZABETH AKERS

ROBED crimson-purple sovereign of the weeds,
Thou hast a claim by right divine to reign,
Crowned with a diadem of diamond beads,
O royal thistle of the pasture-lane!

Sternly defiant both of foe and friend,
Resenting fiercely both caress and clutch,
Armed at all points, and ready to defend
Thy splendid blossom from all spoiling touch,

Yet thou art loved. The rose on June's warm breast
Has not so many friends as visit thee.
The bee is but her brief, infrequent guest;
He slights her beauty and her fragrancy

And hastes to thee, with eager rush and boom,
From distant hive or hoard in hollow bole,
And dives and wallows in thy powdery bloom,
Then, white with pollen, seeks his honeyed goal.

Ants creep unharmed along thy prickly stems,
And lady-birds, with shards of black and red,
And small, green beetles, smooth and hard as gems,
Adorn with living jewels thy proud head.

The soft, gray velvet moth, when night is old,
Hugs close thy bayonets, yet no wound receives;
The yellow spider, like a drop of gold,
Loops her light hammock from thy thorny leaves.

Only thy human lovers need to fear
Thy haughty pride, thy self-defensive thrust;
They dread thy ever-ready lance and spear,
And love thee from afar, because they must.

They dare not lift a hand against thy wrath;
But coveting thy beauty all in vain,
Resign to thee the narrow pasture-path,
And leave thee queen of eminent domain.



Justina's Playmate



THE Knowles parlor was in blue because, as any member of the Knowles family would have told you, blue was the color for a parlor. The dogma had originated with one Madam Knowles, who had rendered supportable the protracted solitude of a Revolutionary winter by embroider-



By Grace Lathrop Collin
Drawings by Ida Dougherty

ing in blue and buff twelve squares of tapestry for the twelve claw-footed mahogany chairs set round the wainscoted walls. When her child was born, Major Knowles had taken delight

in making, "with his own hands," a miniature claw-footed chair; and his lady-wife, with languid fingers, had set the stitches of a thirteenth tapestry square. The placid comfort of the succeeding years had the flavor of luxury, in contrast with the contiguous privations. The dozen chairs were drawn about many punch-bowls, or were pressed into service round the lengthened dining-table. To such usage Madam's handiwork yielded up its freshness, and the "parlor set" became faded and frayed, until, in due time, the daughter-in-law of Madam's daughter-in-law had the twelve refurbished in bright-blue reps.

But the little chair had known no such casual treatment. Only stately tribal gatherings, or feminine conventionalities adapted to childish presence, had drawn it from its assigned position beneath the inlaid card-table. The tooth of time had been pleased to spare this small relic, and although the blue and buff of the shield, the ribbon, and the laurel-wreath, had faded to silver and gray, the crossed stitches remained intact. The little object descended like a miniature throne from generation to generation. It was never accounted a toy, and by the time that it was the sole testator to the industry of the Revolutionary Madam Knowles, it was accounted scarcely an article of furniture. It had become the symbol of the reward of the child who was good, and who was, be it recorded, of the Knowles blood.

When Justina Knowles was grown to womanhood, the dozen squares of blue reps had in their turn become faded, although of late they had lived in a darkened parlor, and had served only in the saddest of family rites. As to the little chair, it was thirty years and more since it had been brought out to stand close to the chair of Justina's mother, in order that Justina's stints of sewing—on doll's clothes, by special indulgence—might be duly superintended. Seemingly it would end its days under the shelter of the card-table; for of all the family, root and branch, Justina alone bore the name of Knowles.

Yet Justina had never adjusted herself to that insidious blindness of solitude to which so many New England women adjust themselves. To her thinking—or to her

feeling, rather—the house, except as inhabited by herself and her servant, stood vacant. No habitual disuse could render empty rooms other than empty. No names of "store closet" and "spare chamber" could disguise the fact of their lack of occupancy; nor could the tenuous leisure of her days deceive her with a sense of employment. In the morning she realized that with empty hands she faced the day. In the evening she realized that with unexerted energies she faced the night. She welcomed such unforeseen breaks in the routine as a leaking roof or a defective flue. She anticipated such preordained variations as autumn preserving and spring housecleaning.

In one of these grateful upheavals, Justina came upon the linen-swathed bundle of her dolls. It was a domestic dogma held by the Knowles womankind that no little girl should play with dolls after her thirteenth birthday. Justina's devotion to her playthings had recognized no date, and the dolls had never seemed more human than when they were stowed away. She had not seen them for thirty-one years. Now, as she smoothed the crumpled, yellowed garments, and regarded the chipped, staring faces, as unblinking as idols, the impotent childish passion of the day of their banishment came back to her. Then she had consoled herself with the self-made promise that when she was grown up she would "play dolls" as often as she pleased. Again her fingers hovered over a scrap of black-silk apron thrust through by an unrusted needle. Only the Knowles dignity kept her from the folly of taking up the interrupted stitch. Could any justifying aspect, no matter how oblique, be discovered, she would fill out her abbreviated playtime. If only, for instance, there were a thirteen-year-old girl at hand! But neither the family connection nor the neighborhood could furnish forth that variety of childhood. As Justina turned over the creased heap of the puppet wardrobe, the little-girl sensations of being "fairly driven" with family cares woke blissfully. "Play dolls" she must. If herself an outlaw by age, she would regain access to little-girlhood by means of a playmate.

Household tasks forced her to lay

aside the bundle, but she went about in a pleasant day-dream. She conjured up her parlor sweet with sunlight, herself in a mahogany arm-chair, and drawn close to her knee the little ancestral seat, with a child holding up a bit of stitched cloth for her inspection. Years

had stood on the list of trustees. The recurrence in its columns of her family name seemed to sanction her purpose. She set out on a journey to the orphanage.

In coaching days the present orphanage had been the tavern, and thus stood



"Come out now, and hold up your head."

before she had had other day-dreams, which had faded as naturally as night-dreams; but this time no other interests arrived to banish the mood evoked by the toys. And when one morning's mail brought a gray pamphlet, it found Justina ready for decision—a decision demanding action.

The pamphlet was the annual report of an orphanage in a neighboring town. Time out of mind the name of Knowles

close to the highroad. It had plastered walls, washed to a lavender color, and cinnamon-brown shutters. The windows were small in proportion to the expanse of wall, and gave an effect of gulls' nests on a seaside cliff. Before the entrance, in place of the old swinging sign-board, an arch had been erected, inscribed with the legend that this building, holding a collection of forty children and a matron, was a "Home."

Justina waited in the parlor. "I hope the matron won't think I've come to spy on her," she thought. "Maybe I ought to have sent Mrs. Briggs word that I was coming. Only I started so suddenly, there was n't time. But I'll tell her how perfectly neat everything is, and how well-cared for the children seem to be." Such an expression would have been no flattery. It was no more than the matron's due. From the moment of opening the front door, the odor of pine floors, damp from recent scrubbing, assailed the visitor. From the hall was added the smell of stewing meat and vegetables. In the parlor there was not a speck on the threadbare carpet. The maps of the township and the county, the sallow engraving of Washington, hung straight and bleak on the walls. The horror of the impeccability of the place weighed upon Justina. "I must speak very warmly of Mrs. Briggs's good management," she warned herself, as she heard the matron's steady, massive step on the stairs.

The matron received the deserved compliments unemotionally. Her matter-of-fact, large, tidy person was as accustomed to approbation as the children were to soup. "Yes, I have two nine-year old girls that could be bound out right now," she said. "I'll fetch them, and you can take your choice."

Again Justina waited, this time with hands close pressed. On its return, the steady step on the stairs was accompanied by an irregular patter. Mrs. Briggs stood in the doorway, by her side a little girl. Justina looked, and her heart sank within her. She could find no fault: of the orphanage, the child was orphanly. She was all that she should be, and she was insufferable. She was a nice, straight child, with a pleasant color in her broad, polished cheeks, and shrewdness in her snapping black eyes. There was a recommendation in every roll of her smooth black curls.

"Good afternoon," said Justina. "What is your name?"

"Stella, ma'am," replied the girl.

Justina shivered inwardly. She had happened always to detest that name, and Stella's voice! Of course there was nothing the matter with it, but Justina could not harbor the thought of hear-

ing its wooden tones day after day. If only she could devise some means of escape from the matron, still blocking the doorway, she would abandon the whole ridiculous plan, and end her days in fastidious solitude.

"There's another little girl, you know," said the matron. "Here she is, behind me. She's so small for her age, I don't know as you saw her. Come out now, and hold up your head."

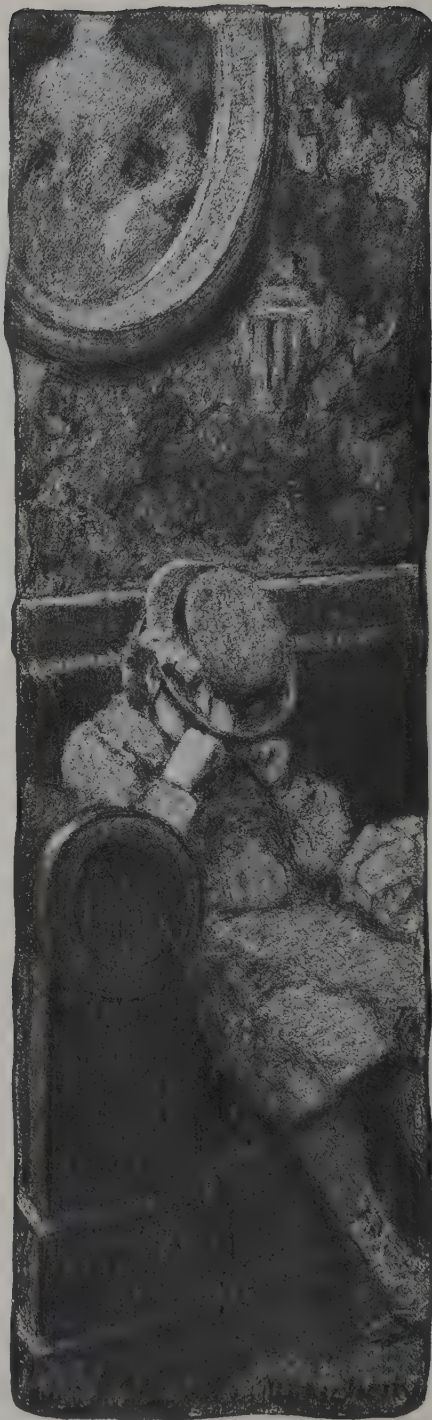
There was thrust forward a second little figure in checked pinafore. She did not return Justina's gaze. Her eyes sought the floor, and a brass-toed shoe traced, in an extremity of shyness, an arabesque on the carpet. Her limp brown hair was pushed behind her ears. Her neck stretched in birdlike thinness from the gingham ruffle. When a whiff of soup that was fairly visible came through the door, Justina noticed that the child's nostril quivered with an innate disgust. Justina's heart went out to her. "And what is your name?" she asked.



"Phebe." Ah, the rare child voice by which some few of the human young bespeak their souls!

"You ought to say 'ma'am,'" prompted Mrs. Briggs, patiently.

Phebe flushed. "Ma'am," she added.

Justina watched, fascinated. For so small a being, with what elaboration was she finished! It was fairly amusing—that little nose, with the pointed tip; the up-curved eyelashes, the precisely cut corners of the lips. Compelled by Justina's continued gaze, the child raised her eyes; and for the first time since her mother died Justina read in another's eyes that she was lovely to look upon. For the girl forgot embarrassment in admiration as she looked at Justina's face, aquiline of feature, mild of eye. Above the parted, waved hair was a bonnet of heliotrope and tiny yellow rosebuds. Her gray-gloved hand, emerging from the black-silk cape, held an ivory-handled parasol. Her cashmere skirt lay in ripples on the carpet. About her was the inexpressible aroma of a parlor, compounded of flower-vases, potpourris of India china, pine-knots behind brass andirons, morocco-bound books. No detail escaped the shy inspection, each of the other. Their eyes met in a smile of mutual appreciation.



 "Was not this crying child in as great need
as the other?" 

"You 're going to ask some more questions?" suggested the matron.

"No, no."

"Well, then, if the lady 's done with you, both you little girls can go up-stairs again. First shake hands with the lady."

Stella's firm, solid hand filled Justina's grasp. Phebe's lay like a bird's claw in her palm. She looked down at it. Such a sentimental little hand as it was, flexible and, although tanned and rough, the type of Justina's own. She clasped it affectionately, already with a sense of ownership.

"I suppose you think there ain't much choice, but I wanted you to see all I had. I don't want to do anything unfair."

"No, there 's no question of choice. I 'd like to take her with me to-night."

"Well, now, Miss Knowles, I don't see my way to letting you do just that. There 're records to be looked into, and indenture-papers to be made out. Though, to be sure, as you 're a trustee, that business will be put right through. But her clothes ain't up from the wash yet, and there 's a school treat this Thursday. She 'd be real disappointed, unless I 'm mistaken, to go off now."

"Oh, if it 's a matter of her pleasure, by all means let her wait."

"Now, as it happens, I 'm coming out your way next week. I 'm to address a meeting about the work we 're doing here. I could put the legal forms, all ready to be filled in, in my bag, and bring the little girl, if that would suit."

"That would suit admirably. There are some preparations that I should like to make, too, for the child. Good-by. The trustees are to be congratulated upon the Home, I assure you, Mrs. Briggs."

As the hour drew near for her playmate's arrival, Justina glanced again at the reflection of her radiant face, framed in the oblong of her bedroom mirror. Every piece of furniture in the room seemed to share her eagerness. The high-boy, the bureau, the bedstead, were her confidants. She turned again at the door, to smile indulgently upon the conclusion of their silent supremacy. With whispering silk skirt she descended to the parlor, and flung wide the blinds of the south window, pressing their faded slats among the vivid leaves of the lilac-

bushes. In an ancient wall-paper-covered bandbox, hidden in a corner, lay the dolls. Justina had contemplated setting forth the little chair in welcome, but she had decided that Phebe, as well as herself, would prefer a more deliberate ceremony for its installation. It was her fancy that Phebe's first impression should be the scene of the sweet-scented parlor, its sole occupant the lady in the mahogany chair, a shred of sewing held delicately in her white fingers. So she waited, the lilac-leaves of the escaped branches retreating and advancing across the pane. Even when the door-bell rang, she would not step into the hall, and disturb the tableau.

"Well, here we are," said Mrs. Briggs. Justina raised her eyes. The matron held the child by the hand: it was Stella!

"My! but it 's warm outside," Mrs. Briggs went on. "Seems good and cool in here, though. We've had a real nice journey, too, and ought n't to complain."

Her platitudes continued, while Justina stared aghast. Once her lips moved: that was on the impulse to reproach the matron bitterly for her blunder. Then her eyes fell as she reminded herself that her own management of the affair had permitted such misconstruction. Once her hands clenched strainingly: that was at the thought that she had been froward in the favor of her choice, and that here was the direct rebuke; that in the selection of Stella the matron had been "led." Justina felt the waters close over her. She apprehended that the entrance of this child was already a fact in the family history. But at the memory of that other child face, illumined by devotion, exiled from the Knowles parlor, Justina beat her foot on the carpet. At the sound Mrs. Briggs's garrulity was stemmed.

It was a silence so significant that it penetrated even Stella's sensibilities. The strange reception by this wordless, pale woman, in this aloof room, had an eery effect, and Stella wept aloud.

At the sound of this simple grief, Justina trembled so that her finger-tips tapped the chair. After all, she reasoned, who was Justina Knowles, to set herself up as arbitress of fate? Was not this crying child in as great need as the other? Justina rose stiffly, went to the band-

box, and returned with a doll. "There," said she, "never mind. Don't cry. You may play with this. You can play by yourself, can't you? And you will be careful of this doll? It belonged to a little girl who has—who has died." She laid the roll in Stella's lap, and heard some part of its frail anatomy succumb to the embrace of the broad hands.

"That little girl did n't die of anything catching, did she?" asked Mrs. Briggs.

"No."

"I supposed not. Still, it 's my duty as matron to ask such questions."

"Will you tell me about the other little girl at the orphanage—Phebe?"

"Well, now, Miss Knowles, you did come right in the nick of time. At that school treat I told you about, Mis' Brown,—lives up East Weston way, you know,—came and wanted a chore-girl, and seeing as Phebe was the only one I had on hand, why, she took her. But between you and me, Miss Knowles, you got the best of the bargain. Not but what Phebe 's a real good child; but she ain't rugged and never will be. And while Phebe don't mean to, she will get

to dreaming off. But Mis' Brown 's such a great hand for work and can train Phebe up into a splendid help."

Those sentimental little hands set to such clumsy tasks! Justina's bosom was consumed with fierce jealousy. But, she told herself, the children had been assigned. It was not her part to tamper with destiny.

Justina watched Stella, awkwardly doubled over the doll, with her feet, swung clear of the floor, toeing in. Then she looked at the little chair under the table, hesitated, and moved to the door.

"I 'm going to leave you and Stella to bid each other good-by," she said over her shoulder. "I 'll be back in a moment."

From the upper hall she saw her room. Giddy with disappointment, she reeled against the door-frame. Then, in a passion of childish loneliness, she flung herself face downward beside the bed.

After a little space she rose, and stood before the bureau. "If I were good, I 'd have given Stella the little chair," she told herself; but she avoided meeting her eye in the mirror, a habit which grew upon her in after years.



BROTHER-SINGERS

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

I

Brave voices of the latter days, sing on!
Heed not the querulous and scornful cry
That bids you sing as in the days gone by
Sang the great lordly masters that are gone,
Else, leaving your meek service all undone,
Prostrate upon the temple-steps, to die.
It were an offering too cowardly:
Better a withered laurel, hardly won.

O Brother-Singers! patient, eager,—well
Ye know no man may name the day and hour!
Twilight of eve or morning, who can tell?
Soft, meek, the late birds in the dewy bower
Chirp after sunset; ay, and softer still
Ere first they greet lord Sun above the hill!

II

Yea, and the golden ages old men praise,—
And young men, weak with noble youth's distress,—
Were but the same man in another dress:
Those wondrous days were even as these days.
Wonder walks muffled by familiar ways:
Much baseness, and a little nobleness,
Much striving, and a little high success,
Much singing, and a few immortal bays.

But ye, whom love hath chastened, who are ye
To stand dismayed before the waste of life?
Ye know of old to strive and not to flee:
Victory's a guest, but an old friend is Strife;
And Beauty, who forgets no child of hers,
Is tender of her nameless ministers.

III

So the great lords went out to meet their fate:
Young-eyed, high-hearted, but beset by pain,
Doubt, fear,—even as the youngest who would gain
The prize, in these our days that seem so late.
Not for them all did Fortune smile and wait.
Envying another's scope, years spent in vain
Seemed many years to Shakspeare; light disdain
And evil tongues passed the blind Milton's gate.

Ah, brothers! we have sky, and sea, and air,
And human hearts and faces; there is flame
Still in these living censers that we bear
Warm in our bosoms; heed not timid blame!
Stand close, and sing! Which one, by God's good grace,
Shall catch the morning on his upturned face?

WHAT AMERICAN MUSEUMS ARE DOING FOR NATIVE ART ¹

BY ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



IT is possible to do something for native art in many different ways—by elevating the standard of taste through exhibitions of foreign masters; by carrying on allied schools of instruction; by putting within reach of the public art libraries, as well as photographs and stereopticons, with slides of important pictures, which may be taken to the home; by holding frequent exhibitions of contemporary work; and by providing public courses of lectures.² When the subject of such lectures happens to be American art, we would seem to be in scent of our particular quarry, save for the fact that the lecturer on native art is apt to be chosen because of a capacity to obtain slides rather than because of a capacity to expatiate upon them.

All American museums may thus be said, from one point of view or another, to be doing something for native art. But the aim of this inquiry is to discover to what extent, if any, museums are becoming storehouses of the most representative work of American artists. If this seems to some of my readers a hopelessly narrow or provincial view to take of the subject, let them reassure themselves by glancing at the attitude of the museums of Europe in which there is no hint of apology for evincing a special interest in the work of the painters who have painted within sight

of their walls. On the contrary, they seem to feel that something of this kind is expected of them. This question, for instance, was addressed to the director of the Dresden Gallery:

"Do you not recognize a special obligation to collect representative work produced by your own countrymen?"

His answer was an uncompromising "Ja, gewiss."

Furthermore, the statement was made that the Dresden Gallery regarded the encouragement of German art as one of its most important functions. The museum at Prague has special funds always on hand for the purchase of works by native artists. There is at The Hague, besides the Royal Museum, which contains only old masters, a Municipal Museum, which concerns itself chiefly with artists who work in the city, and it endeavors to obtain such canvases as relate to the history or topography of the city. The director puts the case squarely when he says:

"We feel obliged to collect representative works by our countrymen, that work having a special character not only comprehended best and valued most by our visitors, but naturally sought here by foreigners."

The Danish government gives yearly to the Museum of Fine Arts of Copenhagen eighteen thousand crowns (nearly \$5000) for the purchase of Danish pictures and fifteen thousand crowns for Danish sculpture. Among six other

the radical changes made in the management during the winter of 1905-06.

²Specially admirable are those given in connection with the pictures owned by the museums.

¹This article was finished in November, 1905. While it has been impossible to record all that has taken place throughout the country since then, it was deemed necessary largely to re-write the part dealing with the Metropolitan Museum, owing to



From the painting by Julius Gari Melchers (Detroit Museum). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE VESPERS"

Danish cities eighteen thousand crowns are divided equally for the purchase of Danish paintings and sculpture. Bearing on what might be called racial rather than native art, it is interesting to note that the state of Denmark gives five thousand crowns yearly to the museum at Copenhagen for the purchase of Swedish and Norwegian art. Since 1856, the government of Sweden has annually voted a sum for the purchase of works by living Swedish artists for the National Museum at Stockholm. This year the sum amounted to 15,000 kroner (\$4000). Although the paintings at the celebrated Hermitage consist solely of ancient art, St. Petersburg boasts of two other museums formed entirely of native works. One, the Academy, receives from the government twenty thousand rubles (about \$15,000) yearly, the other, the Museum of Alexander III receives thirty thousand. At Madrid there is a museum of modern paintings that supplements the collection at the Prado. The Pinacoteca di Brera of Milan is restricted to the purchase of old art, but it is significant that the collection consists almost entirely of works by Italian artists, especially those of Lombardy. The Luxembourg, while trying to mirror all important contemporary movements, whether English, American, German, Spanish, or Scandinavian, sees to it that France is adequately represented, indeed, given the lion's share. In England, besides the splendid old English masters in the National Gallery, there are the National Portrait Gallery, the Tate Gallery of Modern National Art, and, scattered throughout the kingdom, museums that do not hesitate to show what may be called local color in a double sense.

When we turn to America, we are obliged to admit that at the present moment there does not exist one museum from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the gulf, to which one may with a clear conscience direct a student who wishes to gain an adequate idea of the development of American art—its early beginnings with Benjamin West, Stuart, Copley, and Malbone; continu-

ing on through Cole, Church, Doughty, Kensett, Durand, and Colman; then coming down nearer to-day with George Fuller, William M. Hunt, Inness, Wyant, Blakelock, Homer Martin, Twachtman, and Robinson; and finally the best that is being painted to-day.

It is my province to show that we are beginning to wake up to the shame and stupidity of this great lack in our museums. The authorities of the museums and the philanthropists that shower gifts upon them are beginning to see that the future, in so far as is possible at this late date, will retrieve the indifference of the past.

As an earnest of a new interest in home accomplishment may be set down the gift made, in 1905, by Charles Hayden, a citizen of Boston, who bequeathed to the museum of his city one hundred thousand dollars for the purchase of paintings by modern American artists. It is with peculiar satisfaction that one notes such a gift to the Boston museum, for, within the limited means at its disposal, it has always recognized its national obligation. Furthermore, it has felt that this obligation extends to its local environment, and it has endeavored to bring together the finest collection of the work of Copley in the country, because that artist was specially identified with old Boston. The Boston museum has tried to interest the public in contemporary American art by hanging on its walls from time to time temporary loans of such artists as were worthy of a place in a collection the standard of which has always been exceptionally high. In the past, the Boston museum has used its funds in the purchase of many important American paintings, among them the "All's Well" and "The Fog-Signal" of Winslow Homer, a "Mother and Child" of George de Forest Brush, and the "Caritas" of Abbott Thayer.¹ The examples of colonial American art are peculiarly delightful, the gem of all, of course, being the celebrated "Athenæum" portrait of Washington, one of the two painted from life by Gilbert Stuart. It hangs on the walls of the museum, through the courtesy

¹ For this picture more than half the purchasing price was supplied by the museum, its friends contributing the rest.

of the Athenæum, next to the equally delightful Martha Washington, both "unfinished," and yet both carried to precisely the right point to accentuate the important qualities, to achieve a certain indescribable fascination.

The "Interior" by Sargent is the first painting secured under the terms of the Hayden bequest. It would seem as if in this most interesting picture the clever master of technical difficulties had amused himself with seeing how many objects he could succeed in placing one against the other. At the point farthest away from the onlooker is the wall of the bedroom; nearer comes the bed; nearer than the bed comes the pillow; nearer than the pillow a large picture on an easel; nearer than that, a small picture leaning against the larger one; nearer still, a palette; nearer than that, the hand of the artist who is painting; yet nearer, his strong, bald head; and nearer still, the powerfully modeled arm in a rough jacket; and, finally, nearest of all, the chair on which the artist sits tipped toward the beholder, almost protruding from the frame.

The claim has been brought forward by its late director that the only considerable collection made by an American art institute of contemporary American art is the Temple Collection possessed by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. This is the fruit of a bequest from the late Joseph E. Temple, who, in 1880, left an annual income of thirty-six hundred dollars to the academy, of which eighteen hundred dollars was to be invested in American pictures appearing in the annual exhibitions. Thus far the collection consists of thirty-six pictures. From the fine Centenary Exhibition of 1905, the painting "Old Fields" by Charles Melville Dewey was selected. Other years have been represented by works of Chase, Brush, Eakins, Vonnoh, Alexander, and others. The introduction to the latest catalogue of the Pennsylvania Academy contains these words, written by its president:

"The general collection of the Academy aims to represent worthily all schools and different periods in art, but is especially fortunate in the possession of the works of the earliest American painters,

beginning with those of West, Peale, Stuart and Allston, and continuing to the present day.

A collection of American paintings that may accomplish much for the future is the chronological collection of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. Mr. Carnegie has provided by a deed of trust for the establishment of this collection, intended to represent the progress of painting in America beginning with the year 1896, the year in which the institute was founded. For this collection not fewer than two paintings by American painters will be purchased to represent each year. In carrying this out, the trustees offer two prizes, one of one thousand dollars for the oil painting by an American painter, wherever resident, completed in the year of the Carnegie Institute International Exhibit, and which shall, while thus exhibited, be adjudged by the board of trustees one of the works worthy to represent American art of the year. It is disappointing that thus far only four painters have received these chronological awards: Winslow Homer and Benson in 1896; Tryon in 1899; Abbey in 1900. On the completion of building now being erected, the pictures by American artists will hang together. Already these include paintings by Whistler, Shannon, Tarbell, De Camp, Twachtman, Chase, Schofield, Hayden, Alexander, and others.

It is interesting to note in the different terms of their gifts the two points of view as to what really makes an artist American. It will be noticed that Mr. Carnegie specifically says: "American painters, wherever resident," thus providing for those Americans who have their studios and paint their pictures in foreign lands. On the other hand, Mr. Robert Woodward, in giving the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars to the Brooklyn Institute "for the purchase from time to time of paintings by American artists," clearly states that: "The paintings must be by artists practising their profession in America." He does not insist that they must be born on American soil. Indeed, it can scarcely be denied that he who is born in Europe, but has made this his home and has entered into the life of this country, has perhaps as strong a claim to be consid-



From the painting by George de Forest Brush (Corcoran Gallery of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"MOTHER AND CHILD"

ered an American painter as he who has exiled himself from his native land and is, in so far as lies in his power, a foreigner. The pictures by American artists belonging to the Brooklyn Institute will hang together when the third section of the building is completed. Among these are Weeks's "Camels Sleeping in the Desert," a marine by Richards, a Florida landscape by Picknell, and landscapes by Joseph Jefferson, Bogert, Dougherty, Warren Eaton, Foster, and Ochtman.

While the Corcoran Gallery at Washington possesses no special fund for the purchase of works by native artists, nevertheless the major portion of its annual income of twenty-five thousand dollars is expended for that purpose. During the last five years, twenty examples by American painters have been purchased. At present two of its largest galleries are devoted exclusively to their work. Besides a fair representation of contemporary art, there are to be found the men of the old school—Stuart, Inman, Sully, Elliott, Kensett, Doughty, and Cole, and the large number of Presidents painted by Healy. The Corcoran Gallery has also two bronzes by Remington, and the splendid "Sun Vow" by MacNeil, which is sufficient to show our progress in sculpture since the days of the "Greek Slave," which is here, together with several other examples of the work of Hiram Powers. Here are also busts and groups by Hart, Rinehart, Galt, and Crawford. One would like to see more of the best gathered here, and while we are on the subject of sculpture, I confess it seems to me strange that no museum possesses a really adequate representation of all the important work done by American sculptors. Reproductions of the original in plaster are much more happy than reproductions of paintings, and now and then it would be possible to enliven the collection by the possession of the original model from the hand of the sculptor, such as that of St. Gaudens's fine Shaw Memorial shown at the Albright Academy, at Buffalo. At that gallery there is also a cast of St. Gaudens's memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Carnegie Institute possesses the models for the Hahnemann Monument at Washington,

the work of Charles Niehaus, and for the exquisite "Death Arresting the Hand of a Sculptor," by Daniel C. French. The most important of the modern pieces at the Metropolitan Museum are the beautiful MacMonnies "Bacchante," Bartlett's "Bear-Tamer," Barnard's "Two Natures," and Ruckstuhl's lovely "Evening."¹ The Brooklyn Institute has the "Christ and St. John" and a Madonna by William Ordway Partridge.

The most important feature of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts, which is in a period of transition, not yet being entirely moved into its new and beautiful building, the creation of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, is its Sculpture Hall. Here are effectively placed casts of Dallin's superb "Medicine Man," French's "Alma Mater," his "Workingman," and the two equestrian statues done in coöperation with Potter,— "General Washington" and "General Hooker,"—St. Gaudens's "Puritan," Bartlett's "Michael Angelo," and other important works.

One of the most important pictures of the St. Louis museum is Alexander Harrison's "The Wave."

Of all the museums, the Chicago Art Institute is doing most in the way of representing American sculpture. The two colossal bronze lions guarding the main entrance, the work of Edward Kemeys, do not belie the character and importance of the work shown within. The Elbridge G. Hall Collection consists of full-sized facsimiles of original works of sculpture. This includes not only classical and renaissance periods, but also modern sculpture. The director's claim that it is "the most important contemporary collection of sculpture in America" is surely not too strong. Even if it did not include, as it does, the masterpieces of Dubois, Mercié, Falguière, Chapu, Rodin, and others, the gathering together of so much of the best work of our American sculptors would make good the claim. Here we find the work of Bartlett, French, Elwell, St. Gaudens, Potter, Partridge, Bessie Potter Vonnoh, MacNeil, Dallin, Barnard, and Taft, besides twenty-seven important small bronze figures by Kemeys. Here, also, is the

¹ Since writing this, "The Mares of Diomedes," by Gutzon Borglum, has been presented to the museum.

precious original plaster of Donoghue's exquisite "Young Sophocles" which Lorado Taft has said "stands among the most perfect examples of ideal sculpture yet produced by an American."

One feels as if an apology were due the Art Institute of Chicago for writing of it only from one side of its multifarious activities. It seems a pity not to be able to tell of its admirable art school, the third to be established in the country, comparatively young as the city of Chicago is, with an enrollment of twenty-five hundred students; its library, eagerly used by over twenty thousand annual visitors, exclusive of the students of the school; its almost unbroken succession of exhibitions; and its many courses of lectures. I am obliged to correct, however, its claim to the largest annual attendance of visitors of all art museums in America, as the figures given by the report of the Metropolitan Museum exceeds those of the Chicago Art Institute by over seventy-five thousand.

All the art interests of Chicago are focused in its Art Institute. Its annual exhibition confers a prize for the best painting by a Chicago artist, and another is awarded to the best picture painted by an American artist without regard to subject. These exhibitions are not loan collections, but regular exhibitions for the purpose of selling the pictures, such as in New York are found at the Fine Arts Society and at the galleries of the various art-dealers. One of the most interesting of all the annual exhibitions given at the Art Institute is that of works by Chicago artists, which, in 1905, included pictures in various media by seventy-seven men and thirty-five women, all living in Chicago. This exhibition is given under the joint management of the Art Institute and the Municipal Art League of Chicago, which is a unique association, receiving the coöperation of forty-six Chicago clubs. These clubs are by no means art clubs alone, but represent varied activities. They not only subscribe to present to the Art Institute annually a work of art by a Chicago artist,¹ but they individually purchase works from the exhibitions, hanging them in their own club houses, or very often presenting them to various public schools.

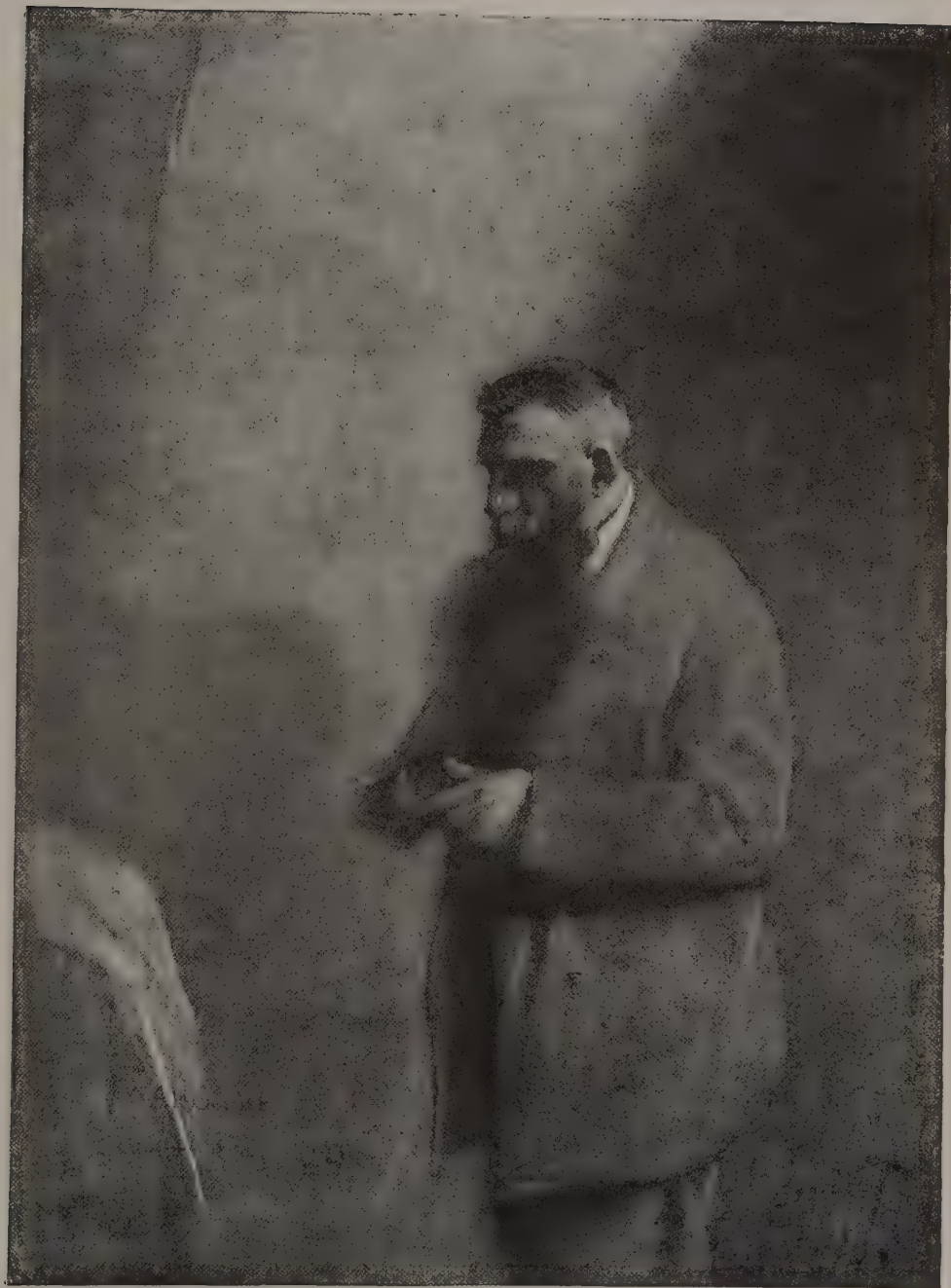
In 1905 the Municipal League purchased "In an Old Gown" by Martha Baker.

One of the most interesting bequests ever left to a museum is that of Benjamin Ferguson, a lumberman who in his lifetime had never given any evidence of special interest in art. Mr. Ferguson left his entire estate of one million dollars to the Chicago Art Institute, the interest of the fund to be expended in the "erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments in the parks, along the boulevards or in other public places within the city of Chicago, commemorating worthy men or women of America, or important events of American history, the plans or designs for such statues or monuments and the location of same to be determined by the Board of Trustees of the Art Institute." As the income amounts at present to twenty-four thousand dollars and will, on the death of some annuitants, amount to forty thousand dollars, the Chicago Art Institute has thus a unique and happy opportunity to render great service to its city. Indeed, the inhabitants of a larger and wealthier city than Chicago may well look with envy upon such an outlook for civic embellishment so wisely safeguarded.

The report of the director of the institute asks for a representative historical collection of American paintings, of which it already owns forty-nine pictures, which may form a nucleus for such. One of the latest purchases by the institute is a fine landscape by Redfield, and among others of the best known modern paintings are Chase's "Alice" and a "Nocturne" by Whistler.

Placed in the ideal condition of being housed in the most beautiful and satisfactory art building in the country, and endowed with adequate provision for its maintenance by its generous giver, Mr. J. J. Albright of Buffalo, the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy has, under its able and active director, a future of great importance. While at the moment there is no specific fund for the purchase of American art, on the other hand, only one of its funds is specifically for the purchase of foreign pictures. The latest painting purchased by the academy was Tryon's exquisite "Evening in May," which is re-

¹ These pictures go to form the Municipal Art League Gallery of Paintings.



From the painting by J. W. Alexander (Cincinnati Museum), Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

AUGUSTE RODIN



From the painting by Winslow Homer (Boston Museum of Fine Arts). Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

"THE FOG-SIGNAL."

garded as one of the academy's most important possessions. The academy also owns a particularly fine Wyant, a superb Inness, a strong Horatio Walker, and several other canvases representative of the best that is being painted to-day. It is exceedingly interesting to note here a number of pictures by Buffalo artists. It would be pleasant to be able to go to the birthplace or residence of an artist with a certainty that there would be found the best collection of his work. It seems natural to do that sort of thing in Europe; but as yet the museums of America, with one or two honorable exceptions, have shown themselves rather afraid of being too local. Detroit, the birthplace of Gari Melchers, for instance, should be the place to study him, yet its museum owns only two of his paintings. Nevertheless, the Detroit Museum has just begun a movement full of promise for American art. One hundred members have been secured to contribute annually ten dollars each, the entire sum to be expended each year in the purchase of paintings by American artists. This same admirable policy is also pursued by the Cincinnati Museum, which, by the way, has a special opportunity in the direction of local color through the fact that Cincinnati has given to the country many well-known artists. Of these, the museum owns one painting by De Camp, two by Mosler, two by Twachtman, all of whom were born in Cincinnati, one by Kenyon Cox, one by Whittredge, and one by Wyant, who, though born in another part of the State, began their careers in Ohio's chief city. A great many students of the art academy are represented on the walls, and it is interesting to see the portrait of Rodin by Alexander, who is a pupil of Duveneck, one of the instructors in the art school. Of Duveneck's work both in painting and in sculpture there is a fair representation. If all the American paintings which are now loaned to the museum ultimately come into its possession, the painters having special local interest will be far more adequately represented. There are here

interesting groups and busts by the sculptors who are identified with Cincinnati—Hiram Powers, Ezekiel, Barnhorn, Niehaus, and Solon H. Borglum.

The most complete representation of a Cincinnati painter is the memorial collection of the work of Robert Blum. I presume it is the most complete collection of an artist in any American museum. The contents are varied, including paintings in oil, water-colors, pastels, etchings, drawings of all sorts, and even studies in modeling for small figures in a decorative panel. The Japanese books and prints and other objects of interest from his studio have also been given to the museum. To complete this delightful memorial, the sculptor Niehaus was commissioned to model a bust of Blum, which has been cast in bronze.

In fulfilling what I might call the obligations of locality, the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis rises nobly to its opportunities. And why should not the people of Indiana be particularly interested in the paintings of what is called "The Hoosier Group"—Steele, Adams, Stark, Forsyth and Gruelle? It would be nothing short of pitiable if the fine work of the gifted Indiana painter Charles Conner, who died just as recognition was coming to him, were not found here. It is peculiarly fitting that the institute owns Sargent's portrait of the Hoosier poet James Whitcomb Riley. Although the institute is very young, even waiting the construction of a building of its own, it already possesses examples of many well-known American painters, for instance, Duveneck, Reid, Shirlaw, Chase, and Tryon. While several admirable canvases by Europeans have been purchased, the active young director writes: "The policy of the association¹ is a steady recognition of American art, and constant additions will be made from this source in the future."

The most important possession of the Worcester, Massachusetts, Art Museum is undoubtedly a peculiarly lovely unfinished portrait of Mrs. Perez Morton by Gilbert Stuart. Last year the museum purchased, in all, three paintings, of which

¹This association was started through the efforts of some public-spirited women in a very modest way. Quite without any previous intimation of interest on his part, the late John Herron

of Indiana bequeathed to them the sum of \$260,000 for the purpose of erecting a museum, conducting an art school, and otherwise enabling the association to carry out its purposes.



From the painting by Edwin A. Abbey (Carnegie Institute). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1902, by the Carnegie Institute

"THE PENANCE OF ELEANOR, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER."

two are by Americans, La Farge and Blakelock. The museum also owns the beautiful "Venetian Blind" by Tarbell. The L. J. Knowles Art Fund of fifteen hundred dollars a year, "to be expended, as occasion offers, in the purchase of one or more paintings by American artists," is expended under the direction of the authorities of the museum. To the Worcester Museum has recently been left a sum estimated at between \$2,500,000 and \$3,000,000 by the will of the late Mr. Salisbury of Worcester.

The town of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, boasts of a new and very beautiful art gallery, the gift of the Honorable Zenas Crane of Dalton, Massachusetts, to whom it is also indebted for the larger part of the contents of the building. One of the latest purchases of the museum is "Mid-Ocean" by Charles H. Woodbury. It is a satisfaction to note hanging on the walls the "Maiden's Revery" by Douglas Volk, who was born in Pittsfield, and who therefore deserves a fuller representation. The paintings belonging to the Museum of the Rhode Island School of Design at Providence are all the work of modern painters, those by Americans forming a very large proportion of the whole. In 1901 Mr. Jesse Metcalfe of Providence gave \$50,000 for a fund the interest of which is used to purchase paintings hung in the museum's annual autumn exhibition of works by American artists. Among the more important paintings owned by the museum are Alexander's "The Blue Bowl," Mary Cassatt's "Mère et deux enfants," Chase's "Woman in Pink," and a still life, figure-pieces by Tarbell, Child Hassam, and Alden Weir, and landscapes by Wyant, Inness, R. Swain Gifford, and Winslow Homer.

Portland, Oregon, has just erected a new building for an art museum through the generosity of Mrs. Ladd. The ground was bequeathed by Mr. Corbett, who also left an endowment of fifty thousand dollars. Here hung the water-colors and drawings of the art department of the Lewis and Clark Exposition. The aftermath of such exhibitions is not all dreary wastes, disheveled parks, deserted hotels, and collapsed real-estate booms. It is impossible for a world's fair not to exert a great influence

on the art interests of its immediate neighborhood. The future of the Portland Museum will be watched with interest.

In speaking of New York's Museum of Art, it is more profitable, on the whole, to keep one's eyes upon the promise of the future rather than upon the lapses of the past. That in the past the Metropolitan Museum fell far below its full opportunities as an American museum I think none of its warmest friends would be inclined to deny; that there is slowly rising a policy more sensitive to the claims of American art no one in touch with the present management can fail to realize. Whatever one might be tempted to say of the museum's attitude in the past, and there is much to be said, it is more gracious to be thankful that the tide has turned rather than to be disgruntled that it did not turn sooner. As impatient as one becomes over the failure to recognize great art when it is being produced by one's side, nevertheless, to reflect upon the history of our country is to make some allowance for a habit of mind which was traditional, the sources of which went back to the very roots of our national consciousness.

Certain it is that the thirty-fifth report of the trustees (1905) strikes a new note in the history of the Metropolitan Museum of Art:

"Among the many directions," says this revolutionary document, "in which extension of our collection is desirable, there is one which has peculiar claims upon our interests and patriotism, that is, the art of our own country. Foreigners coming to America expect to find in the chief museum of our country the evidence of what America has done, and, indeed, the material for full appreciation of the development of American art. Our own countrymen should expect nothing less. The achievement of American art, and the position accorded to it at recent international expositions, warrant us in giving it an important place in our American museum."

From the appeal that follows to the "generosity and patriotism of our private citizens," the inference has been made that American art is considered worthy of acceptance as gifts, but not to justify the expenditure of any portion of the Rogers fund, which yields an annual in-



From the sculptured group by Gutzon Borglum (Metropolitan Museum of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson. Copyright, 1904, by Gutzon Borglum

"THE MARES OF DIOMEDES"



From a Copley print, copyright, 1899, by Curtis & Cameron, from the painting by Douglas Volk (Pittsfield Museum)
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"THE MAIDEN'S REVERY"

come of \$200,000, for the purchase of works of art. I am glad to be able to state with authority that such is by no means the case. The museum has recently purchased two fine examples of Gilbert Stuart and a delightful landscape by William M. Hunt, and stands ready, I think I may say eager, to purchase any really important examples of our best painters.¹

One of the pledges of the new régime is the erection shortly of a new wing where is to be installed the contemplated collection of representative American art. The significance of this will be greatly enhanced by the munificent gift of Mr. George A. Hearn of New York, who, in January, 1906, gave a hundred thousand dollars, "the income to be expended for paintings by persons now living, who are, or who may be at the time of purchase, citizens of the United States of America, or by those hereafter born, who may, at the time of purchase, have become citizens thereof." Furthermore, to guard against possible errors in the judgment of contemporary art, a highly suggestive provision empowers the authorities of the museum "to exchange or sell any painting or paintings purchased with the income of a hundred thousand dollars; such paintings to be exchanged for, or proceeds of paintings sold to be expended for, another painting or paintings by citizens of the United States of America."

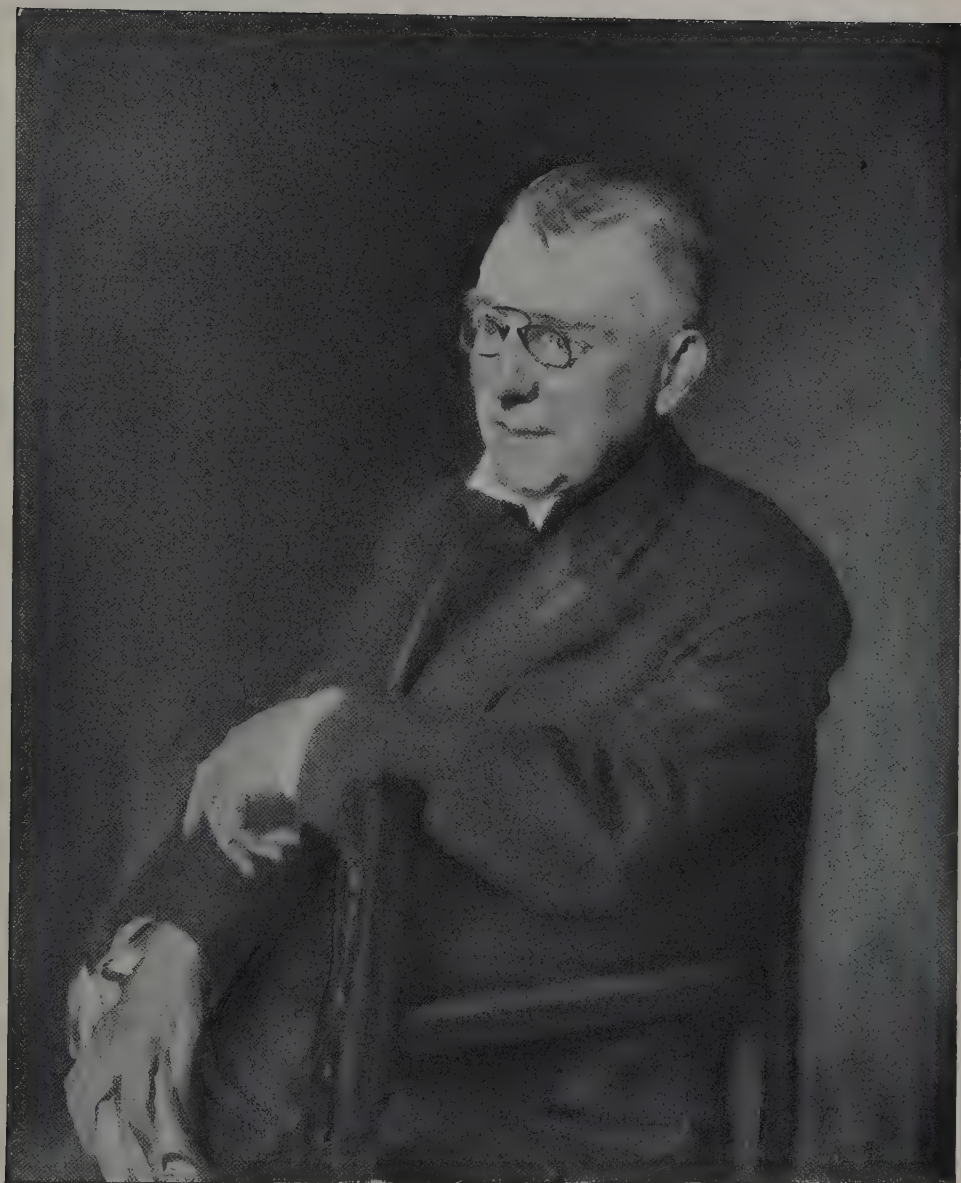
Naturally the significance of the relations of the museum to the art of the country depends upon the character of the purchases to be made. There is no doubt that unwise or indiscriminate buying really, in the end, serves the cause of American art less well than not to buy at all. The people of America have every right to expect a great deal from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, for doubly, triply conspicuous it stands today: first, from its position in the metropolis of the Western hemisphere; second, from its magnificent endowment, of which M. Monod, Curator of the Luxembourg, writes me, "No museum in the

world possesses such a purchasing power"; third, from the distinguished position in the art world held by its admirably equipped officers of administration, all appointed during the year 1905-6. The director, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the assistant director, Mr. Edward Robinson, and the curator of paintings, Mr. Roger E. Fry, really form a very remarkable trio. Both the director and the assistant director have had experience at the head of other museums, the one at the great South Kensington Museum, London, the other at the Boston Museum. The director is a man of the broadest possible humanitarian interests, perhaps strongest in that side of art which has direct application to life; the assistant director, too wide in his scholarly attainments to be called a specialist in a narrow sense, yet has specialized in the direction of Greek art and archæology, in which department he served on the faculty of Harvard University; the curator of paintings comes from England under circumstances highly flattering to the good judgment of the trustees, having received a call to the directorship of the National Gallery just after he had accepted the American position. Already during a short stay in America he has conclusively shown that, added to his intimate knowledge of the old masters, he possesses strong individuality and independence in his judgment of contemporary work.

While the Hearn Fund will provide the museum with a certain number of paintings by living American painters, yet the general policy of the museum is to purchase the work only of deceased painters. In this I can readily sympathize. There are so many opportunities in New York for seeing the output of living men that there is really no occasion for a New York museum to do anything in this direction. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatever that the holding of loan exhibitions of contemporary work is a very important part of the duties of the museums situated in

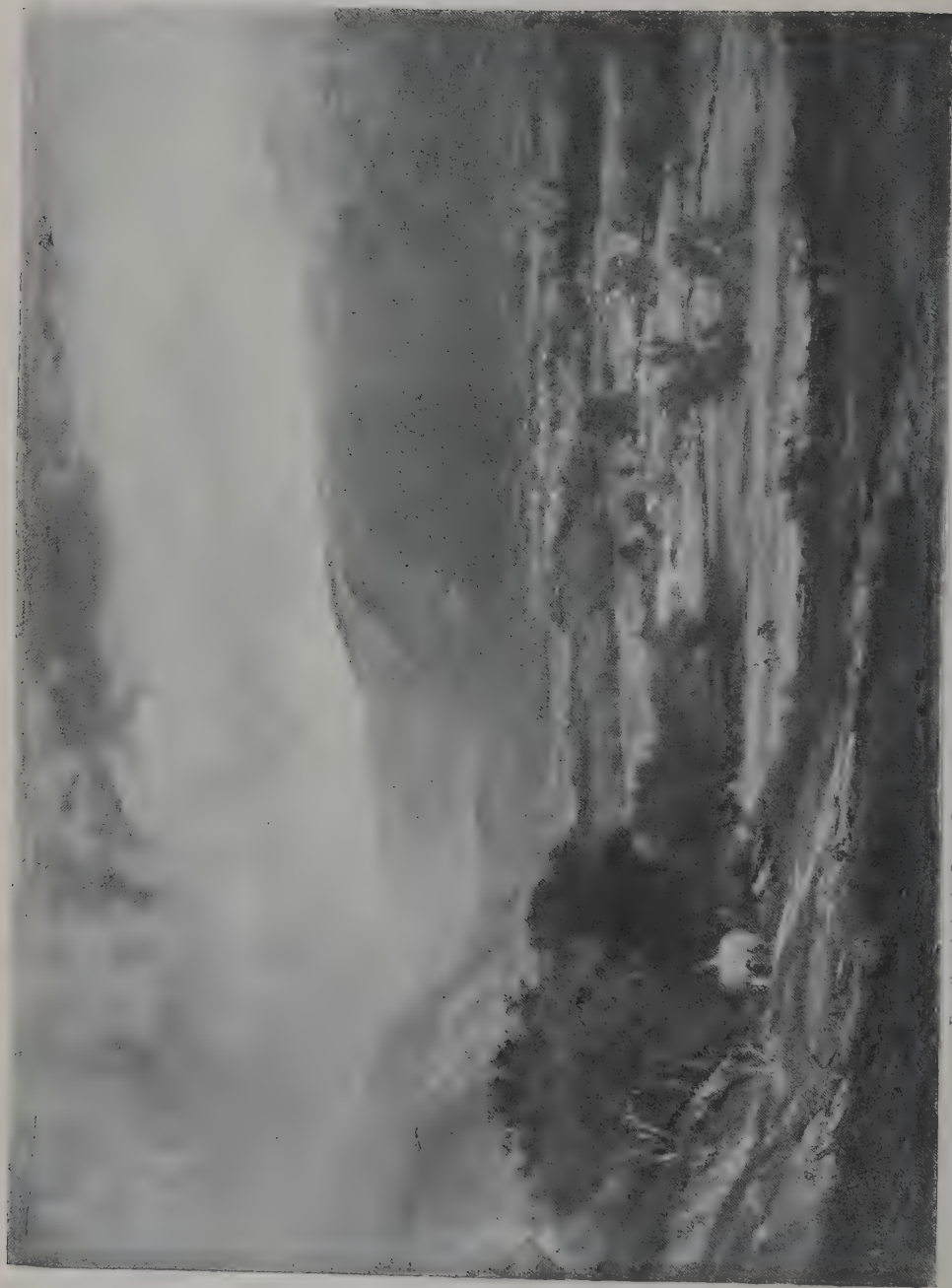
¹This statement may need modifying to this extent: some important canvases have been refused because of the very large price asked for them. On the one side is the difficulty of appraising high enough work which has barely come into its own; on the other hand, perhaps there

may be a desire—quite human, one must admit—to make the museum realize the extent of its lost opportunities. There is no doubt, however, that it is growing increasingly difficult to acquire at any price the very best examples of our best painters.



From the painting by John S. Sargent (John Herron Institute, Indianapolis). Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



From the painting by George Inness (Metropolitan Museum of Art). Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE DELAWARE VALLEY"

smaller towns, not only away from the great art dealers of the country, but without any other halls or galleries where such pictures may be hung.

Yet, on the whole, it would seem an unwise policy to refuse to purchase the work of living painters, while accepting it as a gift. It is by no means the worthiest painter who possesses sufficient vogue to have wealthy patrons who can present his pictures to the museum. I think more and more the authorities of the museums scattered through the country will realize that the standard by which should be judged the artistic merits of gifts should be, if anything, more severe than that which applies to purchases. After all, the museum is master of what it itself has purchased, and there are always walls not quite so conspicuous as others. Alas! it is not so easy to suppress or judiciously

render inconspicuous such art as is presented.

What we really need in New York is a building, perhaps situated near the Metropolitan Museum, but in no way connected with it, which shall become the temporary repository of contemporary work both purchased and given, and from which the best canvases may be selected from time to time for the permanent collection of the Metropolitan, perhaps according to the methods of the Louvre—ten years after the death of the artist. In other words, we need a Luxembourg, where the work of the living may be studied under conditions which, while thoroughly dignified and outside any possible suggestion of the mercantile spirit, yet will not confer what may possibly be a meretricious éclat from juxtaposition with the work of the world's masters.

THE PERFECT WOMAN

BY EDITH WYATT

Author of "Every One His Own Way"

"A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are."



AMONG the lifelong attachments of Mrs. Norris was her affection for a friend engaged in the profession of letters, Mrs. Helen Waters

Hersey.

For a well-established weekly magazine, "All Around the World," Mrs. Hersey had originated and edited an enormous correspondence department, "The Perfect Woman."

Mrs. Hersey was herself a remarkably handsome woman, fair, large, and practical, with a wordy, advisory style of high pecuniary value, and a thoroughly sweet disposition of astounding complacency.

Entirely in harmony with her own destiny, she was far too apt either to

madden her acquaintance by quiet, helpful suggestion for the modulation of theirs, or to estrange them by constant description of the brilliant transpositions she had made in the lots of others by inducing them to wear small instead of large hats, to drink buttermilk, or to live in the country. On the occasions when the Perfect Woman dined with Mrs. Norris, other members of her family and other dinner-guests were far too apt to speed away after dessert—speed away on errands of light up-stairs or to a small, cold drawing-room across the hall, where ordinarily they never went except in search of some lost article.

Only Mrs. Norris and Elsie would remain in the library—Mrs. Norris because she had a loyal and courteous heart, and

because she and Helen Waters had been girls together in Pittsburg; Elsie because, like the wedding-guest by the eye of the Ancient Mariner, she was mesmerized by the speech and manner of the Perfect Woman, and because from childhood she had loved Mrs. Hersey—loved her large, fair surfaces, her pretty white hair, her well-fitted black cloth tailor-suits, with admirable cuff and collar pins, and her goddess-like, nerveless nature, as good as gold, and of some composition quite as dense.

Once on a cold winter evening, as the ladies were settling themselves comfortably, coffee-cups in hand, in corners of the long sofa opposite their fluent guest, a cousin, Mr. Bertram Fotheringay,—ordinarily known as young Bert, to distinguish him from his father of the same name,—unexpectedly entered and took his place between them.

Young Bert was a good-natured young man, clean-shaven, with close-clipped tan hair and very clear light-blue eyes, a graduate of Yale, now employed as the foreign agent of the family house of Fotheringay & Fotheringay, importers of coffee, tea, and spices, and recently returned from a trip to Japan. Unaware that he had entered the presence of a monologue artist, he had thought to spend an evening of social communion and sympathetic pleasure, narrating the impression and adventures of his entrance into the circles of commerce, and hearing the histories of his cousin and his Chicago friends in his absence.

It was a blow to young Bert when Mrs. Hersey, gravely fixing him with her eye, said almost instantly: "To go back to the question of cereals for breakfast. We were speaking of it, Mr. Fotheringay, before you came in. Now, I once knew a man—a man of brains who used to work at night, late. The work was competitive, demanding unremitting, keen intellectual concentration—the advertising of a great new skirt braid. Hooker Briggs's fellow-craftsmen have repeatedly said to me that for years the man came down to the struggle every morning worn, moody, despondent. It told on his wife, a bright, charming young society-girl. She, too, became worn, moody, old before her time."

"Why did it tell on her?" asked young

Bert, restively, with literal masculine curiosity. "I don't understand that."

"Neither did I," said Mrs. Hersey, impressively. "I did n't understand it, either, at first. I was attached to both the young people, and I thought it over and over—thought it over and over." An unconscious sigh of impatience escaped unnoticed from young Bert. "I said to myself: 'Why are n't they happy? They ought to be. Why are n't they?'"

Mrs. Hersey stopped impressively, and drank a little coffee.

"The mother came to me at last—came to me personally while she was visiting them, and said: 'Mrs. Hersey, may I stay with you for a little while, temporarily? I will confide in you; I will tell you the reason why I ask it. Frankly, I cannot,' she said, 'remain at Teen's for the present. It is simply so very unpleasant at breakfast. Hooker is so irritable.'"

"Now, I knew Hooker Briggs was not naturally an irritable man. The man is big, fine in every respect." Mrs. Hersey slightly drew in her nostrils and inflated her chest, apparently in momentary histrionic assumption of Hooker Briggs's size and refinement. "And yet he and the young wife were drifting apart. And why? Why?" Mrs. Hersey looked about with lifted chin. "Then suddenly I thought: 'A-a-a-h! I have it!' So I turned to the mother, and I said quietly: 'What does your daughter have for breakfast?'"

"Well, there was a hesitation—a little hesitation. I thought for a moment her pride was affronted—natural womanly pride in her daughter as a house-keeper, you know. You know the feeling."

All hastily implied that they knew,—Mrs. Norris, with the dazed, attentive eagerness of one who has nearly dozed; and young Bert, his head upon his hand, with the heartfelt agreement in which the wedding-guest discerned the tone of god-speed to the traveler.

"Then she said, 'Mrs. Hersey, Teen has the European breakfast—coffee and rolls.'"

"'Coffee and rolls,' I repeated—"coffee and rolls?" Mrs. Hersey seemed to be going into a trance over these words

and syllables, which she repeated with glittering eye, shaking her head dreamily. She leaned forward and added softly: "I said to her: 'Coffee and rolls,—an excellent breakfast; but—but—Mrs. Johnson, what coffee, what rolls?' A-a-a-h! that was the point! The woman's pride—the mother's pride—broke down then, to let in reason. 'Mrs. Hersey,' she said, and she put it strongly and frankly—when the truth came, it came with a rush—'the coffee is—poor; the rolls—are—atrocious.'"

Mrs. Johnson had apparently uttered these blighting revelations in a ferocious, sibilant whisper, clapping her mouth together like a trap at their conclusion.

"Then I saw it all," continued Mrs. Hersey. "Not literally; I have never breakfasted with them. Do you know how I saw it, Elsie? By the imagination. I made a little mental picture. I saw the husband, worn after the late hours of keen intellectual effort, the weak coffee, the few cold, heavy rolls—I saw it all, just as though it had passed before me," said Mrs. Hersey, triumphantly. "And then had come the drifting apart—the separation between those who still care, still care—in their hearts, though they deny it."

"Terribly hard on everybody," exclaimed young Bert, in tones of appreciation and earnest finality.

The young man's voice was as that of one crying in the wind.

"So I spoke wisely and quietly to the mother. I said, '*Do not—do not* let this be! Go to your daughter; speak with her; say quietly: "Let me do the house-keeping for the week." Have the table attractive—a cereal, Java coffee, fresh rolls, a simple breakfast, but nourishing—nourishing for the day. Teen's mistake will appear to her.'"

Again Mrs. Hersey paused. Every eye was fixed upon her. It was thought the end must surely be about to come.

"To-day there is not a happier household in America, and, do you know, those people can never thank me enough. Mrs. Hooker Briggs was in my office yesterday. 'Mrs. Hersey,' she said, 'if there is anything on earth I can do for you, command it, and it shall be done. But there is n't. You seem to have everything. How have you managed? How have

you done it? My dear, you are simply a queen—an American queen, though you are too modest to know it, much less to mention it yourself.' To go back to the question of coffee for breakfast—"

So the evening sped away.

By the good lady's account, the offices of "All Around the World" frequently resounded with such protestation as that of the admiring Mrs. Hooker Briggs—almost constant popular outcry of astonishment and awe at Mrs. Hersey's own triumphant processional through existence.

The greater part of this existence the Perfect Woman spent in a large, ill-ordered household in apartments on the drive.

The reason why it was ill-ordered was that whenever any one of her step-grandchildren had any contagious sickness, he at once came to stay away from his brothers and sisters with Mrs. Hersey; whenever any of her stepdaughters had a new baby, she came to stay with Mrs. Hersey; and whenever any of her stepsons or step-sons-in-law lost his position, he came to stay with Mrs. Hersey. All these dependents were on extremely bad terms with Mr. Hersey, a gentleman whom his wife had long supported in the manner to which he had been accustomed.

Mrs. Hersey's servants were always leaving without giving notice. Her meals were always cold and badly served, on account of the number of tables necessitated by the constant presence of trained nurses, small children, adult non-professional guests, and Mr. Hersey, who refused to dine or even to lunch or to breakfast in company with any of these groups. When Elsie and Mrs. Norris called on Mrs. Hersey, they usually sat talking with her, or, rather, listening to her on cots temporarily placed in the entry for jobless stepsons or step-sons-in-law. Her front rooms were ordinarily in darkness and occupied by either a baby or a night-nurse taking a nap.

As a young woman, Mrs. Hersey had married a small, ugly, and very cross widower whom she alone supposed to be a journalistic genius. Mr. Hersey had since yielded to a weakness common both to genius and to many persons of more ordinary endowment, and had treated her

very badly indeed. But Mrs. Hersey had always kept intact the memory of the loving admiration in which she held him as a man of superior understanding when she was a girl.

It was on account of this memory that she supported with perfectly quiet respect the helpless wreck he had now been for years.

She was nineteen when she began to take care of Mr. Hersey's children, and she had taken care of them ever since—taken care of them while she bore and lost two children of her own, while Mr. Hersey squandered in speculation the little fortune her father had left her, while her husband drank himself into hopeless incompetence, and while she finally secured, through his friends, her first position with "All Around the World."

"How long have you known this Perfect Woman? How long have you borne this oppression?" said young Bert, in reference to the evening of monologue, as he and Elsie started down his aunt's steps for a walk a few weeks later.

"Oh—I don't know. Always, I guess," said Elsie, vaguely, buttoning her glove.

"And how long shall you continue to bear it?"

"I guess always."

"I feared that would be your natural course. In a quiet manner I have avenged your wrongs as my kinswoman."

"I hope your manner has been so quiet that the Perfect Woman will not know of your vengeance quite yet."

"So quiet that she can never know of it."

"Because we have to stop there a minute this afternoon to inquire after one of her step-grandchildren there, who has diptheria."

Small is the satisfaction the truly just ordinarily derive from vengeance on the oppressive, meanly subject, like the rest of the world, to mortal ill and care.

With mingled emotions the unfortunate young Bert produced from his pocket a copy of "All Around the World." He handed it to Elsie, with his finger on a

blue-penciled paragraph in the "Perfect Woman" column.

TIGER LILY:

I am a small brunette. How can I dress, and what exercises can I take to appear a large blonde?

You mention some stretching motions, I think, in an old number, but I cannot find it. Kindly repeat recipe for good and rapid bleach.

I know of no bleach which is not injurious to the hair. Get out into the fresh air and the sunshine, Tiger Lily. Fill your mind with bright, happy thoughts and with work for others, and you will be content just to be a brunette in this wide, wonderful planet of ours. Many women not divinely tall and most divinely fair have been honored. Witness Rebecca the heroine of "Ivanhoe," Cleopatra, Adelina Patti, and others. Have you ever swept away the mental cobwebs by reading that wise little booklet, "How to Know the World?" Get it in our attractive, new hand-lettered edition, price fifty cents net, uniform with those two other little classics, "How to Sleep," and "How, Where, and When to Breathe."

"You see, all I have asked in return for an evening of ruffianly, boastful suppression is a little unobtrusive pleasure of my own. Don't you call that a quiet revenge?"

"Either that or a great public insult."

"The quiet revenge of an obscure, bullied gentleman on one so constructed that she can say she is simply an American queen, though she is too modest to know it, much less to mention it."

"But she takes no credit to herself for her *real* goodness, you know—only for her exasperating qualities."

Young Bert groaned deeply, and Elsie was unable to refrain longer from a glance of sympathy with the brunette correspondent, especially as the Perfect Woman's maid just then called down the speaking-tube that the step-grandchild was better.

All he could now do toward appearing to advantage, young Bert said, would be to comply with Mrs. Hersey's suggestion to procure the classics, fifty cents net. He would give to Elsie "How to Sleep" and "How, Where, and When to Breathe," though the latter would have been his own favorite.

THE TRAINING OF THE NEGRO¹

BY ROBERT BENNETT BEAN



THE negro in America may be classified in four racial groups: the true negro, of which there are several types (Guinea coast, Hottentot, Bushman), constitutes the majority in the South; the Hamitic negro (Bantu, Zulu, Kafir), is found in small numbers throughout the whole country, particularly in Virginia and the Carolinas; the Semitic negro (Sudanese, Dahomian), is also found in small numbers scattered over wide areas in the United States; the Caucasian negroes (sambo, mulatto, octoroon, etc.) are found in large and constantly increasing numbers both North and South, but predominate specially in the North.

In any training of the negro, cognizance should be taken of these elements in the colored people, as well as of the natural endowments and qualifications of the race. In order to obtain a just estimate of the different factors, it may be well to trace the origins of the peoples that make up the present negro population of America.

Mankind may be grouped primarily into two classes, the black and the white. The yellow, the red, and the brown races are secondary classes. There are several distinct types of the black race: the Australian, the African, etc., only one of which, the African, concerns us. There are three types of the white race: Hamitic, Semitic, and Caucasian. The Caucasian is the white race of Europe and America, although this has become mixed with the prehistoric Hamitic of Europe. The Semitic comprises the Jews, Arabs, and Gipsies. The Hamitic stock in prehistoric times peopled the region of the Sahara and the great lakes of Africa. This was

then a habitable area, with an altitude of several thousand feet, three great rivers, a salubrious climate, and probably abundant vegetation. From this primitive home the stock spread in all directions. To the east, the fair-skinned Libyans settled on the upper Nile and assisted in founding one of the most flourishing civilizations of antiquity. The most recent exhumations in Egypt point to this fact. To the west, prehistoric men were Hamitic, being represented to-day by the Berbers of northern Africa, as well as by the fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-skinned inhabitants of the Atlas Mountains. To the north, they crossed the land bridges of the Mediterranean, which existed at Gibraltar, Italy, and Crete; and as the late prehistoric man of Europe they settled in the south, west, and north, as well as in the British Isles, and assisted in founding Grecian, Roman, Carthaginian, European, English, and American civilizations, through combinations with other peoples. To the south, the Hamitic race peopled the land of Sheba and of King Solomon's mines, as well as Madagascar, where Mongolian, negro, and Semitic elements, have been added, and are represented in the Madagascar negro of America.

In the course of many centuries,—many thousands of years, perhaps,—there has been an interminable intermingling of the Hamitic and negro stocks in Africa, while at present the pure negro is found only in isolated places along the west coast and in the jungles. This is indicated by the color map of Africa. Elsewhere the Hamitic negro prevails, and many of the relics of a previous civilization may be determined in the existing institutions, arts, and industries of the natives. Starting along the eastern

¹ See the article by Dr. Bean in the September CENTURY "The Brain of the Negro"

coast, this element has fought its way to the southern extremities of the continent, then up the western coast to the region of the Congo, virtually exterminating the Bushmen and the Hottentots. The Dutch, German, and English are continually harassed by this warlike people, who are just at present engaged in a general uprising throughout South Africa.

More recently, in the last fifteen hundred years, the Semitic element has pervaded the north and west of Africa, conquering and proselyting, subduing and mingling with, the natives. The Semitic negro is more inclined to domesticity, and many states south of the Sudan are found where culture abounds, trades flourish, and laws are made and obeyed.

Before the negroes reached America, then, we see that two divisions of the white race had mixed with them for centuries. Since their arrival, the third has become more intimately incorporated with them, until now it is fair to say that perhaps two thirds or three fourths of the negroes in America have white blood in varying proportions.

Thus are evolved the four classes of negroes previously mentioned. The members of these four classes are so diverse in their characteristics and capabilities that it would be unfair and unjust to demand the same treatment, training, and education for each class; and in the processes of development and evolution, through natural selection, economic selection, and competition, the different classes are shifting to various levels, according to their capabilities and limitations. The Hamitic negro has been warlike and dominant in Africa, and he is warlike and dominant in his own race in America. The Semitic negro is inclined to peace and domesticity wherever he is found. Because of faulty perspective, the Caucasian negro is of too recent origin to be judged fairly; but many noted men of this class indicate great possibilities, although their longevity is questionable and their stability doubtful. The characteristics of the true negro have been briefly outlined in a previous consideration of the negro brain,¹ fundamental racial dif-

ferences having been shown, with their consequent characteristics. These may be elaborated, in order to understand better the negro character.

The anterior association center, which was found smaller in the negro brain than in the Caucasian, is designated by Flechsig, the great German anatomist, as the seat of apperception, the ego, the personality, self-control, reason, and ethical and esthetic judgment. Wundt, the German psychologist, considers this center to be the seat of apperception. Professor Pillsbury of Ann Arbor declares that attention disappears or is affected when the frontal lobes are diseased. Dr. Allen Starr denotes the result of lesions of this center as follows: loss of interest in environment, loss of memory, of reason, and of spontaneity of action. Goltz, Hitzig, and Fritsch demonstrated virtually the same facts in monkeys. Cunningham, the foremost English anatomist, indicates the size of the frontal lobes to be the great and distinguishing difference between man and the lower animals. Broca, the eminent French anthropologist, considers skull formation to be due to brain development in a general way, stating that when a lobe of the brain increases in size, it tends to dilate the whole skull, but the dilation produced is at its maximum where the lobe is found. The frontal region of the negro skull has been repeatedly shown to be much smaller than the Caucasian.

Considering these facts, the conclusion is reached that the negro has a smaller proportion of the faculties pertaining to the frontal lobe than the Caucasian. The negro, then, lacks reason, judgment, apperception, attention, self-control, will power, orientation, ethical and esthetic attributes, and the relations of the ego (of personality, of self) to environment.

On the other hand, the posterior association center and the adjacent areas are slightly larger in the negro brain than in the Caucasian. This center is concerned in the rudimentary connections of the parts of consciousness, in the coordination of the sense centers (sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell), in the complex reflexes, and in the coordination of the perceptions of language (seeing,

¹ THE CENTURY for September, 1906.

hearing, or, as in the blind, feeling the words). The posterior association center coördinates the perceptions of the senses, but without relating them to the personality, which is affected by the anterior association center, where they are allied with all previous experiences of the individual, and made effective in the processes of reasoning. The rudimentary connections of the parts of consciousness establish complex reflexes by uniting two or more widely separated areas of the brain, enabling a person to react to stimuli. Thus one dodges a ball or catches it when it is seen coming, because the seat of sight in the brain is coördinated with the seat for controlling the muscles, probably through the medium of the posterior association center. Each one of the senses reacts similarly. On hearing a sudden noise, one starts and listens with attention; on smelling a bad odor, one holds the breath and draws away. On the prick of a pin, one jumps aside.

Destruction of the posterior part of the brain results in a loss of the senses, a loss of the perception of language, in a confusion in the relations of time and space, in a lack of recognition of objects or persons, and general trouble in the complex reflexes and in the connections of ordinary association. Concrete perception is impossible. The objective conditions of consciousness are affected, but subjective control remains normal as long as the frontal lobes are normal. There is no confusion of the individuality in relation to environment; there is no loss of power of spoken or written language. Reason, will, judgment, apperception, attention, and the ethical and esthetic faculties are normal.

The indications are, then, that the negro is equal to the white in the development of the special senses (sight, hearing, touch, taste, smell, pain, heat, cold, muscle and tendon sense, thirst, hunger, and the sense of equilibrium of the body); in the perception of concrete objects, facts, ideas, and a good memory for them; in a ready response to stimuli (simple and complex reflexes), resulting in good automatic power; and in love for music and appreciation of art.

His vocabulary is generally limited to concrete terms, more or less, and is mainly

monosyllabic, as witness the description of the game of "prisoners' base" by a colored boy sixteen years of age. "The way you play is to have equal numbers on each side of the street, and one has to show a lead; if he get caught, he has to hol' out his hands; and if he falls, he will say 'broken bones.'"

Individual observations have determined that certain concrete terms have the following associated ideas in the mind of the negro, the latter being readily obtained on mentioning the former, as: pole, north; boots, black; pencil, lead; paper, reading; fire, place; hat, white; horse, brown; and bear, grizzly. Abstract terms are largely lacking, although the simple ones may be understood. After repeated trials, the following may be obtained: strength, man's; time, piece; courage, dogs; dear, not; love, he.

Abstract terms and difficult words are either not known or seldom used, or misapplied when used. The negro readily grasps single ideas, retains one idea to the exclusion of others, or else fails to correlate the various ideas when more than one is grasped. The negro is a good laborer under compulsion, or a good soldier with white officers, where his one idea is to work and obey.

In automatic power and in reflex response to stimuli, the negro exceeds the white, especially in youth, as every one will admit, this having been repeatedly demonstrated even in the laboratory. The negro also had a good memory for concrete facts, learning readily by repetition. The sense of color, of form, of rhythm, of melody, and of tactile impressions is acute, as is the sense of taste and of smell. Their aptitude for rhythm and melody appears in their remarkable dancing and singing, and in their playing of certain kinds of musical instruments. Their acuteness of taste and smell and of tactile impressions is shown in their relish of savory viands and in their sensitiveness to heat, cold, and pain.

Experiments have shown that the negro surpasses the white in the detection of shades of color, as in rearranging color cards that had been examined for half a minute, and then shuffled, the test be-

ing to replace them in their original positions.

Their rough carvings and drawings show no mean artistic skill, and their ability in the trades adds strength to this assertion. Should all these natural aptitudes be properly controlled and directed, much value might be made of them as assets in the struggle for existence. As they now exist, many of them are only phantom wiles that lure the child of color to a visionary and fleeting satisfaction of sensory impulses in unrestraint.

Moreover, the negro is lacking in apperception, faulty in reasoning, and deficient in judgment. A negro youth nearly twenty years of age called the Malay race the "malaria race," and could not be made to realize his error. This was told to a white girl of about ten years, who immediately exclaimed, with evident amusement, "Oh, he mistook a disease for a people." This example illustrates well the concrete perception of the negro as contrasted with the abstract reasoning of the white, and shows the lack of apperception in the one and the ready application of apperception by the other.

The negro has not become adapted to his new position or conditions. Lack of the proper appreciation of environment, or failure to become *en rapport* with surroundings, is continually evident in a particularly characteristic peculiarity of the negro which has been termed "bumptiousness." For instance, one evening coming home late on the trolley, four Germans were singing such songs as "Tannenbaum," "Die Lorelei," etc., in German, when a negro student entered the car. Presently the negro (a mulatto) blurted out a very indecent and inelegant expression of opprobrium relating to cowherds and aimed at the Germans. They immediately stopped singing, and one by one they cautioned the youth that sometimes one said too much. Needless to say the negro remained quiet after that, and the Germans resumed their singing, to the delight of the other occupants of the car. Bumptiousness continually embroils the negroes with one another and with the lower classes of whites, and embitters all sects and sections wherever there is contact between the races.

As the brain is divided into two parts, anterior and posterior, so the mind may be divided into two faculties, subjective and objective, active and passive, intellectual and sensory, voluntary and involuntary, or, better still, that which depends upon external forces and that which depends upon the mental attitude or interest. The negro has a well developed posterior brain, and good objective faculties, which are passive, sensory, involuntary, and depend upon external forces; and he has less of the frontal brain and subjective faculties, which are active, intellectual, voluntary, and depend upon the mental attitude.

A mind well organized, as in the Caucasian, is a mind in which the lines of demarcation of the experience are nearly effaced, and in which each bit of knowledge is founded on a unity equally effective at any moment to control the course of the mental life. When the parts of the mind are limited and rigidly distinct, as is apparent in the negro, a great part of the knowledge of the person is almost without value, and necessarily this person takes a narrowed and partial attitude toward all questions.

These generalizations all relate to the true negro, and not to the Hamitic, Semitic, or Caucasian negro. The object to be attained in training the true negro is to cultivate his natural endowments and to fit him for positions that he can fill. The training should be in manual labor of various kinds, useful in the industrial development of the South, and in intellectual pursuits for the production of men of affairs among their own people. But the true negro is capable of learning in only one way—objectively, by concrete perception, by repetition, and by memory of individual facts. He should be taught practical subjects in a practical way. His sensibilities may be controlled and guided, and his musical and artistic tastes may be directed into channels of usefulness to himself and pleasure to others. Hampton and Tuskegee are the schools in the South that teach the true negroes in the proper way and fit them for such occupations as they are properly qualified to conduct. Many Hamitic, Semitic, and Caucasian negroes, however, have good minds, and naturally become the leaders of their race. These men are

trained in scores of colleges North and South, and are rapidly becoming an important factor in the negro problem. They control the religious and secular press of the race; they are rapidly acquiring the balance of financial power among their people; and they practise medicine, teach, and preach among those of their color. Many of their efforts do harm. It is expedient that this class be properly trained in order that they may exert a right influence over their fellows. Neither the rudiments of education nor the classics can alter the negro's brain, change his mental capacity, create a reform, or cure his diseases.

But one thing of signal service may be done. Since ignorance, immorality, and disease are the besetting evils of the negro, it behooves us to improve his mental, moral, and physical condition. This may be done by three groups of properly qualified men—teachers, preachers, and doctors. That these men may reach the home-life of the people and exert the greatest influence, it is necessary that they be negroes who have a consecrated zeal to devote their lives to the service of their fellows for the elevation of their race.

In order that such men may be impressed with the condition of their own people and their needs, they should study the problem in some large city like Baltimore, Washington, or New Orleans, where the negro is at home in large numbers. They should study disease at first hand among their own people. They should learn the social evils of their race. They should be brought face to face with the mockery of religion practised in many of their churches—a mere emotionalism. In order to avoid gross evil, they should know the practices of their own clergy. They should learn to teach practical subjects in a practical way. It would be well if a university for the higher education of the negro could be established in Baltimore or Washington, with the three departments of pedagogy, theology, and medicine. The requirements for entrance should be, first, maturity, morality, and mentality; second, determined purpose and consecration to the uplifting of the race from their threefold plague of ignorance, immorality, and disease; and, third, the pos-

session of a degree equivalent to that of A.B. at the recognized American colleges. The chairs of the departments should be filled by white male teachers of the highest moral caliber, most earnest zeal, and greatest mental ability obtainable. The courses given should be mainly objective, so that the students may learn well the lessons of practical experience by concrete perception in the use of eyes, ears, and fingers. Life, and not books, should be read. Facts, as well as ideals, should be learned. Morality, and not emotionalism, should be encouraged.

A strong body of negro men so trained and at work leavening the race would do much good. This should be done not only for the good of the negro, but as a matter of self-protection. The negro is being educated by the thousand to-day, and it would be better to direct that education in the proper way rather than to allow it to breed mischief, as it has done in the past.

Out of the hundreds of negroes who are being graduated each year, there are surely some who would do well thus to consecrate their lives. The negroes in the South prepare our food, and in this way tuberculosis, or worse contagious diseases, may be transmitted. They tend our children, and not only convey the great white plague, but, worse still, by intimate contact they affect the morals of the young. As washerwomen, they contaminate our clothes. They are foci of infection in any community. For our own preservation and purity, then, we should foster such education as tends to the cleansing of the nation. It would be easier to change the ignorance, immorality, and diseased condition of the negro than to alter his brain or mental capacity, remove his past, eradicate race prejudice, change the attitude of the races, eliminate the mulatto element, perfect the habits of the negro, or provide the administration of justice to all alike. In alleviating the three great evils of the race, we ameliorate the other evils.

Taking a dip into the future, one sees the gradual forcing of the true negro, by competition, into the most degraded and least remunerative occupations. The large cities, with their inevitable blight of squalor and disease, will destroy great multitudes. Pitiless competition, merci-

less corporations, disease, and other afflictions will cause a constantly decreasing negro population. Continual youthful aberrations and intermarriage will keep the ranks of the mulattoes recruited until they form a very considerable proportion of the colored people. The cross-breed negro will probably find a place in the economy of commercial life in the future. An ever increasing proportion of them are learning agriculture and the trades. A great many are becoming doctors, lawyers, and teachers among their own people. The negro business man is yearly increasing in numbers. Natural traders, they take to business like a horse to grass. The number of negro landowners is rapidly increasing.

Here, then, is opportunity for stability, something to build on, and hope for the future. Much depends on the guiding hand and the brain behind it. Mr. Alfred H. Stone has demonstrated on his plantation in Mississippi that negro labor can be made as efficient as white labor in the cotton-fields, although other Southern planters have offered proofs to the contrary. Many prefer negro labor to white in large undertakings, because the negro is more effective than the white under compulsion.

An intelligent physician, on being called to a patient, will do three things: make a diagnosis (if possible), locate the primary cause of the trouble, and prescribe a remedy. In the case of the negro, the diagnosis is the three-fold evil in the race—ignorance, immorality, and disease. Among the most evident causes are the past history of the race, present racial antipathy, resulting in the dominant attitude of the Caucasian and the servile condition of the negro throughout the world; a difference in the brain and mental capacity of the two races; a difference in the administration of justice to the two; the habits of the negro (laziness, licentiousness, and unrestraint); the mulatto element; and lack of proper education. The remedy is legitimate restraint; an attitude of sympathy and altruistic guidance on the part of the white; a responsive effort to improve on the part of the negro; and proper education for him. The white man occupies the relation of physician toward this patient. Faith in the physi-

cian is a prime requisite for a cure. The attitude of the negro toward the white is all-important.

The differences of the brain and mental traits as fundamental conditions may be the primary cause of everything relating to the race question, other causes being secondary or merely symptoms resulting from this elemental condition. If this be true, the remedy should be applied to the brain and mind of the negro. But is the condition hereditary and fixed, or is it due to environment and alterable? Is it capable of change or is it stable? Is the negro capable of mental development in the same way as is the Caucasian? Time alone can answer these questions. History, investigations, experiments, and existing conditions indicate that the traits are hereditary and stable, and that the negro is not capable of mental development in the same way that the Caucasian is. The remedy should be to develop the negro along the lines of natural inclination and fitness, which lines must be established scientifically, not sentimentally.

Happily, whatever may be the final outcome, our duty lies in the present. Facing actual facts, seeing conditions as they are, we should endeavor to improve these conditions for the sake of our ideals, for the sake of humanity, for the sake of the negro, and for our own sakes. Our efforts must be directed in a different way from that heretofore pursued. We have viewed the race question in America as extremists: the North has been idealistic, the South realistic. The North has consistently claimed for the negro all the so-called inalienable rights of man, while the South has as persistently denied them. It is high time to unite on a common middle ground.

The negro needs restraint, moral and physical. As a child, he must learn to crawl before he can walk. Moral restraint may be made serviceable by a body of earnest and honest negroes, trained to a realization of the evils of the race and the means of eradicating them, and working from within toward an uplift. Physical restraint may be made effective by a body of rural police, such as the mounted police of Northwest Canada, keeping order in sparsely settled districts, or where the negro is

preponderant. The police may be whites, but there can be no objection to negroes, allowing them jurisdiction over their own race. Such a thoroughly organized body would be a safeguard to rural communities and a conservator of peace, as well as a great relief to anxious absentees from home.

Local conditions are such that the attitude of the two races cannot be the same in all parts of the country. There are four or five States and many counties in the South where it is a matter of self-preservation, and not of ideals, in dealing with the negro. Suppose there were 5,000,000 negroes in Boston: would the attitude of the white inhabitants be the same there, I wonder? Or if New York City had 30,000,000 negroes, would there be no difference? And suppose that instead of the refined and intelligent negro,

many of whom at present live in these cities, the millions were common laborers, with uncouth habits and uncultivated ways would that make any difference? Even then the conditions would not reach the extremes encountered in some of the counties of the South. However, even with such extremes, justice, tempered with mercy and administered with a kind heart and a firm hand, may do good.

Two things are essential to a peaceful solution of existing difficulties. The attitude of the white man toward the negro must be one of restraint and control, combined with humane interest, sympathetic and altruistic guidance, and a good example, while the negro must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling; for he is at the bar of public opinion, and, if tried and found wanting, is in imminent danger of losing all.



A VOICE FROM THE DARK

BY CHARLES BRYANT HOWARD

Author of "The Cook and the Convict"



THE rainy season was well under way, and the late afternoon shower had made a shallow, ribbed water-course out of the military road, and was roaring on the roof of the trolley-car which ran within two feet of our suburban front gate, and therefore within fifteen feet of the piazza. Of a series of white posts which indicated "stops," one stood a hundred yards above the gate and the next two hundred yards below; hence, under the circumstances and a new pith helmet, with no umbrella, I felt justified in stepping to the platform and interviewing the Porto Rican motorman on the subject of slowing up at the gate. He, being a recent acquisition and still possessing some degree of human feeling, promptly shut off the power, with a cheerful "Con gusto, Señor."

I covered the space between car and piazza with three elongated jumps, but came to grief on the step over something alive and black, which the gray wall of rain had prevented my taking into consideration, and consequently tumbled headlong through the screen-doors into the *sala*,—our bungalow boasting no vestibule,—whereupon Jane rose from her desk in the corner with a severity of expression not unjustified by my method of entrance.

"Another friend from the States at tiffin?" she inquired, with frigid intonation. "I had not understood that any steamer was due to-day."

"Not at all, my dear," said I, getting up and ruefully inspecting the previous white knees of my linen trousers. "But if you will have black creatures on the steps when I come in, what can—"

"Black creatures on the steps!" re-

peated Jane, on her way to the door. "Well, George, if you have reached *that* stage—oh, it's only Juanito!"

"And who is 'only Juanito'?" I inquired, after recovering my helmet from under the table. "I'm glad he's only; if he had been two—"

"Juanito is our new servant," replied Jane, complacently. "I've engaged him at a dollar and a half a month and his board, to scrub the floors. He began to-day, because, you know, I really could n't ask Cristina to do it, and the fleas and cockroaches are becoming simply unendurable. I accidentally squashed two cockroaches in that book the Bishop lent me, on the dedication page, and they went clear through the contents and list of illustrations."

"I see. And just now he is scrubbing the piazza step in a trade-wind deluge heavy enough to wash paint from a fence," said I, still ruffled over my bumped knee.

"Well, I told him he might do the piazza after the study," said Jane, reflectively. "That was about one o'clock, and it had n't rained a bit all the morning. And I forgot all about him after lunch. Dear me! it's after five now, and I suppose the poor child has been scrubbing ever since. How conscientious!"

The poor child was told to stop his conscientiousness for the time being, and he immediately vanished around the corner of the house in the general direction of the kitchen. He was apparently about thirteen years old, and, I learned, hailed from St. Thomas, being one of the waifs and strays of English-speaking black humanity who drifted by hundreds, Heaven knows by what means, into Porto Rico after the American occupation. Cristina, our black cook, had picked him up somewhere, and had succeeded in enlisting Jane's sympathies; hence his being employed as scrubber of floors at the not stupendous salary mentioned, which he certainly earned. After the first day I do not remember once finding him in an upright attitude. He seemed to be always on all-fours in unexpected places, wallowing in soap-suds, and I suppose I fell over him on an average of four times a day. A cot was provided for him in the lumber-room, but he usually preferred the hen-house or some equally un-

conventional bedchamber; and his recreation generally took the form of impishly ingenious tricks for the benefit of Cristina, who, in return, damaged kitchen utensils on his somewhat impervious person.

One evening not long after Juanito's appearance on the scene of our domestic peace, Jane remarked over after-dinner coffee: "Do you know, George, I think Juanito's being here has had a very good effect on Cristina. She has been perfectly sober for three weeks, and has taken to singing so beautifully."

"Singing!" I exclaimed. "With her voice!"

"Yes, really singing. She told me once that she used to sing, but had grown out of the habit. You know, Juanito comes from her village in St. Thomas, and I dare say he has recalled old memories and things. The Bishop told me that these full-blooded West Indians often have superb singing voices, no matter how harsh they seem when speaking. At any rate, it is a perfect pleasure to hear her sometimes when she is at work, though she does sing the most awful—'Sh! Listen! She's beginning now!'"

I resignedly laid aside my week-old paper and obediently prepared to listen. But in a moment or two I sat up, with all my sense of hearing alert; for through the narrow passage which led to the rear of the little one-storied house came the chorus of "The Bowery" in a low, sweet soprano, with every note and measure perfect, and as clear as a silver bell, the crudeness of the words being vastly softened by the liquid drawl peculiar to the English-speaking darkies of the tropics:

"De Bowree, de Bowree,
Dey say such t'ings and dey do such t'ings,
Ah 'll neber go dere any mo'!"

Before I had recovered sufficiently to speak this was followed by "There 'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," which had held sway as a popular air throughout the island ever since the bands on the transports had played it while the invading army landed at Guánica. Detestable as it had therefore become, it now seemed almost dignified in the splendor of that perfect voice.

"My dear," I whispered excitedly in the midst of it, "this is remarkable. We should do something about it at once."

"I knew you would be surprised," replied Jane. "Oh, dear me, there's that Juanito joining in!" as a harsh, rasping, and utterly unmusical voice took up the refrain in a series of hideous yells. "I wish he would n't; he often does, but I have never dared to interfere, because they both seem to enjoy it so much, and Christina says she is 'bashful' about singing to people, and would probably stop for good if she thought we were listening."

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" was next in order; but as a duet it was more than we could endure, and I was forced to bring the entertainment to a close by the banging of doors and bolts incidental to closing up for the night.

Jane and I loved music for its own sake, but neither of us performed to any extent, and thus a piano had not been included among our household goods. But after a few more evenings in which we reveled in angelic sounds from the kitchen, occasionally diversified by others of a diametrically opposite description, we were simultaneously inspired by an impulse to hire a piano and to give a small musicale, with Cristina's voice as the main attraction. No such civilized form of entertainment as a regulation musical evening had been thought of in our tiny colony since the occupation, and certainly none with a black cook as the star performer.

Jane held a diplomatic interview with Cristina, and reported results after my return in the afternoon. "She was rather silly and giggly about it, and I suppose she blushed; but she finally agreed to sing one or two songs, if she could stand out of sight. We could put the piano where the book-case is now, close to the bedroom door, and she could stand just inside."

"Well, but what can she sing besides 'The Bowery' and so forth?" I asked. "We certainly can't inflict things like that on people."

"Oh, she knows 'Suwanee River,' and 'Old Kentucky Home,' and 'Marching through Georgia,' and lots of others, she says. Everybody likes things like these

when they are away from home, especially if they are sung by a darky, even if the darky has never been within a thousand miles of Kentucky or Georgia. I asked her to sing one or two for me, but she was 'bashful' again, and said she had rather not, and I did n't think it really necessary, when her voice is so perfect."

"But," I persisted, "why has she displayed this perfection only so recently, and how did a St. Thomas native happen to acquire such a peculiarly American repertoire?"

"Why, it seems that this wretched little Juanito made two or three trips in some capacity or other on a trading-vessel to New Orleans, and there he picked up a few songs, of which he has taught her the words; others she used to know herself. She says she has not sung before because she lived with Spanish families for years before she came to us, and none of them cared for music in the least, and they would never allow her to sing a note. She seems really to appreciate being with people who enjoy it, and of course such a voice should be encouraged."

The day was set, and the guests, carefully chosen with regard for their musical proclivities, consisting of the Governor, the Bishop, with their respective help-mates, and Captain Haulaway of the naval station, with his eldest daughter, were invited, with something of an explanation of what was in store for them. All accepted with enthusiasm.

An upright piano, in fairly good condition, was borrowed after some difficulty and installed in its place with vast labor, necessitating a complete re-arrangement of the sala furniture. The fame of our kitchen song-bird had already gone far and wide throughout the English-speaking colony, and Jane was showered with requests for opportunities to hear her, until, in a burst of somewhat premature enthusiasm, we determined to give a repetition of the forthcoming choral feast.

"It means that, in the end, we shall lose the best cook in Porto Rico," said Jane. "Somebody will be sure to persuade her to go on the stage or something. However, we shall have done our duty in bringing her into notice; and per-

haps when she is famous she will send us complimentary tickets."

A dinner to the chosen few was the initial feature of the evening, given partly with the object of doing the thing well while we were about it, and partly to make sure of Cristina's being on hand and sober; for she was justly proud of her somewhat unusual skill as a cook, and loved to display her talents to others than our immediate selves. She was always to be depended upon when there was to be "comp'ny"—especially "quality comp'ny"—in the dining-room.

The dinner was a perfect success as usual, and of course music was the chief conversational topic. The Governor, himself a singer of exceptional talent, who before his entry into public life had been a critic of some note, seemed thoroughly interested in our experiment, as did also the Bishop, who had already made up his mind to secure Cristina for the church choir; while Captain Haulaway, whose violin playing was famous throughout the service, discoursed learnedly on the possibilities for the colored race in the direction of the fine arts.

Just before dessert, in the midst of the unavoidable clattering from the culinary department, there burst forth suddenly, and as clear and sweet as ever, the opening words of "Annie Rooney," which, however, ceased with an abruptness evidently caused by some deviltry on the part of Juanito, to judge by a sound as of sheet iron in violent contact with a woolly head, followed by a doleful wail.

"A specimen of what you are to hear," said Jane, smiling on the slightly startled guests, "without the finale. Really George, you must speak to Juanito."

After the coffee, Miss Haulaway, who had also consented to accompany Cristina on the piano, gave a few selections while the latter was arraying herself for the occasion—an operation which Jane judiciously decided to superintend. She returned in a few minutes and whispered to me: "Just go and see her, to encourage her. She is perfectly superb to look at."

I slipped out, and found Cristina in the bedroom, grinning broadly and consciously smoothing her shiny black Sunday skirt. Over her ample shoulders and

bosom she wore a snow-white kerchief, and on her head the gaudiest of red-and-yellow turbans, intricately folded, with flowing ends behind. She was fully six feet tall and proportioned like a goddess, and after a few words of a complimentary nature I urged her to stand directly in the doorway, where she could be seen and appreciated. After a few protesting giggles, she finally agreed, and I returned to the sala, convinced of the wisdom of our somewhat risky undertaking. The applause following a perfect rendering of "Loch Lomond" was just subsiding as I nodded in response to Jane's look of inquiry, and she vanished again, to act as master of ceremonies behind the scenes.

"Cristina is all ready," she announced, returning. "Miss Haulaway, will you accompany her in 'My Old Kentucky Home'?"

Miss Haulaway began the prelude to that most beautiful of Southern songs, while Jane tiptoed to her seat, and Cristina, in all her magnificence, appeared in the doorway, where she stood, with hands on hips, smiling cheerfully at the expectant guests, the lines of her splendid figure set forth by the glare of electric light behind. The Governor crossed his legs, folded his hands, and leaned back in enjoyable expectancy; Captain Haulaway and the Bishop laid aside their cigars, and settled back in their chairs; and the ladies, after a few exclamations of delighted admiration, prepared themselves to listen in the manner of their kind. Miss Haulaway, having played the opening bars, glanced up at the black face towering beside her, and nodded a signal to begin; and Cristina, drawing herself up with the air of a Zulu queen, closed her eyes, opened her generously proportioned mouth, and began.

There are moments, to be platitudinous, when one wishes to be alone; there are also occasions when one would like to burrow deep into the earth, replace the soil removed in the process, and remain thus, oblivious of past, present, or future obligations to society and of immediate personal discomfort until the Day of Judgment. So far as my individual feelings went, this was one of the latter. I found myself sitting in a state of semi-paralytic coma, only realizing that Miss

Haulaway, after one horrified glance upward and a hopeless attempt to continue playing, had risen from her seat, and was backing across the room with both hands over her ears; that the Governor had fled through the screen-doors, and was somewhere out in the garden; that the Bishop was rigidly grasping the arms of his chair and glaring at the vision in the doorway; that Captain Haulaway was turning black in the face; and that the ladies were rapidly becoming hysterical. For of all unearthly noises which ever issued from human lungs, the raucous whoops and roars and yells with which Cristina was giving her rendering of "My Old Kentucky Home" were the most diabolical. Where, oh, where, were the silvery notes we had heard from the kitchen? A battleship's siren whistle; the latest automobile tooter; a load of coal pouring through an iron chute; a caged beast howling for his prey; any or all of these, with a few others of a like nature, slightly reduced in volume, but not in hideousness, may give some idea of a few of the noises our song-bird made at her début. Perfectly obvious of the accompaniment having stopped and of

the effect on her audience, she continued to whoop, bellow, and yell without regard for time, measure, or tune, until Jane, with the courage of desperation and tortured hearing, seized and literally hauled her into the dining-room.

"Th—that will do nicely, Cristina," I heard in faint tones. "You were very kind, indeed, to sing; but you must n't—er—strain your voice, you know."

Later in the evening, his Excellency having been brought in from the garden, with his patent-leather shoes full of mold, and the outraged feelings of our guests soothed to some extent by the contents of the side-board and a highly successful welsh rabbit, I extracted an explanation from Cristina, which cast a broad light on the situation.

"Folks mostly acks dat a-way when Ah sing," she said complacently. "Mah voice 'm too rich for de house, dat 'm a fac'. No, sah, Ah don' sing 'De Bow'ree' an' such trash. It 'm dat ar black limb Juanito you 's a-heard screechin' dem t'ings wid he mean pick-'ninny pipe. An' Ah just whacked he haid good wid de waffle-iron for 'sturb-in' yo' comp'ny at dinnuh."



A SONG OF YOUTH

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

IN the heart of the winter day
Is hidden the hope of May,
And somewhere under the snows
Awaits for June the rose.

In the heart of a glad old age
Is folded a lyric page,
All golden with youth, and bright
With yesterday's delight.

O Beloved, ere winter's grief
Shall shadow life's sunny leaf,—
Ere ever our spring depart,—
Bind love fast in the heart!

TOPICS OF THE TIME

VIOLENCE

THE trades unions of America are, on the whole, looked upon as permanent institutions that have already accomplished enough good to justify their existence. A friendly critic, like Dr. Slicer, may point out what he believes to be fundamental errors in their management; but even he would not abrogate, but would reform, them. Certain occurrences of late have, however, again raised against them, or some of them, criticism and opposition of a very serious character. We refer to certain conspicuous outbreaks of violence and cruelty by their members and sympathizers which, while they have not the direct official support of the unions, are far from being condemned by them with the wholesome frankness and firmness that prove complete sincerity of action—which, indeed, have at times the appearance of being supported sympathetically by the organizations themselves.

Those most sympathetic with the legitimate aims of these bodies, if intelligent in their sympathy, will be the quickest to understand the gravity of a situation in which force, and even homicide, are looked upon by workmen as legitimate and ordinary measures for the accomplishment of their purposes. It is not enough to point to the cruelty of "capital" as an excuse for the physical reprisals of "labor." The more clearly we appreciate whatever of inequality and injustice may still exist in the industrial world, the more we feel the necessity that the great debate should be carried on under the conditions of peace. It will be a long time before the affairs of humanity are so adjusted that there will be no public complainants. Meantime we must send our children to school; we must be permitted to come and go to our places of worship and business without danger from brickbats and dynamite hurled by

industrial contestants. Meantime the laboring man,—every laboring man, whether he belongs to an "organization" or not,—must be permitted to go to his work without fear of sudden death at the hand of a fellow-workman. It will not be worth while living in this world if the law is to be taken into any angry or crazy hand. Moreover, this is a state of affairs with which the great majority of our people, including the decent and unmurderous members of the trades unions, will not put up. The mass of our people believe in "live and let live," and not at all in "kill and let kill."

We have a great deal of sympathy with and liking for many of the labor leaders in this country. We know something of the heavy burdens on their shoulders, of their devoted service, and of the good that they have often done in stemming the tide of insensate and demagogic misrule. There is a sentiment among those who have at heart the best interests of the workingmen that these leaders should be appealed to to be more explicit and mandatory in their condemnation of violence. There must be no ambiguity, evasion, apology, or weakness in such condemnation. It must be absolutely frank and obviously effective; otherwise there may be, throughout the country, a most disastrous reaction.

HOW TO AID AMERICAN ART

THE paper in the present number of THE CENTURY on "What American Museums are Doing for Native Art" will be both a surprise and an inspiration to those who have at heart the progress of the country in this department of civilization. It is matter for congratulation that our institutions are awake to their opportunities and responsibilities in the collection of work by our best painters and sculptors, and Mrs. Meyer's cumulative record is sure to stir the generous

emulation of the cities named to make their collections more complete, and the pride of those cities which have not yet arrived at artistic puberty, to look about for the fairy-godfathers who are to make it possible for them to establish similar collections.

It is an encouraging theory that all important art epochs have been preceded by epochs of great wealth, and it may well be that the present multiplication of large fortunes will be the foundation of a more ideal condition of society, affording, as these fortunes do, the support of extensive artistic undertakings, as did those of Florence and Venice. While it would be insensate folly to fill our museums exclusively with work by Americans, it is more and more to be expected that our artists will profit by the showing they make in such collections as the Comparative Exhibition of a few years ago, in which they held their own with foreign masters of the same departments.

The first way, therefore, to help American art is to buy worthy pictures by American artists. Our rich men—particularly our new recruits in this class—should bear in mind that an exhibition of, let us say, the Society of American Artists has as high a standard of admittance as the Paris Salon, and is likely to contain less trash, and that, purely as a matter of investment, to urge no higher motive, it pays to buy the best American work.

Another way for those who wish by their wealth to add to the pleasure of their countrymen is to give or bequeath a portion of it to a museum for the encouragement of native art; and, to be of the highest efficiency, such a benefaction should be without condition. It is said that in Boston it is not respectable to die without making a bequest to Harvard University or the Museum of Art. Certainly that city has an enviable reputation for the unceasing, ever-vigilant civic pride and solidarity that made Emerson exclaim of it, "Thou darling town of ours!"

But one need not have large means to be of use in the encouragement of American art. Every one should covet an intelligent acquaintance with what is being done in this field, as shown at regular and loan exhibitions and in museums, and the

aggregate of such knowledge, though it may not constitute an unerring taste, does make a sustaining public opinion, which is to taste what a volunteer army is to its trained leaders. In these days of traveling the uses of great art to a new country need hardly be dwelt upon; but no doubt, in a period of years, the increased number of American visitors to Europe would be found to be immediately related to the increased interest in American art.

But a further and very important way in which one can be of use to American art is to assist in breaking down the obstacle which the tariff places in the path of the importation of foreign masterpieces. If he who reads this is a convinced protectionist, then he should desire free art in conformity with his theory that the object of a tariff is to encourage the best production, whereas we are assured by the artists that in this instance it does nothing of the kind. Nearly all the great art of Europe now in this country is accessible—and sooner or later will be permanently accessible—to the public, and to mulct Mrs. Gardiner or Mr. Morgan or John Doe for bringing a work of art into this country is as though one should tax the light of the stars. The senator or representative from the interior who does not see the interest which his country, nay, his own State, has in our acquisition of the best purchasable foreign pictures, ought to have his eyes opened by a trip to Europe, where the value—even the money value—of art to a country, in its education, in its manufactures, in its happiness, has long been jealously recognized.

The reader of these lines can help to hasten the better day by gently insisting that in the coming effort for free art his representatives at Washington shall take the enlightened and not the antiquated view.

ELECTION DAY: A RECURRING DAY OF JUDGMENT

EVERY election day is a sort of judgment day for the individual voter, as well as for the country. Every election is a test of our institutions; it is also a test of our intelligence, our characters, and our souls. Now is the

time when local and national policies are determined, and now is the time when men are made conspicuous fools of by others and by themselves.

If one could detach himself from all interest in an election except a psychological one,—could be indifferent to results, from a patriotic point of view,—the study of character and of personal peculiarities would be vastly entertaining. For instance, it would be amusing to behold the fatuity with which certain well-meaning souls manage to be made tools of by the most patent demagogues and charlatans. As sure as an election approaches wherein some grotesque adventurer is to play his game, one sees certain of one's acquaintance preparing to walk straight into the trap prepared for them. Sometimes the dupe has a half-consciousness of his position, and puts forth explanations and apologies which make his conduct only more ridiculous, or, rather, more pitiful and mischievous.

But detachment of criticism is impossible when one takes one's citizenship to heart. A voter little acquainted with history, a man ignorant of the traits which have marked the demagogues of all ages,—especially the demagogue who uses money lavishly,—may have ample excuse for being misled, finding the demagogue's money actually in hand and hearing the promise of a prompt change for the better in all the conditions of life. But for the man who has had the opportunity of learning from books and from life the traits which mark the brazen, self-seeking, self-advertising, sensational, mischief-making demagogue,—for such a man to ratiocinate himself into the position of an apologist and supporter of a charlatan there is no excuse.

One may well ask why sincere believers in a cause are often so reckless in the choice of leaders; why they let the leaders, in fact, choose themselves, then feebly acquiesce. After acquiescing, they soon

become advocates, repeating by rote the phrases that the adventurer has put into their mouths, and lending their influence to the creation of standards which demoralize the community.

For it is right standards, and these alone, which save the community. There were noble standards in the minds of the generation that created the new republic of the New World, and there were noble standards in the minds of the generation that brought us through the Civil War. There were standards of high principle, and standards of high character, in the chief upholders of those principles. Doubtless neither era was without its demagogues, but the leaders were not of these.

Every citizen, every voter, who takes a part in advancing the selfish career of a charlatan is doing irreparable harm to the country in his day and generation. Let such a citizen not excuse himself on account of his devotion to some particular cause, which also the charlatan pledges himself to support. The good citizen should think too highly of his cause to wish to see its sacred banners borne by impure hands. He ought to be aware that the charlatan's support of some cause or other is absolutely necessary to any sort of success at the polls. For the political adventurer most free-handed with his money knows well enough that votes cannot be secured by the distribution of cash for "expenses" on a large enough scale to carry elections over a wide territory, without adding to the influence of money the influence of a cause.

A citizen with any desire to be counted among the good elements of a community should make himself felt before the election, as far as his influence may extend, in the selection of candidates of character, and on election day he should discriminate among the candidates with the same standard in view. Above all, he ought to do his best endeavor to keep from being made either a tool or a fool of.



OPEN LETTERS

Orlando Rouland's Paintings of Edward H. Sothern in Shaksperian Rôles

(SEE FRONTPIECE AND PAGE 856)

ORLANDO ROULAND has accomplished the interesting task of painting Shakspeare's best-known characters as they are seen in the vesture of Mr. E. H. Sothern's personality. To reach this end, the artist not only studied Shakspeare himself, but steeped his conceptions in Mr. Sothern's interpretations. Then he made his effort to reproduce in *Petruchio*, *Malvolio*, *Romeo*, and *Hamlet*, with as few accessories as the nature of the subjects permitted, the characters capable of the actions they perform, rather than the men in the actions themselves. The rôles least adaptable to this method are *Petruchio* and *Malvolio*. Yet, despite an extravagant head-gear, *Petruchio* is the man of the whole play, not of any one scene. For since *Petruchio* consists of his accessories, the artist has taken pains to see to it that the character is made a part of them. Accordingly, the gesture of the raised whip only expresses *Petruchio's* mentally aggressive attitude that he clings to through the whole comedy. He is his swagger, his half-frown that terrifies his wife, his half-smile that wins the confidence of the audience, his assumption of look and dress. Take these attributes away, and nothing remains for his friends to recognize.

Malvolio's clothes and pose also make his character. His elderly conceit, his serious self-satisfaction, can betray themselves only in his adornment, in his yellow garters. Therefore the artist accomplishes his purpose when he expresses through the clothes the egotist whose consequential gravity could be gulled instantly by the forged letter, without introducing that bit of paper which would turn attention to the anecdote, and take the spectator's mind from the painting.

With *Romeo* the underlying effort of Mr. Rouland makes itself more evident. The seat, the green mist of the distance, the feathered cap, and the dandyish suit, do not intrude themselves after the fashion of the crude red and blue colors of *Petruchio's* garments, or the vagaries of *Malvolio's* make-up. This *Romeo* is the man of thought and dreams, the philanderer who, up to this time loving love, now loves *Juliet*, not the gallant of the masque, or the hot-head who kills *Tybalt*, or the youth who, bent on suicide, bribes the apothecary. Upon provocation

he could do any of these things, just as *Malvolio* could play the petty tyrant, or *Petruchio* the shrew-tamer; but just at present he is not taking any such cue.

The *Shylock* exhibits even more strongly the development of this method, for the dull brown-and-gray costume sinks into the background, while the light, centered on the face, exhibits first the dirty rascal, then the dirty Jewish rascal, and lastly the dirty Italian Jewish rascal; while the compressed lips, the bleared but steely eyes, the prominent jaw, the hands crossed above the cane in a clutching gesture, express the usurer of all time, not the villain of the moment with bond and knife. But naturally, most of all, *Hamlet* typifies these attempts to grasp the inner rather than the outward show. Mr. Sothern aims to produce in *Hamlet* a super-refined soul, lacking will power, driven nearly to frenzy by cross-acting thoughts and accumulated personal shocks, all compassed in a body of irresistible charm. The mystery of this concrete man, blinded in his attempts to fathom the abstract, has proved as fascinating to the artist as to the actor. So here Mr. Rouland finally expresses his wish to bring out lasting rather than momentary perceptions of these characters of Shakspeare as they are portrayed through the medium of Mr. Sothern's person.

Homér Saint-Gaudens.

Goya's "In the Balcony"

(TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS: SEE PAGE 911.)

I WAS told by a Spanish painter whose father had known Goya personally, that the great man was wont to declare that he who aspired to the name of artist should be able to reproduce from memory, with brush or pencil, any scene or incident in all its essential features, after having once beheld it. His own power of working from memory was simply phenomenal, and his best and most spirited productions were done "out of his head," as they say. In "In the Balcony" we have a pretty instance of this. True, there is something in the drawing of the figures—in their unsubstantial bodily structure—that reveals his want of probity in this respect; but the spirit of the scene, its pleasant surprise and freshness, its glamour of light and color, its flutter of lace and movement, are the essentials that caught the

artist's eye. There is rapid execution here—passionate haste to give expression to the scene as he was impressed by it. There is little that he has done that can rival the excitement with which he dispatches the background, or the consummate ability and play of his brush in the rippling surface of the lace.

These are lassies of Seville, and the scene is a familiar one in that gay town, especially at carnival time. All Spanish houses have balconies; the girls could not exist without them. We have in the background of this picture two male figures. It may cause wonder that the standing figure should be so muffled up, but one of the most ludicrous customs in Spain is that strapping fellows on the first breath of winter bundle themselves up to their eyes, while young girls go about no more warmly clad, apparently, than in the heat of summer. Goya has not failed to hit off this peculiarity in some of his "Scenes of Madrid Life." This painting was at Aranjuez when I had access to it, through the instrumentality of Señor Beruete of Madrid. It belongs to the Duke of Marchena, and is now in his collection at Paris. It is apparently painted in three colors, brown, black, and white. The figures are life-size, and the canvas measures six feet five and a half inches high, by four feet two inches wide.

Goya is the direct forerunner of the modern school of Impressionists, among whose characteristics are displayed an impatience of drawing and an eager haste to compass the essence of the thing. In the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris may be seen a canvas by Manet (the recognized head of the Impressionists) of a couple of belles at a balcony somewhat exactly similar to this one by Goya, and plainly an outcome of it in its treatment and inspiration. *T. Cole.*

Mr. Woolf's Portrait of Dr. Finley. The Century's American Portraiture Series—XIV

IT IS rare that the portrait of a college president is placed in the institution of which he is the head during his lifetime, or, at least, until he has attained a ripe old age. This distinction is enjoyed, however, by Dr. John H. Finley, one of our most eminent educators, known also as a poet and critic, and now and for three years President of the College of the City of New York. The portrait, reproduced in the present number, was painted by order of a number of the alumni of that institution, and was presented to the trustees at the commencement exercises of 1906, and is to be placed in one of the new buildings in which the college is to be installed during the present autumn. Mr. Samuel J. Woolf, who painted it, is a graduate of the college, in which his uncle, Solomon Woolf, was Professor of Art. Another uncle, Michael A. Woolf, will be remembered for his pictures of child-life in the tenements, many of which appeared in this magazine, and which were admired for their humor and for the sympathy they awakened with the children of the poor. The painter was born in New York city in 1880 and was a pupil of Kenyon Cox, George deForest Brush, and Joseph De Camp. He has made portraits of Mark Twain, David Warfield, and others. He has exhibited at the Society of American Artists, the National Academy, the Carnegie Institute, the Pennsylvania Academy, the Chicago Art Institute, the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition and elsewhere, and was awarded the Hallgarten Prize of the National Academy in 1904 for his painting entitled "Finale."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Half-Truths

(FOR DOMESTIC OR FOREIGN USE)

A SMALL brain that works is of more use than a massive intellect that balks.

Rest assured that most of your stray ideas have come over a neighbor's fence.

A naked truth offends the most sacred prejudices of society.

The domestic service problem is the pig in the clover problem—first to get the domestics into the circle, then to keep them there.

The family is a despotism governed by the meanest member. It is not the strongest, but the worst-tempered, who rules.

Louise Herrick Wall.

Willard's Tactics, for the Use of the Navy

THE squadron had anchored in the Bay for the first time.

That very day mother, daughter, and son gingerly mounted one of the gangway ladders. The courtly captain took Mrs. Ethelridge in charge; Mr. Ethelridge disappeared below in search of his friend the ensign; and Lieutenant Willard begged to offer Miss Ethelridge his escort over the ship.

She was a shy little thing, but after the first glance upward she felt reassured. The lieutenant had a comforting air about him, she thought; and where had she seen that dark, pleasant face, that fetching crooked smile? Or was it that she had read of it somewhere—did not one of Barrie's characters have a crooked smile? At any rate, the slanty smile was all the more charming that the lips were perfectly straight in repose.

The lieutenant did his duty as a guide to the best of his ability.

"You see, this is the revolving double turret, the first one of its kind. Watch it go round—now! All this is moved by electricity, involving the most intricate mechanism. The thirteen-inch guns upon it are counterbalanced by this weight as the turret revolves. You see, Miss—"

"Ethelridge," she quickly said.

He turned and looked full in her face.

His eyes danced as he gravely retorted, "I know."

"Yes! You *do* remember me?"

"Remember you? Why, the queen's handkerchief—"

She smiled so radiantly, and, meeting his somber eyes, she blushed so prettily, that he was struck silent.

"You have a good memory," she murmured. "That was long ago."

"Very long to me. No doubt you've forgotten the incident I refer to. Now, have n't you?"

"I—I—" Her eyes wandered to the sailboats skipping over the blue water of Pensacola Harbor, wishing in her confusion to avoid his look.

"It was this way: We met during the Mardi-Gras in New Orleans. You did n't seem to like me half as much as I liked you," he said boldly, his dark eyes twinkling with ill-suppressed merriment. "And—correct me if I am wrong—I think I was foolhardy enough to—to—"

"Yes, yes," she said very nervously indeed.

"At any rate you refused me point-blank, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Willard, I—"

"I understand. At any rate, it was a good lesson. Yet you did me the honor of accepting my escort on several occasions. And

one night, at the Momus Ball, I think it was—"

"Please, lieutenant, don't—"

"Oh, very well."

An officer came along just then, and the lieutenant very glibly began:

"Steel decks were found not entirely practicable, and so wood especially prepared for the purpose is now used to cover the steel. It is guaranteed to be thoroughly fire-proof, Miss Ethelridge."

His flashing eyes were laughing as he recited the rigmarole.

Miss Ethelridge burst out laughing as the officer disappeared. Yet it had been a welcome interruption.

She turned to Pensacola, saying: "You are anchored at the loveliest port I have ever seen."

"It was at the Momus Ball, Miss Ethelridge," he continued with amazing coolness, —all of which was very rude of the lieutenant, and also very characteristic. It delighted him to see the timid, apprehensive look in her pretty face. She was even prettier than she had been that year in New Orleans; her perfect oval face was a trifle fuller and perhaps a bit more delicately tinted. His admiration of her had returned at the moment of recognition. Miss Ethelridge was his ideal woman still. "I think you were lovelier at that ball than even at the admiral's reception the week before. I could n't help it, you know, when—"

"Yes, yes."

"I asked you for a souvenir, and you gave me—"

"Grace!" It was mama's voice from the companionway,

"Yes; presently, mama dear."

"You gave me your handkerchief—a beautiful lace affair."

"Yes; and I said you would lose it or cast it aside before the week's end."

"I promised I would keep it and ever remember its donor. I asked you, if I should keep it long enough, would it be a recommendation to mercy from you."

"I did n't think—"

"You were so sure that I would not remember, or that I would be careless with the handkerchief, that—"

"You know, we called it just a Mardi-Gras affair, lieutenant."

"You called it a Mardi-Gras affair—there are many such, I believe. I did not call it that, Miss Ethelridge. But let's return to the handkerchief. You were so sure that you laughingly promised me all sorts of pleasant things if I ever came back with the handkerchief."

"Yes; à la Queen Elizabeth—only she had a ring, they say."

"I asked, should I propose again some

day, and with the handkerchief in my possession, would you give me hope. You were so sure of my inconstancy that you answered: 'Yes, lieutenant; all the hope, and, even more, the assurance.' You laughed; it was a great joke for you."

"You laughed also."

"I? Not in my heart. You grieved me. I was determined to—"

The same officer was returning in his afternoon promenade.

"We have a crew of five hundred and sixty men—one of the largest in the navy, you know. We have several marines on board. They have daily shore drill over there," pointing grimly to Santa Rosa Island, and thinking of the Momus Ball.

"It must be very interesting," Miss Ethelridge replied demurely.

"Then, we have sailing practices once a week while we are in port. All this involves a great deal of work upon the officers. But it is very necessary—that goes without saying."

He smiled that crooked smile of his as the dignified officer turned on his way to the quarter-deck.

"I hoped the day would come when I could make you understand how much I loved you. I carried a heavy heart away from New Orleans that time, I assure you."

"I thought you were jesting; navy men are rather incomprehensible to me."

"Grace, have you seen the torpedoes?" It was mama's voice again from the depths.

"No; in a minute, dear. The lieutenant is explaining something important to me just now."

Mama's voice was heard in answer to the captain's engaging talk. The captain had merely remarked that Miss Grace would see the torpedoes later, and would Mrs. Ethelridge step into his state-room while he told her of the time they had at Santiago? Wise captain!

Lieutenant Willard said something under his breath about promenading officers and senseless torpedoes; then, loudly enough for Miss Ethelridge to hear, he began:

"Navy men are no different from others. They love and hate like the rest of mankind. They have hearts which know love and sympathy, hearts that suffer in disappointment, just like the others. You distrust me on account of my uniform. Was that right—was it just, Miss Ethelridge?"

"No, no," she faltered, extending one little gloved hand to him.

He took it, crushing it passionately in his own.

The footsteps of the dignified promenader were heard once more.

Miss Ethelridge smiled faintly. The lieutenant hastily kissed her hand, then frown-

ingly dropped it. Miss Ethelridge thought that solemn officer an awfully tiresome man. The lieutenant was speaking:

"Yes; almost all the battle-ships are named after the States of the Union. The cruisers are named after the most important cities, although this rule is being changed lately. The protected cruisers now under construction are to be named after the States as well. It will be two years or more before they are commissioned, I think. There has been some hitch in building them, I hear. Everything is going nicely now, though."

Miss Ethelridge's shoulders shook with laughter. The intruder had gone when she looked up into the lieutenant's face again.

The lieutenant dropped his official-guide tone. Indeed, he did a very unofficial thing, which took Miss Ethelridge's breath away. Before she knew it, she was in the lieutenant's arms.

"You promised, dearest—say yes before that idiot comes back!"

She withdrew forcibly from his embrace, all stammering and trembling.

"You have n't the handkerchief," she cried, to gain time.

"Here it is." He drew it from his breast and kissed it.

"I love you, dear; will you be my wife?"

She shook her head protestingly, following with her eyes a steamship slowly entering the harbor. A fussy little tug seemed to amuse her.

He grasped her hands and compelled her to look at him.

"Grace, you don't mean to say that—" His voice failed at this critical moment.

"It was a Mardi-Gras affair, lieutenant," she said poutingly.

He did not catch her meaning, and stood gazing at her most appealingly.

Therefore he was very much astounded when she put her two arms about his own, whispering:

"Don't you know that it is Mardi-Gras now, you silly boy? What is our affair if not a Mardi-Gras one?"

"That will last for all the Mardi-Gras to come," he fervently replied.

In the midst of a very interesting embrace, Miss Ethelridge started, exclaiming:

"That horrid man is due here in a second."

Before she had finished the sentence they heard his tramp, tramp, and the lieutenant was saying officially:

"This has been a very satisfactory cruise. We have had exceptionally fine weather, for one thing. In fact, we've had the best luck all around. Coming to Florida just at this time was particularly happy, I think," he added, giving her a significant glance and the crooked smile she deemed so fascinating.

When the "horrid man" had gone, Lieutenant Willard said:

"And if this is n't the happiest event of all, then—then—"

At that moment young Mr. Ethelridge and his friend Ensign Watson came arm in arm toward them.

"Say, sis, come down, and I'll show you the funny little printing-office they've got on board."

"Yes; and we must look at those torpedoes mama mentioned. Everything is perfectly lovely, is n't it?"

She slipped her dainty hand through her betrothed's arm, and the gallant youngsters were content to bring up the rear, arm in arm, as they had come.

Anna Cosulich.

Good Gunnery

A-SMOKING a pipe of tobacky

On a water-logged wreck of a spar,
I met an itinerant Jacky,

A wondering, pondering tar
Who said: "Ye 'd be blowed, if ye guessed, if
ye knowed,
What a wonderful person I are.

"When I went to work for the navy,
Ther' was n't none better nor me.

I sent forty vessels to Davy,
And scart all the fleets from the sea,
The trick bein' done with a forty-pound gun
On the battleship *Lily McGee*.

"The capting was proud o' me prowess,
And I wa'n't *ashamed* o' me skill,
Fer some tricks I done I allow is
The talk o' the water-front still—
Such as shootin' the eye from a bluebottle fly
Miles away on a kingfisher's bill.

"And oncet when a battle was ragin',
(We fought about three times a day),
The capting, in accents engagin',
Said, 'Willum,'—that's me,—'step this
way!

Be so good as to snipe out the admiral's pipe
On the bridge of his flagship *Bombay*.'

"So I answered, 'Aye, aye!' fresh and breezy,
Then aimed forty pound o' cold lead,
Which whizzed by the admiral easy,
And sniped out 'is pipe as it sped;
But I 'm loath to repeat that the shot was *too*
neat,
For it blowed off the admiral's head.

"Then the capting took paper and wrote it,
'Soorender—acknarlidge defeat.'
This I put in me gun, and I shot it
Straight into the enemy's fleet—

I landed that note in the commodore's boat,
Where it lay at the commodore's feet.

"So the enemy, pale with emotion,
Immejut the'r colors they lowered,
'For,' they says, 'we've the greatest devotion
To war; but we could n't afford
To fall in the grip of a murderous ship
With Willum the Gunner aboard.'

"Then the capting he wished to promote me,
But, 'No,' I replies, with a sob;
'Ambition would only denote me
A selfish, ongenerous snob.'
And this, as you see, is the reason I be
A-loafin' here out of a job."

Wallace Irwin.

A Ballade of Heroes

TARKINGTON's bucks are of courtly stuff;
Major's knights, at a pinch, will do;
Howells's heroes are well enough;
Hopkinson Smith's have a healthy hue;
Barrie's Scots are a kailsome brew;
Parker's Canuck very likely drinks:
Give *me* the man with his mind in kinks,
(Benedict be he, or squire of dames)
Who tells what he thinks he thinks he thinks—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Wister's cowboys are slightly tough;
London lands but a truculent crew;
A little too much inclined to bluff
Is Harding Davis's civilized rue;
Hall Caine's sufferers wear their rue
With little indifference. Each one slinks
Away, and the dazzled reader blinks,
When some psychic problem *he* tackles and
tames—
From mental muddles he never shrinks—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

Garland's grangers are gritty, if gruff;
Hope's smart bachelors wittily woo;
Weyman's worthies are up to snuff,
Conan Doyle's never lack a clue:
But, alas! at a glance you can look them
through!
No matter in what gay clothes he prinks,
Who cares for a character full of chinks?
Such transparence, *his* make-up shames;
Cards and spades he can give the Sphinx—
Give me the hero of Henry James!

ENVOY

Ho! Sir Critic, with eye of lynx
That sleeps not ever, nor even winks,
Scan me the field with its clash of claims;
Then take your choice: as for me, i-jinks!
Give *me* the hero of Henry James!

Frank Preston Smart.

A Morning Call

(ON THE FRONT STOOP)

"AM-ZI-AH MAR-TIN's oldest son?
 Ol' Amzi Mar-tin, thet used to run
 Th' gris'-mill over to Medder Brook?
 Why—whar 's my specs—waal, now 't I look,
 Ye kind o' favor yer mother's kin—
 Got her mouth to a T, an' chin.
 But my! to think on 't—doos seem queer
 Th' way time flies—there, take a cheer.

"Livin' in Portlan' be ye? sho!
 Thet 's a stirrin' taown, or they tell me so:
 But I reckon th' aint much pastur' nigh,
 An' fodder an' firewood mus' come high.
 I'd hate to be livin' whar sass was dear,
 An' could n't git greens in th' spring o' th' year;
 But we can't th' hull on us pick an' choose—
 Waal, haow 's yer folks, an' what 's th' noos?

"Not dead? What, both on 'em? Mother, too?
 Yes, she was weakly, I allus knew;
 But yer father, he used to be 'mazin' spry—
 Goin' on eighty? Why, so be I.
 None o' my faculties failed a grain—
 Got my hearin', when folks speak plain;
 Help at plantin', an' rakin' hay,
 An' eat my vittles three times a day.

"Hear 'd our minister? Waal, I s'p'ose
 Th' ain't no limit to what he knows.
 Takes with th' young folks mighty well—
 This gittin' red of the devil an' hell;
 But mother 'n' me, we kinder cling
 To the reg'lar, old-fashioned, ortherdodox thing.
 Narrer, but did n't they use to say,
 The safest road was th' narrer way?

"Lawyer be ye? Waal now, no doubt
 They 's honest lawyers a-goin' about.
 I sort o' sized ye fer one of these
 Nursery fellers, a-sellin' trees.
 Slick 's a whistle; ye better believe
 They 'd beat th' sarpint a-foolin' Eve.
 He hed a genooine tree, ye know;
 They do the trick with a catalogue show.

"Must ye be goin'? Waal, good day:
 Drop in ag'in when y' 're daown this way.
 Give my best respec's to yer folks—
 My! but yer father was great for jokes!
 Ever happen to hear him tell
 'Bout tradin' a heifer to Deacon Snell?
 You ask him— Mother! did that feller say
 Ol' Amzi Mar-tin hed passed away?"

E. H. M.



Drawn by J. M. Condé

RECRIMINATION

THE HARE: You're so slow, you're always looking forward to the day before yesterday.
 THE TORTOISE: That's better than continually regretting the day after to-morrow.

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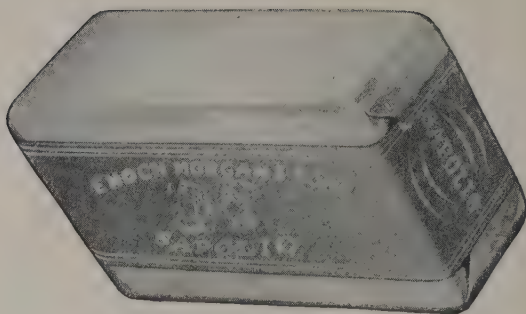
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